

THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA

BEING A COLLECTION OF FOURTEEN PLAYS
WHICH HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

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PREFACE

* This volume is designed to satisfy a need which during the past two generations has been variously and often expressed. The ambition of the editor has been to provide an accurate and complete text, with adequate critical and supplementary matter, of all those plays which can, without entire absurdity, be included in the 'doubtfully Shakespearian' class. A similar work—to comprise the first thirteen dramas in this book, in addition to *The Arraignement of Paris*, *The Death of Stucley*, and *The Siege of Antwerp*—appears, indeed, on the list of suggested publications of the New Shakspeare Society (*Transactions*, 1874, p. 4), but it did not get beyond the stage of projection.

Since the days of Malone, only three of the works before us—*Arden*, *Feverisham*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and *Sir Thomas More*—have appeared in English-speaking countries in what can at all justly be termed independently edited texts. Tolerable versions of four others have been published by Germans in editions now practically unprocurable. As regards the other seven plays, no real attempt at purification of the text or collation of the early editions has been made, if made at all, for more than two centuries, and in the case of *Sir John Oldcastle*, it has remained for this book to give the very first reprint of what is most unmistakably the only reliable and uncorrupted version. Thus considerable and important passages appear here for the first time since 1600.

In the preparation of the body of the text, the main object has been to give a faithful reproduction of the most authoritative edition of each play; that is, of the earliest, except in the rare instances where a later edition is demonstrably truer to the author's manuscript. Supplementary passages are printed, within brackets, from the earliest edition which contains them. Where a variant or an emendation has appeared inevitable, it has been adopted, but the reading of the *editio princeps* has invariably been given in the footnotes. Great pains have been taken—it is hoped with a fair measure of success—to register in the footnotes all variants in accessible sixteenth and seventeenth-century editions which are not purely orthographic, and all such later emendations and conjectures as possess any degree of usefulness or probability.

Silent alteration of the original has been tolerated only in such purely mechanical matters as the abandonment of the long 's'; the correction of obviously unintentional mis-spacing; the rectifying of the most transparent typographical errors, such as *Flaunders* for *Flaunders* (*Edward III.*, i. l. 151) and *thineket* for *thinket* (*Ibid.*, ii. l. 98); and the introduction of modern punctuation where the

sense would otherwise be unintelligible to the ordinary reader. The old punctuation is, however, retained where possible, and all misprints which can conceivably have interest or significance are recorded in the footnotes. The numeration of lines is, of course, new, and it should be noted that the parts of divided metrical lines are often separately numbered for convenience of reference and in order to preserve the appearance of the original page.

It is believed that the text will be found as free from inaccuracy as a reprint can well be made. Except for the few additional passages from the third quarto of *Mucedorus*, personally copied by the editor, transcription has in no case been trusted. The texts of the six plays contained in the third Shakespeare Folio and that of the first edition of *Mucedorus* have been based on photographic facsimiles of the original quartos; the other plays are printed from the best modern old-spelling editions very carefully corrected by the originals. The collation of the early editions has been done twice to ensure accuracy, and the proof sheets revised by the original quartos. Particular care has been taken to verify readings which are in opposition to those recorded by other modern editors.

The general notes are to be considered in connexion with the footnotes. They have been kept within modest compass, and their *raison d'être*—the explanation or defence of the readings of the text—has perhaps not often been lost sight of. If more general comments have here and there intruded themselves, it is trusted that they will be found always to serve some more legitimate purpose than the mere display of 'all such reading as was never read'.

Like so many students of Elizabethan literature, I have to acknowledge a large debt of gratitude to Mr. P. A. Daniel. My obligations to him for textual comments and conjectures, particularly relating to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, will, I hope, be sufficiently evident from the notes to those plays; but for a great deal of other trouble willingly undertaken on my behalf I have only this opportunity of rendering my sincere thanks. I am equally indebted to Dr. Furnivall for unfailing judgment and sympathy as well as for a number of valuable suggestions for my Introduction; and I gladly take this occasion of expressing also my recognition of Dr. W. Aldis Wright's courtesy to me while reading in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and since.

Finally, it is with especial pleasure that I acknowledge my many obligations to Professor Raleigh, to whom are due both the original inspiration for this book and continued helpful encouragement during its preparation. It is my sincere hope that the volume may be regarded as a testimony and a small tribute to the force of his influence and example.

C. F. T. B

January, 1908.

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INTRODUCTION

THE *Shakespeare Apocrypha* are indisputably the work of many hands, varying to the extreme of possibility in strength, in skill, and in manner. Not even the amateur Tieck, insatiable in his quest of literary curios, has had the hardihood to ascribe the entire number to the greatest of the Elizabethans. Yet unequal as they are in literary merit, these plays diverge still more, if possible, in subject-matter, style, and general tone. Between certain individuals of the group, indeed, a few similarities may be noted and a few comparisons drawn; but to attempt to treat the collection comprehensively and as a generic whole would be like undertaking a family history of Falstaff's motley company. The pseudo-Shakespearian plays are waifs and strays of the Elizabethan drama, brought together adventitiously from here, there, and everywhere, and with no common bond but that mighty name, beneath whose broad influence they all seek shelter.

Disconcerting though it is to the commentator, this infinite variety yet lends a special zest to the consideration of the pseudo-Shakespearian cycle. The plays are almost without exception interesting, but for very different reasons. Two of them, *Arden of Feversham* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and probably they alone, can rest their case boldly on their character as artistic wholes and claim a position, when judged thus in their entirety, in the very first rank of the extra-Shakespearian drama. Three others—*Edward III*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Sir Thomas More*—failing either in dignity or in unity of outline, rise in parts to an equal height of poetry, a height where the question becomes less whether they are good enough for Shakespeare than whether they are like him.

The remaining members of the group belong distinctly to a lower order, that is, except on the theory of apprentice work or the hastiest of retouching, modern criticism can hardly admit their claim of Shakespearian origin to be even plausible. Yet there is scarcely any other dramatist of the period, save Marlowe and Ben Jonson, whose reputation would suffer by the fathering of plays like *The London Prodigal*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, or *The Puritan*.

As there is no difficulty in selecting the five best pseudo-Shakespearian dramas, so there need be little hesitation in pointing out the worst. Literary and dramaturgical considerations would pretty certainly assign the position of discredit to *Fair Em* and *Mucedorus*, productions that bear the mark of vagabondage on every feature. Yet, for the reader of to-day, these plays, distinctly the weaklings of the flock, possess an attractiveness of their own by very virtue of their dull impersonality, because they display so little of the individual author and so much of the vulgar dramatic taste. Such literary phenomena evolve themselves, they are not created; the writer does no more than drift down the

current of theatrical convention, and is doubtless as undiscoverable—certainly as little worth discovering—as the author of a political election song or a low melodrama of a generation ago.

There is a curious dramatic irony in the fact that *Mucedorus* and *Fair Em* have been attributed by serious and respectable critics to the pen of Shakespeare. Composed in utter disregard of probability and reason, with little poetry and less psychology—with no particular merit, indeed, but the freshness that comes of complete unintelligent conventionality—these performances made their appeal frankly to the groundling. In the case of *Mucedorus*, at least, we know that the appeal was enormously successful. This absurd play, with the merits and defects of a nursery tale, was acted by strolling companies everywhere till long after the Commonwealth, and passed through seventeen editions between 1598 and 1700, a record unequalled in the history of the pre-Restoration drama. The only play of the pseudo-Shakespearian class, which can at all compare with *Mucedorus* in popularity with the early book-publishers, is a considerably better comedy of similar kind, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Six quarto editions of the latter are recorded between 1608 and 1655. It may be added, as a commentary on Shakespeare knowledge after the Restoration, that *Mucedorus*, *Fair Em*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, were bound together into a volume for the library of King Charles II with the label, 'Shakespeare. Vol. I.'

The *Shakespeare Apocrypha* have been accumulating during three centuries. Each generation has attributed to the poet, in good faith or in fraud, tentatively or with conviction, the authorship of plays with which his name had not previously been connected. At the same time, certain plays once ascribed to Shakespeare have gradually disappeared from the list, as the actual authors have been discovered or the absurdity of the ascription has made itself generally felt. In the present state of the case, the preparation of an adequate and practical catalogue of pseudo-Shakespearian plays is a matter of some difficulty. The epithet 'pseudo-Shakespearian' no longer carries with it any presumption as to Shakespeare's authorship. Certain plays, a baker's dozen in all, have acquired a prescriptive right to the title, and must be mentioned in every list; twenty or thirty others have at various times been proposed, with greater or less diffidence, but are still far from having established their position in the category. In regard to these last, each writer on the subject must decide for himself which may be admitted into the 'doubtfully Shakespearian' class without offence to the rules of critical seemliness. The catalogue of a seventeenth-century bookseller, for instance, gives to Shakespeare three histories: *Edward II*, *Edward III*, and *Edward IV*. The second of these is universally regarded as one of the doubtful plays, but to admit into the group either of the others, known to be by Marlowe and Heywood respectively, would show an absurdly uncritical deference to the blunder or deceit of the bookseller, the only mortal who has ever hinted at the connexion.

The long critical history of the *Shakespeare Apocrypha* divides itself into three

pretty well defined epochs. The first, which lasted from the close of the sixteenth century till well into the eighteenth, was the age of purely unliterary attribution. Plays were stated on title-pages, on the Stationers' Registers, or in book-lists to be by William Shakespeare, and there, for a time, the matter ended. No evidence, internal or external, was adduced in support of the attribution, and in few cases or none could the attributors by any stretch of the imagination be called literary critics. Such ascriptions are either the most authoritative of all, or they are utterly valueless; they may rest on personal knowledge or general contemporary report; they may, on the other hand, be no more than the fabrication of an ignorant or fraudulent bookseller. It requires a considerable amount of boldness to deny the possibility of Shakespeare's concern in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, in the face of the title-page of the first edition,¹ which declares it to be 'written by the memorable Worthies of their time; Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakespeare, Gentlemen'; and the evidence of the Stationers' Register² and first edition³ of *A Yorkshire Tragedy* in favour of Shakespeare's authorship of that play is perhaps even stronger, because dating from the poet's lifetime. Yet an edition of *Sir John Oldcastle* in 1600 likewise bears the words, 'Written by William Shakespeare,' and this boast, absurd on the face of it, is proved mendacious beyond the shadow of a doubt, by the record in Henslowe's Diary of the actual authors: Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway. To sum up, we have in the seventeenth century practically no evidence to indicate that Shakespeare's dramatic activities extended beyond the list of canonical plays, save that of printers, publishers, and stationers. This evidence is worthy of serious consideration in case, and only in case, there is no *prima facie* cause to believe the witnesses grossly ignorant of the matter, or dishonestly intent on palming off their spurious wares as the works of Shakespeare.

The generation of Capell, Steevens, and Malone, ushered in the second epoch in the criticism of the doubtful plays. They and their followers took a purely literary point of view, judging the dramas on catholic lines and, in general, with accuracy and fairness, though they suffered from inadequate comprehension of the peculiarly distinguishing features of Shakespeare's art and placed a mischievous amount of confidence in such vanities as parallel passages and identical archaisms. This tendency of criticism—to which the apocryphal plays owe as much perhaps, after all, as to any that has so far succeeded it—vanished in a burst of midsummer madness with the wild attributions of Tieck and his romantic satellites.

For these last, Germans all, and incapable of appreciating the delicacies of English style, Shakespeare appears to have meant rather a poetic principle than a poet. Dazed by the newly discovered and ill-understood brilliance of the Shakespearian drama, they tended to appropriate to the individual poet qualities of freshness and freedom which, in truth, were the common property of the age. To this misconception and to the desire, so characteristic of later German

¹ 1634.² Both in 1608.

criticism, to outstrip Shakespeare's countrymen in magnifying his name, is due without doubt Tieck's championship of the genuineness of plays like *Mucedorus* and *George a Greene*.

Many of the utterances of Tieck and Schlegel concerning the doubtful plays form a crushing though unconscious parody of the general impressionist method inaugurated by Capell and Malone. The generation that followed Tieck saw the rise in England of the third tendency in the criticism of the *Shakespeare Apocrypha*. Here, as elsewhere, the trend of the time was towards more exact knowledge, towards the careful consideration and classification of minutiae; for the first time an attempt was made, and with a good measure of success, to establish definite criteria for style and spirit, whereby the work of one dramatist might be distinguished from that of another. The most tangible, but surely not the sole result of this effort is the development of the 'metrical tests'. The new system, however, is at least as liable to abuse as that which it superseded; at its best, exact knowledge of metrical and dramatic details shows itself chastened and directed by broad literary appreciation, as in Professor Spalding's essay on the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; at its worst, as in some of Mr. Fleay's radical pronouncements, the ultimately all-important considerations of tone and spirit are either slighted or forced into unwilling compliance with the results of statistical tabulation.

The following is a list, as complete as seems practicable, of the uncanonical plays which have been ascribed to Shakespeare—arranged roughly according to the date of attribution:—

1. *The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. In this year appeared two editions, one anonymous, the other bearing the words: 'Written by William Shakespeare.'

2. *The London Prodigal*, 1605.

3. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

4, 5. *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two parts. The title-page of the edition of 1611 says: 'Written by W. Sh.' The earlier edition of 1591 was anonymous. There can be little doubt that the public was meant to interpret 'W. Sh.' as 'William Shakespeare', and these words indeed appeared in full on the title-page of the third edition (1622).

6, 7. *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of Yorke*. These old plays were reprinted in 1619 for T. P. (avier), the title-page asserting them to be 'written by William Shakespeare, Gent.'

8. *The Taming of a Shrew*. Ascribed to Shakespeare in Smetwick's reprint, 1631. The first edition¹ is anonymous.

9. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Attributed to Fletcher and Shakespeare on title-page of the first edition, 1634.

10. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Entered by H. Moseley in 1653 as by Shakespeare. All the early editions are anonymous.

11, 12. *Henry I* and *Henry II*, 'by Wm. Shakespeare and Robert Davenport,' so entered Sept. 9, 1653.

13. *The History of Cardenio*, 'A Play by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare;'

¹ 1594.

entered Sept. 9, 1653. It has been suggested that this play is identical with *Double Falsehood* (No. 25).

14. *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*. Entered Sept. 9, 1653, but read in MS. and approved by Sir George Buc as early as Oct. 31, 1611; printed 1824.¹ This is one of the three survivors of Warburton's famous collection of fifty-three manuscript plays, the rest of which were sacrificed by his cook to make pie-covers; in this way perished the only known copies of Nos. 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, which were likewise in Warburton's possession. *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* was labelled by Warburton 'A Play by William Shakespeare', but has been attributed also to Th. Goff and to Chapman.

15, 16, 17. *The History of King Stephen; Duke Humphrey, a Tragedy; Iphis and Ianthe, or a Marriage without a Man*. All these were entered on June 29, 1660, under Shakespeare's name. No. 16 may be a version of *Henry VI, Part 2*.

18. *The Arraignment of Paris*,² by Peele; ascribed to Shakespeare in the catalogues of the booksellers Kirkman, Winstanley, and others, 1656-70.

19. *The Birth of Merlin*. The first edition, 1662, claims William Shakespeare and William Rowley as joint authors.

20, 21. *Fair Em and Mucedorus*. A volume in Charles the Second's library, which contained these two plays and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, bore on the outside the title, 'Shakespeare. Vol. I.'

22, 23, 24. *The Puritan, Thomas Lord Cromwell, Locrine*. The first edition of each of these plays gives the author merely as 'W. S.' The earliest definite connexion with Shakespeare is their inclusion—together with *Oldcastle, The London Prodigal, A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Pericles*—in the third Shakespeare folio, 1664.

25. *Double Falsehood, or The Distrest Lovers*. Assigned to Shakespeare, perhaps fraudulently, by Theobald in the preface to the first edition, 1728.

26, 27, 28. *Edward II* (1594), *Edward III, Edward IV* (1600). Casually listed as Shakespeare's in an early bookseller's catalogue. *Edward III* was first seriously ascribed to Shakespeare by Capell in 1760.

29. *Arden of Feversham*. Shakespearean authorship was first suggested by Edward Jacob in 1770.

30, 31. *King Leir and his Daughters* (1605) and *George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield* (1599). First attributed by Tieck; ³ 31 is now accepted as Robert Greene's.

32, 33, 34. *Wily Beguiled* (1606), *Satiro-Mastix* (1602), *A Warning for Fair Women* (1599). Ascribed to Shakespeare by W. Bernhardt ⁴ in 1856; 33 is probably by Dekker.

35. *Sir Thomas More*. First printed, 1844; Shakespeare's part authorship suggested by Simpson in 1871.

From Mr. Simpson's list of doubtful plays ⁵ may be added for the sake of completeness:

36. *The Merry Wives of 1602*.

37, 38. *The Prodigal Son* and *Titus and Vespasian* ⁶; ⁶ both preserved only in worthless old German translations.

¹ In vol. i of *The Old English Drama*, London.

² 1st ed., 1584.

³ *Allenglisches Theater. oder Supplemente zum Shakespeare*. Berlin, 1811.

⁴ *Hamburger Literaturblatt*, No. 79.

⁵ *Transactions*, New Shakespeare Society, 1875-6, p. 155 ff.

⁶ Mentioned by Henslowe. An early version of *Titus Andronicus*, printed in Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*. London, 1865.

39. The lost *Hamlet* of 1589 and 'Corambis' *Hamlet* of 1603.
 40. *The True Tragedy of Richard III.* First edition, 1594.
 41: *A Larum for London, or the Siege of Antwerp*, 1602.¹
 42. *Albuzar*; generally accepted as the work of Tomkis. First edition in 1615.

From this catalogue *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus* are designedly omitted because they have established their position in practice, if not in universal opinion, among the genuine works. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the further omission of such transparent and confessed forgeries as *Vortigern*² and *Henry the Second*,³ by W. H. Ireland, and *The Fifth of November; or The Gunpowder Plot*,⁴ by George Ambrose Rhodes.

Of the forty-two 'doubtful plays' just enumerated, only thirteen can be regarded as having acquired a real claim to the title; to these thirteen is added in the present volume *Sir Thomas More*, a play discovered less than a century ago and destitute, therefore, of prescriptive right of membership. Yet the evidence, internal and external, which can be submitted in defence of the pleasing idea that Shakespeare had a reviser's part in the authorship of *Sir Thomas More* is of so interesting and plausible a nature that no apology seems necessary for its inclusion. The following, then, are the names and earliest dates of publication of the fourteen dramas here reprinted, which alone appear entitled, on grounds either of reason or of custom, to a place among the *Shakespeare Apocrypha*:

- I. *Arden of Feversham*, 1592.
- II. *Lochrine*, 1595.
- III. *Edward III.*, 1596.
- IV. *Mucedorus*, 1598.
- V. *The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*,⁵ 1600.
- VI. *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602.
- VII. *The London Prodigal*, 1605.
- VIII. *The Puritan*, 1607.
- IX. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.
- X. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608.
- XI. *Fair Em.* First edition not dated; second edition, 1631.
- XII. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634.
- XIII. *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662.
- XIV. *Sir Thomas More*,⁶ 1840.

The exact likelihood of Shakespeare's connexion with any member of this various group must be determined by careful individual examination. On the whole, it may be said, the reader will be impressed more with the unlikeness of the doubtful to the authentic plays than with their likeness.

There can, indeed, be no stronger vindication of the honesty and intelligence of the editors of the first Shakespeare Folio, Hemings and Condell, than careful study of the works which they excluded. As all attempts to deprive the poet of

¹ Reprinted, 1872, by R. Simpson, *School of Shakespeare*, No. 1.

² For several other utterly absurd attributions cf. the catalogue of 1656 mentioned in my *Bibliography*, V. (b) 1 (p. 454).

³ 1799. Reprinted 1832.

⁴ 1799.

⁵ 1830.

The second part of this play is not extant. ⁶ Date of composition circa 1590.

a large interest in any of the thirty-six plays published by them have so far failed, so it seems in the highest degree improbable that their list will ever be augmented by more than the genuine act or two of *Pericles* and a few broken fragments which Shakespeare would doubtless have been the last of all men to include among his works.

As regards the fundamental matters of plot and dramatic structure, there is no member of the *Shakespeare Apocrypha*, with the exception possibly of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which displays special kinship with any genuine play. There is not, for instance, a single French or Italian plot to be found in the doubtful group and, except in the case of *Mucedorus* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, the leading characters are invariably English. In the Shakespeare canon the matter is entirely different; if we leave out of account the ten English histories, we find that fourteen out of twenty-seven genuine works have French or Italian plots, derived usually directly or indirectly from novels, while (with the necessary exception again of the ten histories, the closely associated *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the three mythical British dramas) not a single authentic play is avowedly English either in scene or characters.

Moreover, seven of the apocryphal dramas belong to well-defined dramatic species, of which there is not a single instance among Shakespeare's accepted works, and which there is inherent reason for supposing he would have avoided. These species are:—

1. What may be termed the 'biographical history', represented by *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, and *Sir Thomas More*. Such dramas depict in loosely cohering scenes disconnected passages from the life of the hero; structural chaos is the prerequisite of their existence. To this group belong also the first two acts of *Pericles*—which are certainly un-Shakespearian.

2. The dramatic record of contemporary crime. *Arden of Feversham* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* are remarkably fine instances of a class which, because it concerns itself primarily with actual physical horror, can scarcely rise to the level of high art.

3. Comedy of contemporary London manners, of which *The London Prodigal* and *The Puritan* are examples. This type of drama, superlatively interesting to our age for its richness of topical allusion, is opposed to the method of Shakespeare, who sets his realistic sketches against a romantic background and never condescends, like Ben Jonson and the author of these plays, to copy the life before his door in all its uninspiring mediocrity.

It seems improbable, then, for many reasons, that Shakespeare had an interest in the original construction of any of the doubtful plays. When we consider the possibility, however, of his co-operation in the capacity of reviser or elaborator, there is less cause for disbelief. During his long and many-sided connexion with the stage, the poet-manager would doubtless have had occasion to retouch and refine much of the inferior work which came to his company. Several of the canonical plays bear witness that Shakespeare did, indeed, follow this usual

Elizabethan practice, but his acknowledged works would not naturally, and do not, include his slight or casual revisionary labours. It is at present a thoroughly permissible belief, though one which can hardly be strengthened into certainty, that some of the splendid passages in the best apocryphal plays are thus the hasty and fragmentary creation of the master's hand. More exact knowledge as to this and other points of interest can be acquired only, if at all, from the study of the individual plays, to the separate discussion of which we may now proceed.

I. *Arden of Feversham* was entered on the Stationers' Register on April 3, 1592.¹ The same year appeared the first edition, in quarto (Q. 1), with the following title-page: *'The Lamentable and True Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent. Who was most wickedly murdered, by the meanes of his disloyall and wanton wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruffins Blackwill and Shakkbag, to kill him. Wherin is shewed the great mallice and discimulation of a wicked woman, the vnsatiable desire of filthie lust and the shamefull end of all murderers. Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the lyttle North dore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. 1592.'*

This edition, of which copies are preserved in the Bodleian and in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington, is in black letter; it gives a remarkably good text and appears to have been closely followed by the second edition (Q. 2), of 1599. The only copy of Q. 2 known to exist is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. In 1633 a third quarto (Q. 3) was published; this poor edition, which is to be found both in the Bodleian and in the British Museum, has a different pagination from Q. 1, and is especially remarkable for the number of words it omits.

The murder which *Arden of Feversham* represents took place on February 15, 1550-1—considerably more than a generation, therefore, before the publication of the first edition, or the earliest date (1590) to which the actual writing of the play can easily be referred. Yet there can be no doubt that popular interest in the event was still lively and widespread. Holinshed's Chronicle contains a detailed account, which many common inaccuracies and embellishments show to have been followed closely by the author of the tragedy. Stow's Chronicle gives a brief narrative of the crime and its punishment, while the actual facts are recorded in the Wardmote Book of Feversham.

To the dramatic talent of Holinshed we seem to owe the story of the repeated unsuccessful attempts on Arden's life, and the merging of the two colourless individuals of the Wardmote Book into the single effective figure of Susan. Finally the Roxburghe Collection preserves a long ballad of forty-eight stanzas—probably inspired by the play—with the following title: *'Complaint and lamentation of Mistresse Arden of Feversham in Kent, who for the love of one Mosbie, hired certaine Ruffians and Villaines most cruelly to murder her Husband; with the f[atall] end of her and her Associates. To the tune of Fortune my Foe.'*

Not till nearly two centuries after the first appearance of *Arden of Feversham*,

¹ '3 Aprilis (1592). Edward White, Entred for his copie vnder th(e h)andes of the Lord Bishop of London and the wardens The tragedie of Arden of Feuersham and Blackwall (i.e. Black Will). vjd A.'

was the play coupled with the name of Shakespeare. This service—and, right or wrong, it should be deemed a service—we owe to a loyal but somewhat uncritical citizen of Faversham, Edward Jacob, who in 1770 published a reprint of the first edition with the title: ‘*The Lamentable and True Tragedie of M. Arden, of Feversham in Kent. . . . With a Preface; in which some Reasons are offered in favour of its being the earliest dramatic Work of Shakespeare now remaining . . .*’ The only reasons which Jacob actually offers are embraced in a scant half-page of parallel phrases between *Arden* and various genuine plays, and the similarity thus indicated is of so general a character as to prove nothing at all, beyond the obvious fact that *Arden of Feversham* and Shakespeare both belong to the Elizabethan period.¹

Around few plays has so large a mass of able criticism accumulated during the last century with so little definite result as around *Arden of Feversham*. Those readers who feel impelled to assign this fine tragedy to the pen of the youthful Shakespeare have on their side the great authority of Mr. Swinburne and the more hesitating testimony of Charles Knight, Delius, and the Dutch translator Kuitert. But the balance of critical opinion, it may safely be said, is turning slowly to the side of respectful incredulity, the side represented by Tyrrell, Ulrici, Ward, Professor Saintsbury, Symonds, and the editors of the three modern texts: Mr. Bullen, Warnke and Proescholdt, and the Reverend Ronald Bayne.²

In considering the claim to authenticity of the work before us and others of its class, it is but fair to recognize that the reader's sympathies will ordinarily incline him strongly toward their acceptance. Besides the pleasure involved in the fancied recognition of a real personality, and that the greatest, behind the frigid mask of anonymity, allowance must be made, particularly on first perusal, for the intoxicating effect of the poetry. In the five doubtful plays in which the question of Shakespeare's authorship lends itself to rational discussion, there are gorgeous poetic passages that grip the imagination and overwhelm the reason. If, however (as is the case with regard to *Arden of Feversham* and its companions), our enthusiasm dies away when we consider the work in its dramatic entirety, or fit the words to the speaker, then surely we should pause long ere we venture on anything approaching a general attribution to Shakespeare. There is nothing fitful or transitory about the true Shakespearian quality; his creations gain, instead of losing, by repeated and various examination, and the very sign-manual of his work is the subordination of the expression to the idea, the complete amalgamation of the parts in the whole.

Arden of Feversham fails in all of these great tests, and a full century of the

¹ The following is the list of phrases and words for which Jacob cites Shakespearian parallels: ‘such a taunting letter,’ ‘painted cloth,’ ‘Mermaid's song,’ ‘Basiliske,’ ‘lean faced knave,’ ‘white livered,’ ‘buy his merriment as dear,’ ‘Precisian,’ ‘a Raven for a Dove,’ ‘wild cat,’ ‘swear me on the interrogatories,’ ‘horned beast,’ ‘Endimion,’ ‘death makes amends for sin.’

² For more exact details as to works referred to here and elsewhere, readers are requested to consult the Bibliography.

most searching inquiry has not been able to add one iota to the probability of its authenticity. In such cases, not to advance is to recede hopelessly; were there enough of Shakespeare in *Arden of Feversham* to make up more than two or three purple patches at the most, its presence would long ago have made itself perceptible to the duller vision, as it has done in the less intrinsically interesting play of *Pericles*.

• Mr. Fleay and Mr. Charles Crawford¹ have argued with a considerable amount of plausibility that *Arden of Feversham* was written by Thomas Kyd, who is known to be the author of a prose work on a very similar subject, the murder of John Brewen. It seems likely that there are indeed more parallels in feeling and expression between our play and the tragedies of Kyd than coincidences will account for, but they presume imitation, as Sarrazin² and Mr. Boas³ have pointed out, rather than identity of authorship. Whether the unknown author of *Arden of Feversham* was debtor or creditor to Kyd, must for the present be left in uncertainty.

There is but one character of the first magnitude in *Arden of Feversham*: Alice, Arden's wife and murderess. It is her demoniacal persistence in the execution of her horrible purpose, while her confederates fail or fall away, that gives the tragedy—otherwise hopelessly disjointed and ineffective—an ultimate unity and a really dramatic spirit. To her, too, belong much of the finest poetry and the two most dramatic speeches, probably, in the play. Yet this gigantic figure is vulgarized and degraded by the two vices, which are most distinctively un-Shakespearian, and which, perhaps, it is hardest of all to pardon in a tragic heroine: purposeless revolting deceit and coarseness of feeling. Through all the dialogues between Alice and her husband, the reader is shocked by the moral obtuseness—the love of clever lying and hypocrisy for its own sake, even where there is no dramatic need for it—which is so entirely absent from Shakespeare's works and so unpleasantly conspicuous in many of his contemporaries'. So, too, Alice has little of the sustained delicacy of tragic feeling; from the heights of lofty passion she descends into the deepest mire of criminal brutality with such words as those she speaks concerning the news of her husband's intended assassination:

'They be so good that I must laugh for ioy,
Before I can begin to tell my tale.'

For a truly rounded poet, sensible of the dignity and delicacy of tragedy, such lines would be as impossible as the undisguised doggerel of Black Will's leave-taking, which comes like a dash of cold water at the most breathless moment of the play:

'We haue our gould; mistris Ales, adew;
• Mosbie, farewell, and Michael, farewell too.'

II. The first and only early edition of *Lochrine* dates from 1595. The title-

¹ *Jahrbuch der deutsch. Shakespeare-Gesellschaft* 39, p. 74 ff.

² *Th. Kyd u. sein Kreis*, pp. 73-4.

³ Introduction to Kyd's Works, lxxix.

⁴ I. 186-205; III. v. 106-134.

I. 553-4.

⁵ v. i. 261-2.

page reads: '*The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the warres of the Brittaines, and Hunnes, with their discomfiture: The Brittaines victorie with their Accidents, and the death of Albanact. No lesse pleasant then profitable. Newly set forth, ouerseene and corrected, By W. S. London. Printed by Thomas Creede. 1595.*'

During the previous year, on July 20, 1594, the play had been entered on the Stationers' Register.¹ The first definite suggestion of Shakespearian authorship belongs to 1664, when *Locrine* was reprinted, for the first time since its original appearance, as the last of the seven new plays in the third folio of Shakespeare. The fourth folio, printed in 1685, retained these supplementary dramas, *Locrine* among the number, but, of the seven, only *Pericles* has succeeded in establishing its claim to a place in modern editions. The mythical story on which the tragedy of *Locrine* is founded was current at the end of the sixteenth century in several forms. Herr Theodor Erbe, who has written a dissertation² on the subject, believes the dramatist to have followed Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle in the main, with occasional borrowings from the versions of Caxton and of Holinshed.

The inquiry into the authorship of *Locrine* begins naturally with the consideration of the initials 'W. S.' on the title-page. And here our play connects itself at once with two other apocryphal works, *Thomas Lord Cromwell* and *The Puritan*, the first editions of which, in 1602 and 1607 respectively, bear the identical words, 'by W. S.' Now it is pretty clear, from the evidence of style, spirit, and method alike, that these three dramas are not by the same author—whether the William Smith suggested by Malone and Knight, or another—and we do not know of any two or three competent dramatists of the time, leaving Shakespeare out of the question, each of whom had the initials 'W. S.' In 1811, moreover, the early play of *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was republished with the new claim: 'Written by W. Sh.', where it seems certain that a dishonest but cautious bookseller meant the public to construe 'W. Sh.' as 'William Shakespeare'. From all this we may conclude with tolerable assurance: First, that the initials 'W. S.' on the title-pages of *Locrine*, *Cromwell*, and *The Puritan*, may well stand for 'William Shakespeare'.³ Second, that such doubtful and suspicious evidence, though it apparently impressed the editors of the third folio, has almost no weight in deciding the question of Shakespeare's authorship of the plays under discussion.

Tieck accepts *Locrine* as the earliest of Shakespeare's dramatic works, and Schlegel registers his belief that this tragedy and *Titus Andronicus* must stand or fall together on their claim to authenticity. Few succeeding critics have been

¹ 'xx' die Julij. Thomas Creede, Entred for his Copie vnder th(e) handes of the Wardens, The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of Kinge Brutus. discoursinge the warres of the Brittaines, &c. . . . vjd.'

² *Die Locrinesage und die Quellen des Pseudo-Shakespeareschen Locrine*. Halle, p. S. 1904.

³ In the case of *Locrine*, however, the probability of a reference to Shakespeare is much less than in the case of the other two later plays, both by reason of the former's early date and because of the wording of the title-page. Cf. p. xx.

willing to admit the possibility of Shakespeare's concern in the serious part of *Locrine*, which is indeed composed in the most exaggerated manner of the 'university wits'. The comic scenes, however, which centre around the figure of Strumbo, are more successful and more in the early style of Shakespeare. Accordingly Hopkinson and Ulrici agree in pronouncing the Strumbo scenes Shakespearian, while Hopkinson gives the rest of the play to George Peele. The distinction in tone between the tragic and the comic elements appears, however, to rest, not on duality of authorship, but on the change from a very affected type of poetry and a mythical age to prose and what is, to all intents and purposes, contemporary life. The dove-tailing of comedy and tragedy in such scenes as II, iii, iv, v, and IV, ii, is much too perfect to be explained on any hypothesis of double authorship; and these four scenes, unquestionably the work of a single man, represent all the peculiarities of the play, which I feel a large degree of confidence in attributing as a whole to the pen of Robert Greene. Before, however, entering specifically upon the vexed, and vexing, problem of the author's identity, it will be well to summarize the more obvious general features of the style.

Locrine is possibly as characteristic an example as can be found of the type of drama developed by Greene and Peele. The usual faults of their school are in this play exaggerated into vices, but the special lyric beauty, the imaginative fervour, and the delicate feeling for natural loveliness are equally prominent; and both in its defects and its merits *Locrine* manifests a close consanguinity with the acknowledged plays of the 'university wits'. No reader can well fail to note the infinity of classical allusion,¹ the craze for mouth-filling but meaningless adjectival epithets,² the ranting bombast of the heroic figures,³ the wearisome lyrical repetition of high-sounding words and phrases,⁴ or the childish delight in such freaks of verbiage as 'agnominated' and 'contentation'. No less striking, however, and no less indicative of its authorship are the poetic beauties of *Locrine*, detached, for the most part, and scattered like living springs in the dreary waste of rhetoric and affectation. There are few touches of purer pastoral feeling even in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, or in *The Arraignment of Paris*, than Estrild's description of England:

The aerie hills enclosd with shadie groues,
The groues replenisht with sweet chirping birds,
The birds resounding heauenly melodie, &c.⁵

or the allusion to

the fields of martiall *Cambria*,
Close by the boystrous *Iscans* siluer streames,
Where lightfoote faires skip from banke to banke.

The enthusiasm for external life and action, bound up so closely with the reflective tendencies of the 'university wits', is worthily expressed in Hubba's martial speech,⁶ and in the splendid outburst of national feeling in IV. i. 28-37.

¹ e.g. I. i. 233-56.

² e.g. Hubber's raving in III. 6.

³ II. i. 36 ff.

⁴ III. i. 71-3.

⁵ Ibid. and III. i. 43-4.

⁶ e.g. II. i. 102-5.

⁷ III. ii. 36 ff.

Malone has put it on record as his 'creed', that this play 'was written by Christopher Marlowe, whose style it appears to me to resemble more than that of any other known dramatick author of that age'. It is to be hoped that Mr. Malone's creed contained other saving articles; else his hopes of salvation must be reckoned to be small, for with the exception of a few of the generic qualities just mentioned, which Marlowe also shared, there is not a jot of resemblance between the two styles. Indeed, it is perhaps a degree less possible to imagine Marlowe the author of the flatter and feebler parts of *Lochrine* than to believe them the output of the youthful Shakespeare himself. *

The various-minded Mr. Fleay has several times decided upon Peele¹ as the author of our play, and Hopkinson is of the same opinion as regards the tragic portion of the piece. Peele's authorship—at least in the present state of our knowledge of that poet—is no such self-evident impossibility as that of Shakespeare or Marlowe, but it seems for many reasons improbable. The importance, character, and success of the comic element,² the excessive richness of mythological allusion—far greater than in any play of Peele's and differently employed, the extreme rarity of run-on lines, and the general appearance of over-decoration all indicate that the author of *Lochrine* is not Peele, and that he is Peele's more humorous, but weaker and more florid companion, Robert Greene.

In the discussion of Greene's special claims to the play of *Lochrine* is involved the consideration of another play closely and curiously linked to ours—the first part,³ that is, of *The Tragical raigne of Selimus, sometime Emperour of the Turkes*, published anonymously in 1594 by the same Thomas Creede who brought out *Lochrine*, *Alphonsus*, *The Looking Glass*, and *James IV.* Mr. P. A. Daniel first called attention to the connexion between *Selimus* and *Lochrine*, a connexion so close as to prove indisputably either common authorship or conscious plagiarism. The one comic passage in *Selimus* (ll. 1873 ff.) is appropriated bodily from *Lochrine*, iv. ii, and the two works have more identical or similar lines than could easily be enumerated; sometimes considerable passages in one play are repeated in the other with the change of only a word or two.⁴ For an imposing but by no means exhaustive array of parallel passages and a discussion of the relationship of the two dramas, the reader may be referred to Mr. Churton Collins's Introduction to Greene's Works.⁵ Mr. Charles Crawford has further shown that some of the more elaborate parallel passages in *Lochrine* and *Selimus* are imitations of lines

¹ In his *History of the Stage* he gives the play wholly to Peele; in the *Shakspeare Manual* (286) he assigns it to Charles Tilney, but believes that it was revised by Peele. There is nothing to support either theory. The two parallels from Peele's *Farewell to Norris and Drake*, 1589, noted by Dyce and alluded to impressively by Fleay are these: 'To arms, to arms, to honourable arms,' and 'Take helm and targe'! Tilney's only claim to this or any other play rests upon an unauthenticated statement of Collier's that the former is mentioned as the author in a manuscript note written in a copy of the first quarto. Cf. Tilney in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

² Cf. p. xxiii.

³ No second part exists.

⁴ e.g. *Lochrine* ii. v. 7-11, and *Selimus*, 2434-8 (Temple edition).

⁵ Oxford, 1905, pp. 64-7.

in Spenser's *Ruins of Rome*, which was probably known in MS. some years before its publication in 1591.

Dr. Grosart has claimed *Selimus* for Greene, and on the whole with a greater show of probability than Mr. Collins is willing to allow. The fact that two selections¹ from this drama are quoted in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, over the name of R. Greene ought surely to be given very considerable weight when there is no contradictory external evidence and when the internal evidence must be agreed to point in the same direction. In the variety and amount of mythological reference, in general dramatic structure, in the number and kind of borrowings from Spenser, Marlowe, and Greene himself, there is little doubt that *Selimus* bears more likeness to *Orlando Furioso* and *Alphonsus, King of Arragon* than to any work of any other contemporary writer. As for Mr. Crawford's fine-spun theory that *Selimus*, with its multiplex heroes, disjointed plot, frequent rhyme, and total absence of any strikingly original situation or poetry, is the production of Christopher Marlowe, it is assuredly not unjust to pronounce the suggestion worthy of keeping company in the limbo of rash and unbalanced criticism with Mr. Simpson's arguments in defence of Shakespeare's authorship of *Fair Em*, and with that egregious sentence of Schlegel which declares that *Cromwell* and *Oldcastle* deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works.

Robert Greene's early dramatic method is marked by two features, which especially distinguish *Lochrine*. The first is his constant borrowing of lines and phrases from other poets and from himself; the second is his tendency to beautify himself with borrowed feathers in greater matters—to copy the plot and general structure of the most fashionable work of the hour. How continually in *Lochrine* we find Greene's favourite epithets, phrases, and classical divinities forcing themselves uncalled for into the lines will not escape the notice of any one who will, for example, make a cursory catalogue, as I have done, of the mythological references in *Lochrine* and compare it with *Selimus*, *Alphonsus*, *Orlando*, and the *Looking Glass*.

Crawford has pointed out—truly, I think—that *Lochrine* is less influenced by Marlowe than *Selimus*, and that the former play, unlike the latter, does not borrow from the *Faery Queene*. I differ from Mr. Daniel in regarding *Lochrine* as the earlier play, and I believe it to have been written before Greene fell under the spell of *Tamburlaine* and while he was taking as his models for tragedy the species of drama represented by *Gorboduc* and *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. The choice of subject, the dumb shows, and the presence of lyrical speeches arranged in stanzas,² all mark *Lochrine* as belonging to this class as surely as *Alphonsus* belongs to the class of *Tamburlaine*. The true, if not very powerful or original poetic gifts of Greene raise *Lochrine*, however, as far above the barely respectable work of Norton and Sackville and the unmitigated rubbish of Hughes as all Greene's early plays are themselves transcended by the first achievement of the mighty Marlowe.

Selimus I would take as marking the transition from *Lochrine* to *Alphonsus*.

¹ 503-9, 855-7.

² The last feature is found also, more rarely, in *Selimus*.

The trumpet blast of *Tamburlaine* reverberates through many of its speeches, but the cramping walls of Senecan dramaturgy are tottering rather than fallen. Lyrical stanzas and couplets occur here and there, and the action goes a-straying, as in *Locrine*, from one principal character to another. The sequence I have indicated is borne out by examination of the style, which is most artificial and hyper-classical in *Locrine* and grows very gradually but steadily less so in *Selimus*, *Orlando Furioso*, and *Alphonsus*, till the culmination is reached in the excellent simplicity of *James IV*.

Locrine is a tragedy of the type of about 1585; that it could have been composed—with all its dumb show machinery and so forth—immediately before 1595 is practically impossible. Yet the reference in the epilogue to the thirty-eighth year of Elizabeth's reign points clearly to 1595-6, and these lines must therefore be considerably later than the play as a whole. There is, indeed, no shadow of a reason why we should not accept as absolute truth the statement of the title-page that the drama was in 1595 'newly set foorth, ouerseene, and corrected by W. S.' This W. S. may have been William Shakespeare or William Smith, or any one else possessed of these initials. His identity will probably never be known, and there is no question connected with *Locrine* which is less worth the settling, for the whole character of the play shows that, but for the addition of the twelve-line epilogue,¹ the activities of W. S. can hardly have extended beyond the crossing of an occasional 't' or the dotting of an 'i'.

III. *Edward III*, in some ways the most extraordinary of all the doubtful plays, is first heard of in the Stationers' Register for Dec. 1, 1595²; three other entries are recorded between this date and Feb. 23, 1625. The earliest edition (Q. 1) has the following title-page: '*The Raigne of King Edward the third: As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London. London, Printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1596.*' The play must have been temporarily popular, for in 1599 there appeared a second quarto (Q. 2), printed likewise for Cuthbert Burby. From this time, however, *Edward III* seems to have been very largely neglected during more than a century and a half, till it was permanently rescued from oblivion by the scholarly editing of Capell in 1760.

Scene 2 of the first act, and the second act of *Edward III* are based in part on Holinshed's Chronicle of Scotland and in part on a novel by Bandello, as translated in Painter's Palace of Pleasure.³ The only source of the rest of the drama, according to Warnke and Proescholdt, is Holinshed's Chronicle of England; but Knight may be correct in recognizing through the last three acts the influence of Froissart as well. The Villiers-Salisbury episode⁴ is not found either in Holinshed or Froissart and is of uncertain derivation. The two editions of the play were anonymous; however, in 'An exact and perfect Catalogue of all

¹ v. iv. 261-72.

² 'primo die decembris (1595). Cuthbert Burby Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens A booke intituled Edward the Third and the Blacke Prince their warres with kinge John of Fraunce . . . vjd.'

³ Novel XLVI.

⁴ iv. i. 19-43; iii. 1-56; v. 56-126.

Plays that are Printed', prefixed to T. G(off)'s *Careless Shepherdess*, 1654, the three plays of *Edward II*, *Edward III*, and *Edward IV*, are assigned to Shakespeare. Such an attribution is uncritical and untrustworthy on the face of it and appears to have been ignored in the case of *Edward III*, as, of course, it was in the case of the other two histories, till Capell's introduction to our play in his volume of 'Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry,'¹ put the arguments for its authenticity boldly and persuasively before the popular mind.

The first two acts of *Edward III* concern themselves mainly with a love intrigue. The beginning of the third act brings with it a complete change of plot and a considerable diminution in dramatic force. Since Capell, only Tieck, Collier, Teetgen, and Hopkinson—untrustworthy critics all—have assigned the entire play to Shakespeare; but the number of those who regard the main portion of the first episode as Shakespearian, includes at least three high authorities: Tennyson, Ward, and Fleay, while Halliwell-Phillips, Tyrrell, and Freiherr von Vincke recognize the authenticity of these scenes as at least possible. In the criticism of *Edward III*, however, as in that of *Arden of Feversham*, the trend of modern opinion inclines strongly to the negative side. The long list of those who deny the presence in the play of more than, conceivably, a few brief insertions by Shakespeare, includes: Mr. Swinburne, Dr. Furnivall, Saintsbury, Knight, Symonds, G. C. Moore Smith, Ulrici, Delius, Warnke and Proscholdt, H. von Friesen, and Liebau.

It will doubtless be generally agreed by readers of the play that the last acts, dealing with the French wars, though full of fine dramatic poetry, are, as a whole, not by Shakespeare; and there seems good reason to believe that the earlier 'countess scenes', so much more Shakespearian at first sight, are in reality by the same author as the rest of the drama. Whether the scenes in which the countess appears, and possibly other passages, were later revised by a second hand, Shakespeare's or another's, is a question that must be left open.

The supporters of the authenticity of the love episode explain it usually as a relatively late addition, written by Shakespeare to cke out the insufficiently long military scenes; at all events, it is certain that, if there is any difference in date of composition, the military scenes represent the original dramatic conception, to which the love episode is subsequent. But there are two passages in Act III, which belong apparently to the very first draft and which refer directly to the love episode. In the third scene² King John says:

'For whats this Edward but a belly god,
A tender and lasciuious wantonnes,
That thother daie was almost dead for loue ?

And in Scene 5,³ King Edward likewise reminds the audience of the events of the first two acts:

'Now, Iohn of Fraunce, I hope,
'Thou knowest King Edward for no wantonnesse
No loue sick cockney.'

¹ 1760.

² ll. 155-7.

³ ll. 100-2.

The author of Act III, must, therefore, have had the contents of Acts I and II distinctly before his mind.

A more definite indication of singleness of authorship is the fact that, wherever in the last three acts the necessity of portraying actual events disappears, there we find, as in iv. iii, a return to the tone and style of the earlier unhistoric scenes. Indeed, it is not too much to assert that the true lover and student of this play will be likely to turn with most pleasure not to the brilliant intrigue scenes of the first acts, which have, I think, a rather cloying sweetness, but to the freshness and perfect sincerity of some of the later passages, uneven and sometimes uncouth though they are. There is a verve and exhilaration about the scene in which the Black Prince receives his arms, and that in which he returns to his father triumphant from the shadow of death, or in the brief eighth scene of Act IV, where Audley passes wounded and dying across the stage, which are nowhere to be found in the countless episode. The latter is certainly a much finer entity than any other division of the play, but there is probably not a passage in it which does more credit to the poetic ability of the author than this single line of Audley's : *

‘Good friends, convey me to the princely Edward,
That in the crimson brauerie of my bloud
I may become him with saluting him.’

or the four spoken by the second citizen of Calais : *

‘The Sun, dread Lord, that in the western fall
Beholds vs now low brought through miserie,
Did in the Orient purple of the morne
Salute our comming forth, when we were knowne.’

* Mr. Symonds has remarked that, in case *Edward III* was written as a whole by some imitator of Shakespeare's Marlowesque manner, the unknown author would naturally have succeeded better in his treatment of the love story which Bandello had shaped ready to his hand, than when he came in the later acts to deal with the refractory material of actual history. The nature of the play, from beginning to end, lends special weight to this criticism ; throughout we recognize the writer's love of noble situations and his sympathy with high-minded characters, but the continual inferiority of his hand to his heart is equally obvious. The inability to grasp strongly the realities of life produces in the historical scenes a woodenness and restraint, which mark these portions of the play as distinctly un-Shakespearean, despite several bursts of magnificent poetry. In the greater part of the first two acts, however, and occasionally elsewhere, the demands of realistic sanity are less obvious, and the author has been able to rise to a very great height by his fine poetic sense and delicacy of feeling.

Yet the central fault is present here as elsewhere. Notwithstanding their figurative richness of style, their melody and forcefulness of expression, and their real likeness in many outward features to Shakespeare, the scenes between the countess and the king will hardly bear frequent re-reading. Tried by the test

* iii. iii.

* iii. v.

* iv. viii. 7.

* v. 27-30.

of what they say, not how they say it, these passages sound hollow and insincere; the sophistry of nearly all the arguments becomes more objectionable as one knows the play better, as one comes to feel—once the bewildering effect of the declamation has abated—how much the characters guide their actions by the dictates of complex academic reasoning and how little by the inner voice of nature.

Yet after declaring Shakespeare utterly incapable, at the mature period presumed by the artistic finish of *Edward III*, of the quibbling mawkishness of Warwick and the Countess, the conscientious critic will pause long before he undertakes to name the actual author—one of the truest poets and most ardent patriots, certainly, of his generation.

I should like to see this fine though very imperfect play recognized as the crown and conclusion of the work of George Peele, a poet who has perhaps received scant justice in recent times, but who in the fire and melody of his poetry rises high above all but the two greatest of his contemporaries. *David and Bethsabe* is only just inferior in its best parts to *Edward III* and the two works bear a very marked resemblance in all essential particulars. In both there is the basal lack of unity arising from the juxtaposition of a love episode conceived in a vein of rare lyrical beauty and a military-political plot for which the author's hand shows itself less well adapted. Both are characterized by nearly total abstinence from the mythological jargon of Greene, by the peculiar liquid beauty of Peele's best poetry, and by a verse movement which is almost identical.¹

As in *David and Bethsabe* and *The Battle of Alcazar*, so in *Edward III*, there is not a vestige of comedy—a fact which would surprise us in the work of almost any writer of the time, except two. For it is a curious truth that Peele, with his immense reputation as a jester and social buffoon, has left us less comedy, and that little of a feeblar sort, than any of his contemporaries save Christopher Marlowe. For the type of ardent but rather indiscriminating patriotism which pervades *Edward III* any number of parallels will be found in *The Arraignment of Paris*, *Edward I*, and *The Battle of Alcazar*.

It must be conceded that *Edward III* is a finer production than any with which Peele is at present accredited. Yet I believe that the majority of persons who will compare the first act of *David and Bethsabe* with the first two acts of *Edward III*, will recognize not only that the general characteristics—merits and defects—are the same, but furthermore that there is nothing in the latter play which was not potentially within the grasp of the poet who could write the former. A few years more of practice, a free hand,² and the change from the dry threshed husks of Biblical narrative to the full and stimulating garners of native history might have performed a far greater transfiguration.

IV. *Mucedorus* appears first in an edition of 1598, with the title-page:

¹ The proportion of run-on lines in *David and Bethsabe* is about one in five; in *Edward III* it is slightly less than one in six. There is absolutely no appreciable difference in this regard—though Mr. Fleay rather insinuates that there is—between the three King-Countess scenes and the rest of *Edward III*.

² At least in the non-historical scenes.

'*A Most pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus the kings sonne of Valentia and Amadine the kings daughter of Arragon, with the merie conceites of Mouse. Newly set foorth as it hath bin sundrie times plaide in the honorable Cittie of London. Very delectable and full of mirth. London. Printed for William Jones, dwelling at Holborne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne. 1598.*' There is no mention of the play in the extant Stationers' Registers till September 17, 1618.¹

Of all pre-Restoration plays *Mucedorus* passed through the greatest number of early editions. Seventeen have been enumerated by Mr. W. W. Greg,² the dates in order of publication being as follows: 1598 (Q. 1), 1606 (Q. 2), 1610 (Q. 3), 1611 (Q. 4), 1613 (Q. 5), 1615 (Q. 6), 1618 (Q. 7), 1619 (Q. 8), 1621 (Q. 9), 1626 (Q. 10), 1631 (Q. 11), 1634 (Q. 12), 1669 (Q. 13), 1663 (Q. 14), 1668 (Q. 15), an undated edition (Q. 16), and an edition of which the only extant copy³ lacks the title-page (Q. 17). Collier has mentioned yet another quarto, dated 1609, upon which he professed to base his text of the play, but it is highly probable that this edition, known to nobody but Collier, is entirely imaginary. Nine of the existing quartos are to be found in the British Museum; 'to these the Bodleian,⁴ Trinity College, Cambridge,⁵ and the Dyce Collection' add two others each. Q. 7 and Q. 9, neither of which is important, are the only ones not easily accessible, the former being in Mr. Huth's private library, the latter in the Municipal Library of Dantzic. Collation of all the British Museum quartos and careful consideration of the rest show that it is possible to divide the early texts of *Mucedorus* into the following three groups:—

Group A, including only Q. 1 and Q. 2, is characterized by the absence of certain scenes and passages found in all the others.

Group B embraces Q. 3-6; all the editions of this group as well as Q. 1 and Q. 2 were published by William Jones.

Group C includes Q. 7-17; the first seven of these editions (Q. 7-13) were published by John Wright, Q. 14-16, and probably Q. 17, by Francis Coles. In this group the text has been superficially edited, the spelling modernized to some extent, and grammatical irregularities normalized. The divergences within the various groups appear quite unintentional and are confined as a rule to mere misprints and variant spellings.

The title-page of Q. 3 runs: '*A Most pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus . . . Amplified with new additions, as it was acted before the king's Maiestie at White-hall on Shroue-*

¹ This notice is of interest as explaining the change of publisher after the sixth edition (1615). It runs as follows: '17 Septembris 1618. John Wright Assigned ouer vnto him by Mistris Sara Jones widowe late wife of william Jones Deceased and by Direction from Master warden Adames by a note vnder his hand theis two bookes following xijd.

viz^t.

The schoole of good manners

The Comedy Called Mucedorus.'

² *Jahrbuch* XL, 95 ff.

³ In Library of Trin. Coll., Camb.

⁴ Q. 4, Q. 14.

⁵ Q. 13, Q. 17.

⁶ Q. q. 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12, 15, 16.

⁷ Q. 2, Q. 10.

Sunday night. By his Highnes Seruants usually playing at the Globe. Very delectable, and full of conceited Mirth...' The title-pages of the subsequent quartos are as nearly as possible the same. Most of the critical interest attaching to *Mucedorus* concerns the 'new additions' found in the texts of groups B and C and the definite statement in these editions that the play was acted by the King's men 'usually playing at the Globe'. The additions are certainly not by the original author and are superior to the rest of the comedy; they include the Prologue, Scenes 1 and 2 of the first Act, Scene 1 of the fourth Act, a revision and amplification of Act V, Scene 2, from line 91, and of the Epilogue from line 12.

The source of the comedy has not been discovered; Schlegel, who had not read the play, conjectured wrongly that it was founded on the story of Valentine and Orson,¹ the subject of a Spanish drama by Lope de Vega. Among the Roxburghe Ballads² there is a poem, which, though hardly older in its present form than the seventeenth century, differs from our play in several particulars and may be based in part on an earlier version of the story. The heading of the ballad reads: 'The wandring Prince and Princess or Musidorus and Amadine, both of Royal Progeny, who being unfortunately seperated by means of their parents disagreeing; as fortunately met in a Desert, while both resolved never to cease from searching, till they had found out each other.

In shady Deserts there was none
but Beasts to hear these Lovers moan,
There these faithful Lovers met,
Their marriage day was quickly set.

Tunc, *Young Phaon.*'

Besides the conclusive testimony of the large number of early editions and the circulation of a ballad on the subject, we have several other evidences of the special popularity of *Mucedorus* with vulgar audiences in the seventeenth century. The Citizen's Wife in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* says³ of an apprentice: 'Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, *Mucedorus*, before the wardens of our company.' To the same effect is the following interesting record of the comedy's vogue in the provinces during the Commonwealth: 'The comedy of *Mucedorus* was revived by some strollers in 1652, and privately exhibited in the villages of Moore, Standlake, Southleigh and Cumner in Oxfordshire, till in the following February, they ventured to represent it publicly at Witney. The use of the Town-hall being denied them, they were obliged to perform it at the White-hart inn, where a numerous audience assembled on the evening of the 3d.'⁴ On this occasion several persons were killed by the giving way of the floor, and the town lecturer Rowe profited by the catastrophe to deliver a series of sermons against theatrical performances.

The only external evidence which in any degree sanctions the attribution of *Mucedorus* to Shakespeare consists in the statement on the title-pages of

¹ A play with this title, by Hathway and Munday, is mentioned by Henslowe under date of July 19, 1597.

² Vol. ii, pp. 490-1.

³ Induction.

⁴ Quoted from a clipping pasted in the British Museum copy of Q. 8.

1610 and after, that the play belonged to the repertoire of the Globe Company, and the fact of its inclusion, with *Fair Em* and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, in the famous 'Shakespeare' volume prepared for Charles the Second's library. Tieck alone has ascribed the whole of *Mucedorus* to Shakespeare, and modern criticism will no longer tolerate so absurd an attribution. There can be little doubt that the comedy in its original form was the work of some member of the school of 'university wits'. Malone attempted, on the most dubious of external testimony, to establish Greene's authorship, and Mr. Hopkinson holds the same view, which, however, has recently been discredited by Mr. Churton Collins; ¹ Mr. Fleay prefers to give to Lodge such credit as the composition of these crude early scenes carries with it, while H. von Friesen supposes Peele to have written them. The spirit of the school is everywhere visible, especially so, perhaps, in such a pastoral bit as iv. 3, but there is little to identify the individual poet. If he be one of the three or four famous members of the group, then much of the play must represent hasty or slovenly work, but it is more likely that these old scenes were written by an obscure and only moderately gifted disciple.

The additional scenes, written apparently between the publication of the second edition in 1606 and the third in 1610, are of greater poetic merit than the rest of the comedy and somewhat more in Shakespeare's manner. It is agreed that they fall far short of what one would expect from Shakespeare at this period; yet Collier, Hopkinson, and Simpson accept them, with reservations, as hurried and careless patch-work, done by the master in his capacity of theatre manager. Against this, and in support of the negative position occupied by Fleay, Ward, Tyrrell, Knight, Warnke and Proescholdt, and Soffé, it may be mentioned:—

First. That, though the single authorship of the additions is pretty evident, only one of the new scenes (iv. 1) shows anything which can possibly be regarded as the imperfect work of genius, while the others display merely workmanlike mediocrity.

Second. That all the new scenes indicate the very reverse of haste and carelessness; their great fault is that they impress the reader as laboured.

Third. That the style, even in the finest scene of all, is sometimes so strained and artificial as not conceivably to be Shakespeare's in 1606-10. Take, for instance, this couplet in iv. i. ²:—

'No, no; till Mucedorus I shall see againe,
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.'

Mr. Fleay suggests Wilkins as the author of the additions, but the matter is not likely soon to be settled. So much seems certain: that the additions to *Mucedorus* were written by a person of true, but neither great nor mature poetic gifts who stood somewhat under the influence of Shakespeare.

V. Two quarto editions of the *First Part of Sir John Oldcastle* were published in 1600. One, which we may call Q. 1, bears the title: '*The first part Of the true*

¹ Introduction to Greene's Works, pp. 60-1.

² ll. 15-16.

and honorable historie, of the life of Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham. As it hath been lately acted by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham Lord high Admirall of England his seruants. London. Printed by V. S. for Thomas Pavier, and are to be solde at his shop at the signe of the Catte and Parrots neere the Exchange. 1600.' The other quarto (Q. 2) inserts the words 'Written by William Shakespeare' and replaces the full particulars as to the publisher's name and address by the non-committal sentence: 'London printed for T. P. 1600.' This dishonest and defective text has been followed by the editors of the third and fourth Shakespeare folios (F. 1, F. 2) and by all modern publishers.¹ There can be no doubt, though, that the anonymous quarto (Q. 1) is infinitely superior; it contains many fine passages which Q. 2 has either omitted entirely or hopelessly corrupted. The play was registered by Pavier, August 11, 1600.²

Sir John Oldcastle has many pleasant and a few really good scenes, but there is perhaps no member of the pseudo-Shakespearian group more totally destitute of a single passage which might imaginably have been written by Shakespeare. Only Tieck and Schlegel have championed its genuineness; and the question of authorship has now been settled with a most agreeable definiteness by the unearthing of the following entries in Henslowe's Diary: 'This 16 of october (15)99. Receved by me, Thomas Downton, of phillip Henslow, to pay Mr. Monday, Mr. Drayton, and Mr. Wilson and Hathway, for the first pte of the lyfe of Sr. Jhon Ouldecastell and in earnest of the second pte., for the use of the company, ten pound, I say receved . . . 10^{li}.'

'Receved of Mr. Hinchloe, for Mr. Mundaye and the Reste of the poets, at the playnge of Sr. John Oldcastell, the ferste tyme. As a gefte . . . x^s.'

From other entries it appears that the *Second Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, now lost, was written by Drayton alone.

The first part of *Oldcastle* was beyond question composed for the Lord Admiral's Company as a reply to the successful Falstaff plays 'which the Lord Chamberlain's Servants had been acting. The character of Falstaff, originally called Oldcastle, is certainly aimed at in the slur of the prologue:'

'It is no pamperd glutton we present,
Nor aged Councillor to youthfull sinne.'

The gambling scene between the disguised king and Sir John of Wrotham suggests *Henry V*, iv, i; while the reference to the thieving exploits of the king's youth

¹ It may well be that Q. 2 is the earlier of the two quartos and that it was hastily printed from a shorthand version several months before Pavier secured the accurate version from which he published Q. 1. It is noteworthy that both editions have the curious transposition of Scenes 2-8 of the last act.

² '11 Augusti. Thomas pavier Entred for his copies vnder the handes of master Vicars and the wardens. These iij copies, viz.

The first parte of the history of the life of Sir John Oldcastell lord Cobham.

Item the second and last parte of the history of Sir John Oldcastell lord Cobham with his martyrdom.

Item the history of the life and Deathe of Captaine Thomas Stuckey . . .'

³ Edition of 1845, p. 158.

The two parts of *Henry IV*, 1597-8; *Henry V*, 1599.

⁴ ll. 6, 7.

is a clear allusion to the first part of *Henry IV*, and the two mentions¹ of Falstaff by name are reminiscences of the same play:

'King. . . . Where the duell are all my old theeuues, that were wont to keepe this walke? Falstaffe, the villaine, is so fat, he cannot get on 's horse, but me thinkes Poines and Peto should be stirring here abouts;'

and

'sir Iohn. . . . Because he (i.e. the King) once robde me before I fell to the trade my selfe; when that foule villainous guts, that led him to all that rogerie, was in 's company there, that Falstaffe.'

VI. *Thomas Lord Cromwell* was entered on the Stationers' Register by William Cotton, Aug. 11, 1602.² In the same year appeared the first edition (Q. 1) with the title: '*The True Chronicle Historie of the whole life and death of Thomas Lord Cromwell. As it hath beene sundrie times publikely Acted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by W. S. Imprinted at London for William Iones, and are to be solde at his house neere Holburns conduit, at the signe of the Gunne.*' 1602.'

A second quarto (Q. 2) was printed by Thomas Snodham in 1613. The only important variation from Q. 1 on the title-page of this edition consists in the necessary change of the name of Shakespeare's company: 'As it hath beene sundry times publikely Acted by the King's Maiesties Seruants. Written by W. S.' The play was included in the third and fourth Shakespeare folios (F. 1, F. 2), and was reprinted by Rowe, Pope, and again separately by R. Walker in 1734, as 'A Tragedy. By Shakespear.' Q. 2, the later quarto, was, as usual, followed by the editors of the folios, as well as by Malone, who was not acquainted with Q. 1, and has thus served as basis for all modern texts. Q. 1 is certainly to be preferred; the variations of Q. 2 are for the most part due merely to the conventionalizing of syntax and spelling, but there are several cases where the original reading has been falsified by the insertion or substitution of new words. The later editions have no critical importance.

Thomas Lord Cromwell exceeds *Sir John Oldcastle* in all the particular defects of that defective though interesting play, and it has fewer merits. The scenes of *Cromwell* are disconnected and undramatic to such a degree that the real plot cannot be said to begin before the close of the third act, and there is hardly a passage in the work, with the exception of III. iii, which excites special attention. Tieck and Schlegel, to their lasting discredit, have defended the genuineness of this play, and Ulrici also is inclined, against his better judgement, to accept it as a very early work of Shakespeare, anterior to 1592. Hopkinson assigns the main part of the performance to Greene,³ but he—alone of English critics—would like

¹ III. iv. 61-5, 102-5.

² '11^o Augustj (1602). William Cotton Entred for his Copie vnder th(e h)andes of master Jackson and master waterson warden A booke called "the lyfe and Deathe of the Lord Cromwell" as yt was lately Acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his seruantes, vjd.'

³ It is possibly worth remarking—though not as an indication of Greene's authorship, than which few things are more unlikely—that the episode of Seely and his cow

to establish Shakespeare's connexion as reviser of the greater part of the comic scenes and of III. ii and iii; IV. i and v; and v.

Other writers have suggested the authorship of Wentworth Smith, William Sly, Heywood, and Drayton respectively, but there is strong reason against ascribing the play to any of these, while it appears as absolutely certain as so undemonstrable a matter well can be, that William Shakespeare was never concerned with a single line of it. On this point it is pleasant to find the first and the last of the critics of *Cromwell* in complete and emphatic agreement. Malone says: 'To vindicate Shakespeare from having written a single line of this piece would be a waste of time. The poverty of language, the barrenness of incident and the inartificial conduct of every part of the performance, place it rather perhaps below the compositions of even the second-rate dramatick authors of the age in which it was produced.' And Mr. Swinburne writes in the same strain, but with even greater and rather excessive disapproval: '*Thomas Lord Cromwell* is a piece of such utterly shapeless, spiritless, bodiless, soulless, senseless, helpless, worthless rubbish, that there is no known writer of Shakespeare's age to whom it could be ascribed without the infliction of an unwarrantable insult on that writer's memory.'

The source of the play is 'The History concerning the Life, Acts, and Death of the famous and worthy Councillor, Lord Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex' in Fox's Book of Martyrs.¹ The story of Frescobald, which Fox 'has incorporated, comes, as Malone has remarked, from one of Bandello's novels (Part II, No. 27).

VII. *The London Prodigal* appears not to have been entered on the Stationers' Books.² The only early quarto (Q. 1) was published in 1605 with the title: '*The London Prodigall. As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties seruants. By William Shakespeare, London. Printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold neere S. Austins gate, at the signe of the pyde Bull. 1605.*'

It was next published in the third and fourth Shakespeare folios (F. 1, F. 2), in supplements to Rowe's and to Pope's Shakespeare, and in careless separate reprints by Walker and Tonson.³

All these editions ascribe the comedy unreservedly to Shakespeare, and their

may have been inspired by the speeches of Alcon in *A Looking Glasse for London and England* (i. iii, ii. ii).

¹ About 1780.

² *A Study of Shakespeare*, 3rd ed., p. 232.

³ Cf. Streit's dissertation on the subject.

⁴ Ed. 1684, II. 429-30.

⁵ I have found the following entry, which is of slight interest, though it is not very probable that the work mentioned had much to do with our play:—'27 Novembris (1598). Nicholas linge Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master Sonibanke and the wardens A booke called The Portraiture of the prodigall sonne. vjd.'

⁶ In 1734 both these publishers brought out worthless editions of *Lochrine, Oldcastle, The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*, while Walker printed *Cromwell* in the same year, and Tonson *A Yorkshire Tragedy* in 1735, in which last year appeared also another reprint of *Oldcastle*, this time with no publisher's name. All these editions claim Shakespeare unreservedly as the author, and they are all quite worthless save as curiosities. Naturally the rival publishers were foes, and Tonson has denounced Walker in unmeasured terms as a pirate.

unanimous testimony gains weight from the facts that *The London Prodigal* was performed by Shakespeare's Company, and that the quarto was printed during the poet's lifetime for Butter, the publisher of *King Lear*. Yet in spite of this evidence and the acceptance of its genuineness by Tieck, Schlegel, and Hopkinson, any theory which supports the play's authenticity may safely be branded as utterly untenable.

The London Prodigal deals entirely with humours and manners. Like *The Puritan*, which it resembles in many points,¹ it depends for its value and effect on the bare plot and the really admirable delineation of the externalities of contemporary life. Shakespeare's catholicity and psychological insight are conspicuously absent, and every principle of his dramatic morality is outraged in the treatment of the prodigal's career. The only supposition on which the attribution can at all be justified is that put forward by Mr. Fleay; namely, that Shakespeare 'plotted' the comedy roughly and then left his vague design to be very imperfectly executed by another.

Mr. Fleay feels certain that *The London Prodigal* and *Thomas Lord Cromwell* are by the same author, and Ulrici ascribes our play to one of the writers of *Sir John Oldcastle*. There seems no reason for either belief. Considered with regard to general spirit, *The London Prodigal*, so full of the intimate details of domestic life, shows as much affinity perhaps to the early works of Dekker or to those of Marston as to the writings of any other well-known dramatist of the period; but in Dekker's case such a theory of authorship would become plausible only if he could be shown to have written for the King's Players just before 1605.² We know that Marston's *Malcontent*, 1607, was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants.

VIII. *The Puritan* was entered at Stationers' Hall on Aug. 6, 1607, by G. Eld,³ and published in quarto (Q.) immediately after. The title-page runs:

Acted by the Children of Paules.

of Malone, however, no English critic seems to have doubted its spuriousness, and of the Germans, perhaps, only Tieck and Schlegel have attempted to enroll it among the works of Shakespeare.

Crude and farcical as *The Puritan* is, it contains some good bourgeois scenes, of a thoroughly un-Shakespearian kind, and has, moreover, the not very usual merit of making the reader laugh with genuine amusement. The spirit of the piece is light-hearted and pleasing, but it has small claim to consideration as serious art.

On the strength of the initials 'W. S.', and for no other reason, *The Puritan* has been attributed to each of the two forgotten dramatists, William and Wentworth Smith. There is slightly better cause possibly, from internal evidence,¹ to accept the theory of Middleton's authorship, favoured by Fleay, Bullen, Hopkinson, and Ward; but this attribution, besides being entirely problematical, is not in accord with the certainty, first pointed out by Dr. Farmer, that the second scene of Act I, with its college cant and reminiscence, is the work of an Oxford man.²

So far, it must be generally allowed, rather less than no progress at all has been made towards the solution of the mystery of this play's authorship; nor can the present editor presume to offer more than a very diffident and tentative answer to the question. Yet there are, I think, several facts, hitherto overlooked, which appear incontrovertible, and which, if they do not justify a final decision, should at least offer to future inquiry that definite *terminus a quo* so conspicuously lacking in the contradictory and unsupported theories previously advanced.

The most obvious of these facts is the extremely close affinity between *The Puritan* and the comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, published just two years earlier (1606) and authoritatively assigned to Chapman, Jonson, and Marston. It will be impossible, perhaps, for any one to read the two plays consecutively without being struck by their likeness in all the more significant and less easily imitated characteristics. The outward details of plot are for the most part different, but in general tone and dramatic method, as well as in a number of mannerisms and personal touches, there is a similarity which approaches near to absolute identity, and which makes it very hard to resist the conviction that the pen of one of the authors of *Eastward Hoe* has been employed in the other play.

It is not unlikely that in the later drama, as in the earlier, we have to do with a case of collaboration. The connexion of *The Puritan* with *Bartholomew Fair* would be explained if we could prove Ben Jonson to have been concerned in the former, but I feel much more sure of the authorship of John Marston, who, like *and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1698, p. 128, where he adds: 'This was accounted a very diverting Play.'

¹ Reference to Mr. Bullen's valuable Index at the end of his edition of Middleton will show that a great number of passages in *The Puritan* and *The London Prodigal* may be illustrated by similar allusions in Middleton's works, but the parallels are by no means such as to suggest, even remotely and afar off, the idea of common authorship.

² Note, for example, the references to 'quadrangles', 'batteling', and to the Welsh at Jesus College.

the creator of Pye-board, was a member of Oxford University, and whose special traits—as known from his independent works and partly distinguishable in the tangled mesh of *Eastward Hoe*—are conspicuous in *The Puritan*.

The outlook upon London life in the last two dramas is practically identical. Both are realistic in the coarsest sense, and the types are the same, representing and satirizing, in the one play as in the other, the two hostile classes of court and city. Touchstone and Sir Godfrey, Quicksilver and Master Edmund, have little to distinguish them. Sir Petronel is but a composite of Pye-board and Penny-drib, with the villainy of the first and the inanity of the second. But the greatest resemblance appears in the female characters: Gertrude and Moll, one hopes and believes, can have but one creator. Both are revolting to the finger-tips, twin embodiments of middle-class vulgarity without a shade of difference. With their craving for coaches and ladyship, their loud expressed dread of 'leading apes in hell', and their continued mouthing of obscenities, they illustrate what, in one of the few pregnant phrases to be found in German dissertational literature, has been called ! the *schmutzige Spur* which Marston's hand leaves ever behind it.

How often minor allusions in *The Puritan* answer to similar references in *Eastward Hoe* may be seen to a small extent from the notes to the former play. Both presume an encyclopaedic knowledge on the author's part of the Counter prison, with its manners and customs, its denizens and apartments. In both also we find sarcastic references to King James's new-made knights, though the allusions in *The Puritan*² are somewhat milder than the bold satire of *Eastward Hoe*,³ which assisted in drawing down upon Marston's innocent associates the wrath of the sovereign. 'The two plays likewise were acted by what was practically the same company, though in the three years that separated them, its name and personnel had suffered alteration.'

In both the dramas before us there are frequent parodies and imitations of Shakespeare—humorous often, but not unkindly. In the one we have the changes rung on Pistol's rants about the welkin, and see 'Hamlet, a footman', 'entering in haste' for the purpose of being asked, 'Hamlet, are you madde?' to the delectation probably of an audience already beginning to addle its brains and lose its temper over this infinitely discussed question. In the other play—that which immediately concerns us—Puttock and Ravenshaw serve Pye-board as Falstaff has been served by their colleagues Fang and Snare; while Corporal Oath is made to sit, instead of Banquo's spectre, as 'the ghost ith white sheete at vpper end a'th Table', and the mighty tragedy of the fifth act of Othello is burlesqued by the imitation of Pye-board, Skirmish, and Oath.

A further characteristic of *The Puritan*, which can hardly fail to impress the

¹ Emil Koeppl: *Quellen Studien zu den Dramen B. Jonson's, J. Marston's u. Beaumont's u. Fletcher's*. Erlangen-Leipzig, 1895.

² I. i. 85 ff; IV. i. 4.

³ *Belles Lettres* ed., IV. i. 213-18.

⁴ *The Children of her Maiesties Reuels*, mentioned on the title-page of *Eastward Hoe*, were replaced in 1606 by *The Children of Pauls*, who acted *The Puritan*. Cf. Fleay: *History of the Stage*, pp. 184, 185.

careful reader is the especial bitterness of the author against his Puttocks and Ravenshaws. It is obvious that he looks upon himself as belonging to the poor scholar class, and that, if he does not regard Pye-board as a friend and a brother, he at least resents in a very personal way the insults and indignities to which the latter is subjected by the minions of the law.¹ It seems certain that there must have gone into the vivid portraiture of the poltroonery, brutality, and rapacity of Yeoman Dogson and his confederates, and into the realistic delineation of conditions in the Counter, a very considerable amount of unpleasant personal experience.

The general similarity of *The Puritan* to *Bartholomew Fair* is, of course, obvious, and has been alluded to repeatedly. For the most part the likeness is one of subject rather than treatment, and has no great significance, but in the case of a few details it merits more serious consideration. I cannot but think that the rough sketch of Master Ful-bellie the Minister—who is an excellent feeder and will be horribly drunk upon occasion, though he rails against players mightily because they once brought him drunk upon the stage—stood clear before the memory of Ben Jonson, when he came in 1614 to immortalize the race of Ful-bellies in *Zeal-of-the-Land Busy*.

The name of the central figure in *The Puritan*, George Pye-board, is probably a punning allusion to George Peele,² who was the perpetrator, according to contemporary story, of two of the tricks described in the comedy.³ For any more definite information as to the source and authorship of the play, we must be content to await the discovery of further facts.⁴

IX. *A Yorkshire Tragedy* has from its first appearance been coupled with the name of Shakespeare. On May 2, 1608, it was entered on the Stationers' Register by the notorious Thomas Pavier (the publisher of *Oldcastle*) as a play 'by Wylliam Shakespere'.⁵ A quarto (Q. 1) followed at once, with the title: '*A Yorkshire Tragedy. Not so New as Lamentable and true. Acted by his Maiesties Players at the Globe. Written by W. Shakspeare. At London. Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pavier, and are to bee sold at his shop on Cornhill, neere to the exchange. 1608.*' At the top of the first page of the text is the heading, 'All's One, or, One of the foure Plaies in one, called a York-shire Tragedy: as it was

¹ See, for example, the feeling behind Pye-board's and Puttock's colloquy on the gentleness of scholars, III. iii. 62-72.

² 'Peele. A baker's shovel . . . for thrusting loaves, pies, &c., into the oven and withdrawing them from it.' *New Eng. Dict.*

³ Cf. the second and the eleventh of *The Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele*, Gent., 1607. Licensed Dec. 14, 1605.

⁴ The Stationers' Register has the following entry under date of Aug. 15, 1597, but it is by no means certain that the works referred to have any bearing upon our play: 'Richard Jones. Entred for his Copie by warraunt from master Warden man ij ballades beinge the firste and Second partes of the wydowe of Watling streete. xijd. Provided that noe Drapers name be set to them.' See *Shirburn Ballads*, I.

⁵ '2^{de} die maij (1608). Master Pavyer Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Wilson and master Warden Seton A booke Called A Yorkshire Tragedy written by Wylliam Shakespere. vjd.'

plaid by the Kings Maiesties Plaiers.' Eleven years later a second quarto (Q. 2) was issued with the imprint, 'Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T. P. 1619.' The text of this latter edition, though inferior to that of Q. 1 in the few points of difference, was followed by the editors of the third and fourth Shakespeare folios (F. 1, F. 2), Rowe, Pope, and Tonson.

The murders represented in *A Yorkshire Tragedy* occurred in 1605, and are thus recorded in Stow's Chronicle: 'Walter Calverly of Calverly in Yorkshire Esquier, mured 2 of his young children, stabbed his wife into the bodie with full purpose to have mured her, and instantly went from his house to have slaine his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact at his triall in Yorke hee stood mute and was judged to be prest to death, according to which judgment he was executed at the castell of Yorke the 5th of August (1605).'

This sensational crime, as might be supposed, attracted no less attention than the earlier murder of Arden. At least three narrative accounts of it were licensed within a couple of months of its occurrence. On June 12 (1605) a pamphlet was entered¹ with the title: 'A booke called Twoo vnnaturall Murthers, the one practised by master Coverley a Yorkshire gent. vppon his wife and happened on his children the 23 of Aprilis 1605 . . .'. In July we have notice of 'A ballad of Lamontable Murther Done in Yorkeshire by a gent. vppon 2 of his owne Children sore woundinge his Wyfe and Nurse,'² and on August 24 we hear already of 'The Araignment Condemnacon and Execucon of Master Caverly at Yorke in Auguste 1605'.³

The authenticity of the *Yorkshire Tragedy* has been allowed by Steevens, Ulrici, Hopkinson, Ward⁴, and others; but the case which has been made out for the negative by Malone, Tyrrell, Knight, Halliwell-Phillips, Symonds, and Swinburne seems much the stronger. The barbaric force of the play and the splendour of some of the prose it contains cannot fail to impress the reader; but the late date (1605-8) is in itself an almost conclusive argument against the possibility of Shakespeare's authorship.

Neither in characterization, nor in plot, nor in metrical peculiarities have the most ardent defenders of the *Yorkshire Tragedy's* authenticity pretended that there is any approach to Shakespeare's manner subsequent to 1605. There are only two really considerable characters in the tragedy, the husband and the wife, and they are represented in a quite un-Shakespearean fashion. Each is

¹ By Nathaniel Butter, 'vnder th(e) handes of master Hartwell and master norton warden.'

² The entry continues: 'The other (murder) practised by Mistress Browne and performed by her servant vpon her husband who in lent last were executed at Berry in Suffolk.' This last crime forms the subject of *A Warning for Fair Women*.

³ 'Tertio Julii (1605). Thomas Pavver Entred for his Copie vnder the hande of the wardens A ballad, &c.

⁴ '24 Augustj (1605). Nathanael Butter Entred for his Copie vnder the hand of Master feild The Araignment, &c.

⁵ Ward accepts only the best prose passages.

a mere type, not even invested with a name, and quite without the definite personality that Shakespeare in his maturity gives even to subordinate figures. The husband is a brilliant incarnation of wild fury and misdirected remorse. An unreasoning hatred of the world in which he has played so ignoble a rôle, and the ever-present consciousness of personal and family disgrace, drive him to seek momentary relief in brutish violence. The wife typifies the opposite extreme of rather unattractive docility. When this is said, there is little more to say; few or none of the individualizing and humanizing touches that Shakespeare gives his characters are here to be found.

The plot itself, in its nature narrow, sensational, and quite devoid of the morality of all Shakespeare's later work, speaks loud against the possibility of his authorship. To admit all this, as has been done, and explain *A Yorkshire Tragedy* as a sudden excursion by Shakespeare, during the last decade of his life, into a new and essentially lower field of literature, is to join the critical school of the famous friend of Schlegel,¹ who defended the authenticity of *The Puritan* on the ground that it was a successful attempt of Shakespeare to forsake his own style and write for once in that of Ben Jonson.

Finally, the verse of the *Yorkshire Tragedy* has few, if any, of the characteristics of Shakespeare's later verse. The end-stopped lines amount to about 88 per cent., an exceedingly high proportion for late work, while as many as 20 per cent. of the verse lines—two in every ten—are in rhyme. This large number of rhyming lines is not to be found in any but the earliest of the genuine plays, and the rhymes, moreover, are frequently obtained by means of a distortion in the word order, such as Shakespeare was not reduced to even in his apprentice work. The following six lines exemplify the quality of verse to be found in the duller parts of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*:

- 'Oh that I might my wishes now attaine,
I should then wish you liuing were againe,
Though I did begge with you, which thing I feard:
Oh, twas the enemy my eyes so beard.
Oh, would you could pray heauen me to forgiue,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.'

If Shakespeare's hand is to be traced anywhere in this play, we must look for it solely in the two hundred lines of prose scattered through the first four scenes. Some of this prose is, indeed, very fine, particularly the opening scene between the servants, and the splendid monologue of the husband in Scene 4. The latter passage of twenty-five lines, to the beginning of the feeble verse appendage, is certainly the poetic climax of the play, and perhaps not unworthy of Shakespeare. Yet it may be denied most emphatically that there is, here or elsewhere, anything either in thought or in expression which bears credible witness to the presence of the true Shakespearian touch.

As the heading of the first page of the quartos indicates,² the brief *Yorkshire Tragedy*, which runs to little over 700 lines, was performed in connexion with

¹ Cf. Schlegel's Lectures, ii. p. 266.

² x. 45-50.

³ Cf. p. xxxiii.

three other dramatic fragments. It is probable that these last were of yet cruder workmanship than our play, and that no effort was made to preserve them from oblivion once they had served their turn upon the stage. Their connexion with *A Yorkshire Tragedy* may have been solely a matter of theatrical convenience, but it is at least possible that some or all of them concerned the earlier history of Calverley, and presented much the same incidents which Wilkins has used in *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*.¹

X. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* was entered on the Stationers' Register, Oct. 22, 1607, the author's name being omitted.² A second entry³ on April 5, 1608, referring to a 'booke called the lyfe and deathe of the merry Devill of Edmonton. . . . By T. B.', alludes certainly to a prose work by Tony Brewer, which has only the remotest connexion with our comedy. The latter, however, is again mentioned on the books of the Stationers' Company, and for the first time coupled with Shakespeare's name, in a re-entry by H. Moseley, the book-publisher, on Sept. 9, 1653.

There are six seventeenth-century editions of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, all in quarto and all anonymous. The first (Q. 1), dated 1608, is to be found in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and bears the following title-page: '*The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times Acted, by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the bank-side. London, Printed by Henry Ballard for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling at the signe of the white-horse in Paules Churchyard, ouer against the great North doore of Paules, 1608.*' Other quartos followed in 1612 (Q. 2), 1617 (Q. 3), 1620 (Q. 4), 1631 (Q. 5), 1655 (Q. 6).⁴

The text of this play abounds in difficulties, and a few passages seem hopelessly corrupt. The later editions sometimes correct misprints and insert emendations, but they throw little light on the real obscurities and have no independent authority. Altogether, though none of the quartos can perhaps be regarded as decidedly the best intrinsically, Q. 1, which gives as good sense as any, and stands nearest the original, appears to offer the best basis for modern editions, and has here regularly been followed.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton was as popular in the theatres as it appears to have been with the reading public. Reed first quoted 'what is probably the

¹ Registered and published, 1607. This drama deals largely with the fate of the 'young mistress' alluded to in the first line of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*; it has a happy ending. Cf. Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. ix, for the text of the *Miseries*. Its connexion with our play was first pointed out by Mr. P. A. Daniel, *Athenæum*, Oct. 4, 1879.

² '22 Octobris (1607). Arthur Johnson Entred for his copie vnder th(e) handes of Sir George Buck knight and Th(e) Wardens. A Plaie called the Merry Devill of Edmonton. vjd.'

³ '5th Aprilis (1608). Joseph Hunt, Thomas Archer Entred for their copie. Vnder the hand of master Seton Warden a booke called the lyfe and deathe of the merry Devill of Edmonton with the pleasant pranks of Smugge the Smythe. Sir John. and myne Hoste of the "George" about their stealyng of Venson, by T. B. vjd.'

⁴ Q. 2 is not in any public library, but has been carefully collated by Warnke and Proscholdt from Mr. A. H. Huth's copy. Qq. 3-6 are in the British Museum; Q. 3, Q. 5, also in the Bodleian.

⁵ Dodsley's Select Plays, 2nd ed., 1780. Vol. v, p. 247.

first extant mention from the *Blacke Booke* by T. M. (1604): 'Glue him leauē to see the Merry Devil of Edmunton or A Woman kill'd with kindness.'¹ From this we see that the play had attained a general reputation on the stage at least three years before it was registered for publication. Its vogue must, indeed, soon have become proverbial, for Ben Jonson asks in the Prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*:²

'And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, the Devil of Edmonton.'

In Cunningham's *Revels Accounts*³ there is the following mention of a performance before the King: 'To the said John Heminges upon a Warrant dated 15 May 1618 for presenting before his Ma^y the thirde of May the Merry Divell of Edmunton . . . x^{li}.'⁴ It is not unimportant to note, if this extract can be relied on—and there seems no cause to suspect a forgery—that the presentation here referred to took place only two years after Shakespeare's death, and five before the publication of the first folio. If, then, Hemings later failed to include *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* in his edition of Shakespeare's works, it could not be because the play had not been brought conspicuously before his attention.

The external evidence which has been collected to prove Shakespeare's authorship of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* is of the most dubious kind. It consists merely in the unsupported statements of the booksellers Moseley and Kirkman 'about the middle of the seventeenth century, and in the play's presence in the 'Shakespeare volume' of Charles the Second's library. Internal evidence there is none, unless we accept as such the not very significant likeness of Host Blague to the host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—a likeness which, as far as it shows anything, shows that the one writer has imitated the other, or that both have found dramatic use for a very common stock type.

Tieck was the first 'critic' who ascribed *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* to Shakespeare. He offered no serious evidence in favour of his theory, but has been followed by two other German writers, Franz Horn and H. von Friesen. No English reader, except Hopkinson, has been able to detect in this comedy the slightest approach to Shakespeare's manner, and the more trustworthy Elizabethan scholars in Germany—Bodenstedt,⁵ Ulrici, Warnke and Proescholdt—are equally incredulous. Two eighteenth-century antiquaries, Coxeter and Oldys,⁶ assigned the play to Michael Drayton, for no very apparent reason except that the country in which the scene is laid is described in *Polydibion*. Charles

¹ Middleton's Works, ed. Bullen, vol. viii, p. 36.

² 1616.

³ p. xlv.

⁴ The editor of the first edition of Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays* has the following prefatory note, which is both sound and candid: 'One Kirkman, a bookseller, who, about fourscore years ago, made diligent enquiry after old plays, and collated and published a great number, affirms this play to have been wrote by Shakespeare; but I cannot help thinking he must be mistaken. When it was wrote I cannot say, or who was the author of it.'

⁵ Cf. p. vii.

⁶ Note appended to Friesen's article: *Jahrbuch* I, p. 165.

⁷ Cf. Reed's note on the play in the second edition of Dodsley's Collection, vol. v, p. 247, 1730.

Lamb and Mr. Fleay slightly favour this attribution, while Hazlitt and Ulrici ascribe the comedy to Thomas Heywood instead.

There seems no adequate reason to accept either Shakespeare, Drayton, or Heywood as the author of this fine play, and it will probably be long before we can venture with safety beyond the statement of Knight, that it is 'the performance of a true poet, whoever he be'. Certainly the vitality of the scenes, the heartiness of the humour, and the unsurpassed delicacy in the portrayal of true love and true friendship, make *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* one of the most delightful of all the pseudo-Shakespearian plays to read and to re-read.

XI. *Fair Em* does not appear to have been registered at Stationers' Hall, though at least two early quarto editions were published. One of these, which we shall refer to as Q. 1, is undated, and has the title: '*A Pleasant Comedie, of faire Em the Millers daughter of Manchester: With the love of William the Conqueror: As it was sundrietimes publicly acted in the honourable cite of London, by the right honourable the Lord Strange his seruants. Imprinted at London for T. N. and I. W. and are to be solde in S. Dunstones Church-yarde in Fleete-streete.*'

The only known copy of this edition is in the Bodleian; the other, somewhat commoner, quarto has a practically identical title-page, except as regards the imprint, which reads: 'Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Bible in Guilt-spur street without Newgate. 1631.' The textual differences between the two editions are for the most part merely orthographic or accidental, but it seems likely that Q. 1, with its archaic spelling and grammar, is the older by perhaps a generation or more. The play is pretty definitely dated by the statement that it was acted by Lord Strange's servants, for this name was applied to one of the London companies' only from 1580 to 1593, and it seems probable that Q. 1 was published while the memory of 'the right honourable the Lord Strange his seruants' was still fairly fresh in the mind of the publisher and the public to whose tastes he was catering. Q. 2 is hardly more than a reprint of Q. 1, occasionally correcting an obvious mistake but never venturing on the real elucidation which some passages greatly require.

W. R. Chetwood, an eighteenth-century editor of *Fair Em*, enumerates three early editions of the play, assigning to one the date 1619. It was this 1619 quarto which Chetwood claimed to follow, but as the alterations which he introduced into the text are certainly not Elizabethan,¹ and as no one else has alluded to the edition of 1619, there is reason to believe it a mere figment of Chetwood's imagination, devised to give authority to his departure from the text of the two genuine quartos.

Regarding the authorship of *Fair Em* we have not a shred of evidence previous

Originally the Earl of Leicester's; later successively the Earl of Derby's, Lord Hunsdon's, the Lord Chamberlain's, &c., cf. Fleay's *History of the Stage*, pp. 82 ff., 133, &c.

¹ For a fuller discussion of this question, cf. Introduction to Warnke and Proscholdt's edition of *Fair Em*, pp. viii, ix.

to the Restoration. The only seventeenth-century hint of Shakespeare's connexion with the play is the label 'Shakespeare. Vol. I' on the back of the book which contained *Fair Em*, *Mucedorus*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, in the library of Charles II. Such small weight as this doubtful testimony may have is quite balanced by the assertion of Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum*¹ that *Fair Em* was written by Robert Greene. Both these ascriptions have found defenders, but it is at present almost certain that neither of the poets suggested was ever in the least degree connected with the writing of our comedy.

The theory of Greene's authorship, advanced by Phillips and accepted by Dyce, has been discredited by R. Simpson, who shows that two lines in the last scene² are ridiculed, and the unknown author violently attacked, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, published in 1591. Tieck, Horn, Hopkinson, and Simpson have imagined that they saw in *Fair Em* indications of Shakespeare's handiwork, but only the last has produced arguments which to-day deserve even casual consideration. Simpson's idea, which he has elaborated with rather excessive ingenuity, is that Shakespeare wrote *Fair Em* as an allegorical attack on Greene and his school. William the Conqueror represents William Kempe, who had recently led a theatrical company to Denmark; Mountney typifies Marlowe, Manville Greene, and the successful Valingford, Shakespeare himself, while *Fair Em* symbolizes the prize of the dramatic contest, the Manchester public. This interpretation is accepted in general by Mr. Fleay, who, however, ascribes the play to R. Wilson instead of Shakespeare, and explains Valingford as George Peele, while *Fair Em*, in his judgement, means the company of Queen's Players, not the Manchester audience.

In regard to the possible allegorical significance of *Fair Em*, the sanest conclusion is doubtless that to which Warnke and Proescholdt have come: there may be a substratum of allegory beneath the structure of the comedy, but it is only vaguely discernible, if it exists, and fails entirely to support the elaborate edifice of theory which both Mr. Simpson and Mr. Fleay have attempted to erect upon it. Mr. Simpson appears to have proved two facts: first, that *Fair Em* was not written by Greene; and, secondly, that it antedates Greene's *Farewell to Folly*.³ It is doubtless equally certain that he has not succeeded in establishing, from external evidence, even the slightest probability of the play's Shakespearian origin, while, as he practically admits himself, the dramatic character and style of the work tend strongly to negative his arguments. In *Fair Em*, as Charles Knight says, 'we look in vain for all that sets Shakespeare so high above his contemporaries; his wit, his humour, his poetry, his philosophy, his intimate knowledge of man, his exquisite method.'

Fair Em is a thoroughly childish and inartistic production. Its only charm rests in the fact that it exhibits, with much of the crudity, also something of the heartiness and freshness of childish performances. Regarded as a serious essay

¹ 1675.² v. 121 and 157.³ 1591. For another indication of date, cf. p. xxxviii.

in dramatic art, it is full of impossibilities and absurdities both in the conception of the characters and in the incidents by which the action is carried along. Yet for the reader who can overlook its puerilities and occasional flatnesses, this indifferent play will probably justify the claim of the title-page, that it is, 'a pleasant commodie'.

Fair Em might well have been defined in terms dear to the Elizabethan playwrights as 'Two Comedies in One'. Only in the fifth act is there any sort of real connexion between the two plots which make up the drama. The source of the story that gives the work its title is so far undiscovered; the other plot—that of William the Conqueror and the Danish Court—has been shown by Professor Schick, in his scholarly Preface to *The Spanish Tragedy*,¹ to come from Henry Wotton's *Courtlie controuersie of Cupids Cautels* (1578), which is itself a translation of Jaques Yver's *Prin-Temps d'Yver*. The novel which concerns us is the fourth in the collection; it ends tragically with the execution of Lubeck and the suicide of William.

XII. Of all the doubtful plays, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is the one which has inspired the greatest amount of criticism and conjecture; yet there is perhaps no other member of the class that has so thoroughly maintained the mystery of its authorship, or has so often obliged candid investigators to retract their theories and confess themselves at a loss. This brilliant and puzzling drama was registered April 8, 1634,² and appeared first in quarto (Q.) with the interesting title-page: '*The Two Noble Kinsmen: Presented at the Blackfriars by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause: Written by the memorable Worthies of their time;*'

{ Mr. John Fletcher, and }
{ Mr. William Shakespeare. } Gent.

Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for Iohn Waterson: and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Pauls Church-yard. 1634.

The only other seventeenth-century edition is that (F.) which was published in 1679, with no mention of Shakespeare's name, in the second Beaumont-Fletcher folio. That this text is only a reprint of Q. with revised spelling, is made clear both from collation and from the express indication at the beginning of the folio that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is one of the seventeen plays omitted in the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, and printed 'out of 4to'. The play has maintained its position in subsequent editions of Beaumont and Fletcher, and has been frequently published of late years, either separately or in collections. The standard edition is that prepared in 1876 for the New Shakspeare Society by Harold Littledale.

We first hear of a drama on the subject of Chaucer's *Knightes Tale* in the

¹ *Temple Dramatists* edition, p. xxvi.

² '8^o Aprilis (1634). Master John Waterson Entred for his Copy vnder the hands of Sir Henry Herbert and master Aspley warden a TragiComedy called *the two noble kinsmen* by John Fletcher and William Shakespeare. vjd.'

accounts of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Oxford in 1566. Stow's Chronicle for August 31, 1566, contains the following allusion: 'Comedies also and Tragedies were played in Christs Church, where the Queene's Highnesse lodged. Among the which, the Comedie entituled *Palemon and Arcet*, made by Master Edwards of the Queenes Chappell, had such tragically successe as was lamentable; for at that time, by the fall of a wall, and a paire of staires, and great presse of the multitude, three men were slaine.'¹

In Henslowe's Diary for the months of September-November, 1594, occur four notices of receipts from the presentation of a play with the same name, 'palamon and arsett.' The letters 'no', affixed to the earliest entry, that of Sept. 17, show that the drama was on that day acted for the first time.² Collier's theory is that the work here mentioned is a revision of Edwards's old play, prepared by Shakespeare for joint performance by the Lord Chamberlain's and Lord Admiral's companies at the Newington Theatre, and that the Shakespearian portions were later elaborated by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinemen*. Skeat and Littledale, however, base our play directly on Chaucer, and deny with probable justice that it has any connexion with either of the earlier dramas just mentioned, both of which are now lost.

Modern criticism is unanimous on two points: First, that *The Two Noble Kinemen* was written by two poets, very different in style, genius, and character. Second, that the longer and weaker portion is mainly or exclusively the work of Fletcher. The separation is thus made by Littledale:

- (a) The non-Fletcher part: i. i (except ll. 1-40), part of ii, iii, iv; ii. i; iii. i, ii; nearly all of iv. iii; v. i (except ll. 1-19), part of iii, iv (except ll. 99-113).
(b) The Fletcher part: All the rest.

The 'metrical tests' have been applied to this play with striking effect. The results of Littledale's reckoning as to the comparative proportion of double endings and run-on lines in the two divisions of the work may be tabulated thus:

	Double endings.	Run-on lines.
Part not by Fletcher	1 to 3-49	1 to 1-78
Part by Fletcher	1 to 1-89	1 to 4-06

The utter dissimilarity is obvious at a glance. In fact there is not the least difficulty in distinguishing the parts, except in one or two prose scenes belonging to the underplot, and in several passages which appear to combine the work of both hands. It is of importance to note that the style of the un-Fletcherian part of *The Two Noble Kinemen*, as represented by the metrical tests, approaches very near to that of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, and that it almost

¹ Littledale (Introduction 10*, 11*) quotes a fuller account of this catastrophe from Nichols, *Progr. of Eliz.*, 1823, pp. 210-13. The authority is Anthony Wood.

² The following allusion in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614 (iv. ii, *Mermaid* ed., pp. 103-4), is probably to this play: 'Quar. . . Well, my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then; *Argalus*.—*Winn*? And mine out of the play; *Palemon*.' From the reference to the *Arcadia*, we may infer that the work coupled with it was not a recent one. Though it is possible, it seems to me excessively improbable that *The Two Noble Kinemen* was acted as early as 1614, or indeed for some years after.

coincides with that of the un-Fletcherian part of *Henry VIII*, ascribed usually to Shakespeare, but by some recent critics to Massinger.

The answer to the long-mooted question as to Shakespeare's part-authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* has always depended, and still depends, on the balancing of the undeniably Shakespearian tone of the style against the quite un-Shakespearian characterization. There are great names in abundance on each side.

The authenticity of the so-called Shakespeare parts has been defended by Lamb, Coleridge, De Quincey, Tyrrell, Spalding, Hallam, Hickson, Skeat, Furness, Littledale, Hopkinson, and Swinburne. The number of the sceptics is equally large and no less distinguished, including, strange to say, the usually over-credulous German writers. The case for the negative has been put boldly and trenchantly by Shelley in a letter to his wife: 'I have been reading the "Noble Kinsmen", in which, with the exception of that lovely scene, to which you added so much grace in reading to me, I have been disappointed. The Jailer's Daughter is a poor imitation, and deformed. The whole story wants moral discrimination and modesty. I do not believe Shakespeare wrote a word of it.' The same disbelief has been expressed by Steevens, Hazlitt, Knight, Ulrici, Delius, von Friesen, Halliwell-Phillips, Boyle, Bierfreund, Furnivall, and Fleay.

In all that pertains to verse form and poetic expression the un-Fletcherian scenes of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* must probably impress the majority of readers as more overwhelmingly Shakespearian than any considerable passage in *Edward III*, *Arden of Feversham*, or *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. Yet in the case of this play no less certainly than in the case of the others it seems to be the tendency of good criticism to discredit the idea of Shakespeare's authorship. As Professor Ward says, 'The ordinary results of a prolonged reflexion on the problem of the authorship of the doubtful portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* seems to be either an increased unwillingness, or at least a diminished willingness, to decide it in favour of the only specious claim—that which has been advanced on behalf of Shakespeare.'

An interesting case in point is that of Mr. Spalding, who in 1833 defended the genuineness of the 'Shakespearian' scenes in his classic *Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen*. Seven years later his opinion was 'not now so decided as it once was'; and in 1847 he had become so doubtful as to declare: 'The question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble.' Similarly, Mr. Fleay and Dr. Furnivall, who at first accepted the authenticity of the doubtful scenes, came, on maturer consideration, to pronounce them certainly spurious.

It is highly improbable that any critical reader of this play has met with a single scene which, after judging it on its own merits, he has been able to

¹ *Prose Works* (ed. 1888), ii. 235.

² *Eng. Dram. Lit.* ii. 243.

³ Cf. the reprint of the *Letter* with 'Forewords' by Furnivall in *Publications of New. Sh. Soc.*, 1876.

pronounce candidly and with absolute confidence to be the work of Shakespeare. It would scarcely be too much to say that there is not even one speech which has ever seemed thoroughly and completely convincing to any conscientious student—no speech, that is, on which he would have been willing to rest the whole question, declaring that just here, if nowhere else, the fingers of the greatest poet of the world have infallibly left their mark. On the contrary, when we consider individually the parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which have been ascribed to Shakespeare, we find invariably that each act, scene, or verse falls just short of what it should be. Always there is the strong Shakespearian refinement, but nowhere quite the full and perfect reality that we could swear to.

The advocates of the play's authenticity are, therefore, driven upon one or the other of two entirely illegitimate courses: either they argue from vague generalities of impression, without venturing upon the examination of details, whether of method, characterization, or technique; or they go on the hypothesis—perfectly unjustifiable and illogical—that we have before us not, indeed, Shakespeare's work as we all know it, but the same work degraded and weakened by the mischievous revision of Fletcher. On this last assumption there is no depth of critical absurdity which may not be reached. Admitting once that we are to judge of the work of Shakespeare not by what we know it to be, but by what we imagine that it might have been after alteration and debasement at the hands of a Fletcher or a Rowley, we may prove Shakespeare's concern in any wretched play of his age—in *Fair Em* itself, if we like—by merely assuming a sufficiently small amount of the Shakespearian gold and a relatively large amount of the alloy.

That portion of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which is obviously not Fletcher's contains some of the most brilliant of Jacobean poetry. It is not less certain, I think, that it contains no spark of psychological insight or philosophy of life which can in sober moments be thought either worthy of the mature Shakespeare or even suggestive of him.

On the utter absurdity of associating Emilia, as she appears in any scene of the play, with Imogen or Miranda, or indeed with any other reputable dramatic heroine, Dr. Furnivall appears to have spoken the final word. Nor can her coarseness be explained, as critics have attempted to explain the spinelessness of Palamon and Arcite, by the theory that Fletcher has marred the promise of Shakespeare's plan. In the most distinctly un-Fletcherian scenes of all she is what Dr. Furnivall has called her, 'a silly lady's-maid or shop girl, not knowing her own mind, up and down like a bucket in a well.'

On the dramatic character of the scenes not Fletcher's, few words require to be said, but they must be strong ones. There are two portions of the play which probably dwell so vividly in every reader's mind as to obscure the recollection of all the rest. They are the first scene of the first act and the first scene of the fifth. Both, it need hardly be said, are by another than Fletcher, and

¹ Note, for instance, her really revolting wishy-washiness and ingrained sensuality in what are perhaps her best scenes, iv. ii (the portrait scene) and v. iii.

neither has much to do with the action of the play. They are, as De Quincey has remarked,¹ examples of the most gorgeous rhetoric, and there is little reason, I think, for adding De Quincey's qualification that they are anything much better.

Had the first scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* come in the middle, the play's claim to authenticity would probably have found far fewer supporters. As it is, we are gripped at the very start by the grand operatic opening, the music of the verse, the spectacular effect of the marriage procession met by the sombre and hysterical widows, by the swaying of the opposing groups to and fro across the stage, by the co-operative supplication and bending of knees—not singly and individually, but in symmetrical groups, and, as it were, to the sound of music—by all the specious clap-trap, in fact, which seems to be dramatic action, and is really mere verbiage and ballet-dancing. That Shakespeare wrote a syllable of this scene will hardly be believed by any diligent reader who will take the trouble to ask himself what it all means and what is its connexion with the rest of the play.

The other memorable scene is that in which Arcite, Palamon, and Emilia offer their prayers before the altars of their patron deities. Here again we have an entire lack of dramatic utility or propriety cloaking itself behind spectacular brilliance and fine but unmeaning poetry. The whole incident is, of course, transported bodily from Chaucer's tale, where it is in keeping, to the closing act of the drama, where it most emphatically is not. Two of the speeches—those of Arcite and Emilia—are in De Quincey's words, 'gorgeous rhetoric'; the third is hardly that. They would make a fine though somewhat tedious division of an epic poem, but to suppose that they were foisted in by Shakespeare himself at the very climax of his play, and were meant by him for representation before an audience uninterested in mythical rites or divinities, but craving immediate and realistic action, this surely is to strain credulity to the breaking-point.

In conclusion we may thus sum up the matter: metrical and external evidence agree in proving that, if Shakespeare wrote any part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in its present form, he must have done so during the very last period of his career. But, rich as the language and verse are in Shakespearian reminiscence, there is practically nothing in characterization or dramatic structure which points to the author of *The Tempest*; while such defects as the ambiguous personality of Emilia, the failure properly to distinguish between Palamon and Arcite, and the low dramatic pitch of the doubtful scenes render their ascription to the mature Shakespeare all but unpardonable. The only hypothesis, indeed, on which present-day criticism can even consider the idea of Shakespeare's connexion with *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is that laid down, not very probably, by Mr. Herford; namely, that the play consists of very late 'poetic' fragments by Shakespeare, subsequently connected and completed by Fletcher.

If we put aside for the present the theory of Shakespeare's authorship as

¹ Works, ed. 1862, x. 49.

² Fragments, that is, in which the requirements of practical stagecraft were neglected to a much greater extent than in *The Tempest*.

being at the very least quite undemonstrable, there remain for consideration the claims of three other poets. George Chapman was suggested by Knight¹ many years ago, but no other writer has accepted the idea as even conceivable, and it need be mentioned only to be rejected. An acute Danish scholar, Dr. Bierfreund, maintains in his dissertation on 'Palamon og Arcite' that Beaumont was Fletcher's sole collaborator in *The Two Noble Kinemen*,² which he believes to be their first joint work. This attribution is favoured by the well-known fact of the literary partnership between Beaumont and Fletcher, and by the metrical similarity of Beaumont's verse to that of Shakespeare's last period and of the 'Shakespearean' part of *The Two Noble Kinemen*. Beyond this, however, there seems to be nothing to support Dr. Bierfreund's theory, which, till it is further substantiated, can hardly be regarded as more than an ingenious guess.

Undoubtedly the most serious claimant to the honour, besides Shakespeare, is Philip Massinger, whose cause has been championed with a good deal of ability by Boyle and Fleay. In poetic technique, Massinger has been shown to approach nearest of all the Elizabethans to Shakespeare, and the metrical tests give him an even better title than his master to the doubtful part of our play. Moreover, the structural and psychological imperfections of the work, the tendency to unnecessary coarseness of language, the feeble imitation of Shakespeare, the frequent similarity to Massinger's acknowledged writings, all tell as strongly for Massinger's authorship as against that of Shakespeare.

There appears, indeed, to be but one serious objection to the assumption, otherwise very probable, that *The Two Noble Kinemen* was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that is the magnificent poetry of the un-Fletcherian part, with which hardly anything in Massinger's accepted work can compare. Prudent criticism will leave the whole question in doubt, till more evidence can be obtained. Yet, if a tentative decision is to be made from the facts at present before us, it appears both a more logical and a more pleasant course to assume that Massinger should, for once, have risen to the lofty poetry of *The Two Noble Kinemen*, than to assume that the ripened Shakespeare should have stooped to its low level of character and morality.

XIII. *The Birth of Merlin* survives in a late seventeenth-century quarto (Q.) with the following title: '*The Birth of Merlin: or The Childe hath found his Father. As it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by William Shakespear, and William Rowley. Placere cupio. London: Printed by Tho. Johnson for Francis Kirkman, and Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the Princes Arms in Chancery-Lane. 1662.*'

There seems to have been no second edition till the publication of Tyrrell's 'Doubtful Plays of Shakspeare' in 1851. The spelling of Q. as might be expected, is of the usual Restoration character, and the metre has been corrupted, in many

¹ Pictorial Shakespeare, vii. p. 182 ff.

² p. 77.

³ The same view has been expressed more casually by Colman (*Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*, 1778) and Hazlitt (*Elizabethan Literature*).

cases irretrievably, by the printing of the entire play in long prose lines—apparently to save space. From the language and grammar, however, as well as from the general tone, it is clear that *The Birth of Merlin* was not composed later than the reign of James I; nor is it at all likely that it antedates James's accession. Mr. Fleay assigns it, in its present form, to the year 1622.

There is no external evidence of Shakespeare's partial authorship except that of the publisher, Kirkman, repeated in his catalogues of 1661 and 1671, where we read: 'Shakespear and Rowley . . . Birth of Merlin . . . T(ragi) C(omedy).' This attribution, made so long after Shakespeare's death, and by a particularly untrustworthy authority, has met with scant respect in modern times save from the early German critics, Tieck and Horn. There is not a single poetic passage in *The Birth of Merlin*, which will justify for an instant the hypothesis of Shakespeare's authorship. The disjointed nature of the plot, moreover, the foolish and immature morality of the Modestia scenes, and the repeated appeal to the cheap make-shifts of sorcery and divination, stamp it as distinctively un-Shakespearean.

Yet the reader of this play will perceive, as no modern reader of *Cromwell* or *The London Prodigal* easily can, what was in the minds of those critics who have defended its genuineness. One meets with occasional bits of poetry and characterization which have certainly a remote kinship to Shakespeare and were probably written under his influence. In passages like the speeches of Prince Uter in II. iii¹, we recognize dimly and afar off the syntactic rush, the ease of verse flow, the figurative power, and sincerity of emotion, which we know in Shakespeare. The strength and naturalness of the lines given to Edoll in II. ii, show that the author could portray deep passion in lucid, simple verse.

But in other places we find what seems to be intentional and rather disastrous imitation of Shakespeare's broken syntax and bold use of words. In these cases we acknowledge ourselves in the presence of a poet of rather more than respectable endowments, yet we must often feel that the actual value of the thought is hardly sufficient recompense for untwisting the convolutions of a sentence such as this:

'Or like to Marius soldiers, who, o'retook,
The eyesight killing Gorgon at one look
Made everlasting stand: so fear'd my power,
Whose cloud aspir'd the Sun, dissolv'd a shower.'

No commentator has seen particular reason to deny William Rowley's concern in *The Birth of Merlin*, since this Rowley was too obscure a dramatist to be credited with a play, without at least hearsay evidence in his favour. Hopkinson assigns the entire performance to Rowley, while Fleay, on the other hand, believes his part to consist solely or mainly in the revision of another man's work. Mr. P. A. Daniel (1884) suggested Middleton as the author of the play, and Mr. Fleay at one time accepted this attribution with conviction, at least as regards the serious

¹ II. 162-9, 183-205.

² II. i, II. 95-8.

parts.¹ Till the matter has been much more thoroughly investigated, however, the connexion of Middleton with *The Birth of Merlin* must remain quite problematical. It is perhaps an indication in his favour that the detailed legal allusions² prove the author to have been one well versed in the law,³ and the fact of his frequent collaboration⁴ with William Rowley adds a little more to the weight of confirmatory evidence.

XIV. Until 1844, the fine play of *Sir Thomas More* existed only in a confused, mutilated, and generally unknown manuscript belonging to the British Museum.⁵ In that year it was transcribed by Dyce, with admirable fidelity, and printed for the Shakespeare Society. The only other edition, with modernized spelling, was published in 1902 by A. F. Hopkinson for private circulation. As Mr. Hopkinson did not consult the MS., his variations from Dyce have no claim to consideration except as pure conjecture.

The text of Dyce contains a few unintentional deviations from the MS., such as the difficult and varied handwriting of the latter rendered practically unavoidable. These trifling inaccuracies, so far as careful collation has revealed them, have been set right in the present edition. For certain parts of the play, however, Dyce's version must remain the ultimate authority, since a number of words and lines, intelligible to him, have by the subsequent deterioration of the MS. become quite indecipherable or have entirely crumbled away. The manuscript consists of twenty sheets, written in five⁶ different hands. The paper is not of the same kind throughout, and some of the scenes are obviously misplaced. In several cases we get two drafts of the same scene, while small portions of other scenes have been entirely lost. Altogether the confusion is extreme,⁷ yet Dyce has succeeded in effecting what appears to be certainly the proper arrangement, and the lacunae are nowhere so great as to obscure the plot.

Leaves 3-5, 10, 11, 14, 15, 17-22, of the MS.,⁸ comprising about two-thirds of the whole, are undoubtedly older than the rest. These thirteen leaves, written closely on both sides of the paper, with a certain amount of neatness and only the usual copyist's errors, belong, without doubt, to the draft of the play which was submitted to Sir Edmund Tilney, the Master of the Revels, for licence to act. On the margins of these pages we meet, from time to time, with Tilney's comments, called forth by what he regarded as the seditious nature of various passages. Thus, at the top of the very first page he has written: 'Leaue out ye insurrection wholly and the cause thereof, and begin with Sir Tho. Moore at ye mayors sessions, with a reportt afterwarde off his good seruice don, being shriue off London,

¹ *Life of Shakespeare*, 1889, pp. 289-90. Withdrawn *Biog. Chron. Eng. Dr.*, 1891, II. 103, where he regards the *Birth of Merlin* as a refashioning by Rowley of an older play, possibly the *Uter Pendragon*, acted by the Admiral's Company in 1597.

² e.g. II. iii. 20-2; III. i. 89-91; III. ii. 38-44.

³ Middleton may have been a member of Gray's Inn.

⁴ Cf. Fleay, *Biograph. Chron.* on 'Middleton'.

⁵ Harleian 7368.

⁶ Possibly only four; cf. p. xlviii. According to Dr. Furnivall, there are clearly six, and perhaps seven.

⁷ That is, leaves 1-3, &c., of the play, which begins on the third leaf of the MS.

vppon a mutiny agaynst ye Lumbardes, only by a shortt reportt, and nott otherwise, att your own perrilles. E. Tyllney.'

The insurrection scene, however, and the other parts to which the Master of the Revels took exception were not left out, but merely recast. There appears, indeed, to have been no difference of plot between the original version of *Sir Thomas More*, as submitted to Tilney, and the elaborated form in which the MS. preserves it. The new scenes are revisions of the old ones, indescribably finer in several instances as poetry and drama, but adding no fresh element to the general design.

In one or two cases a page of the original matter has been almost totally hidden by having a new passage pasted bodily over it. The thirteen legible leaves of the original draft give us the following scenes. Act I, Scene i, ii, iii; II. i, iv (ll. 173-end); III. i; IV. i (ll. 1-309), ii, iii, iv, v (except new draft of ll. 68-104); V. i, ii, iii, iv. Scraps of other important scenes, such as II. ii and III. ii, are also occasionally discernible, but the old versions of these parts of the play have generally been deleted or pasted over to prevent confusion with the new, improved readings.

The original draft of the play, as submitted to Tilney, is in a single hand and runs on almost without a blot or correction; it is a clean copy, made perhaps not by the author himself, but by a professional scribe. The later insertions, however,—leaves 6-9, 12, 13, 16—are for the most part preserved exactly as they were composed. They are full of deletions and alterations, and are written on paper of varying sorts and sizes, in certainly three, probably four, different hands, none of which resembles that of the original thirteen sheets. If, then, we call the handwriting of the first draft Hand A, we may thus indicate the various sorts which appear on the seven new leaves:—

Hand B. Found only on leaf 6, which contains a revision¹ of the scene between More and his wife (IV. v, ll. 68-104). This passage of seventy lines was never properly fitted into the play, so that the old version in Hand A has been left standing in its proper place, while the improved, lengthened version in Hand B was negligently inserted between II. i and II. ii.

Hand C. Occurring on the first page of leaf 7 (II. ii) and on leaf 16 (IV. I. 309, S. D. 'Enter a Servingman,' to end of scene).

Hand D. This is the handwriting which Mr. Simpson and Mr. Spedding have united in assigning to Shakespeare upon evidence of a most interesting character. The only difficulty connected with the discrimination between the various hand-writings of the MS. concerns itself with this Hand D. Mr. Simpson² believed that all the passages in the play, which are not in the easily recognizable A, B, and C hands, are written in Hand D and by Shakespeare. This would make the latter the author or reviser of the following scenes: II. iii, iv (ll. 1-172); III. ii and iii.

Mr. Spedding,³ on the contrary, recognizes a fifth hand, to which he assigns:

¹ Printed in the Appendix to the play, pp. 419, 420.

² 4 *Notes and Queries*, viii. 1 ff.

³ 4 *Notes and Queries*, x. 227 E.

II. iii; III. ii, ll. 1-282; III. iii; and perhaps the remaining part of III. ii. Thus Spedding leaves to Shakespeare only the magnificent insurrection scene¹ to the end of line 172, and a very doubtful title to the end of III. ii from line 283. The best judgement on this difficult question seems that kindly given me by Mr. Herbert, of the British Museum,² who considers all the scenes ascribed by Simpson to Shakespeare to be in one handwriting, with the exception of III. ii, ll. 283-end. In agreement with this opinion we divide as follows:—

Hand D: II. iii, iv (ll. 1-172); III. ii (ll. 1-282), iii.

Hand E: III. ii (ll. 283-end).

The manuscript of *Sir Thomas More* contains no direct statement in regard to the play's origin. The questions of authorship, date, and stage production are all left dark, except for such doubtful light as a few casual allusions in the body of the text may shed. That the drama belongs to the end of the sixteenth century, and probably not to the extreme end, is indicated by several considerations. In Act IV, Scene 1,³ there occur two anachronistic references to Ogle, a theatrical wig-maker mentioned in Cunningham's *Revels Accounts* for 1573, and again under date of 1584. As one of the players is represented as leaving More's house to get from Ogle a false beard, with which he later appears, the realistic effect of the allusion would have been lost, had not Ogle's shop been in actual existence when the drama was produced.

Dyce suggested 1590, or just before, as the date of the play, and Simpson, who regarded the insurrection scenes as inspired by a similar outbreak in 1586, decided positively for that year or the next. Mr. Fleay, on the other hand, supported by Hopkinson, pronounced 1595-6 the earliest probable date, and refers to a rising in June, 1595, which might well have given appositeness to the insurrection scenes and rendered them particularly distasteful to the Master of the Revels. The two dates proposed by Simpson and Fleay respectively may safely be accepted as determining the period within which *Sir Thomas More* was written.

The additions were most likely composed soon after the body of the play. This is almost certainly true of More's magnificent speech in defence of order and humanity in II. iv, intended obviously as a balance to the revolutionary scenes which so displeased Tilney. Without such a makeweight on the side of law, no theatre manager, however bold, could well have ventured to perform the first part of the play,⁴ in the face of the tremendous prohibition: 'Leaue out ye insurrection wholly and the cause thereof . . . att your own perilles.' The most probable explanation of the number of hands concerned in the work

¹ II. iv.

² Through the kindness of Dr. Furnivall I am able to give also the careful opinion of Mr. Warner, the Keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum. His belief is that ff. 8, 9—the leaves containing the insurrection scene (II. iv, 1-172)—are in a different hand from the rest, but he is not sure of the matter. This view would make the problem much simpler, but I have thought it safer to accept the decision which is less favourable to the idea of Shakespeare's authorship.

³ II. 126, 293.

and the extraordinary disorder of the MS. seems to be that the manager, anxious to act the play with the least possible loss of time, but afraid to run directly counter to authority, turned the original draft over to several writers, each of whom hastily revised what seemed to him most glaringly in need of alteration.

There is reason for believing that *Sir Thomas More* was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Before the speech of the Messenger in III. iii, the MS. writes: ^{Mess.} T. Goedal, { which, of course, means that the messenger's part was to be taken by T. Goedal. Thomas Goodale, who is here indicated, is known¹ to have been in 1592 a subordinate member of the Lord Strange's Company, later called the Lord Chamberlain's.

Such discussion as this play has received hitherto has concerned itself chiefly with the interesting possibility that the scenes in Hand D, or some part of them, may be directly from the pen and brain of Shakespeare. The theory of Shakespearian part-authorship was evolved by Richard Simpson in 1871, and supported in the following year by James Spedding, with the differences as to detail already specified. Mr. Hopkinson has accepted their general conclusions, and Professor Ward, declaring his inability to judge concerning the genuineness of the so-called Shakespearian handwriting, goes on to say: 'As to the style and manner of the passages in question, not only may the speeches of More, in particular that addressed to the insurgents, which may have been specially elaborated to suit the requirements of the licenser, be said without hesitation to have the true Shakespearean manner, besides being genuinely Shakespearean in feeling, but it is with difficulty they can be conceived to have been written by any other contemporary author.' Dr. Furnivall, on the other hand, doubts that the text of the insurrection scene, &c., in the MS., is in Shakespeare's writing, and says of this portion of the play that there is 'nothing necessarily Shakespearian in it, though part of it (<is> worthy of him'.² Mr. Fleay appears likewise to be incredulous.³

The difficult question raised by these dissimilar opinions would be much easier of solution if we could, with Spedding, dismiss all but the supreme passage in the play, the culminating insurrection scene and speech of More,⁴ as written in a different hand, and therefore not belonging to the Shakespearian matter. This, it must be said in candour, we are perhaps hardly justified in doing.⁵ All the scenes enumerated on p. xlix as belonging to Hand D—including the relatively weak Randall-Erasmus-More passages in III. ii, and the even more commonplace II. iii—may very probably be in the same handwriting. Moreover, it is practically certain, from the appearance of the MS. of the 'insurrection scene' (as will be indicated later) that the handwriting is that of the author. If, therefore, we

¹ Cf. Fleay, *Hist. of the Stage*, p. 84.

² *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, II, 214.

³ *Royal Shakspeare*, I, cxv. His opinion has not altered materially since.

⁴ *Life of Shakespeare*, 292 ff.

⁵ II. iv, ll. 1-172.

⁶ At least for the present, though we should have Mr. Warner's great authority for doing so. Cf. p. xlix, note 2.

decide that II. iv, ll. 1-172, is written and composed by Shakespeare, then we should be prepared to accept II. iii; III. ii, ll. 1-282; III. iii, as at least transcribed in Shakespeare's hand. It is quite possible to do this, and the necessity of doing so detracts little perhaps from the strength of the case which may be founded on the 'insurrection scene' alone.

The first 172 lines of the 'insurrection scene' appear to me more thoroughly in the tone of Shakespeare than any other passage in the doubtful plays. There is possibly more striking poetry in *Edward III* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and greater intensity of feeling in parts of *Arden of Feversham*, but it would be difficult or impossible to find, outside the plays of the ordinary canon, any extract of similar length which reminds the reader so strongly and lastingly of the special peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius. We get something of the familiar ring in the very first sentence, Lincoln's appeal to the unruly mob he has gathered about him.

'*Lincoln.* Peace, heare me: he that will not see a red hearing¹ at a Herry grote, butter at alevenpence a pounce, meale at nynoe shillings a bushell, and beeff at fower nobles a stone, lyst to me.

Geo. Bell. Yt will come to that passe, yf straingers be sufferd. Mark him.'

This, and the speeches that follow inevitably suggest Jack Cade and his company in 2 *Henry VI.*² The perception of the individual Shakespearian touch grows stronger in the mob's clamorous debate as to whether Shrewsbury, Surrey, or More, is to address them—a debate decided finally for More with the true mob logic of Shakespeare.—

'*Doll.* Letts heare him: a keepes a plentyfull shrevaltry, and a made my brother Arther Watchins Seriant Safes yeoman: lets heare Shreeve Moore.

Al. Shreive Moor, Moor, More, Shreue Moore!'

The speech of More, which follows,³ is praised on all hands both for its splendid poetry and for its likeness to Shakespeare, but it, as well as the earlier part of the scene, must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. The numerous parallels of word and phrase with the acknowledged works will not escape the notice of any reader. Equally apparent and generally recognized is the similarity to Shakespeare's early style in all matters of technique. The bold figurative use of words,⁴ the rich smoothness of verse, and the total absence of strain or affectation at the height of poetic intensity, mark those lines as not less Shakespearian in metrical quality than any part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* or *Edward III*.

The top scene of *Sir Thomas More*, however, exhibits the surest indications of Shakespearian authorship just where the claim of all the other doubtful plays breaks down; that is, when we judge it dramatically rather than poetically, giving less regard to the manner and more to the matter. The 172 lines in question say precisely what we should expect Shakespeare, the man and dramatist,

¹ herring.

² IV. ii.

³ II. 58-63.

⁴ II. 80-172.

⁵ e.g. 'And you in *ruff* of your opynions clothd,' I. 90.

'Your noyce

Hath *chidd* downe all the maiestie of Ingland.' 92-3, &c.

to say; we have here the same attitude toward the mob—half good-natured laughter, half scorn and distrust—and the same eloquent championship of law and order against anarchic tendencies, which appear so consistently throughout the genuine works.

Moreover, the 'insurrection scene' satisfies fully the almost decisive test of utility. Whereas the so-called Shakespearian portion of *Edward III* splits the play into two irreconcilable halves, and the analogous scenes in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* seldom touch at all the dramatic crises, which are regularly left to the pen of Fletcher, the author of the 'insurrection scene' in *Sir Thomas More* has turned his attention to the crucial point in the drama, and has revised it in just the way which best answers the requirements both of stage effect and of managerial prudence. It is not too much to say of this scene, by way of summary, that it is exactly the sort of scene we should expect Shakespeare to write, had he been called upon to revise the play, full of his well-known sentiments, and expressed in a style which is very remarkably like his own during the period 1590-5.

If these lines are really by Shakespeare, we have a most interesting illustration of the method of composition during his early maturity. The frequent interlineations and substitutions of one phrase for another show how the work took form as it proceeded, and make it evident that the sheet of paper on which this scene is written in the Harleian MS. contains the author's first draft, set down line by line as the passage evolved itself in his brain. In the final version, ll. 132 ff. read as follows:

'Wash your foule mynds with teares, and those same handes,	
That you lyke rebells lyft against the peace,	
Lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees,	134
Make them your feet to kneele to be forgiven!	135
Tell me but this; what rebell captaine,	
As mutynies ar incident, by his name	
Can still the rout?' &c.	

These fine lines were not arrived at without difficulty. In their first form there was a pause after 'feet' in 135, after which the poet wrote:

'To kneele to be forgiven
Is safer warrs then euer you can make
Whose discipline is ryot, why euen your warrs
Cannot proceed but by obedience; what rebell captaine,' &c.

This failed to satisfy him and caused him an obvious struggle, before it could be remodelled to his taste. First he deleted 'warrs' at the end of the third line and wrote instead 'hurly', apparently because of the presence of 'warrs' in the preceding line. Then, as a substitute for 'why... hurly' he has written above 'in in to yr obedience', which in turn is lined out with all the rest, to be replaced by the single half-line, 'Tell me but this.' At the same time, apparently, the pause in 123 was shifted from the middle to the end of the line.

Of the other scenes, possibly written in Hand D, only the soliloquy of More¹

¹ III. ii, ll. 1-21.

and the comic Faulkner passages¹ seem at all worthy of Shakespeare. They, however, may doubtless be attributed to him, without excessive temerity, as careless revisionary work, fundamentally similar in style and tone to his genuine performances, but naturally more hasty and somewhat less spirited. II. iii, the Erasmus part of III. ii, and the whole of III. iii, must be allowed to be decidedly un-Shakespearian; but of the last two of these passages it is quite certain, and it is extremely probable of the first, that the person who transcribed them in Hand D (?) was not in any real sense their author. The two Erasmus bits of III. ii (ll. 22-47, and 142-240), and the two Faulkner bits (ll. 48-141 and 241-end), alternate with each other and are not easily separated. From the scraps of the old version of the scene in Hand A, which are still legible, it appears that the Erasmus part was largely copied with only casual embellishments by the reviser, while the Faulkner part is remodelled and immensely improved. Thus the Erasmus passages are basically the work of the original author of the play and have been rewritten in Hand D, with merely incidental improvements, because they are wedged into the same scene with the Faulkner episode to which the reviser gave serious attention.

The brief and tame Scene 3 of the third act is copied in Hand D (?) verbatim, except for the insertion of the single word 'hether', from the original draft written in Hand C just after IV. i. It is clear that scribe C, having added to IV. i the final lines 310-68, used the remaining half-sheet of paper for the sketch of a much-needed connecting scene between the third act and the fourth. The deletions prove the priority of this copy of the scene to that in Hand D (?). Line 5, for instance, was first written: 'As sent to tell your lordship of his cominge.' Then the first two words were deleted, and the last three replaced by 'that they ar at hand', which later was also scratched out in favour of the final reading: 'of ther neer aproche.' Scribe D has merely copied this scene in its final form, inserting 'hether' in line 3 for the sake of the metre, and has pasted his copy where the scene obviously belongs—at the end of Act III. What is certainly true of the Erasmus parts in III. ii, and of III. iii, is in the highest degree likely of II. iii, the only other mediocre scene in Hand D (?). Here, too, the scribe seems to have been not the author, but merely the theatrical arranger, though, from the incomplete state of the MS., it is not possible in this case to compare the revised version with the original.

Setting these scenes aside, then, we are left with the first 172 lines of II. iv, and three passages from III. ii (ll. 1-21, 48-141, 241-282), all of which are written in Hand D (?) and are in large measure composed by the writer. Through these three hundred lines we meet the same general characteristics, though they display themselves in greater freedom and grandeur in the completely new-cast 'insurrection scene' than in the merely revised and elaborated passages of III. ii.

When we consider this part of *Sir Thomas More* in its poetic, and particularly in its dramatic and personal aspects, taking into account the play's probable

¹ III. ii, ll. 48-141, 241-282.

date and the probable company by which it was acted, it is hardly possible to withstand the conviction that if Shakespeare was ever concerned with any of the apocryphal plays, then surely it was with this.

Of the body of the play little need be said, though *Sir Thomas More* ranks high among the productions of its decade. Lack of unity is a defect inherent in its style of composition, but the absence of anything like a consecutive plot is to some extent atoned for by the effectiveness of More's genial character. The really attractive personality of the central figure, and the genuine spirit of light-heartedness which inspires even the tragic scenes, are two merits covering a multitude of imperfections, and raising *Sir Thomas More* far above the flatness of *Oldcastle* and *Cromwell*. In no work of the period do we get a more vivid portrayal of the management of an aristocratic household. The dinner to the Lord Mayor, the picture of More in the midst of his family circle, and the glimpses behind the scenes of a Tudor morality¹ are charming bits of domesticity which it would not be easy to parallel in the range of Elizabethan dramatic literature.

The main source of the drama is doubtless Hall's Chronicle, from which Dyce quotes illustrative excerpts; however, the story of More's life and death was such common property in the reign of Elizabeth that it is unsafe perhaps to fix upon any one authority. I have found an account of the fight in Pannier Alley, and of the episode of the long-haired Faulkner (III. ii) in Fox's Book of Martyrs (ed. 1684, II, 431), where both incidents are related in connexion with Thomas Cromwell. The stock account of More's execution, very much as it appears in the play, will be found in the same work (II, 294). The authorship of *Sir Thomas More* in its first form has been assigned to Lodge, whose doubtful claim is favoured by Fleay and Hopkinson.²

A few words remain to be said regarding the editorial history of the *Shakespeare Apocrypha*. Of the fourteen plays here printed, all but the recently discovered *Sir Thomas More* have suffered at the hands of late sixteenth and seventeenth-century editors. During the period which began with Kirkman³ and culminated with Malone, Capell, and Steevens, critical energies were engaged here as elsewhere, in the well-meant but mischievous task of levelling out grammatical archaisms, and normalizing the frequently rough or irregular flow of the lines.

¹ It may be remarked that the play here presented (IV. i) has only its name in common with the *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, edited for the Shakespeare Society by Halliwell in 1846. The morality of Luggins and his companions is, as Mr. Fleay and others have pointed out, a medley of *Lusty Juventus* and *The Disobedient Child*. The real *Marriage of wit and wisdom* appears on the Stationers' Register as the first of a list of books transferred from Th. Marshe, deceased, to Th. Orwyn, June 23, 1591. Cf. Arber's *Transcript*, ii, 275b.

² Mr. Fleay (*Life of Sh.*, 292-3; *Biog. Chr. Eng. Dr.*, ii, 312, 313) identifies *Sir Thomas More* with the play called *Abuses*, which, we are told, contained a comedy and a tragedy, and which was acted by the Children of Paul's before James I and the King of Denmark on July 30, 1606. This is a guess pure and simple.

³ Circa 1600.

Under this régime, which shows itself almost at its worst in the emendations of the modern German critics Delius, Moltke, and Elze, the present plurals in -s, for example, and such expressions as 'thou was'¹ disappeared, while 'the *lugie* monsters' of *Locrine* reappeared as 'the *lugest* monsters'. At the same time, the frequent nine-syllable lines of the originals, and the lines in which words like 'grace,' 'fear,' 'lord,' were pronounced in two syllables, were made arithmetically orthodox by the insertion of some colourless monosyllable. Thus in *Cromwell*,² instead of the correct old reading,

'Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of *Norffolke*;
Therefore let vs presently to *Lambeth*.'

we find in Malone's and every succeeding text:

'Well hath your grace said, my *good* lord of Norfolk;
Therefore let us *go* presently to Lambeth.'

In the last two acts of this one play thirty-four words have been thus unwarrantably inserted, and the number of omissions is almost as great.

Only within the last few decades has any attempt been made to purge the text of the apocryphal plays of the impurities which all had accumulated during the long period of careless or ill-advised editing. Even since the beginning of the nineteenth century, edition after edition has reprinted the insipid texts of the later quartos and Malone, or has differed only in the incorporation of yet other unnecessary emendations. For two hundred years there has not appeared a reliable version of *Locrine*, *Mucedorus*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Puritan*, or *A Yorkshire Tragedy*—and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that all these plays, except *Mucedorus*, are included in the third and fourth Shakespeare folios, and that all of them in their garbled form have been many times reprinted.

The other seven plays have in recent times been edited from the original quarto texts, with varying accuracy. Undoubtedly the most valuable of these editions are the standard texts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Sir Thomas More*, by Littledale and Dyce respectively. *Arden of Feversham* has been carefully edited by Mr. Bullen, and, independently, by the indefatigable German scholars, Warnke and Proescholdt, to whom we owe also editions of *Edward III*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonston*, *The Birth of Merlin*, *Fair Em*, and *Mucedorus*.

The value of the texts by Warnke and Proescholdt differs considerably. The earliest, that of *Mucedorus*, cannot be accepted as a critical edition at all, though well provided with *apparatus criticus* and laboriously prepared. Of the many quartos only the eighth has been consulted at first hand, and the editors have made the fatal mistake of adopting, as the readings of the first and third⁴ quartos respectively, what are in reality the silent emendations of Hazlitt and Collier.

Fair Em, the second of the plays edited by Warnke and Proescholdt, is better

¹ *Edward III*, i. i. 106.

² i. i. 238.

³ iv. v. 115-16.

⁴ This so-called third quarto of Collier's probably never existed; cf. p. xxiv.

done. The spelling is not modernized, as in their text of *Mucedorus*, and the two old quartos have really been collated. Yet numberless small corrections are required to render this edition at all authoritative. In some way, which it would be difficult to explain, the orthography and variant readings of the two quartos have been so mixed that the resultant text gives no faithful representation of either. The editors appear to have profited by experience, for they have had much more success with the other four plays published by them; namely, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *Edward III*, *The Birth of Merlin*, and *Arden of Feversham*. In these editions the text of the earliest quarto is in each case pretty faithfully preserved, while the list of variant readings is full and, on the whole, exact. As might be expected, in transcribing from the originals a good many unintentional deviations in spelling have been made, and occasional errors in more important matters require correction. It is to be regretted that conjectural emendations by Professor Elze and other modern critics have so frequently been admitted into the text without absolute necessity. On the whole, however, these editions deserve the favourable opinions they have received on many hands.

ADDENDA

To No. IV of the Bibliography should be added the following:

44* (p. 451) GAUD, W. S., *The Authorship of Loerine*, *Modern Philology*, vol. i, pp. 409-22.

Peele's authorship defended.

63* (p. 452) NEUBNER, ALFRED, *Missachtete Shakspeare-Dramen. Eine literar-historisch-kritische Untersuchung*, Berlin, 1907.

General discussion of the doubtful plays and of others.

THE
LAMENTA
BLE AND TRUE TRA
GEDIE OF M. AR
DEN OF FEVERSHAM
IN KENT.

*Who was most wickedlye murdered, by
the meanes of his disloyall and wanton
wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one
Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruf-
fins Blackwill and Shakbag,
to kill him.*

Wherin is shewed the great mal-
lice and discimulation of a wicked wom
man, the vnsatiabie desire of filthie lust
and the shamefull end of all
murderers.

*Imprinted at London for Edward
White, dwelling at the lytle North
dore of Paules Church at
the signe of the
Gun, 1592.*
✱

Q 1 = Quarto of 1592
Q 2 = " " 1599
Q 3 = " " 1633
J = Jacob, 1770
T = Tyrrell, 1851
D = Delius, 1855
Bull. = Bullen, 1887
WP = Warnke and Proescholdt, 1888
Bayne = Temple Dramatists edition, 1897
pr. ed. = present editor

THE TRAGEDY OF M. ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

(PERSONS REPRESENTED.)

Mr. ARDEN, of Feversham.

FRANKLIN, his friend.

MOSSIE.

CLARKE, a Painter.

ADAM FOWLE, Landlord of the Flower-de-Luce.

BRADSHAW, a Goldsmith.

MICHAELL, ARDEN's Servant.

GREENE.

RICHARD REEDE, a Sailor.

BLACK WILL }
SHAKBAG } *Murderers*

A Prentice.

A Ferryman.

LORD CHEINY, and his Men.

Mayor of Feversham, and Watch.

ALICE, Arden's Wife.

SUSAN, Mossie's Sister.

The Scene: FEVERSHAM, LONDON, and there between.)

(ACT I.

A Room in Arden's House.)

Enter Arden, and Franklin.

Franklin. Arden, cheere vp thy spirits and
droup no more:

My gracious Lord, the Duke of Sommerset,
Hath frely giuen to thee and to thy heyres,
By letters patents from his Maiesty,
All the lands of the Abby of Feuershame. 5
Heer are the deedes,
Sealed and subscribed with his name and the
kings:

Read them, and leaue this melancholy moode.

Arden. Franklyn, thy loue prolongs my
weary lyfe;

And but for thee how odious was this lyfe, 10
That shewes me nothing but torments my
soule,

And those foule obiects that offend myne eies!
Which makes me wish that for this vale of
Heauen

The earth hung ouer my heede and couerd mee.
Loue letters past twixt Mossie and my Wyfe, 15
And they haue preuie meetings in the Towne:
Nay, on his finger did I spy the Ring
Which at our Marriage day the Priest put on.
Can any greife be halfe so great as this?

Fran. Comfort thy selfe, sweete freend:
it is not strange 20

That women will be false and wauering.

Arden. I, but to doat on such a one as hee
is monstrous, Franklyn, and intollerable.

*Dram. Personae first in T Act I. . . House add. T
6, 7 One line Qq 15 past Qq: pass Bull. 18 day
em. Q8 6*

Franklyn. Why, what is he?

Arden. A Botcher, and no better at the
first; 25

Who, by base brocage getting some small
stock,

Crept into seruice of a noble man,
And by his seruile flattery and fawning
Is now become the steward of his house,
And brauely iets it in his silken gowne. 30

Fran. No noble man will countenance such
a peasant.

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues
not mee.

But through his fauour let not him grow
proude;

For were he by the Lord Protector backt,
He should not make me to be pointed at. 35

I am by birth a gentle man of bloods,
And that iniurious riball, that attempts

To vyolate my deare wyues chastitie,
(For deare I holde hir loue, as deare as heauen
Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile 40
See his disseuered ioints and sinewes torne,
Whilst on the planchers pants his weary body,
Smeard in the channels of his lustfull bloods.

Fran. Be patient, gentle freend, and learne
of me

To ease thy grieffe and saue her chastitye: 45
Intreat her faire; sweete words are fittest
engines

To race the flint walles of a womans breast.

In any case be not too Jelyouse,
Nor make no question of her loue to thee;

But, as securely, presently take horse, 50
And ly with me at London all this tearme;

49 no] a D

For women, when they may, will not,
But, beeing kept back, straight grow out-
ragious.

Arden. Though this abhorres from reason,
yet ile try it,
And call her forth and presently take leaue. 55
How! *Ales!*

Heere ente(r)s ales.

Ales. Husband, what means you to get vp
so earely?

Sommer nights are short, and yet you ryse ere
day.

Had I beene wake, you had not risen so soene.

Ard. Sweet loue, thou knowst that we two,
Ouldlike, 60

Haue often chid the morning when it gan to
pespe,

And often wisht that darke nights purblind
steedes

Would pull her by the purple mantle back,
And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.

But this night, sweete *Ales*, thou hast kild my
hart: 65

I heard thee cal on *Mosbie* in thy sleepe.

Ales. Tis lyke I was asleepe when I nam'd
him,

For beeing awake he comes not in my
thoughts.

Arden. I, but you started vp and suddenly,
Insteede of him, caught me about the necke. 70

Ales. In steede of him? why, who was
there but you?

And where but one is, how can I mistake?

Fran. *Arden*, leaue to urdge her ouer-
farre.

Arden. Nay, loue, there is no credit in a
dreame;

Let it suffice I know thou louest me well. 75

Ales. Now I remember where vpon it came:
Had we no talks of *Mosbie* yesternight?

Fra. Mistres *Ales*, I hard you name him
once or twice.

Ales. And thereof came it, and therefore
blame not me.

Arden. I know it did, and therefore let it
passe. 80

I must to London, sweete *Ales*, presently.

Ales. But tell me, do you meane to stay
there long?

Arden. No longer there till my affaires be
done.

Fran. He will not stay about a month at
most.

Ales. A moneth? aye me! Sweete *Arden*,
come againe 85

Within a day or two, or els I die.

Arden. I cannot long be from thee, gentle
Ales.

Whilst *Michel* fetch our horses from the field,
Franklin and I will down vnto the key;
For I haue certaine goods there to vnload. 90
Meanwhile prepare our breakfast, gentle *Ales*;
For yet ere noone wele take horse and away.
[*Exeunt Arden & Franklin.*

Ales. Ere noone he meanes to take horse
and away!

Sweete newes is this. Oh that some ayrie
spirit

Would in the shape and liknes of a horse 95
Gallope with *Arden* crosse the Ocean,

And throw him from his backe into the waues!

Sweete *Mosbie* is the man that hath my hart:
And he vsurpes it, having nought but this,

That I am tyed to him by marriage. 100
Loue is a God, and marriage is but words;

And therefore *Mosbies* title is the best.
Tushel whether it be or no, he shall be mine,
In spite of him, of Hymen, and of rytes.

Here enters Adam of the Flourdeluce.

And here comes Adam of the flourdeluce: 105
I hope he brings me tydings of my loue.

—How now, Adam, what is the newes with
you?

Be not affraid: my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whome you wot of, *Mosbie*,
Mistres *Ales*,

Is come to towne, and sends you word by mee
In any case you may not visit him. 110

Ales. Not visit him?

Adam. No, nor take no knowledge of his
beeing heere.

Ales. But tell me, is he angree or dis-
pleased?

Adam. Should seeme so, for he is won-
drous sad. 115

Ales. Were he as mad as rauing Hercules,
He see him, I, and were thy house of force,

These hands of mine should race it to the
ground,

Vntes that thou wouldst bring me to my loue.

Adam. Nay, and you be so impatient, He
be gone. 120

Ales. Stay, Adam, stay; thou wert wont to
be my frend.

Aske *Mosbie* how I haue incurred his wrath;
Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice,

With which we plaid for kisses many a tyme,
And when I lost, I wan, and so did hee 125
(Such winning and such losing Ioue send me);

55-6 One line Qy 57 get vp] rise Q3 58 rise Qy
61 Haue chid Bull. 67 when nam'd Q3 68 in] to
Q3

And bid him, if his loue doo not decline,
(To) come this morning but along my dore,
And as a stranger but salute me there:
This may he doo without suspect or feare. 130

Adam. Ile tell him what you say, and so
farewell. [*Exit Adam.*]

Ales. Doo, and one day Ile make amends
for all.—

I know, he loues me well, but dares not come,
Because my husband is so Jelious, 134
And these my narrow prying neighbours blab
Hinder our meetings when we would conferre.
But, if I liue, that block shall be remoued,
And, Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stelh,
Shalt neither feare the biting speech of men
Nor Ardens lookes: as surely shall he die 140
As I abhorre him and loue onely thee.

• *Here enters Michaell.*

How now, Michaell, whether are you going?

Michael. To fetch my masters nagge.

I hope youle thinke on mee.

Ales. I; but, Michaell, see you keepe your
oath, 145

And be as secret as you are resolute.

Michael. Ile see he shall not liue aboue a
weeke.

Ales. On that condition, Michaell, here is
my hand:

None shall haue Mosbies sister but thy selfe.

Michael. I vnderstand, the Painter heere
hard by 150

Hath made reporte that he and Sue is sure.

Ales. There's no such matter, Michaell;
beloeue it not.

Michael. But he hath sent a dagger sticking
in a hart,

With a verse or two stollen from a painted
cloath,

The which I heere the wench keepes in her
chest. 155

Well, let her kepe it: I shall finde a fellow

That can both write and read and make rime
too.

And if I doo — well, I say no more:

Ile send from London such a taunting letter

As (she) shall eat the hart he sent with salt

And sling the dagger at the Painters head. 161

Ales. What needes all this? I say that
Susan's thine.

Michael. Why, then I say that I will kill
my master,

Or anything that you will haue me doo.

Ales. But, Michaell, see you doo it cun-
ningly. 165

128 To add. Q 3 135 narrow] marrow Q 1 141
onely] name but Q 2 160 she add. D

Michael. Why, say I should be tooke, ile
nere confesse

That you know any thing; and Susan, being
a Maide,

May begge me from the gallous of the Shrieke.
Ales. Truste not to that, Michael.

Michael. You can not tell me, I haue
seene it, I. 170

But, mistres, tell her, whether I liue or die,
Ile make her more woorth then twenty Pain-
ters can;

For I will rid myne elder brother away,
And then the farme of Bolton is mine owne.
Who would not venture vpon house and land,
When he may haue it for a right downe blowe?

Here enters Mosbie.

Ales. Yonder comes Mosbie. Michael, get
thee gone, 177

And let not him nor any knowe thy drifts.
[*Exit Michael.*]

Mosbie, my loue!

Mosbie. Away, I say, and talke not to me
now. 180

Ales. A word or two, sweets hart, and
then I will.

Tis yet but early daies, thou needest not feare.

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

Ales. Tis now high water, and he is at the
key.

Mos. There let him be; hence forward know
me not. 185

Ales. Is this the end of all thy solemne
oathes?

Is this the frute thy reconcilement buds?

Haue I for this giuen thee so many fauours,
Incurd my husbands hate, and, out alas,

Made shipwrack of myne honour for thy
sake, 190

And dost thou say 'hence forward know me
not'?

Remember, when I lockt the in my closet,
What were thy words and mine; did we not

both

Decree to murder Arden in the night?

The heauens can witnes, and the world can
tell, 195

Before I saw that falsehoode lookes of thine,
Fore I was tangled with thy tying speech,

Arden to me was dearer then my soule, —
And shall be still: base peasant, get thee gone,

And boast not of thy conquest ouer me, 200
Gotten by witch-craft and meere sorcery!

For what hast thou to countenaunce my loue,
Being descended of a noble house,

And matcht already with a gentleman

174 Docton J 187 this em. Q 3

Whose seruant thou maist be? — and so
farewell. 205

Mos. Vngentle and vnkinde Ales, now I see
That which I euer feard, and finde too trew:
A womans loue is as the lightning flame, 208
Which euen in bursting forth consumes it selfe.
To trye thy constancie haue I bene strange:
Would I had neuer tryed, but liued in hope!

Ales. What needs thou try me whom thou
neuer found false?

Mos. Yet pardon me, for loue is Jelious.

Ales. So list the Sailer to the Marmalade
song,

So looke the trauellour to the Basiliske: 215
I am content for to be reconcilde,
And that, I know, will be mine ouerthrow.

Mos. Thine ouerthrow? first let the world
dissolue.

Ales. Nay, Mosbie, let me still inioye thy
loue,

And happen what will, I am resolute. 220
My sauing husband hoordes vp bagges of
gould

To make our children rich, and now is hee
Gone to vnload the goods that shall be thine,
And he and Francklin will to London straight.

Mos. To London, Ales? if thoult de rulse
by mee, 225

Weele make him sure enough for comming
there.

Ales. Ah, would we could.

Mos. I happend on a Painter yesternight,
The onely cunning man of Christendome;
For he can temper poyson with his oyle, 230
That who so looke vpon the worke he drawes
Shall, with the beames that issue from his
sight,

Suck vennome to his breast and slay him selfe.
Sweete Ales, he shall draw thy counterfet,
That Arden may by gazing on it perish. 235

Ales. I, but, Mosbie, that is dangerous,
For thou, or I, or any other els,
Commung into the Chamber where it hangs,
May die.

Mos. I, but weele haue it couered with a
cloth 240

And hung vp in the studie for himselfe.

Ales. It may not be, for when the pictur's
drawne,

Arden, I know, will come and shew it me.

Mos. Feare not; weele haue that shall serue
the turne.

This is the painters house: Ile call him forth.

Ales. But, Mosbie, Ile haue no such pic-
ture, I. 246

214 liete Q 3 210 me) him Q 3 238-9 One time in
chd.

Mos. I pray thee leaue it to my discretion.
How! Clarke!

Here enters Clarke.

O, you are an honest man of your word! you
serud me wel.

Clark. Why, sir, ile do it for you at any time,
Provided, as you haue giuen your worde, 251
I may haue Susan Mosbie to my wife.

For, as sharpe witted Poets, whose sweete
verse

Make heauenly gods break of their Nector
draughts

And lay their eares down to the lowly earth,
Vse humble promise to their sacred Muse, 256
So we that are the Poets fauorits

Must haue a loue; I, Loue is the Painters Muse,
That makes him frame a speaking counte-
naunce,

A weeping eye that witnesses hartes griefe.

Then tell me, Master Mosbie, shall I haue hir?

Ales. Tis pittie but he should; heele vse her,
well. 262

Mosbie. Clarke, heers my hand: my sister
shall be thine.

Cla. Then, brother, to requite this curtesie,
You shall command my lyfe, my skill, and all.

Ales. Ah, that thou couldst be secret. 266

Mosbie. Feare him not; leaue, I haue talkt
sufficient.

Cla. You know not me that ask such ques-
tions.

Let it suffice I know you loue him well,
And faine would haue your husband made
away: 270

Wherein, trust me, you shew a noble minde,
That rather then youle liue with him you hate
Youle venture lyfe, and die with him you loue.
The like will I do for my Susans sake.

Ales. Yet nothing could inforce me to the
deed 275

But Mosbies loue. Might I without controll
Inioy thee still, then Arden should not die:
But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mos. Enough, sweete Ales; thy kinde words
makes me melt.

Your tricke of poysoned pictures we dialyke;
Some other poyson would do better farre. 281

Ales. I, such as might be put into his broth,
And yet in taste not to be found at all.

Clarke. I know your minde, and here I
haue it for you.

Put but a dram of this into his drinke, 285
Or any kinde of broth that he shall eat,
And he shall die within an houre after.

247-8 One time Q 3 252 to) for Q 3 271 shew) beare
Q 3 284 R om. Q 3

Ales. As I am a gentle-woman, Clarke,
next day
Thou and Susan shall be married.

Mos. And ile mak her dowry more then ile
talk of, Clark. 290

Clarke. Yonder's your husband. Mosbie, ile
be gone.

Here enters Arden and Francklin.

Ales. In good time see where my husband
comes.

Maister Mosbie, aske him the question your
selfe. [Exit Clarke.]

Mos. Maister Arden, being at London yes-
ter night,

The Abby lands, whereof you are now possesst,
Were offred me, on some occasion, 296

By Greene, one of sir Antony Agers men:
I pray you, sir, tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest herein?

Arden. Mosby, that question wele decyde
anon. 300

Ales. make geady my brekfaste, I must hence.

[Exit Ales.]

As for the lands, mosbie, they are mine
By letters patents from his Maiesty.
But I must haue a Mandat for my wyfe;
They say you seeke to robbe me of her loue:
Villaine, what makes thou in her company? 306
Shees no companion for so base a groomme.

Mosbie. Arden, I thought not on her, I
came to thee;

But rather then I pocket vp this wrong —

Francklin. What will you doo, sir? 310

Mos. Reuenge it on the proudest of you
both.

[Then Arden drawes forth Mosbies sword.]

Arden. So, sirha; you may not weare a
sword,

The statute makes against artificers;
I warrand that I doo. Now vse your bodkin,
Your spanish needles, and your pressing Iron,
For this shall go with me; and marke my
words, 316

You Goodman botcher, tis to you I speake:
The next time that I take thee neare my
house,

In steede of Legs Ile make thee crall on stumps.

Mos. Ah, maister Arden, you haue iniurde
mee: 320

I doo appeale to God and to the world.

Fran. Why, canst thou deny thou wert a
botcher once?

Mos. Measure me what I am, not what
I was.

320 therein Q 3 303 from] of Q 3 309 I ut Q 3
314 doo, now Q 1

Ar. Why, what art thou now but a Veluet
drudge,

A cheating steward, and base minded pesant?

Mos. Arden, now thou hast belicht and
vomited 326

The rancorous venome of thy mis-swolne hart,
Heare me but speake: as I intend to liue
With God and his elected saints in heauen,
I neuer meant more to solicit her; 330
And that she knowes, and all the world shall
see.

I loued her once, sweete Arden, pardon me,
I could not chuse, her beauty fyred my heart;
But time hath quench't these ouerraging coles:
And, Arden, though I now frequent thy house,
Tis for my sisters sake, her waiting maid, 336
And not for hers. Maiest thou enioy her long:
Hell fyre and wrathfull vengeance light on me,
If I dishonor her or iniure thee.

Ard. Mosbie, with these thy protestations
The deadly hatred of my hart is appeased, 342
And thou and Ile be freends, if this proue trew.
As for the base tearmes I gaue thee late,
Forget them, Mosbie: I had cause to speake,
When all the Knights and gentlemen of Kent
Make common table talke of her and thee. 346

Mos. Who liues that is not toucht with
slanderous tongues?

Fra. Then, Mosbie, to eschew the speache
of men,

Upon whose generall brute all honor hangs,
Forbeare his house. 350

Ard. Forbeare it! nay, rather frequent it
more:

The worlde shall see that I distrust her not.
To warne him on the sudden from my house
Were too confirme the rumour that is growne.

Mos. By my faith, sir, you say trew, 355
And therefore will I sojourne here a while,
Untill our enemies haue talkt their fill;
And then, I hope, theise cease, and at last
confesse

How causeles they haue iniurde her and me.

Ard. And I will ly at London all this tearme
To let them see how light I wey their words. 362

Here enters Ales.

Ales. Husband, sit down; your brekfaste
will be could.

Ard. Come, M(aister) Mosbie, will you sit
with vs?

Mos. I can not eat, but ile sit for company.

Ard. Sirra Michaell, see our horse be ready.

Ales. Husband, why pause ye? why eat
you not? 366

335 now om. Q 3 337 here, maiest Q 1 355 By faith
my sir Q 4 N. D. not scene T 366 our] your Q 2, 3
366 you] ye Q 4

Arden. I am not well; there something in
this broth

That is not hollesome: didst thou make it, Ales?

Ales. I did, and thats the cause it likes not
you.

*Then she throwes down the broth
on the ground.*

There nothing that I do can please your taste:
You were best to say I would haue poisoned
you.

I cannot speak or cast aside my eye,
But he imagines I haue slept awry.

Heres he that you cast in my teeth so oft:

Now will I be conuincd or purge my selfe.

I charge thee speake to this mistrustful man,
Thou that wouldst see me hange, thou,

Mosbye, thou:

What fauour hast thou had more then a kisse
At comming or departing from the Towne?

Mos. You wrong your selfe and me to cast
these douts:

Your louing husband is not Jelious.

Arden. Why, gentle mistres Ales, cannot I
Be ill, but youle accuse your selfe?

Frankline, thou, haste! a boxe of Methri-
date:

He take a lytle to preuent the worst.

Fran. Do so, and let vs presently take
horse:

My lyfe for yours, ye shall do well enough.

Ales. Giue me a spoone, He eat of it my
selfe:

Would it were full of poyson to the brim,
Then should my cares and troubles haue an
end.

Was euer ailly woman so tormented?

Arden. Be patient, sweete loue; I mistrust
not thee.

Ales. God will reuenge it, Arden, if thou
doest;

For neuer woman lou'd her husband better
Then I do thee.

Arden. I know it, sweete Ales; cease to com-
plaine,

Least that in teares I answer thee againe.

Fran. Come, leaue this dallying, and let vs
away.

Ales. Forbeare to wound me with that
bitter word;

Arden shall go to London in my armes.

Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I must go.

Ales. Wilt thou to London, then, and leaue
me here?

Ah, if thou loue me, gentle Arden, stay:

Yet, if thy busines be of great Import,

Go if thou wilt, He beare it as I may;

382 ends ill edd. 394-5 One line Qy 400 mine Q3

But write from London to me euery weeke,
Nay, euery day, and stay no longer there
Then thou must nedes, least that I die for
sorrow.

Arden. He write vnto thee euery other tide:
And so farewell, sweete Ales, till we meete next.

Ales. Farewell, Husband, seeing youle haue
it so;

And, M(aister) Francklin, seeing you take
him hence,

In hope youle hasten him home, He giue you
this.

and then she kissed him.

Fran. And if he stay, the fault shall not be
mine.

Mosbie, farewell, and see you keepe your oath.

Mosbie. I hope he is not Jelious of me
now.

Arden. No, Mosbie, no: hereafter thinke
of me

As of your dearest frend, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Arden, Franklin, & Michaell,*]

Ales. I am glad he is gone; I was about
to stay,

But did you marke me then how I brake off?

Mosbie. I, Ales, and it was cunningly per-
formed.

But what a villaine is this painter Clarke!

Ales. Was it not a goodly poyson that he
gaue?

Why, he's as well now as he was before.

It should haue bene some fine confection

That might haue giuen the broth some daintie
taste:

This powder was to grosse and populos.

Mosbie. But had he eaten but three spoone-
fulles more,

Then had he died and our loue continued.

Ales. Why, so it shall, Mosbie, albeit he
liue.

Mosbie. It is vnpossible, for I haue sworne
Neuer hereafter to sollicite thee,

Or, whylest he liues, once more importune
thee.

Ales. Thou shalt not nedes, I will impor-
tune thee.

What? shall an oath make thee forsake my
loue?

As if I haue not sworne as much my selfe

And giuen my hand vnto him in the church!

Tush, Mosbie; oathes are wordes, and wordes
is winde,

And winde is mutable: then, I conclude,
Tis childishnes to stand upon an oath.

409 other om. Q3 417 of] on Q3 418 of om. Q3
427 populos] palpable D, later retracted 430 so...
shall om. Q3

Mos. Well, proued, Mistres Ales; yet by
your leaue
keepe mine vnbroken whilest he liues.

Ales. I, doo, and spare not, his time is but
short;

or if thou beest as resolute as I,
Veele haue him murdered as he walkes the
streets. 445

n London many alehouse Ruffins keepe,
Which, as I heare, will murther men for Gould.
they shall be soundly feed to pay him home.

Here enter Greene.

Mos. Ales, whats he that comes yonder?
knowest thou him?

Ales. Mosbie, be gone: I hope tis one that
comes 450

To put in practise our intended drifts.

[Exit Mosbie.]

Gre. Mistres Arden, you are well met.
I am sorry that your husband is from home,
When as my purposed journey was to him:
Yet all my labour is not spent in vaine, 455
For I suppose that you can full discourse
And flat reeolue me of the thing I seeke.

Ales. What is it, maister Greene? If that
I may
Or can with safety, I will answer you.

Greene. I heard your husband hath the
grant of late, 460

Confirmed by letters patents from the king,
Of all the lands of the Abby of Fevershame,
Generally intituled, so that all former grants
Are cut off; whereof I my selfe had one,
But now my interest by that is void. 465

This is all, mistres Arden; is it trew or no?

Ales. Trew, maister Greene; the lands are
his in state,

And whatsoever leases were before
Are void for tearme of Maister Ardens lyfe;
He hath the grant vnder the Chancery seale.

Gre.ardon me, mistres Arden, I must
speake, 475

For I am toucht. Your husband doth me wrong
To wring me from the little land I haue:

My liuing is my lyfe, onely that
Resteth remainder of my portion. 475

Desyre of wealth is endles in his minde,
And he is gredy gaping still for gaine,
Nor cares he though young gentlemen do
begge,

So he may scrape and hooorde vp in his poutche.
But, seeing he hath taken my lands, Ile value
lyfe 480

As careles as he is carefull for to get:

448 fed q^t 449 him ow. q^s 460 had q^t 2, 3 468
or nor q^s 468 were ocs. q^s

And tell him this from me, Ile be reuenged,
And so as he shall wishe the Abby lands
Had rested still within their former state.

Ales. Alas, poore gentleman, I pittie you,
And wo is me that any man should want; 486
God knowes tis not my fault: but wonder not
Though he be harde to others, when to me, —
Ah, maister Greene, God knowes how I am
vade.

Gre. Why, mistres Arden, can the crabbed
churle 490

Vse you vnkindely? respects he not your birth,
Your honorable freends, nor what you
brought?

Why, all Kent knowes your parentage and
what you are.

Ales. Ah, M(aister) Greene, be it spoken in
secret heere,

I neuer liue good day with him alone: 495
When hee is at home, then haue I froward
lookes,

Hard words and blowes, to mend the match
withall;

And though I might content as good a man,
Yet doth he keepe in euery corner trulles;

And, weary with his trugges at home, 500
Then rydes he straight to London; there, for
sooth,

He reuelles it among such filthie ones
As counsels him to make away his wyfe.

Thus liue I dayly in continuall feare,
In sorrow, so despairing of redres 505

As euery day I wish with hartly prayer
That he or I were taken forth the worlde.

Gre. Now trust me, mistres Ales, it grieueth
me

So faire a creature should be so abused.
Why, who would haue thought the ciuill air

so sullen? 510

He lookes so smoothly: now, fye vpon him,
Churle!

And if he liue a day, he liues too long.
But frolick, woman, I shall be the man

Shall set you free from all this discontent;
And if the Churle deny my intereste 515

And will not yelde my lease into my hand,
Ile paye him home, what euer hap to me.

Ales. But speake you as you thinke?

Gre. I, Gods my witnes, I meane plaine
dealing,

For I had rather die then lose my land. 520

Ales. Then, maister Greene, be counsailed
by me:

Indaunger not your selfe for such a Churle,
But hyre some Cutter for to cut him short,
And heer's ten pound to wager them withall;

508 counsell q^s

When he is dead, you shall haue twenty more,
And the lands whereof my husband is possest
Shall be intytl'd as they were before. 527

Gra. Will you keepe promise with me?

Ales. Or count me false and periurde whilst
I liue.

Gre. Then heeres my hand, He haue him
so dispatcht. 530

He vp to London straight, He thether poast,
And neuer rest til I haue compast it:
Till then farewell.

Ales. Good Fortune follow all your forward
thoughts, [Exit Grene.

And whosoer doth attempt the deede, 535
A happie hand I wish, and so farewell.—
All this goes well: Mosbie, I long for thee
To let thee know all that I haue contriued.

Here enters Mosbie & Clarke.

Mos. How now, Ales, whats the newes?

Ales. Such as will content thee well, sweete
hart. 540

Mos. Well, let them passe a while, and tell
me, Ales,

How haue you dealt and tempered with my
sister?

What, will she haue my neighbour Clarke, or
no?

Ales. What, M^aister Mosbie! let him
wooe him self:

Thinke you that maides looke not for faire
wordes? 545

Go to her, Clarke; shees all alone within;
Michael my man is cleane out of her booke.

Clarke. I thanke you, mistres Arden, I will
in;

And if faire Susan and I can make a gree,
You shall command me to the vttermost, 550
As farre as either goods or lyfe may stretch.

[Exit Clark.

Mos. Now, Ales, lets heare thy newes.

Ales. They be so good that I must laugh
for ioy,

Before I can begin to tell my tale.

Mos. Lets heare them, that I may laugh
for company. 555

Ales. This morning, M^aister Greene, dick
greene I meane,

From whome my husband had the Abby land,
Came hether, railing, for to know the trueth
Whether my husband had the lands by grant.
I told him all, where at he stormd amaine
And swore he would cry quittance with the
Churle, 561

And, if he did denye his enterest,
Stabbe him, whosoer did befall him selfe.

549 make agree Q 3

When as I sawe his choller thus to rise,
I whetted on the gentleman with words; 565

And, to conclud, Mosbie, at last we grew
To composition for my husbands death.

I gaue him ten pound to hire knaues,
By some deuise to make away the Churle;

When he is dead, he should haue twenty more
And repossesse his former lands againe. 571

On this we greed, and he is ridden straight
To London, to bring his death about.

Mos. But call you this good newes?

Ales. I, sweete hart, be they not? 575

Mos. Twere cherefull newes to hear the
churle wer dead;

But trust me, Ales, I take it passing ill

You would be so forgetfull of our state

To make recount of it to euery groome.

What? to acquaint each stranger with our
drifts, 580

Cheefely in case of murther, why, tis the way
To make it open vnto Ardens selfe

And bring thy selfe and me to ruine both. 585

Forewarnde, forearmde: whoe threats his
enemye,

Lends him a sword to garde himselfe with all.

Ales. I did it for the best.

Mos. Well, seing tis don, cherely let it pas.
You know this Greene: is he not religious,

A man, I gesse, of great deuotion?

Ales. He is. 590

Mos. Then, sweete Ales, let it pas: I
haue a dryft

Will quyet all, what euer is amis.

Here enters Clarke and Susan.

Ales. How now, Clarke? haue you found
me false?

Did I not plead the matter hard for you?

Clarke. You did. 595

Mos. And what? Wilt be a match?

Clarke. A match, I faith, sir: I, the day is
mine.

The Painter layes his cullours to the lyfe,
His pensel draws no shadowes in his loue.

Susan is mine. 600

Ales. You make her blushe.

Mos. What, sister, is it Clarke must be the
man?

Su. It resteth in your graunt; some words
are past,

And happely we be growne vnto a match,

If you be willing that it shall be so. 605

Mos. Ah, maister Clarke, it resteth at my
grant:

You see my sister's yet at my dispose.

But, so youle graunt me one thing I shall aske,

587 chearsfully Q 3 591 sweete Ales-rem. Q 3

am content my sister shall be yours.

Clark. What is it, M^(aister) Mosbie? 610

Mos. I doo remember once in secret talke
You tould me how you could compound by
Aye

A crucifix impoysoned,
That who so looke vpon it should wake blinde
And with the sent be stifeled, that ere long 615
He should dye poysond that did view it, wel.
I would haue you make me such a crucifix,
And then Ile grant my sister shall be yours.

Cla. Though I am loath, because it touch-
eth lyfe,

Yet, rather or Ile leaue sweete Susans loue,
Ile do it, and with all the haste I may. 621
But for whome is it?

Ales. Leaue that to vs. Why, Clarke, is it
possible

That you should paint and draw it out your
selfe,

The cullours beeing balefull and impoysoned,
And no waies preiudices your selfe with all? 626

Mos. Well questioned, Ales: Clarke, how
answer you that?

Clarke. Very easily: Ile tell you straight
How I doo worke of these Impoysoned drugs.
I fasten on my spectacles so close 630

As nothing can any way offend my sight;

Then, as I put a leafe within my nose,

So put I rubarbe to auoid the smell,

And softly as another worke I paint.

Mos. Tis very well; but against when shall
I haue it? 635

Cla. Within this ten dayes.

Mos. Twill serue the turne.

Now, Ales, lets in and see what cheere you
keepe.

I hope, now M^(aister) Arden is from home,
Youle giue me leaue to play your husbands
part.

Ales. Mosbie, you know, whose maister of
my hart, 640

He well may be the master of the house.

[Exeunt.]

(ACT II.

SCENE I.

Country between Feversham and London.)

Here enters Greene and Bradshaw.

Brad. See you them that come yonder,
M^(aister) Greene? 45

Gre. I, very well: doo you know them?

Here enters Blacke Will and Shakebagge.

620 Ille] I Q8 625 Two lines Q7, dit. after Ales 628
Two lines Q7 Act II. etc. add. T

Brad. The one I knowe not, but he seemes
a knaue

Cheefly for bearing the other company;

For such a slaue, so vile a roge as he,

Lyues not againe vpon the earth.

Black-will is his name. I tell you, M^(aister)
Greene,

At Bulloine he and I were fellow souldiers,

Where he plaid such pranks,

As all the Campe feard him for his villany: 10

I warrant you he beares so bad a minde

That for a croune heele murder any man.

Gre. The fitter is he for my purpose,
mary.

Will. How now, fellow Bradshaw? Whe-
ther away so earley?

Brad. O Will, times are changed: no fel-
lows now, 15

Though we were once together in the field;

Yet thy freend to doo thee any good I can.

Will. Why, Bradshawe, was not thou and
I Fellow-souldiers at Bulloine, wher I was a
corporall and thou but a base mercenary
groome? No fellowes now! because you are
a gouldsmith and haue a lytle plate in your
shoppe! You were gladd to call me 'fellow
Will', and with a curry to the earth 'One
snatch, good corporall', when I stole the halfe
Oxe from John the vtitler, and domineer'd with
it amongst good fellowes in one night. 27

Brad. I, Will, those dayes are past with me.

Will. I, but they be not past with me, for
I kepe that same honorable mind still. Good
neighbour Bradshaw, you are too proude to
be my fellow; but were it not that I see more
company comming down the hill, I would be
fellowes with you once more, and share
Crownes with you to. But let that pas, and
tell me whether you goe. 36

Brad. To London, Will, about a peece of
seruice,

Wherein happily thou maist pleasure me.

Will. What is it?

Brad. Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,
Which one did bring and soulded it at my shoppe,
Saying he serued sir Antony Cooke. 42
A search was made, the plate was found with
me,

And I am bound to answer at the syse.

Now, Lord Cheiny solemnly vowes, 45
If law will serue him, hele hang me for his
plate.

Now I am going to London vpon hope
To finde the fellow. Now, Will, I know
Thou art acquainted with such companions.

14 Two lines Q7 18-27 Verses Q7, corr. WP 29-36
Verses Q7

Will. What manner of man was he? 50

Brad. A leane faced writen knaue,
Hauke nose and verry hollow eied,
With mightye furrowes in his stormye browes;
Long haire down his shoulders curled; 54
His Chinne was bare, but on his vpper lippe
A mutchado, which he wound about his eare.

Will. What apparell had he?

Brad. A watchet sattin doublet all to torne,
The inner side did beare the greater show;
A paire of threed-bare Veluet hose, seame rent,
A wosted stockin rent about the shoe, 61
A livery cloake, but all the lace was of;
Twas bad, but yet it serued to hide the plate.

Will. Sirra Shakebagge, canst thou remem-
ber since we trowld the boule at Sittingburgh,
where I broke the Tapsters head of the Lyon
with a Cudgill-sticke? 67

Shak. I, very well, *Will.*

Will. Why, it was with the money that the
plate was sould for. Sirra Bradshaw, what
will thou giue him that can telle thee who
sould the plate? 72

Brad. Who, I pray thee, good *Will*?

Will. Why, twas one Jacke Fitten. He's
now in Newgate for stealing a horse, and shall
be arraine the next sise. 76

Brad. Why, then let Lord Cheiny seek Jack
Fitten forth,

For Ile backe and tell him who robbed him of
his plate.

This cheeres my hart; M(aister) Greene, Ile
leau you,

For I must to the Ile of Sheppy with speede. 80

Greene. Before you go, let me intreat you
To carry this letter to mistres Arden of Feuers-
hame

And humbly recommend me to her selfe.

Brad. That will I, M(aister) Grene, and so
farewell. 84

Heere, *Will*, theres a Crowne for thy good
newes. [Exit Bradshawe.

Will. Farewell, Bradshaw; Ile drinks no
water for thy sake whilst this lasts.—Now,
gentleman, shall we haue your company to
London?

Gre. Nay, stay, sirs: 90

A litle more I needs muste vae your helpe,
And in a matter of great consequence,
Wherein if youle be secret and profound,
Ile giue you twenty Angels for your paines. 94

Will. How? twenty Angells? giue my fel-
low George shakbag and me twenty Angells?
And if thoult haue thy owne father alaine,

that thou mayst inherit his land, weele kill
him.

Shak. I, thy Mother, thy sister, thy brother,
or all thy kin. 100

Gre. Well, this it is: Arden of Feurgshame
Hath highly wrongd me about the Abby land,
That no reuendge but death will serue the
turne.

Will you two kill him? heeres the Angels
downe,

And I will lay the platforme of his death. 105

Will. Plat me no platformes; giue me the
money, and ile stab him as he stands pissing
against a wall but Ile kill him.

Sha. Where is he?

Greene. He is now at London, in Aldersgate
streete. 110

Shak. He's dead as if he had beene con-
demned by an act of parliament, if once Black
Will and I swear his death.

Gre. Here is ten pound, and when he is
dead,

Ye shall haue twenty more. 115

Will. My fingers itches to be at the pesant.
Ah, that I might be set a worke thus through
the yeere, and that murther would grow to an
occupation, that a man might without daunger
of law —: zounds, I warrant I should be
warden of the company. Come, let vs be
going, and wele bate at Rochester, where Ile
giue thee a gallon of Sack to hansell the match
with all. [Exeunt.

(SCENE II.

London. A Street near St. Paul's.)

Here enters Michael.

Mich. I haue gotten suche a letter as will
touche the Painter: and thus it is:

Here enters Arden and Franklin and heares
Michael read this letter.

'My duety remembred, Mistres Susan, hop-
ing in God you be in good health, as I Michael
was at the making heereof. This is to certifie
you that as the Turtle true, when she hath lost
her mate, sitteth alone, so I, mourning for your
absence, do walk vp and down Poules till one
day I fell a sleepe and lost my maisters Panto-
phelles. Ah, mistres Susan, abolishe that
pallry Painter, cut him off by the shinnies with
a frowning looke of your crabed countenance,
& think vpon Michael, who, druncke with the
dregges of your fauour, will cleane as fast to

106-8, 111-13, 116-24 Verse Qq 117 a] at Q3
Scene II. etc. add. 2 1, 2 Verse Qq

83 his own. Q3 54 his] to his Q3 64-7, 69-72, 74-6.
86-9, 88-9 Verse Qq 63 Sittingburne Q3 etc. 66 of]
at Q3 78 Ile] Ile goe Q3 90-1 One line Qq

your lous as a plaster of Pitch to a gald horse
back. Thus hoping you will let my passions
penetrate, or rather impetrate mercy of your
mecke hands, I end.

• Yours, Michael, or els not Michael.

Arđ. Why, you paltrie knaue,
Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,
What haste my busines craues to send to Kent?

Fran.^o Faith, frend Michael, this is very
ill,

Knowing your maister hath no more but you,
And do ye slacke his busines for your owne? 25

Arđ. Where is the letter, sirra? let me see
it.

Then he giues him the letter.

See, maister Francklin, heere proper stuffe:
Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,
A crue of harlots, all in lous, forsooth;
Sirra, let me heare no more of this. 30
Now for thy lyfe once write to her a word!

• Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag.
Will thou be married to so base a trull?
Tis Mosbies sister: come I once at home,
He rouse her from remaining in my house.
Now, M(aister) Francklin, let vs go walke in
Paules; 35

Come but a turne or two, and then away.
[Exeunt.]

Gre. The first is Arden, and thats his man,
The other is Francklin, Ardens dearest freend.

Will. Zounds, He kill them all three.

Gre. Nay, sir, touch not his man in any
case; 40

But stand close, and take you fittest standing,
And at his comming forth speede him:
To the Nages head, ther' is this cowards haunt.
But now He leaue you till the deed be don.

[Exit Greene.]

Sha. If he be not paid his owne, nere trust
shakebagge. 45

Will. Sirra Shakkbag; at his comming forth
He runne him through, and then to the black-
freers,

And there take water and away.

Sha. Why, thats the best; but see thou
misse him not.

Will. How can I misse him, when I thinke
on the fortye Angels I must haue more? 51

Here enters a prentise.

Prentise. Tis very late; I were best shute
vp my stall,
For heere will be ould fleching, when the preesse
Comes forth of Paules.

25 for sw. Q 3 31 Now Q 9: Nor J. c. 24 from J
for Q 3 41 you] your Q 3 43 this om. Q 3

Then lettes he downe his window, and it breaks
Black Wils head.

Will. Zounds, draw, Shakkbag, draw, I am
almost kild. 55

Pren. Wele tame you, I warrant.

Will. Zounds, I am tame enough already.

Here enters Arden, Fran., & Michael.

Arđ. What troublesome fray or mutany is
this?

Fran. 'Tis nothing but some brabbling paltry
fray,

Deuisd to pick mens pockets in the throng. 60

Arđ. Ist nothing els? come, Franklin, let
vs away. [Exeunt.]

Will. What mends shal I haue for my
broken head?

Pren. Mary, this mends, that if you get
you not away all the sooner, you shall be well
beaten and sent to the counter. 65

[Exit prentise.]

Will. Well, He be gone, but looks to your
signes, for He pull them down all. Shakkbag,
my broken head grieues me not so much as
by this meanes Arden hath escaped.

Here enters Greene.

I had a glimpse of him and his companion. 70

Gre. Why, sir, Arden's as wel as I; I met
him and Francklin going merrily to the ordi-
nary. What, dare you not do it? 75

Will. Yes, sir, we dare do it; but, were my
consent to giue againe, we would not do it
vnder ten pound more. I value euery drop of
my blood at a french Crowne. I haue had ten
pound to steale a dogge, and we haue no more
heere to kill a man; but that a bargane is a
bargane, and so forth, you should do it your
selfe. 81

Gre. I pray thee, how came thy head broke?

Will. Why, thou seest it is broke, dost thou
not?

Sha. Standing against a staule, watching
Ardens comming, a boy let down his shop-
window and broke his head; whereupon arose
a brawle, and in the tumult Arden escapt vs
and past by vnthought on. But forberance is
no acquittance; another time wele do it, I
warrant thee. 91

Gre. I pray thee, will, make cleane thy
bloodie brow,

And let vs bethinke vs on some other place
Where Arden may be met with handsonly.
Remember how deuoutly thou hast sworne 95
To kill the villaine; thinke vpon thyn oath.

55 draw, 111 Q 3 63-61 Term Q 74 Yes, sir, sir
Q 3

Will. Tush, I haue broken fise hundred oathes!

But wouldst thou charme me to effect this dede,
Tell me of gould, my resolutions fee;
Say thou seest Mosbie kneeling at my knees,
Offering me seruice for my high attempt, 101
And sweete Ales Arden, with a lap of crownes,
Comes with a lowly cursay to the earth,
Saying 'take this but for thy quarterige,
Such yeerely tribute will I answer thee.' 105
Why, this would steale soft metled cowardice,
With which black Will was neuer tainted with.
I tell thee, Greene, the forlorne trauailer,
Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching
heat,

Nere longd so much to see a running brooke
As I to finish Ardens Tragedy. 111
Seest thou this goare that cleaueth to my face?
From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine,
Til Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

Gre. Why, thats wel said; but what saith shakbag? 115

Shak. I cannot paint my valour out with words:

But, giue me place and opportunitie,
Such mercy as the staruen Lyoness,
When she is dry suckt of her eager young,
Showes to the pray that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pittie would I take. 121

Gre. So should it faire with men of firme resolute.

And now, sirs, seeing this accident
Of meeting him in Paules hath no successe,
Let vs bethinke vs on some other place 125
Whose earth may swallow vp this Ardens bloods.

Here enters Michaell.

Se, yonder comes his man: and wat you what?
The foolish knaue is in loue with Mosbies sister,

And for her sake, whose loue he cannot get
Unlesse Mosbie solicit his sute, 130
The villaine hath sworne the slaughter of his maister.

Weele question him, for he may stead vs muche. —

How now, Michael, whether are you going?

Mic. My maister hath new supt,
And I am going to prepare his chamber. 135

Gre. Where supt M(aister) Arden?

Mic. At the Nages head, at the 18 pence ordinarye. How now, M(aister) Shakbag?
wat, Black Will! Gods deere lady, how
chaunce your face is so bloody? 140

107 tainted with Qy: tainted yet J etc. 119 her
om. Q 3 125 on Qy: of WP

Will. Go too, sirra, there is a chaunce in it:
This sawcines in you wil make you be knockt.

Mic. Nay, and you be offended, ile be gone.

Gre. Stay, michael, you may not scape vs so.

Michael, I knowe you loue your M(aister) wel.

Mic. Why, so I do; but wherefore vrdege you that? 146

Gre. Because I thinke you loue your mistres better.

(*Mic.*) So think not I; but say, ffaith, what, if I should?

Shak. Come to the purpose, Michael; we heare

You haue a pretty loue in Feuershame. 150

Mic. Why, haue I two or three, whats that to thee?

Will. You deale to mildely with the pezant.
Thus it is:

Tis knowne to vs you loue mosbies sister;
We know besides that you haue tane your onth
To further Mosbie to your mistres bed, 155

And kill your M(aister) for his sirsers sake.
Now, sir, a poorer coward then your selfe .

Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent:

How comes it then that such a knaue as you
Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?

Gre. Ah, will — 161

Will. Tush, giue me leaue, thers no more but this:

Sith thou hast sworne, we dare discouer all;
And hadst thou or shouldst thou vter it,

We haue deuised a complat vnder hand, 165

What euer shall betide to any of vs,

To send thee roundly to the diuell of hell.

And therefore thus: I am the very man,

Markt in my birth howre by the destinies,

To giue an end to Ardens lyfe on earth; 170

Thou but a member but to whet the knife

Whose edge must search the closet of his breast:

Thy office is but to appoint the place:

And traine thy M(aister) to his tragedy;

Myne to performe it when occasion serues. 175

Then be not nice, but here deuise with vs

How and what way we may conclude his death.

Sha. So shalt thou purchase Mosbie for thy frend,

And by his friendship gaine his sisters loue.

Gre. So shal thy mistres be thy fauorer, 180

And thou disburdned of the oath thou made.

Mic. Wel, gentlemen, I cannot but confesse,

Sith you haue vrdeged me so aparantly,

142 be om. Q 2, 3 148 Given to Greene in Q 1 153
knowne Q 1 154 then om. Q 3

That I haue vowed my M(aister) Ardens
death;

And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand 185
Doth challenge naught but good deserts of me,
I wil deliuer ouer to your hands.

This night come to his house at Aldersgate:
The dores Ile leaue vnlookt against you come.

No sooner shall ye enter through the latch, 190
Ouer the threshold to the inner court,

But on your left hand shall you see the staires
That leads directly to my M(aisters) chamber:

There take him and dispose him as ye please.
Now it were good we parted company; 195

What I haue promised, I will performe.

Will. Should you deceiue vs, twould go
wrong with you.

Mic. I will accomplish al I haue reuealde.

Will. Come, let's go drinke: choller makes
me as drye as a dog. 200

Exeunt Will, Gre., and Shak. Manet Michael.

Mic. Thus feedes the Lambe securely on
the downe,

Whilst through the thicket of an arber brake
The hunger bitten Woulfe orepyres his hant
And takes aduantage to eat him vp.

Ah, harmeles Arden, how, how hast thou mis-
done, 205

That thus thy gentle lyfe is leueld at?

The many good turnes that thou hast don to
me,

Now must I quitnce with betraying thee.

I that should take the weapon in my hand
And buckler thee from ill intending foes, 210

Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull smile,

As vnsuspected, to the slaughterhouse.

So haue I sworne to Mooby and my mistres,

So haue I promised to the slaughtermen;

And should I not deale currently with them, 215

Their lawles rage would take reuenge on me.

Tush, I will spurne at mercy for this once:

Let pittiedodge where feeble women ly,

I am resolved, and Arden needs must die.

[*Exit Michael.*]

(ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in Francklin's House, at Aldersgate.)

Here enters Arden & Fran.

Arden. No, Francklin, no: if feare or
stormy threats,

If loue of me or care of womanhoode,

If feare of God or common speach of men,

Who mangle credit with their wounding words,

204 to] for to T 207 that om. Q3 211 wicked
om. Q8 Act III. etc. add. T

And cooch dishonor as dishonor buda, 5
Might ioyne repentaunce in her wanton
thoughts,

No question then but she would turn the leafe
And sorrow for her desolution;

But she is rooted in her wickednes,

Peruerse and stobburne, not to be reclaimde;

Good counsell is to her as raine to weedes,

And reprehension makes her vice to grow

As Hydras head that flourishit by decay.

Her faults, me thinks, are painted in my face,

For euery searching eye to ouerreede; 15

And Moobies name, a scandale vnto myne,

Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.

Ah, Francklin, Francklin, when I think on
this,

My harts greefe rends my other powers 20
Worse then the conflict at the houre of death.

Fran. Gentle Arden, leaue this sad lament:

She will amend, and so your greefes will cease;

Or els shele die, and so your sorrows end.

If neither of these two do happily fall,

Yet let your comfort be that others beare 25

Your woes, twice doubled all, with patience.

Ard. My house is irksome, there I cannot
rest.

Fra. Then stay with me in London, go not
home.

Ard. Then that base Moobie doth vsurpe
my roomes

And makes his triumphe of my beeing thence.

At home or not at home, where ere I be, 31

Heere, heere it lyes, ah Francklin, here it lyes

That wil not out till wretched Arden dies.

Here enters Michael.

Fra. Forget your greefes a while; heer
comes your man.

Ard. What a Clock ist, sirra? 35

Mic. Almost ten.

Ard. See, see, how runnes away the weary
time!

Come, M'aister, Franklin, shal we go to bed?

[*Exeunt Arden & Michael.*]

[*Manet Francklin.*]

Fran. I pray you, go before: Ile follow you.

— Ah, what a hell is fretfull Ielousie! 40

What pittie mouing words, what deepe seitch
sighes,

What greuous grones and ouerlading woes

Accompanies this gentle gentleman!

Now will he shake his care oppressed head,

Then fix his sad eis on the sullen earth, 45

Ashamed to gaze vpon the open world;

5 couch Q8: crop D 13 flourish conf. D: perisht
Q7: plenisht WP 14 think Q1: thinke Q3 41
moning Q1

Now will he cast his eyes vp towards the hea-
uens,
Looking that waies for redresse of wrong:
Some times he seeketh to beguile his griefe
And tels a story with his carefull tongue; 50
Then comes his wifes dishonor in his thoughts
And in the middle cutteth of his tale,
Powring fresh sorrow on his weary lims.
So woe begone, so inlye charged with woe,
Was neuer any lyued and bare it so. 55

Here enters Michaell.

Mic. My M(aister) would desire you come
to bed.

Fra. Is he himselfe already in his bed?

[Exit Fran. Manet Mic.]

Mic. He is, and faine would haue the light
away.

— Conflicting thoughts, incamped in my brest,
Awake me with the Echo of their strokes, 60
And I, a iudge to censure either side,
Can giue to neither wished victory.
My masters kindnes pleads to me for lyfe
With iust demaund, and I must grant it him:
My mistres she hath forced me with an oath, 65
For Susans sake, the which I may not breake,
For that is nearer then a masters loue:
That grim faced fellow, pittiles black Will,
And Shakebag, stearne in bloody stratageme,
Two Ruffin Ruffins neuer liued in Kent, 70
Haue sworne my death, if I infringe my vow,
A dreadfull thing to be considred of.
Me thinks I see them with their bolstered haire
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
And in their ruthles hands their daggers drawne,
Insulting ore thee with a peck of oathes, 76
Whilset thou submissiue, pleading for releefe,
Art mangled by their irefull instruments.
Me thinks I heare them aske where Michaell is,
And pittiles black Will cries: 'Stab the slaue!
The Pesant will detect the Tragedy!' 81
The wringles in his fowle death threatening face
Gapes open wide, lyke graues to swallow men.
My death to him is but a merriment,
And he will murder me to make him sport.
He comes, he comes! ah, M(aister) Francklin,
helpe! 86

Call vp the neighbors, or we are but dead!

Here enters Fran. & Arden.

Fran. What diamall outcrye cals me from
my rest?

Ard. What hath occasiond such a fearefull
crye?

Speake, Michaell: hath any inlurde thee? 90

Mic. Nothing, sir; but as I fell asleepe,

76 thee Q 3: there Q 1, 2 86 ah om. Q 3

Vpon the thresholde leaning to the staires,
I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,
And in my slumber thought I was beset 94
With murderer theeces that came to rife me.
My trembling ioints witnes my inward feare:
I craue your pardons for disturbing you.

Ard. So great a cry for nothing I nere
heard.

What? are the doores fast lockt and all things
safe?

Mic. I cannot tel; I think I lockt the
doores. 100

Ard. I like not this, but Ile go see my
selfe. —

Nere trust me but the doores were all vnlockt:
This negligence not halfe contenteth me.
Get you to bed, and, if you loue my fauour,
Let me haue no more such prances as these.
Come, M(aister) Francklin, let vs go to bed.

Fran. I, by my faith; the aire is very colde.
Michaell, farewell; I pray thee dreame no
more. *[Exeunt]*

(SCENE II. •

Outside Francklin's House.)

Here enters Will, Gre., & Shak.

Shakebag. Black night hath hid the plea-
surs of ye day,
And shetung darknesse ouerhangs the earth
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe
Obscures vs from the eiesight of the worlde,
In which swete silence such as we triumph. 5
The layzie minuts linger on their time,
Loth to giue due audit to the howre,
Til in the watch our purpose be complete
And Arden sent to euerlasting night.

Greene, get you gone and linger here about,
And at some houre hence come to vs againe,
Where we will giue you instance of his death.

Gre. Speede to my wish, whose wil so ere
sayes no;

And so ile leaue you for an howre or two.

[Exit Gre.]

Will. I tel thee, Shakebag, would this
thing wer don: 15

I am so heauy that I can scarce go;

This drowaines in me bods little good.

Shake. How now, Will? become a pre-
cisionian?

Nay, then lets go asleepe, when buges and feares
Shall kill our courages with their fancies
worke. 20

Will. Why, Shakkbagge, thou mistakes me
much,

92 leading D 102 were Q 1: are Q 2, 3 107 by
Q 3, be Q 1 Scene II. etc. add. T S. D. Here. Shak.
follows line 1 in Q 1 4 Obscures Q 3: Obscure Q 1, 2

And wrongs me to in telling me of feare.
Wert not a serious thing we go about,
It should be slipt til I had fought with thee,
To let thee know I am no coward, I. 25
I tel thee, Shakbag, thou abusest me.

Sha. Why, thy speach bewraied an inlye
kind of feare,

And sauourd of a weak relenting spirit.
Go forward now in that we haue begonne,
And afterwards attempt me when thou darest.

Wil. And if I do not, heauen cut me off! 31
But let that passe, and show me to this
house,

Where thou shalt see Ile do as much as Shak-
bag.

Sha. This is the doore; but soft, me thinks
tis shut.

The villaige Michaell hath deceiued vs. 35
Wil. Soft, let me see; shakbag, tis shut
indeed.

Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slaue will
heare.

Sha. It wil not be; the white liuerd peasant
Is gon to bed, and laughs vs both to scorne.

Wil. And he shall by his mirriment as
deare 40

As euer coistrell bought so little sport:
Nere let this sword assist me when I neede,
But rust and canker after I haue sworne,
If I, the next time that I mete the hind,
Loppe not away his leg, his arme, or both. 45

Sha. And let me neuer draw a sword
again,

Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,
When I would fleece the welthie passenger,
But ly and languish in a loathsome den,
Hated and spit at by the goers by, 50
And in that death may die vnpiitted,
If I, the next time that I meete the slaue,
Cut not the nose from of the cowards face
And trample on it for this villany.

Wil. Come, lets go seeke out Green; I know
hele swear. 55

Sha. He were a villane, and he would not
swaere.

Twould make a peasant swaere amongst his
boyes,

That nere durst say before but yea and no,
To be thus flouted of a coystrel.

Will. Shakbag, lets seeke out Green, & in
the morning 60

At the Alehouse butting Ardens house
Watch thee out comming of that prick eard cur,
And then let me alene to handle him.

[*Exeunt.*

(SCENE III.

Room in Franklin's House as before.)

Here enters Ard., Fra., & Michaell.

Ard. Sirra, get you back to billenagate
And learne what time the tide will serue our
turne;

Come to vs in Paules. First go make the bed,
And afterwards go harken for the floude.

[*Exit Michaell.*

Come, M(aister) Francklin, you shall go with
me. 5

This night I dreamd that, beeing in a parke,
A toyle was picht to ouerthrow the deare,
And I vpon a little rying hill
Stoode whistely watching for the herds ap-
proch.

Euen there, me thought, a gentle slumber
tooke me, 10

And sommond all my parts to sweete repose;
But in the pleasure of this golden rest

An ill thawd foster had remoued the toyle,
And rounded me with that beguyling home

Which late, me thought, was picht to cast
the deare. 15

With that he blew an euill sounding horne,
And at the noiae an other heardman came,
With Fauchon drawn, and bent it at my breast,
Crying aloud 'Thou art the game we seeke!'
With this I wakt and trambled euery loynt, 20

Lyke one ocured in a lytle bushe,
That sees a lyon foraging about,

And, when the dreadfull forest King is gone,
He pryas about with timerous suspect

Throughout the thorny casements of the
brake, 25

And will not think his person daungerles,
But quakes and shewers, though the cause be
gone:

So, trust me, Francklin, when I did awake,
I stoode in doubt whether I waked or no: 29

Such great impression tooke this fond surprise.
God graunt this vision bedeeme me any good.

Fran. This fantasie doeth rise from
Michaels feare,

Who being awaked with the noyse he made,
His troubled senses yet could take no rest; 34

And this, I want you, procured your dreame.

Ard. It may be so, God frame it to the best:
But often times my dreames presage to trew.

Fran. To such as note their nightly fan-
tasies,

Some one in twenty may incurre belife;
But vse it not, tis but a mockery. 40

Scene III. etc. add. T 10 thoughts Q1. 2 27
shewers Q2: shewers Q3

38 Line ends bed Q9 53 of om. Q3 54 this] his
Q2. 3 62 thee Q1: the Q3

ACT III, Sc. III. THE LAMENTABLE AND TRUE TRAGEDY OF

Ard. Come, M^aister Francklin; wele
now walke in Paules
And dyne together at the ordinary,
And by my mans direction draw to the key,
And with the tyde go down to Fevershame.
Say, M^aister Francklin, shall it not be so?
Francklin. At your good pleasure, sir; Ile
beare you companye. 46

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE IV.

Aldersgate.)

Here enters Michaell at one doore

*Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag at
another doore.*

Will. Draw, Shakbag, for heers that vil-
laine Michael.

Gre. First, Will, lets heare what he can say.

Will. Speak, milkesope slaue, & neuer after
speake.

Mic. For Gods sake, sirs, let me excuse my
selfe:

For heare I sweare, by heauen and earth and
all, 5

I did performe the outmost of my task,
And left the doores vnbolted and vnlockt.

But see the chaunce: Francklin and my
master

Were very late conferring in the porch,
And Francklin left his napkin where he sat 10
With certain Gould knit in it, as he said.

Being in bed, he did bethinke himselfe,
And comming down he found the doores vnshut:
He lockt the gates, and brought away the
keyes,

For which offence my master rated me. 5

But now I am going to see what floodde it is,
For with the tyde my M^aister will away;

Where you may frowne him well on Raynum
downe,

A place well fitting such a stratageme.
Will. Your excuse hath somewhat molyfied
my choller. 20

Why now, Greene, tis better now nor ere it
was.

Gre. But Michael, is this trew?

Mic. As trew as I report it to be trew.

Shak. Then, Michael, this shall be your
pennance,

To feast vs all at the Salutation, 25
Where we wil plat our purpose thoroughly.

Gre. And, Michael, you shal bear no
newes of this tide,

Because they two may be in Raynum down
Before your M^aister.

Mic. Why, Ile agree to any thing youle
haue me, 30
So you will accept of my company. [*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE V.

Arden's House at Feversham.)

Here enters Mosby.

Mos. Disturbed thoughts dryues me from
company

And dryes my marrow with their watchfulness;
Continuall trouble of my moody braine

Feebles my body by excesse of drinke,
And nippes me as the bitter Northeast wind 5

Doeth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man, how ere his cates do taste,

That tables not with foule suspection?
And he but pines amongst his delicats,

Whose troubled minde is stuff with discontent.
My Goulden time was when I had no Gould; 11

Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure;
My dayly toyle begat me nights repose,

My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbd the toppes bough of the tree

And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stary gaile doth shake my bed,

And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
But whether doeth contemplation carry me?

The way I seeke to finde, where pleasure dwels,
Is hedged behinde me that I cannot back, 21

But needs must on, although to dangers gate.
Then, Arden, perish thou by that decre;

For Greene doth erre the land and weede thee
vp

To make my haruest nothing but pure corne. 25
And for his paines Ile heaue him vp a while,

And after smother him to haue his waxe:
Such bees as Greene must neuer lue to sting.

Then is there Michael and the Painter to,
Cheefe actors to Ardens querthrow; 30

Who when they shall see me sit in Ardens seat,
They wil insult vpon me for my mede,

Or fright me by detecting of his end.
Ile none of that, for I can cast a bone

To make these currees pluck out each others
throat, 35

And then am I sole ruler of mine owne.
Yet mistres Arden liues; but she's my selfe,

And holy Church rites makes vs two but one.
But what for that? I may not trust you, Ales:

You haue supplanted Arden for my sake, 40
You will extirpe me to plant another.

46 *Two lines Qq, dir. after sir* Scene IV, etc. add.
1 2 Will om. Q3 18 frowne Q1, 2: front Q3 22
this] it Q3

28-9 *One line Qq* 31 accept Q3: except Q1
Scene V. WP: *See act I* S. D. Arden's etc. add. T
12 Thought Q1 24 erre] heyre Q3 26 hire D
31 shall om. Q3

His feareful sleeping in a serpents bed,
And I wil cleanly rid my hands of her.

Here enters Ales.

But here she comes and I must flatter her.
— How now, Ales? what, sad and passionat?
Make me pertaker of thy pensiuenes: 46
Fyre deuiled burnes with lesser force.

Ales. But I will damne that fire in my
breast

Fill by the force therof my part consume.

Ah, Mosbie! 50

Mos. Such depe pathaires lyke to a cannons
burst

Discharge against a ruinated wall,
Breakes my relenting hart in thousand pieces.
Vngentle Ales, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou knowst it wel, and tis thy pollicy 55
To forge distressefull looks to wound a breast
Where lyes a hart that dies when thou art sad.
It is not loue that loues to anger loue.

Ales. It is not loue that loues to murder
loue. •

Mos. How meane you that? 60

Ales. Thou knowest how dearly Arden
loued me.

Mos. And then?

Ales. And then — conceale the rest, for
tis too bad,

Least that my words be carried with the wind,
And publisht in the world to both our
shames. 65

I pray thee, Mosbye, let our springtime wither;
Our harvest els will yeald but lothsome weedes.
Forget, I pray thee, what hath past betwix vs,
For now I bluashe and tremble at the thoughts.

Mos. What? are you changde? 70

Ales. I, to my former happy lyfe againe,
From tittle of an odious strumpets name
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest
wife.

Ha, Mosbye, tis thou hast rifled me of that
And made me slaundrous to all my kin; 75
Euen in my forehead is thy name ingrauen,
A meane Artificer, that lowe borne name.
I was bewitched: woe worth the haples howre
And all the causes that inchaunted me!

Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breath curses
forth, 80

And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I haue lost.
I haue neglected matters of import
That would haue stated me aboue thy state,
Forlowde aduantages, and spurnd at time: 85

I, Fortunes right hand Mosbie hath forsooke
To take a wanton giglote by the left.
I left the Mariage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would haue weyed down all thy
wealth, 90

Whose beauty and demianor farre exceeded
thee:

This certaine good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.

I was bewicht, — that is no theame of thine, —
And thou vnhalloved hast enchaunted me.

But I will breake thy spels and excir-
si s'mes 95

And put another sight vpon these eyes
That shewed my hart a rauen for a dove.

Thou art not faire, I vioud thee not till now;
Thou art not kinde, till now I knew the not;

And now the raine hath beaten of thy gilt, 100
Thy worthles copper showes thee counterfet.
It grieues me not to see how foull thou art,
But maddes me that euer I thought thee faire.

Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hyndes;
I am too good to be thy fauorite. 105

Ales. I, now I see, and too soone find it
trew,

Which often hath beene tould me by my
freends,

That Mosbie loues me not but for my wealth,
Which too incredulus I nere beleueed.

Nay, heare me speake, Mosbie, a word or
two; 110

He byte my tongue if it speake bitterly.
Looke on me, Mosby, or he kill my selfe:

Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy looke.
If thou cry warre, there is no peace for me;

I will do pennance for offending thee, 115
And burne this prayer booke, where I here
use

The holy word that had conuerted me.
See, Mosbie, I will teare away the leaues,

And al the leaues, and in this golden couer
Shall thy sweete phrases and thy letters dwell;

And thereon will I chiefly meditate, 120
And hould no other sect but such deuotion.

Wilt thou not looke? is all thy loue ouer-
whelmed?

Wilt thou not heare? what malice stopes thine
eares?

Why speaks thou not? what silence ties thy
tongue? 125

Thou hast bene sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearefull hare,

And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I haue bid thee heare or see or speak,

49-50 One line (49 51 depe pathaires) deep-fet air
D: depe-fet sighs WP 64 now Q1: Now WP
4 has WP 80 thou you WP

94 hand Q1. 3: has WP 96 exciemes Q1: exci-
ciemes Q2 97 dore Q1: Dore Q2 98 the Q1:
thee Q2 107 me om. Q2 112 or) or else Q3

And art thou sensible in none of these? 130
Waigh all thy good turns with this little fault,

And I deserue not Mosbies muddy lookes.
A fenge of trouble is not thickned still:
Be cleare againe, Ile nere more trouble thes.

Mos. O no, I am a base artificer; 135
My winges are feathred for a lowly flight.
Mosby? fy! no, not for a thousand pound.
Make loue to you? why, 'tis vnparardonable;
We beggers must not breath where gentiles are. 139

Ales. Swete Mosbie is as gentle as a King,
And I too blinde to iudge him otherwise. e
Floures do some times spring in fillow lands,

Weedes in gardens, Roses grow on thornes;
So, what so ere my Mosbies father was,
Himselfe (is) valued gentle by his worth. 145

Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And cleare a trespasse with your sweete set tongue!

I will forget this quarrel, gentle Ales,
Prouided Ile be tempted so no more.

Here enters Bradshaw.

Al. Then with thy lips seale vp this new made match. 150

Mos. Soft, Ales, for here comes some body.

Ales. How now, Bradshaw, whats the news with you?

Brad. I haue little news, but heres a letter
That M^raster Greene importuned me to giue you.

Ales. Go in, Bradshaw; call for a cuppe of beare; 155

Tis almost suppertime, thou shalt stay with vs.
[Exit (Bradshaw).]

Then she reads the Letter.

'We haue mist of our purpose at London, but shall perform it by the waye. We thanke our neighbour Bradshaw.

Yours, Richard Greene.'

How lykes my loue the tennor of this letter?

Mos. Well, were his date compleat and expired. 161

Ales. Ah, would it were! Then come! my happy howre:

Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.

Come, let vs in to shun suspition.

Mosb. I, to the gates of death to follow thee. 165

[Exeunt.]

131 thy my J 135 O) O. Be Q3 136 fight Q;
149 do om. Q3 145 is add. J 151 for om. W P
S. D. exit after 133 Q 162 Two lines Q^d dir. were
165 Prefr Mosb Q3: Ales Q1

(SCENE VI.

Country near Rochester.)

Here enters Greene, Will, & Shakbag.

Shak. Come, Will, see thy tooles be in a redynes:

Is not thy Powder dancke, or will thy flint stryke fyre?

Will. Then aske me if my nose be on my face,

Or whether my tounge be frozen in my meuth. Zounds, heres a coyle! 5

You were best sweare fine on the intergatories
How many pistols I haue tooke in hand,
Or whether I loue the smell of gunne powder,
Or dare abide the noise the dagge will make,
Or will not wincke at flashing of the fire. 10
I pray thes, shackbag, let this answer thee,
That I haue tooke more purses in this down
Then ere thou handledst pistols in thy life.

Sha. I, happely thou hast pickt more in a throng: 14

But, should I bragge what booties I haue tooke,
I think the ouerplus thats more then thine
Would mount to a greater somme of money
Then either thou or all thy kinne are worth.
Zounds, I hate them as I hate a toade
That cary a muscado in their tongue, 20
And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Will. O Greene, intollerable!
It is not for mine honor to beare this.
Why, shackbag, I did serue the King at Bul-loyne,

And thou canst bragge of nothing that thou hast done. 25

Shak. Why, so can Jack of Feuershame,
That sounded for a philllope on the nose,
When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare,
And he supposed a Cannon bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Grene. I pray you, ains, list to Escops talk: 30
Whilest two stout dogs were struing for a bone,
There comes a cur and stole it from them both;
So, while you stand struing on these termes of manhood,

Arden escapes vs, and deceaues vs) vs al.

Shake. Why, he begun.

Will. And thou shalt finde Ile end; 35
I doo but slip it vntil better time:

But, if I do forget —

Then hee kneeles downe and houldes vp his hands to heauen.

Grene. Wel, take your fittest standings, & once more

Scene VI. etc. add. T 2 Two lines, Q^d dir. dancke
5-7 Prose Q1 23 that om. Q3 34 escape Q3: de-
ceau Q1: deceive Q3

Lime your twigs to catch this wary bird.
He leaue you, and at your dages discharge 40
Make towards, lyke the longing water dog
That coucheth til the fowling peece be of,
Thence ceaseth on the pray with eager moode.
Ah, might I see him stretching forth his
limmes,

As I haue seene them beat their wings ere now!
Shak. Why, that thou shalt see, if he come
this way. 46

Gaz. Yes, that he doth, shakbag, I warrant
thee:

But braul not when I am gone in any case.
But, sirs, be sure to speede him when he comes,
And in that hope he leaue you for an houre. 50

[Exit Gre.]

Here enters Arden, Fran., & Mic.

Mic. Twere best that I went back to
Rochester:

The horse halts downright; it were not good
He traualled in such paine to fevershame;
Remouing of a shoe may happely help it.

Ard. Well, get you back to Rochester; but,
sirra, see 55

Ye ouertake vs ere we come to Raynum down,
For it will be very late ere we get home.

Mic. — I, God he knowes, & so doth Will
and shakebagge,

That thou shalt neuer go further then that
downe;

And therefore haue I prickt the horse on pur-
pose, 60

Because I would not view the massacre.

[Exit Michaell.]

Arden. Come, M(aister) Francklin, on-
wards with your tale.

Fran. I assure you, sir, you taske me much:
A heauy bloods is gathered at my hart,

And on the sudden is my winde so short 65
As hindereth the passage of my speach;

So ferse a qualme yet neere assayled me.

Ard. Come, M(aister) Francklin, let vs
go on softly:

The annoyance of the dust or els some meat
You eat at dinner cannot brooke with you. 70

I haue bene often so, and soone amended.

Fra. Do you remember where my tale did
leaue?

Ard. I, where the gentleman did chek his
wife.

Fran. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produced that tooke her with the deed,
Her gloue brought in which there she left
behind, 76

39 wary J: weary Q 55-6 Press Q 1 67 ferse]
ferse Q 8 70 with add. Q 8

And many other assured Arguments,
Her husband askt her whether it were not so.

Ard. Her answer then? I wonder how she
lookt,

Hauiug forsworne it with such vehement
oathes, 80

And at the instant so approued vpon her.

Fra. First did she cast her eyes down to the
earth,

Watching the drops that fell amaine from
thence;

Then softly drawes she forth her handkercher,
And modestly she wyes her teare stained face;

Then hemd she out, to cleare her voice, should
seeme, 86

And with a maiesty addrest her selfe

To encounter all their accusations.—

Pardon me, M(aister) Arden, I can no more;
This fighting at my hart makes shorte my
wynde. 90

Ard. Come, we are almost now at Raynum
downe:

Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;

I would you were in state to tell it out.

Shak. Stand close, Will, I heare them cum-
ming. 94

Here enters Lord Cheiny with his men.

Will. Stand to it, Shakbag, and be resolute.

Lord Che. Is it so neere night as it seemes
Or wil this black faced euening haue a showre?

— What, M(aister) Arden? you are well met,
I haue longd this fortnights day to speake
with you:

You are a stranger, man, in the ile of Sheppy.

Ard. Your honors alwayes: bound to do
you seruice. 101

Lord Che. Come you from London, & nere
a man with you?

Ard. My man's comming after, but her's
My honest freend that came along with me.

Lord Che. My Lord protectors man I take
you to bee. 105

Fran. I, my good Lord, and highly bound
to you.

Lord Che. You & your frend come home &
sup with me.

Ard. I beseech your honor pardon me;

I haue made a promise to a gentleman,

My honest freend, to meete him at my house;
The occasion is great, or els would I wait on
you. 111

Lord C. Will you come to morrow & dyne
with me,

And bring your honest frend along with you?

I haue dyuers matters to talke with you about.

100 Sheppy Q 1 103-4 Dir. after Q 8

Arden. To morrow wele waite vpon your honor. 115

Lord C. One of you staye my horse at the top of the hil.

—What! black Will? for whose purses wait you? Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

Will. Not hanged, God saue your honor;

I am your bedesman, bound to pray for you. 120

Lord C. I think thou nere saidest prayer in all thy lyfe. —

One of you giue him a crowne: —

And, sirra, leaue this kinde of lyfe;

If thou beest tainted for a penny matter, 124

And come in question, surely, thou wilt trusse.

— Come, M^aister Arden, let vs be going;

Your way and mine lyes foure myle togetheer.

[*Exeunt. Manet Black Wil & Shakbag.*]

Will. The Deuill break all your necks at 4 myles end!

Zounds, I could kill my selfe for very anger!

His Lordship chops me in, euen when 130

My dagge was leaued at his hart.

I would his crowne were molten down his throat.

Sha. Arden, thou hast wondrous holye luck.

Did euer man escape as thou hast done?

Well, Ile discharge my pistoll at the skye, 135

For by this bullet Arden might not die.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. What, is he down? is he dispatcht?

Sha. I, in health towards Feuershame, to shame vs all.

Gre. The Deuill he is! why, sir, how escapt he?

Shak. When we were ready to shoote, 140

Comes my Lord Cheiny to preuent his death.

Gre. The Lord of heauen hath preserued him.

Will. Preserued a figge! The Lord

Cheiny hath perserued him, 143

And bids him to a feast to his house at ashlow.

But by the way once more Ile meete with him,

And, if all the Cheinies in the world say no,

Ile haue a bullet in his breast to morrow.

Therefore come, Greene, and let vs to Feuer-shame.

Gre. I, and excuse our selues to mistres

Arden:

O, how shele chafe when she heares of this!

Sha. Why, ile warrant you shal think we dare not do it. 151

Will. Why, then let vs go, & tell her all the matter,

And plat the newes to cut him of to morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

124 a) one Q? 120-1 Ditt. in WP

(ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Arden's House at Feversham.)

Here enters Arden and his wife, Francklin, and Michael.

Ard. See how the howrs, the gardeant of heagens gate,

Haue by their toyle remoued the darksome cloudes,

That Soll may wel deserue the trampled pace

Wherein he wount to guide his golden car:

The season fits; come, Francklin, let's away.

Ales. I thought you did pretend some speciall hunt, 6

That made you thus cut shorte the time of rest.

Ard. It was no chase that made me rise so early,

But, as I tould thee yesternight, to go

To the Ile of Sheppy, there to dine with my Lord Cheiny; 10

For so his honor late commanded me.

Ales. I, such kinde husbands seldome want excuses;

Home is a wilde Cat to a wandring wit.

The time hath bene,—would God it were not

past,—

That honors tytle nor a Lords command 15

Could once haue drawne you from these armes of mine.

But my deserts or your desires decay,

Or both; yet if trow loue may seeme desert, I merite stil to haue thy company.

Fran. Why, I pray you, sir, let her go along with vs; 20

I am sure his honor wil welcome her

And vs the more for bringing her along.

Ard. Content; sirra, saddle your mistres nagge.

Ales. No, begde fauor merite little thankes;

If I should go, our house would runne away, 25

Or els be stolne; therefore Ile stay behind.

Ard. Nay, see how mistaking you are!

I pray thee, goe.

Ales. No, no, not now.

Ard. Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,

That time nor place nor persons alter me, 30

But that I hould thee dearer than my life.

Ales. That will be seene by your quick returne.

Act IV. etc. add. T 1 gardeant guard at QN 3

deserue WP: deserue Q1: diacerne QS pace) path WP, but cf. N. E. D. 9-10 Ditt. Sheppy Q7 27

deaires WP: deaires Q7

Ard. And that shall be ere night, and if I
lie. 33

*Farewell, sweete Ales, we mind to sup with
thee.* [Exit Al.

Fra. Come, Michael, are our horses ready?

Michael. I, your horse are ready, but I am
not ready, for I haue lost my purse, with six
and thirtie shillings in it, with taking vp of
my M^{rs}isters) Nagge.

Fra. Why, I pray you, let vs go before, 40
Whilst he stayes behind to seeke his purse.

Ard. Go too, sirra, see you follow vs to
the ile of sheppye.

To my Lord Cheynnes, where we meane to
dine. 43

[Exeunt Arden & Franklin.

[Manet Michael.

Mic. So, faire weather after you, for before
you lyes black Will and shakebag in the
broom close, to close for you: theyle be your
ferryment to long home.

Here enters the Painter.

But who is this? the Painter, my corriual, that
would nedes winne M^{rs}istris) Susan.

Clark. How now, Michael? how doth my
Mistresse and all at home? 51

Mic. Who? susan Mosbye? she is your
Mistres, too?

Cla. I, how doth she and all the rest?

Mic. Al's well but susan; she is sicke. 55

Cla. Sick? Of what disease?

Mic. Of a great feare.

Cla. A feare of what?

Mic. A great feuer.

Cla. A feuer? God forbidde! 60

Mic. Yes, faith, and of a lordaine too, as
bigge as your selfe.

Cla. O, Michael, the spleane prickles you.
Go too, you carry an eye ouer mistres susan.

Mic. I, faith, to keepe her from the Painter.

Cla. Why more from a Painter then from
a seruing creature like your selfe?

Mic. Because you Painters make but a
painting table of a pretty wench, and spoile
her beauty with blotting. 70

Cla. What meane you by that?

Mic. Why, that you Painters paint lambes
in the lying of wenchens petticoats, and we
seruingsmen put hornes to them to make them
become sheepe. 75

Cla. Such another word wil cost you a cuffe
or a knock.

33 be ou. Q 3 36 houses Q 3 36-9 Term Qy: corr.
D 38 of ou. Q 3 39 M. Q 1: mistris Q 3 42 see
see that Q 3 44 weather) whether Q 1 44-9, 61-
Term Qy 40 M. Q 1: mistris Q 3 57 fener D 72-3
Two term lines Qy.

Mic. What, with a dagger made of a pen-
sell? Faith, tis too weake, and therefore thou
to weak to winne susan. 80

Cla. Would susan loue lay vpon this
stroke.

Then he breakes Michaels head.

Here enters Mosby, Greene, & Ales.

Ales. Ile lay my lyfe, this is for susan loue.
Stayd you behinde your M^{rs}ister) to this end?

Haue you no other time to brable in 85
But now when serious matters are in hand?—

Say, Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou
promised?

Cla. I, heare it is; the very touch is death.

Ales. Then this, I hope, if all the rest do
faile,

Wil catch M^{rs}ister) Arden, 90

And make him wise in death that liued a foole.

Why should he thrust his sickle in our corne,

Or what hath he to do with thee, my loue,

Or gouerne me that am to rule my selfe? 94

Forsooth, for credit sake, I must leaue thee:

Nay, he must leaue to liue that we may loue,

May liue, may loue; for what is lyfe but loue?

And loue shall last as long as lyfe remains,

And lyfe shall end before my loue depart.

Mos. Why, whats loue without true con-
stancy? 100

Lyke to a pillar built of many stones,

Yet neither with good mortar well compact

Nor cement to fasten it in the ioyns,

But that it shakes with euery blast of winde,

And, being toucht, straight falles vnto the
earth, 105

And buries all his haughty pride in dust.

No, let our loue be rockes of Addamant,

Which time nor place nor tempest can asunder.

Gre. Mosbie, leaue protestations now,

And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to doo.

Black Will and shakebag I haue placed 111

In the broome close, watching Ardens com-
ming;

Lets to them, and see what they haue done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Kentish Coast opposite the Isle of Sheppey.

Here enters Ard. & Fra.

Ard. Oh, ferryman, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferryman.

Fer. Here, here, goe before to the boat, and
I will follow you.

78-80 Three term lines Qy 103 comment Q 3: some
Q 1, 2 112 broom, close J etc. Scene II. etc. add.
2-3 Term Qy

Ard. We haue great haste; I pray thee,
come away.

Fer. Fy, what a mist is here! 5

Ard. This mist, my friend, is misticall,
Lyke to a good companions smoaky braine,
That was halfe dround with new ale ouer
night.

Fer. Twere pittie but his scull were opened
to make more Chimny roomes. 10

Fran. Friend, whats thy opinion of this
mist?

Fer. I think tis lyke to a curst wife in a
lytle house, that neuer leaues her husband till
she haue driuen him out at doores with a wet
paire of eyes; then looks he as if his house
were a fire, or some of his friends dead. 16

Ard. Speaks thou this of thine owne expe-
rience?

Fer. Perhaps, I; perhaps, no: For my wyfe
is as other women are, that is to say, gouerned
by the Moone. 20

Fran. By the Moone? how, I pray thee?

Fer. Na, thereby lyes a bargaine, and you
shall not haue it fresh and fasting.

Ard. Yes, I pray thee, good ferryman.

Fer. Then for this once; let it be midsom-
mer Moone, but yet my wyfe has another
moone. 27

Fran. Another Moone?

Fer. I, and it hath influences and Eclipses.

Ard. Why, then, by this reconing you som-
times play the man in the Moone? 31

Fer. I, but you had not best to meddle with
that moone, least I scratch you by the face
with my bramble bush.

Ard. I am almost stifled with this fog;
come, lets away. 36

Fran. And, sirra, as we go, let vs haue som
more of your bolde yeomandry.

Fer. Nay, by my troth, sir, but flat knauery.

(*Exeunt.*)

(SCENE III.

Another place on the Coast.)

*Here enters Will at one doore, and Shakbag at
another.*

Sha. Oh, Will, where art thou?

Wil. Here, shakbag, almost in hels mouth,
where I can not see my way for smoake.

Sha. I pray thee speake still that we may
mete by the sound, for I shall fall into some
ditch or other, vnles my feete see better then
my eyes. 7

Wil. Didest thou euer see better weather to

0-10, 12-16, 21-3, 25-7, 30-4 Verse Qy 26 has Q3:
as Q1, & 32 not beat! beat not WP Scene III.
etc. add. WP 2-3 Verse Qy 5 for] or Q3

runne away with another mans wife, or play
with a wenche at potfinger? 10

Shak. No; this were a fine world for chand-
lers, if this weather would last; for then a
man should neuer dyne nor sup without can-
dle light. But, sirra Will, what horses are
those that past? 15

Wil. Why, didst thou heare any?

Sha. I, that I did.

Will. My life for thine, twas Arden, and
his companion, and then all our labour's lost.

Sha. Nay, say not so, for if it be they, they
may happely loose their way as we haue done,
and then we may chauce meete with them.

Wil. Come, let vs go on lyke a couple of
blind pilgrims.

Then Shakebag falls into a ditch.

Sha. Helpe, Will, help! I am almost
drownd. 25

Here enters the ferryman.

Fer. Whose that that calles for help?

Wil. Twas none heere, twas thou thy selfe.

Fer. I came to help him that cld for help.
Why, how now? who is this thats in the ditch?
You are well enough serued to goe without a
guyde such weather as this. 31

Wil. Sirra, what companyes hath past your
ferry this morning?

Fer. None but a cuple of gentlemen, that
went to dyne at my Lord cheynels. 35

Wil. Shakbag, did not I tell thee as much?

Fer. Why, sir, will you haue any letters
caried to them?

Wil. No, sir; get you gone. "

Fer. Did you euer see such a mist as this?

Wil. No, nor such a foole as will rather be
hought then get his way. 42

Fer. Why, sir, this is no hough munday;
you ar deceiud.—Whats his name, I pray you,
sir? 45

Sha. His name is black will.

Fer. I hope to see him one day hangd vpon
a hill. [*Exit Ferryman.*]

Sha. See how the Sunne hath cleard the
foggy mist,

Now we haue mist the marke of our intent.

Here enters Grene, Mosbye, and Ales.

Mos. Black Will and Shakbag, what make
you heer? 50

What, is the deed don? is Arden dead?

Wil. What could a blynded man performe
in armes?

Saw you not how till now the sky was darke,
That neither horse nor man could be deceard?

11-15, 18-9, 28-31 Verse Qy 16 thou ew. Q3 23
[that] that like Q3 43 though Munday Q3

[et did we heare their horses as they past. 55
Gre. Haue they escapt you, then, and past
the ferry?

Sha. I, for a while; but here we two will
stay,
And at their comming back meete with them
once more.

Zounds, I was nere so toyld in all my lyfe
in following so slight a taske as this. 60

Mos. How camst thou so beraide?

Will. With making false footing in the
dark;

He needs would follow them without a guide.

Ales. Here's to pay for a fire and good
cheere:

Get you to Fevershame to the flowre de luce, 65
And rest your belues vntil some other time.

Gre. Let me alone; it most concernes my
state.

Will. I, mistres Arden, this wil serue the
turne,

In case we fal into a second fog. 70

[Exeunt Grene, Will, and Shak.

Mos. These knaues wil neuer do it, let vs
giue it ouer. 75

Ales. First tell me how you like my new
deuice:

Soone, when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arme in arme,
Lyke louing frends, wele meete him on the
way. 74

And boldly beard and braue him to his teeth.
When words grow hot and blowes beginne to
ryse,

He call those cutters forth your tenement,
Who, in a manner to take vp the fray,
Shall wound my husband hornesbie to the
death. 79

Mos. Ah, fine deuise! why, this deserues a
kisse. [Exeunt.

• (SCENE IV.

The Open Country.)

Here enters Dicke Reede and a Sailer.

Saylor. Faith, Dick Reede, it is to lytle end:
His conscience is too liberal, and he too
nigardly

To parte from any thing may doo thee good.

Reede. He is coming from Shorlow as I
vnderstand;

Here he intercept him, for at his house 5
He neuer will vouchsafe to speake with me.

If prayers and faire intreaties will not serue,
Or make no bettry in his flintye breast,

76 blowes] words Q8 79 Hornbeast WP 80 Ab]
A WP Scene IV. etc. add. F 3 thee] him; Q8

Here enters Fra., Ard., and Michael.

He curse the carle, and see what that wil doo.
Se where he comes to further my intent!— 10
M(aister) Arden, I am now bound to the sea;
My comming to you was about the plat
Of ground which wrongfully you detaine from
me:

Although the rent of it be very small,
Yet will it helpe my wife and children, 15
Which here I leaue in Fevershame, God
knowes,

Needy and bare: for Christs sake, let them
haue it!

Ard. Franklin, hearest thou this fellow
speake?

That which he craues I dearly bought of him,
Although the rent of it was euer mine.— 20

Sirra, you that aske these questions,
If with thy clamarous impeaching tongue

Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,
He lay thee vp so close a twelue months day,

As thou shalt neither see the Sonne nor Moone.
Looke to it, for, as surely as I liue, 25

He banish pittie if thou vse me thus.

Reede. What, wilt thou do me wrong &
threat me, too?

Nay, then, He tempt thee, Arden, doo thy
worst.

God, I beseech thee, show some miracle 30
On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.

That plot of ground which thou detainest from
me,

I speake it in an agony of spirite,
Be ruinous and fatall vnto thee!

Either there be butcherd by thy dearest
freends, 35

Or els be brought for men to wonder at,
Or thou or thine miscary in that place,

Or there runne mad and end thy cursed dayes!
Fra. Fy, bitter knaue, brydle thine enuious
tongue;

For curses are like arrows shot vpright, 40
Which falling down light on the shooters head.

Reede. Light where they will! Were I
vpon the sea,

As oft I haue in many a bitter storme,
And saw a dreadfull suthern flaw at hand,

The Pylate quaking at the doubtfull storme, 45
And all the saylers praying on their knees,

Euen in that fearefull time would I fall down,
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,

Vengeance on Arden or some misserent
To shewe the world what wrong the carle hath
done. 50

12 end ground Qy 27 thou] you Q8 21 plaguing
Q1 41 sutors Q1, 2: shooters Q8

This charge I leave with my distressed wife,
My children shall be taught such prayers as
these:

And thus I go, but leave my curse with thee.

[*Exeunt Rede & Saylor.*]

Ard. It is the raylingest knave in christen-
dome,

And oftentimes the villaine will be mad; 55
It greatly matters not what he says,
But I assure you I nere did him wrong.

Fra. I think so, M^{(a)ister} Arden.

Ard. Now that our horses are gone home
before,
My wife may hapely mete me on the way. 60
For God knowes she is growne passing kinde
of late,
And greatly chaunged from the oulde
Humor of her wounted frowardnes,
And seekes by faire meanes to redeeme ould
faults.

Fra. Happy the change that alters for the
best! 65

But see in any case you make no speache
Of the cheere we had at my Lord Cheineis,
Although most bounteous and liberrall,
For that will make her think her selfe more
wrongd,

In that we did not carry her along; 70
For sure she greewed that she was left behinde.

Ard. Come, Francklin, let vs strain to mend
our pace,

And take her vnawares playing the cooke;

Here enters Ales and Mosbie.

For I beleesue sheele stryue to mend our
cheere.

Fra. Why, thers no better creaturs in the
world, 75
Then women are when they are in good
humors.

Ard. Who is that? Mosbie? what, so
famiiliare?

Iniurious strumpet, and thou ribald knave,
Vntwyne those armes.

Ales. I, with a sugred kisse let them
vntwine. 80

Ard. Ah, Mosbie! periurde beast! beare
this and all!

Mos. And yet no horned beast; the hornes
are thine.

Fra. O monstrous! Nay, then tis time to
draw.

Ales. Helpe, helpe! they murder my hus-
band.

Here enters Will and Shak.

Sha. Zounds, who iniures M^{(a)ister} Mos-
bie?— 85

Help, Will! I am hurt.

Mos. I may thank you, Mistres arden, for
this wound.

[*Exeunt Mosby, Will, and Shakkag.*]

Ales. Ah, Arden, what folly blinded thee?
Ah, Jelious harebraine man, what hast thou
don!

When we, to welcome thy intended sport, 90
Came louingly to mete thee on thy way,
Thou drewst thy sword, intraged with Jelousy,
And hurte thy freende whose thoughts were
free from harme;

All for a woorthles kisse and ioyning armes,
Both don but mirrery to try thy patience. 95
And me vnhappy that deuyzed the Jest,
Which, though begonne in sporte, yet ends in
bloode!

Fra. Mary, God defend me from such
Jeast!

Ales. Couldst thou not see vs frendly amyle
on thee,

When we ioynd armes, and when I kist his
cheeke? 100

Hast thou not lately found me ouer kinde?
Didst thou not heare me cry, they murder thee?
Cald I not helpe to set my husband free?

No, eares and all were witcht; ah me accurst
To lincke in lyking with a frantick man! 105
Hence forthille be thyslaue, no more thy wife,
For with that name I neuer shall content thee.
If I be merry, thou straight waies thinks me
light;

If sad, thou saiest the sullens trouble me;
If well attyred, thou thinks I will be gadding;
If homely, I seeme sluttish in thine eye: 111
Thus am I still, and shall be till I die,
Poore wench, abused by thy misgouernment!

Ard. But is it for trueth that neither thou
nor he

Entendedst malice in your misdemeanor? 115

Ales. The heauens can witnes of our harm-
les thoghts.

Ard. Then pardon me, sweete Ales, and
forgiue this faulte:

Forget but this and neuer see the lyke.
Impose me pennance, and I will performe it,
For in thy discontent I finde a death,— 120

A death tormenting more then death it selfe.
Ales. Nay, hadst thou loued me as thou
doest pretend,

51 my] wy Q1 60 me om. Q3 62 ends humor
Q1: from D 73 her om. Q3 to play Q3 75 creature
J 82 horne-beast Q3 two lines Q1, 2, dit. beast

90 thy] thee with WP 93 Two lines Q1, dit.
freende 112 till] whilst Q1: while Q3, etc. 117
Two lines Q1, dit. Ales

Thou wouldst haue markt the speeches of thy friend,

Who going wounded from the place, he said
His skinne was peir'd only through my deuise;
And if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault, 126

Thou wouldst haue followed him, and sene
him drest,

And cryde him mercy whome thou hast mis-
done:

Nere shall my hart be eased till this be done.

Arden. Content thee, sweete Ales, thou
shalt haue thy wil, 130

What ere it be. For that I iniurde thee,
And wrongd my friend, shame scourgeth my
offence;

Come thou thy selfe, and go along with me,
And be a mediator twixt vs two.

Fran. Why, M(aister) Arden! know you
what you do? 135

Will you follow him that hath dishonour'd you?

Ales. Why, canst thou proue I haue bene
disloyall?

Fran. Why, Mosbie taunts your husband
with the horn.

Ales. I, after he had reuyled him

By the iniurious name of periurde beast: 140
He knew no wrong could spyte an Jelious man
More then the hatefull naming of the horne.

Fran. Suppose tis trew; yet is it dangerous
To follow him whome he hath lately hurt.

Ales. A fault confessed is more then halfe
amends; 145

But men of such ill spirite as your selfe
Worke crosses and debates twixt man and wife.

Arden. I pray the, gentle Francklin, holde
thy peace:

I know my wife counsels me for the best.
He seekes out mosby where his wound is drest,
And salues his haples quarrell if I may. 151

[Exeunt Arden & Ales.]

Fran. He whome the diuel driues must go
perforce.

Poore gentleman, how sone he is bewitcht!
And yet, because his wife is the instrument,
His friends must not be lauish in their speech.
[Exit Fran.]

(ACT V.

SCENE I.

A street in Feversham.)

Here enters Will, shakabage, & Greene.

Will. Sirra Greene, when was I so long in
killing a man?

138 taunts you Q 2: 139 taunt you Q 1: 140 taunted you
141 an) a Q 2 149 me om. Q 2 150 Prefx Arden.
repeated before this time Q 1 151 he) this D Act V.
etc. add. 1

Gre. I think we shall neuer do it; let vs
giue it ouer.

Sha. Nay, Zounds! wele kill him, though
we be hangd at his dore for our labour. 6

Will. Thou knowest, Greene, that I haue
liued in London this twelue yeers, where I
haue made some go vpon wodden legges for
taking the wall on me; dyuers with siluer
noses for saying 'There goes black will!' I haue
crackt as many blades as thou hast done Nutes.

Gre. O monstrous lye! 13

Will. Faith, in a maner I haue. The
bawdie houses haue paid me tribute; there
durst not a whore set vp, vnlesse she haue
aggreed with me first for opning her shoppe
windowes. For a crosse worde of a Tapster
I haue pearced one barrell after another with
my dager, and held him by the eares till all
his beare hath run out. In Temes streete a
brewers carte was lyke to haue runne ouer
me: I made no more ado, but went to the clark
and cut all the natches of his tales and beat
them about his head. I and my companye
haue taken the Constable from his watch, and
carried him about the fields on a colstaffe.
I haue broken a Sariant's head with his owne
mace, and baidl whome I list with my sword
and buckler. All the tenpenny alehouses
would stand euery morning with a quart pot
in their hand, saying, 'will it please your wor-
ship drinke?' He that had not doone so, had
bene sure to haue had his Signe puld down &
his latic borne away the next night. To con-
clude, what haue I not done? yet cannot do
this; doubtles, he is preserued by Miracle. 37

Here enters Ales and Michael.

Gre. Hence, Will! here comes M(aister),
Arden.

Ales. Ah, gentle michael, art thou sure
thei'r friends?

Mic. Why, I saw them when they both
shoke hands. 40

When Mosbie bled, he euen wept for sorrow,
And raiid on Francklin that was cause of
all.

No sooner came the Surgen in at doores,
But my M(aister) tooke to his purse and gaue
him money,

And, to conclud, sent me to bring you word
That Mosbie, Francklin, Bradshaw, Adam
fowls, 46

With diuers of his neighbors and his friends,

3-37 Veru Qy 10 of me Q 2. 2 12 done om. WP
20 by Q 2: he Q 1 24 all off Q 2 27 him om. Q 2
29 men add. J 32 thei'r his Q 1 34 Singe Q 1
38 M. Q 1: mietris Q 2 44 to om. Q 2

Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

Ales. Ah, gentle Michael, runne thou bak againe, 49

And, when my husband walkes into the faire, Bid Mosbie steale from him and come to me; And this night shal thou and Susan be made sure.

Mic. Ile go tell him.

Ales. And as thou goest, tell John cooke of our guests, And bid him lay it on, spare for no coast. 55

[*Exit* Michael.]

Will. Nay, and there be such cheere, we wil bid our selues.—

Mistres Arden, Dick Greene & I do meane to sup with you.

Ales. And welcome shall you be. Ah, gentlemen,

How mist you of your purpose yesternight?

Gre. Twas long of shakebag, that vnluckye villaine. 60

Sha. Thou doest me wrong; I did as much as any.

Will. Nay then, M(istres) *Ales.* Ile tell you how it was:

When he should haue lockt with both his hilts, He in a brauery florisht ouer his head; With that comes Francklin at him lustely, 65 And hurts the slaue; with that he slinks away.

Now his way had bene to haue come hand and feete, one and two round, at his costerd: he lyke a foole beares his sword point halfe a yarde out of danger. I lye here for my lyfe; if the deuill come, and he haue no more strength then fence, he shall neuer beat me from this warde.

Ile stand to it, a buckler in a skilfull hand Is as good as a castell; nay, 75

Tis better then a sconce, for I haue tryde it. Mosbie, perceiuing this, began to faint:

With that comes Arden with his arming sword, And thrust him through the shoulder in a tryce.

Ales. I, but I wonder why you both stooode still. 80

Will. Faith, I was so amazed, I could not strike.

Ales. Ah, sirs, had he yesternight bene slaine,

For euery drop of his detested bloode I would haue cram'd in Angels in thy fist, And kist thee, too, and hugd thee in my armes.

Will. Patient your selfe, we can not help it now. 86

Greene and we two wil dogge him through the faire, And stab him in the croud, and steale away.

Here enters Mosbye.

Ales. It is vnpossible; but here comes he That will, I hope, inuent some surer meanes. Swete Mosbie, hide thy arme, it kils my hart.

Mos. I, mistres Arden, this is your fauour.

Ales. Ah, say not so; for when I sawe thee hurt,

I could haue toke the weapon thou letst fall, And runne at Arden; for I haue sworne 95 That these mine eyes, offended with his sight, Shall neuer close till Ardens be shut vp. This night I rose and walkt about the chamber, And twise or thrise I thought to haue murthred him.

Mos. What, in the night? then had we bene vndone. 100

Ales. Why, how long shall he liue?

Mos. Faith, *Ales.* no longer then this night.—

Black Will and shakbag, will you two performe The complot that I haue laid?

Will. I, or els think me a villaine. 105

Gre. And rather then you shall want, Ile helpe my selfe.

Mos. You, M(aister) Greene, shal single Francklin forth,

And hould him with a long tale of strange newes,

That he may not come home till suppertime. Ile fetch M(aister) Arden home, & we like frends 110

Will play a game or two at tables here.

Ales. But what of all this? how shall he be slaine?

Mosbie. Why, black Wil and shakebag lockt within the countinghouse

Shall at a certaine watchword giuen rush forth.

Will. What shall the watch word be? 115

Mos. Now I take you that shall be the word:

But come not forth before in any case.

Will. I warrant you. But who shall lock me in?

Ales. That will I do; thou'lt kepe the key thy selfe.

Mos. Come, M(aister) Greene, go you along with me. 120

62 mistris Alice Q3: M. Arden WP 67 haue out.
Q3 67-73 Verse Q4: corr. D 72 then) than I haue.
WP 84 haue cram'd Q3: crammie Q1 85 mine
Q5, 3

103 inds two Q4: corr. WP 105 a) as a Q1 106
Two times Q4. dic. want 112 Two times Q4. dic. this
119 do om. Q3 thou' st) thou'lt Q3

See all things ready, Ales, against we come.

Ales. Take no care for that; send you him home, *[Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.]*

And if he ere go forth againe, blame me.
Come, blacke Will, that in mine eyes art faire;
Next vnto Mosbie doe I honour thee; 125
Instead of faire wordes and large promises
My hands shall play you goulden harmonie:
How like you this? say, will you doe it, sirs?

Will. I, and that brauely too. Marke my deuice:

Place Mosbie, being a stranger, in a chaire, 130
And let your husband sit vpon a stoole,
That I may come behind him cunninglie,
And with a towell pull him to the ground,
Then stab him till his flesh be as a siue;
That doone, beare him behind the Abby, 135
That those that finde him murdered may suppose

Some slaue or other kild him for his golde.

Ales. A fine deuice: you shall haue twenty pound,

And when he's dead, you shal haue forty more.
And, least you might be suspected staying heere, 140

Michaell shall saddle you two lusty geldings;
Ryde whether you will, to Scotland, or to Wales,

He see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.

Will. Such wordes would make one kill 1000. men.

Giue me the key: which is the counting house?

Ales. Here would I stay and still encourage you, 146

But that I know how resolute you are.

Sha. Tush, you are too faint harted; we must do it.

Ales. But Mosbie will be there, whose very lookes

Will ad vnwounded courage to my thought, 150
And make me the first that shall aduenture on him.

Will. Tush, get you gone; tis we must do the deede.

When this doore opens next, looke for his death. *(Exeunt Will and Shakebag.)*

Ales. Ah, would he now were here that it might open!

I shall no more be closed in Ardens armes, 155
That lyke the snakes of blacke Tisiphone
Sting me with their embracings: mosbies

Armes

Shal compass me, and, were I made a starre,
I would haue none other sphares but those.
There is no nector but in Mosbies lypes! 160

124 my Q 2 134 siue Q 2: sine Q 1 153 S. D.
odd. W P

Had chast Diana kist him, she like me
Would grow louse sick and from her watrie
bower

Fling down Endimion and snatch him vp:
Then blame not me that slay a silly man
Not halfe so louely as Endimion. 165

Here enters Michaell.

Mic. Mistres, my maister is comming hard by.

Ales. Who comes with him?

Michaell. Nobody but mosby.

Ales. Thats well, michaell. Fetch in the tables,
And when thou hast done, stand before the
countinghouse doore. 170

Mic. Why so?

Ales. Black will is lockt within to do the deede.

Mic. What? shall he die to night?

Ales. I, michaell.

Mic. But shall not susan know it? 175

Ales. Yes, for she be as secrete as our selues.

Mic. Thats braue. He go fetch the tables.

Ales. But, michaell, hearken to me a word or two:

When my husband is come in, lock the streete
doore; 179

He shall be murthred, or the guests come in.
[Exit mic.]

Here enters Arden & Mosbie.

Husband, what meane you to bring mosby home?

Although I wisht you to be reconciled,
Twas more for feare of you then loue of him.
Black Will and Greene are his companions,
And they are cutters, and may cut you short:
Therefore I thought it good to make you frends.
But wherefore do you bring him hether now?
You haue giuen me my supper with his sight.

Mos. M^aister Arden, me thinks your wife would haue me gone.

Arden. No, good M^aister Mosbie; women will be prating. 180

Ales, bid him welcome; he and I are frends.

Ales. You may inforce me to it, if you will;
But I had rather die then bid him welcome.
His company hath purchest me ill frends,

And therefore wil I nere frequent it more. 185
Mos. — Oh, how cunningly she can dissemble!

Arden. Now he is here, you wil not serue me so.

183 snatch Q 1 180 or Q 1: ere Q 2: or e'er J
182 Although Q 1 180 prattling Q 2

Ales. I pray you be not angree or displeased;

He bid him welcome, seing youle haue it so.
You are welcome, M(aister) Mosbie; will you
sit down? 200

Mos. I know I am welcome to your louing
husband;
But for your selfe, you speake not from your
hart.

Ales. And if I do not, sir, think I haue cause.

Mos. Pardon me, M(aister) Arden; He away.

Ard. No, good M(aister) Mosbie. 205

Ales. We shal haue guests enough, though
you go hence.

Mos. I pray you, M(aister) Arden, let me
go.

Ard. I pray thee, Mosbie, let her prate her
fill.

Ale. The dores are open, sir, you may be
gone.

Mic. — Nay, thats a lye, for I haue lockt the
dores. 210

Ard. Sirra, fetch me a cup of Wine, He
make them freends.

And, gentle M(istress) Ales, seeing you are so
stout,

You shal beginne: frowne not, He haue it so.

Ales. I pray you meddle with that you haue
to do.

Ard. Why, Ales! how can I do too much
for him 215

Whose lyfe I haue endaugered without cause?

Ale. Tis true; & seeing twas partly through
my means,

I am content to drinke to him for this once.

Here, M(aister) Mosbie! and I pray you,
henceforth

Be you as straunge to me as I to you. 220

Your company hath purchased me ill freends,

And I for you, God knowes, haue vnderesued

Beene ill spoken of in euery place;

Therefore hencefoorth frequent my house no
more.

Mos. He see your husband in dispiight of
you. 225

Yet, Arden, I protest to thee by heauen,

Thou nere shalt see me more after this night.

He go to Roome rather then be foraworne.

Ar. Tush, He haue no such voves made in
my house.

Ales. Yes, I pray you, husband, let him
swear; 230

And, on that condition, Mosbie, pledge me
here.

Mos. I, as willingly as I meane to liue.

211 Two lines Qq, dir. Wine 220 you as] as Q 3
231 Mosbie om. Q 3

Ard. Come, Ales, is our supper ready
yet?

Ales. It wil by then you haue plaid a game
at tables.

Ard. Come, M(aister) Mosbie, what shall
we play for? 235

Mos. Three games for a french crowne,
sir, and please you.

Arde. Content.

*Then they play at the Tables. (Enter Will
and Shakebag).*

Wil. — Can he not take him yet? what a
spight is that?

Ales. — Not yet, Will; take hede he see thee
not.

Wil. — I feare he will spy me as I am com-
ing. 240

Mic. — To preuent that, creepe betwixt my
legs.

Mos. One ace, or els I lose the game.

Ard. Mary, sir, theres two for sayling.

Mos. Ah, M(aister) Arden, 'a now I can'
take you.

Then Will pulles him down with a towell.

Ard. Mosbie! Michaell! Ales! what will you
do? 245

Will. Nothing but take you vp, sir, nothing
els.

Mos. Thers for the pressaing Iron you coulde
me of. (Stabs him.)

Sha. And ther's for the ten pound in my
sleeue. (Stabs him.)

Ales. What! grones thou? nay, th'n giue
me the weapon! 249

Take this for hindring Mosbies loue and mine.
(She stabs him.)

Michaell. O, Mistres!

Will. Ah, that villaine wil betray vs all.

Mos. Tush, feare him not; he will be
secrete.

Mic. Why, dost thou think I will betray my
selfe?

Sha. In Southwarke dwels a bonnie north-
erne lass, 255

The widow Chambley; ile to her house now,
And if she will not giue me harborough,

He make bootie of the queane euen to her
smoeke.

Will. Shift for your selues; we two will
leauue you now.

Ales. First lay the bodie in the counting-
house. 260

Then they lay the body in the Countinghouse.

236 Two lines Qq, dir. sir 237 S. D. Bracketed words
add. WP 238 yet om. Q 3 247-50 S. D. D. add. T
257 And] Ind Q 1

Will. We haue our Gould; mistris Ales,
adew;
wbie, farewell, and Michaell, farewell too.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Susan.

Susan. Mistres, the guests are at the doores.
arken, they knocke: what, shall I let them
in? • 264

Ales. Mosbie, go thou & beare them com-
pagie. [Exit M.
ad, susan, fetch water and wash away this
bloode. •

Susan. The bloode cleaueth to the ground
& will not out.

Ales. But with my nailes ile scrape away
the blood;—
be more I striue, the more the blood ap-
peares!

Susan. Whats the reason, M(istria), can
you tell? 270

Ales. Because I blush not at my husbands
death.

Here enters Mosbie.

Mos. How now? whats the matter? is all
well?

Ales. I, wel, if Arden were alieue againe.
In vaine we striue, for here his blood remains.

Mos. Why, strew rushes on it, can you
not? 275

This wench doth nothing: fall vnto the worke.
Mos. Twas thou that made me murder
him.

Mos. What of that?

Ales. Nay, nothing, Mosbie, so it be not
known.

Mos. Keepe thou it close, and tis vnpos-
sible. 280

Ales. Ah, but I can not! was he not slaine
by me?

My husbands death torments me at the hart.

Mos. It shall not long torment thee, gentle
Ales;

I am thy husband, thinke no more of him.

Here enters Adam fowle and Brad.

Brad. How now, M(istria) Arden? what
aile you weepe? 285

Mos. Because her husband is abroad so
late.

A couple of Ruffins threatned him yesternight,
And she, poore soule, is afraid he should be
hurt.

Adam. Ist nothing tis? tush, heale be here
anone.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. Now, M(istria) Arden, lacke you any
guests? 290

Ales. Ah, M(aister) Greene, did you, so
my husband lately?

Gre. I saw him walking behinde the Abby
euen now.

Here enters Francklin.

Ales. I do not like this being out so late. —
M(aister) Francklin, where did you leaue my
husband?

Fra. Beleeue me I saw him not since
Mornning. 295

Feare you not, hele come anone; meane time
You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

Ales. I, so they shall; M(aister) Bradshaw,
sit you there;

I pray you, be content, Ile haue my will. 299
M(aister) Mosbie, sit you in my husbands seat.

Michaell. — Susan, shall thou and I wait on
them?

Or, and thou saist the word, let vs sit down too.

Su. — Peace, we haue other matters now in
hand.

I feare me, Michael, al wilbe bewraied. 304

Mic. — Tush, so it be knowne that I shal
marry thee in the morning, I care not though
I be hangde ere night.

But to preuent the worst, Ile by some rats bane.

Su. — Why, Michael, wilt thou poyson thy
selfe?

Mic. — No, but my mistres, for I feare shele
tell. 310

Su. — Tush, Michel; feare not her, she's
wise enough.

Mos. — Sirra Michell, giues a cup of beere. —
M(istria) Arden, heere to your husband.

Ales. My husband!

Fra. What ailes you, woman, to erie so
suddenly? 315

Ales. Ah, neighbors, a sudden qualm
came ouer my hart;

My husbands being forth torments my mynde.
I know some thing's amisse, he is not well;

Or els I should haue heard of him ere now.

Mo. — She will vndo vs through her fool-
ishnes. 320

Gre. Feare not, M(istria) Arden, he's well
enough.

Ales. Tell not me; I know he is not well:
He was not wount for to stay thus late.

Good M(aister) Francklin, go and seeke him
forth, 324

And if you finde him, send him home to mee,

And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.
Fra. — I lyke not this; I pray God all be well.
 He seekes him out, and find him if I can.

[*Exeunt Fra., Mos., & Gre.*]

Ales. — Michael, how shall I doo to rid the
 rest away?

Mic. — Leauē that to my charge, let me
 alone. — 330

Tis very late, M(aister) Bradshaw,
 And there are many false knaues abroad,
 And you haue many narrow lanes to pas.

Brad. Faith, frend Michael, and thou
 saiest trew.

Therefore I pray thee lights foorth and lends
 a linck. 335

[*Exeunt Brad., Adam, & Michael.*]

Ales. Michael, bring them to the dores, but
 doo not stay;

You know I do not loue to be alone.
 — Go, Susan, and bid thy brother come:

But wherefore should he come? Heere is
 nought but feare;

Stay, Susan, stay, and helpe to counsell me. 340

Susan. Alas, I counsell! feare frights away
 my wits.

Then they open the countinghouse doore and
 looke vppon Arden.

Ales. See, Susan, where thy quandam
 Maister lyes,

Sweete Arden, smeard in bloode and filthy gore.

Susan. My brother, you, and I shall rue
 this deede.

Ales. Come, susan, help to lift his body
 forth, 345

And let our salt teares be his obsequies.

Here enters Mosbie and Greene.

Mos. How now, Ales, whether will you
 beare him?

Ales. Sweete Mosbie, art thou come? Then
 weepe that will:

I haue my wishe in that I ioy thy sight.

Gre. Well, it houes vs to be circumspect. 350

Mos. I, for Franklin thinks that we haue
 murthred him.

Ales. I, but he can not proue it for his lyfe.
 Wele spend this night in dalliance and in sport.

Here enters Michael.

Mic. O mistres, the Maior and all the watch
 are comming towards our house with glaues
 & billes. 355

Ales. Make the doore fast; let them not come
 in.

S. D. follows 327 Qq

light's .. lend's Qs

Two lines Qq. dir. come

333 narrow em. Qs

343 filthy em. Qs

354 all em. Qs

Mos. Tell me, swete Ales, how shal I
 escape?

Ales. Out at the back dore, ouer the pyle
 of woode,

And for one night ly at the floure de lyce.

Mos. That is the next way to betray my
 selfe. 360

Gre. Alas, M(istres) Arden, the watch will
 take me here,

And cause suspition, where els would be none.

Ales. Why, take that way that M(aister)
 Mosbie dooth;

But first conuey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields.

Mos. Vntil to morrow, sweete Ales, now
 farewell: 365

And see you confesse nothing in any case.

Gre. Be resolute, M(istres) Ales, betray vs
 not,

But cleaue to vs as we wil stick to you.

[*Exeunt Mosbie & Grene.*]

Ales. Now, let the iudge and iuries do thei;
 worst: 369

My house is cleare, and now I feare them not.

Susan. As we went, it snowed all the way,
 Which makes me feare our footesteps will be
 spied.

Ales. Peace, foole, the snow wil couer them
 againe.

Susan. But it had done before we came
 back againe.

Ales. Hearke, hearke, they knocke! go,
 Michael, let them in. 375

Here enters the Maior and the Watch.

How now, M(aister) Maior, haue you brought
 my husband home?

Maior. I sawe him come into your house
 an hour agoe.

Ales. You are deceiued; it was a Londoner.

Maior. Mistres Arden, know you not one
 that is called blacke Will? "

Ales. I know none such: what meane
 these questions? 380

Maior. I haue the counsels warrand to
 aprehend him.

Ales. — I am glad it is no worse.

Why, M(aister) maior, thinke you I harbour
 any such?

Ma. We are informd that here he is;

And therefore pardon vs, for we must search.

Ales. I, search, and spare you not, through
 euery roome: 386

Were my husband at home, you would not
 offer this.

375 Two lines Qq. dir. knocke

Here enters Francklin.

M(aister) Francklin, what meane you come so sad?

Fra. e Arden, thy husband and my freend, is slaine.

Ales. Ah! by whome? M(aister) Francklin, can you tell? 390

Fra. I know not; but behind the abbey There he lyes murthred in most pittious case.

Mal. But, M(aister) Francklin, are you sure tis he?

Fra. I am too sure; would God I were deceiued.

Ales. Finde out the Murthrers, let them be knowne. 395

Fran. I, so they shall; come you along with vs.

Ales. Wherefore?

Fran. Know you this handtowel and this knyfe?

Su. — Ah,emichael, through this thy negligence

thou hast betraied and vndone vs all. 400

Mic. — I was so affraide I knew not what I did:

thought I had throwne them both into the well.

Ales. It is the pigs bloode we had to supper.

ut wherfore stay you? finde out the murthrers.

Ma. I feare me youle proue one of them your selfe. 405

Ales. I one of them? what meane such questions?

Fra. I feare me he was murthred in this house

And carried to the fields; for from that place Backwards and forwards may you see

The print of many feete within the snow. 410

And looke about this chamber where we are, And you shall finde part of his gillies bloode;

For in his slipshoe did I finde some rushes, Which argueth he was murthred in this room.

Ma. Looks in the place where he was wont to sit. 415

See, see! his blood! it is too manifest.

Ales. It is a cup of Wine that michael shed.

Mic. I, truly.

Fran. It is his bloode, which, strumpet, thou hast shed.

but if I lye, thou and thy complices 420

Which haue conspired and wrought his death shall rue it.

390 you em. Q3 421 Two lines Q7, dir. death

T. B.

Ales. Ah, M(aister) Francklin, God and heauen can tell

I loued him more than all the world beside. But bring me to him, let me see his body.

Fra. Bring that villaine and mosbie after too; 425

And one of you go to the flowre de luce, And seeke for mosbie, and apprehend him to.

[Exeunt.]

(SCENE II.

An obscure street in London.)

Here enters shakebag solus.

Sh. The widdow chamblly, in her husbands dayes,

I kept; and now he's dead, she is growne so stout

She will not know her ould companions.

I came thither, thinking to haue had

Harbour as I was wount, 5

And she was ready to thrust me out at doores; But whether she would or no, I got me vp,

And as she followed me, I spurnd her down the staires,

And broke her neck, and cut her tapsters throat,

And now I am going to fling them in the Temes. 10

I haue the gould; what care I though it be knowne!

He crosse the water and take sanctuary. [Exit shakebag.]

(SCENE III.

Arden's House at Feversham.)

Here enters the Maior, Mosbie, Ales, Francklin, Michael, and Susan.

Maior. See, M(aistris) Arden, where your husband lyes;

Confesse this foule fault and be penitent.

Ales. Arden, sweete husband, what shall I say?

The more I sound his name, the more he bleedes;

This bloode condemnes me, and in gushing forth 5

Speakes as it fallies, and askes me why I did it. Forgiue me, Arden: I repent me now,

And, would my death saue thine, thou shouldst not dye.

Ryse *Calverclasse* *and enjoy thy loue* *And forgiue me on me when I am dead*

head *See Basalt Baller* *Scene III, etc. add. T*

Scene III, etc. add. T

In heauen I loue thee, though on earth I did not.

Maioz. Say, Mosby, what made thee murder him?

Fra. Study not for an answer; looke not down:

His purse and girdle found at thy beds head
Witness sufficiently thou didst the deede; 15
It bootles is to sweare thou didst it not.

Mos. I hyred black Will and Shakebagge, Ruffynes both,
And they and I haue done this murthrous deed.
But wherefore stay we? Come and beare me hence.

Fran. Those Ruffins shall not escape; I will vp to London, 20
And get the counsels warrand to apprehend them. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE IV.

The Kentish Coast.)

Here enters Will.

Will. Shakebag, I heare, hath taken sanctuary,

But I am so pursued with hues and cries
For petty robberies that I haue done,
That I can come vnto no Sanctuary.
Therefore must I in some Oyster bote 5
At last be faine to go a boord some Hoyer,
And so to Flushing. There is no staying here.
At Sittinborough the watch was like to take me,
And had I not with my buckler couerd my head,

And run full blank at all aduentures, 10
I am sure I had nere gone further then that place;

For the Constable had 20 warrands to apprehend me;

Besides that, I robbed him and his Man once at Gades hill.

Farewell, England; Ile to Flushing now. [Exit Will.]

(SCENE V.

Justice-Room at Feversham.)

Here enters the Maioz, Mosbye, Ales, Michaell, Susan, and Bradshaw.

Maioz. Come, make haste & bring away the prisoners.

Brad. M(istris) Arden, you are now going to God,

And I am by the law condemned to die
About a letter I brought from M(aister) Greene.

I pray you, M(istris) Arden, speak the truth: 5

Was I euer priuie to your intent or no.

Ales. What should I say? You brought me such a letter,

But I dare sweare thou knewest not the contents.

Leaue now to trouble me with worldly things,
And let me meditate vpon my sauour Christ, 10

Whose blood must saue me from the blood I shed.

Mos. How long shall I liue in this hell of grieffe?

Conuey me from the presence of that strumpet.

Ales. Ah, but for thee I had neuer beene

(a) strumpet.

What can not oathes and protestations doe, 15

When men haue opportunity to woe? 20

I was too young to sound thy villanies,

But now I finde it and repent too late.

Su. Ah, gentle brother, wherefore should I die?

I knew not of it till the deed was don. 20

Mos. For thee I mourne more then for my selfe;

But let it suffice, I can not saue thee now.

Mic. And if your brother and my Mistres

Had not promised me you in marriage,

I had nere giuen consent to this foule deede. 25

Maioz. Leaue to accuse each other now

And listen to the sentence I shall giue:

Beare Mosbie and his sister to London straight,

Where they in smithfield must be executed;

Beare M(istris) Arden vnto Canterburys, 30

Where her sentence is she must be burnt;

Michaell and Bradshaw in Feuershame

Must suffer death.

Ales. Let my death make amends for all my sinnes.

Mos. Fy vpon women! this shall be my song; 35

But beare me hence, for I haue liued to long.

Susan. Seing no hope on earth, in heauen

is my hope.

Mic. Faith, I care not, seeing I die with Susan.

Bradshaw. My blood be on his head that

gaue the sentence. 39

Maioz. To speedy execution with them all!

[Exeunt.]

11 I'll T 17 Two lines Qq 19 Two lines Qq
20 ends escape Qq Scene IV. str. add. T 8 Sittinburn J
8 I not I Q3, etc. Scene V.
etc. add. T 2 M. Q1: Master Q3

7 Two lines Qq 14 a. odd. J 22 But om. J
32-3 Two lines Q3: one line Q1 34 sinne Q3

(EPILOGUE.)

Heere enters Francklin.

Fran. Thus haue you seene the trueth of
Ardens death.
As for the Ruffins, Shakbag and blacke Will,
The one tooke Sanctuary, and, being sent for
out,
Was murthred in Southwark as he past 4
To Greenewitch, where the Lord Protector lay.
Black Will was burnt in Flushing on a stage;
Greene was hanged at Osbridge in Kent;
The Painter fled & how he dyed we know not.

Epilogue: Scene VI WP 6 at a stake J 7
Osbringe J

But this about the rest is to be noted:
Arden lay murthred in that plot of ground 10
Which he by force and violence held from
Rede;
And in the grasse his bodyes print was seene
Two yeeres and more after the deede was
doone.
Gentlemen, we hope youle pardon this naked
Tragedy,
Wherin no filed points are foisted in 15
To make it gracious to the eare or eye;
For simple trueth is gracious enough,
And needes no other points of glosing stuffe.

FINIS.

THE
Lamentable Tragedie of
Lochrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discour-
sing the warres of the Britaines, and Hunnes,
with their discomfiture:

The Britaines victorie with their Accidents, and the
death of Albanaet. No lesse pleasant then
profitable.

Newly set foorth, ouerseene and corrected,
By W. S.



L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creede.
1 5 9 5.

Q = Quarto of 1595
F 1 = (Third) Folio Shakespeare, 1664
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M = Malone, 1780
St. = Steevens, *ibid.*
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Haz. = Hazlitt, 1852
Molt. = Moltke, 1869
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THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE OF LOCRINE,

THE ELDEST SONNE OF KING BRVTVS, DISCOVERSING
THE WARRES OF THE BRITAINES AND HVNNES,
WITH THEIR DISCOMFITVRE, THE BRITAINES
VICTORY WITH THEIR ACCIDENTS, AND
THE DEATH OF ALBANACT

(DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

BRUTUS, *King of Britain.*

LOCRINE,
CAMBER, } *his Sons.*
ALBANACT, }

CORINEIUS, } *Brothers to Brutus.*
ASSARACHUS, }

THRASIMACHUS, *Corineius his Son.*

DEBON, *an old Officer.*

HUMBER, *King of the Scythians.*

HUBBA, *his Son.*

THRASSIER, *a Scythian Commander.*

STRUMBO,
TRUMPART, } *Clowns.*
OLIVER,
WILLIAM, }

GUENDOLINE, *Corineius his Daughter, married
to Locrine.*

ESTRILO, *Humber's Wife.*

ATE, *the Goddess of Revenge.*

Ghosts of Albanact, and Corineius.)

The first Act. Prologue.

*Enter Atey with thunder and lightning all in
black, with a burning torch in one hand,
and a bloodie sword in the other hand, and
presently let there come forth a Lion run-
ning after a Beare or any other beast; then
come forth an Archer who must kill the
Lion in a dumbe show, and then depart.
Remaine Atey.*

Atey. In pœnam sectatur & Vmbra.

A Mightie Lion, ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous strength and great proportion,
With hideous noyse scarring the trembling
trees,

With yelling clamors shaking all the earth,
Trauerst the groues, and chast the wandring
beasts. 5

Long did he raunge amid the shadie trees,
And draue the silly beasts before his face,
When suddenly from out a thornie bush,
A dreadfull Archer with his bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a dismall shaft. 10
So he him stroke that it drew forth the blood,
And fild his furious heart with fretting yre;
But all in vaine he threatneth teeth and pawes,
And sparkleth fire from forth his flaming
eyes,

Dramatis Personae add. Rote S. D. Prologue]
Scene 1 Q 11 strook fy

For the sharpe shaft gaue him a mortall
wound. 15

So valiant Brute, the terror of the world,
Whose only lookes did scarre his enemies,
The Archer death brought to his latest end.
Oh what may long abide about this ground,
In state of blisse and healthfull happinesse. 20
[Exit.

The first Act. Scene 1.

*Enter Brutus carried in a chaire, Locrine,
Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendelin,
Assaracus, Debon, Thrasimachus.*

*Brutus. Most loyall Lords and faithful fol-
lowers,*

That haue with me, vnworthie Generall,
Passed the greedie gulfe of Ocean,
Leauing the confines of faire *Italie*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end, 5
And I must leaue you, though against my
will.

My sinewes shrunk, my numbed senses faile,
A chilling cold possesseth all my bones;
Blacke vgly death, with visage pale and
wanne,
Presents himselfe before my dazeled eyes, 10
And with his dart prepared is to strike.

These armes my Lords, these neuer daunted
armes,

S. D. Scene 1] Scene 2 Q 7 shrink N

That oft haue queld the courage of my foes,
 And eke dismayd my neighbours arrogancie,
 Now yeeld to death, orelaid with crooked age,
 Deuoyd of strength and of their proper force,
 Euen as the lustie cedar worne with yeazes, 17
 That farre abroad her daintie odore throwes,
 Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon.
 This heart, my Lords, this neare appalled heart,
 That was a terror to the bordring lands, 21
 A dolefull scourge vnto my neighbor Kings,
 Now by the weapons of vnpartiall death,
 Is cloue asunder and bereft of life,
 As when the sacred oake with thunderbolts,
 Sent from the fiery circuit of the heauens, 26
 Sliding along the aires celestially valts,
 Is rent and clouen to the verie rootes.
 In vaine, therefore, I strangle with this foe;
 Then welcome death, since God will haue it so.

Assar. Alasse, my Lord, we sorrow at your
 case, 31

And greeue to see your person vexed thus;
 But what so ere the fates determind haue,
 It lieth not in vs to disanull,
 And he that would annihilate his minde, 35
 Soaring with *Icarus* too neare the Sunne,
 May catch a fall with yoong *Bellerophon*.
 For when the fatall sisters haue decreed
 To separte vs from this earthly mould,
 No mortall force can countermaund their
 minds: 40

Then, worthie Lord, since ther's no way but
 one,

Cease your laments, and leaue your grievous
 mone.

Corin. Your highnesse knows how many
 victories,

How many trophees I erected haue
 Tryumphantly in euery place we came. 45

The Grecian Monarke, warlike *Pandrasus*,
 And all the crew of the *Molossians*;

Goffarius, the arme strong King of *Gaulles*,
 And all the borders of great *Aquitane*,

Haue felt the force of our victoriously armes,
 And to their cost beheld our chivalrie. 51

Where ere *Aurora*, handmayd of the Sunne,
 Where ere the Sun, bright gardiant of the
 day,

Where ere the ioyfull day with chearfull light,
 Where ere the light illuminates the world, 55

The *Troyans* glorie flies with golden wings,
 Wings that do soare beyond fell enuies flight.

The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
 Peareth the skies, and with the skies the
 throne

Of mightie *Ioue*, Commaunder of the world. 61
 Then worthie *Brutus*, leaue these sad laments:
 Comfort your selfe with this your great re-
 nowne,

And feare not death though he seeme terrible
Brutus. Nay, *Corin(e)us*, you mistake my
 mynd

In construing wrong the cause of my com-
 plaints. 65

I feare to yeeld my selfe to fatall death!
 God knowes it was the least of all my
 thought(s);

A greater care torments my verie bones,
 And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
 And in you, Lordings, doth the substance
 lie. 70

Thrust. Most noble Lord, if ought your
 loyall peers

Accomplish may, to ease your lingring grief,
 I, in the name of all, protest to you,

That we will boldly enterprise the same,
 Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*, 75

Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous
 throte,

Scarreth the ghoasts with high resounding
 noyse.

Wele either rent the bowels of the earth,
 Searching the entrailes of the brutish earth,

Or, with his *Ixions* ouerdaring sonne, 80
 Be bound in chaines of euerdaring steele.

Bru. Then harken to your soueraigns latest
 words,

In which I will vnto you all vsfold
 Our royall mind and resolute intent:—

When golden *Hebe*, daughter to great *Ioue*,
 Couered my many cheeks with youthful
 downe, 86

Th' vnhappy slaughter of my lucklesse sire,
 Droue me and old *Assarachus*, mine eame,

As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*;
 So that perforce we were constrained to flie 90

To *Græcias* Monarke noble *Pandrasus*.
 There I alone did vndertake your cadse,

There I restord your antique libertie,
 Though *Grecia* fround, and all *Mollossia*
 stormd,

Though braue *Antigonus*, with martiall band,
 In pitched field encountred me and mine, 96

Though *Pandrasus* and his contributoryes,
 With all the rout of their confederates,

Sought to deface our glorious memorie
 And wipe the name of *Troians* from the
 earth. 100

Hi did I captiuate with this mine arme,
 And by compulsion forset him to agree

29 strangle *Q*: struggle *Fy. etc.* 35 their minds
 N. 49 om. *Fy. etc.* 82 Ancora *Q* 83 Sun-
 bright *Q* 85 world] word *Q. Fy*

67 thought *all edd.* 80 son *N*: soon *Q*: soon
Fy 91 *Græcias* *Q. Fy*

To certain articles which there we did pro-
pound.

from *Græcia* through the boisterous *Helles-
pont*,

We came vnto the fields of *Leatrigon*, 105

Whereas our brother *Corineus* was.

Since when we passed the *Cicillian* gulfe,

And so transfretting the *Illirian* sea,

Arriued on the coasts of *Aquitane*,

Where with an armie of his barbarous *Gauls*
Goffarius and his brother *Gathelus* 111

Encountering with our host, sustained the
foile.

And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost,

Turnus that slew six hundred men at armes

All in an houre, with his sharpe battle-axe.

From thence vpon the strons of *Albion* 116

To *Corus* haue happily we came,

And queld the giants, comme of *Albions* race,

With *Gogmagog* sonne to *Samotheus*,

The cursed Capitaine of that damned crew. 120

And in that Ile at length I placed you.

Now let me see if my laborious toiles,

If all my care, if all my greeuous wounds,

If all my diligence were well imploid.

Corin. When first I followed thee & thine,
braue king, 125

I hazarded my life and dearest blood,

To purchase fauour at your princely hands,

And for the same in daungerous attempts

In sundry conflicts and in diuers broiles,

I shewd the courage of my manly mind. 130

For this I combated with *Gathelus*,

The brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*;

For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,

A sauage capitaine of a sauage crew; 134

And for these deeds braue *Cornwale* I receiued,

A gratefull gift giuen by a gracious King;

And for this gift, this life and dearest blood,

Will *Corineus* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my frend, braue prince,

hath vould to you,

The same will *Debon* do vnto his end. 140

Bru. Then, loyall peeres, since you are all

agreed,

And resolute to follow *Brutus* hoasts,

Fauour my sonnes, fauour these *Orphans*,

Lords,

And shield them from the daungers of their

foes.

Locrine, the columnne of my familie, 145

And onely pillar of my weakened age,

Locrine, draw neare, draw neare vnto thy sire,

And take thy latest blessings at his hands:

And for thou art the eldest of my sonnes,

Be thou a capitaine to thy bretheren, 150

And imitate thy aged fathers steps,

Which will conduct thee to true honors gate;

For if thou follow sacred vertues lore,

Thou shalt be crowned with a lawrell branch,

And weare a wreath of sempiternall fame,

Sorted amongst the glorious happie ones. 154

Locrin. If *Locrine* do not follow your

aduiſe,

And beare himselfe in all things like a prince

That seekes to amplifie the great renowne

Left vnto him for an inheritance 160

By those that were his ancestors,

Let me be flung into the Ocean,

And swallowed in the bowels of the earth,

Or let the ruddie lightning of great *Ioue*

Descend vpon this my deuoted head. 165

Brutus (taking *Guendoline* by the hand).

But for I see you all to be in doubt,

Who shall be matched with our royall sonne,

Locrine, receiue this present at my hand,

A gift more rich then are the wealthie mines

Found in the bowels of *America*. 170

Thou shalt be spoused to faire *Guendoline*;

Loue her, and take her, for she is thine

owne,

If so thy vncle and her selfe do please.

Corin. And herein how your highnes honors

me

It cannot (now) be in my speech exprest; 175

For carefull parents glorie not so much

At their honour and promotion,

As for to see the issue of their blood

Seated in honor and prosperitie.

Guend. And far be it from any maydens

thoughts 180

To contradict her aged fathers will.

Therefore, since he to whom I must obey

Hath giuen me now vnto your royall selfe,

I will not stand aloofe from off the lure,

Like craftie dames that most of all deny 185

That which they most desire to possesse.

Brutus (turning to *Locrine*. *Locrine* kneel-
ing). Then now, my sonne, thy part is

on the stage,

For thou must beare the person of a King.

[*Puts the Crowne on his head*.

Locrine, stand vp, and weare the regall

Crowne,

And thinke vpon the state of *Maestie*, 190

That thou with honor well maist weare the

crown.

And if thou penderest these my latest words,

103 which there em. *N* 107 Since *N*: Which *Q*, *Ff*
Cicilian *N* 108 transfreighting *Moll*. Illician *Q*,
Ff 116 stronds *Ff* 118 comme *Q* 142 bests *N*

161 his] his glorious *N* 165 deuoted *Q* 173
now add. *Ff* 177 their] their own *N* 180 any
con. *Th*: my *Q*: my pure *Ff* Malden *Ff*

As thou requir'st my soule to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine owne securitie,
Cherish and loue thy new betrothed wife. 195
Loerin. No longer let me wel enioy the
crowne,

Then I do (honour) peerlesse *Guendoline*.

Brut. *Camber*.

Cam. My Lord.

Brut. The glorie of mine age,
And darling of thy mother *Innogen*,
Take thou the South for thy dominion. 200
From thee there shall proceed a royall race,
That shall maintaine the honor of this land,
And away the regall scepter with their hands.

[Turning to *Albanact*.

And *Albanact*, thy fathers onely ioy,
Yongest in yeares, but not the yongest in mind,
A perfect patterne of all chiuallrie, 206
Take thou the North for thy dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rockes,
Replenished with ferece vntamed beasts,
As correspondent to thy martiall thoughts.
Liue long, my sonnes, with endlesse happi-
nesse, 211

And beare firme concordance amongst your
selues.

Obey the counsels of these fathers graue,
That you may better beare out violence.—
But suddainly, through weaknesse of my age,
And the defect of youthfull puissance, 216
My maladie increaseth more and more,
And cruell death hastneth his quickned pace,
To dispossesse me of my earthly shape.

Mine eies wax dimme, ouercast with clouds of
age, 220

The pangs of death compasse my crazed
bones;

Thus to you all my blessings I bequeath,
And with my blessings, this my fleeting soule.
My glasse is runne, and all my miseries 224
Do end with life; death closeth vp mine eies,
My soule in haste flies to the Elisian fields.

[*He dieth*.

Loc. Accursed starres, damd and accursed
starres,

To abreuiate my noble fathers life!
Hard-harted gods, and too enuious fates,
Thus to cut off my fathers fatall thred! 230
Brutus, that was a glorie to vs all,
Brutus, that was a terror to his foes,
Alasse, too soone, by *Demagorgons* knife,
The martiall *Brutus* is bereft of life!

197 do honour peerlesse *N*: do peerlesse *Q*. *Ff*:
do honour *Har*. 199 Iunogor *Q*. *Ff*: corr. *Th*
203 And] That *Q*. *Ff* 204 onely] other conj. *S*
212 concordance firm among *S* 229 and ye
too *S*

Corin. No sad complaints may moue ius
Aecus, 23
No dreadfull threats can feare iudge *Rhu*
domanth.

Wert thou as strong as mightie *Hercules*,
That tamde the hugie monsters of the world
Plaidst thou as sweet, on the sweet soundin
lute,

As did the spouse of faire *Euridise*, 24
That did enchant the waters with his noise,
And made stones, birds, and beasts, to lead
dance,

Constrained the hillie trees to follow him,
Thou couldst not moue the iudge of *Erebus*,
Nor moue compassion in grimme *Plut*:
heart; 25

For fatall *Mors* expecteth all the world,
And euerie man must tread the way of death.
Braue *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops* sire,
Guest to the gods, suffred vntimely death,
And old *Tithonus*, husband to the morne, 26
And eke grim *Minos*, whom iust *Iupiter*
Deigned to admit vnto his sacrifice.

The thundring trumpets of blood-thirstie *Mar*
The fearfull rage of fell *Tisiphone*,
The boistrous waues of humid Ocean, 27
Are instruments and tooles of dismall death
Then, noble cousin, cease to mourne h
chaunce,

Whose age & yeares were signes that he shu
die.

It resteth now that we interre his bones,
That was a terror to his enemies. 28

Take vp the coarse, and, princes, hold hi
dead,

Who while he liu'd, vpheld the *Troyan* state
Sound drums and trumpets; march to *Tro*
nouant,

There to prouide our chieftaines funerall.

(*Exeun*)

The first Act. Scene 2.

(The house of *Strumbo*.)

Enter *Strumbo* about in a gowne, with inke a
paper in his hand, saying:—

Strum. Either the foure elements, the seue
planets, and all the partiouler starres of t
pole Antastick, are aduersatiue against me,
e'se I was begotten and borne in the wa
of the Moone, when euerie thing as *Ladanti*
in his fourth booke of Constultations doo
say, goeth asward. I, maisters, I, you m
laugh, but I must weepe; you may ioy, bui

235 *Prefix* *Corin*. precedes 236 in *Q* *Iacus* *Q*.
236 just *Har*. 238 hugest *S* 240 *Euridise*
244 *Crebus* *Q*. *Ff* *S. D.* Scene 2] Scene 3 *Q* *Brucke*
words add. *T* 3 *Antarctic* *T* 5 as] as saith *Q*

must sorrow; sheeding salt teares from the
watrie fountaines of my moste daintie faire
eyes, along my comely and smooth cheeks, in
as great plentie as the water runneth from the
suckingtubbes, or red wine out of the hogs
heads: For trust me, gentlemen and my verie
good friends, and so foorth, the little god, nay
the desperate god *Cuprit*, with one of his ven-
erable birdbolts, hath shot me vnto the heele:
so not onlie, but also, oh fine phrase, I burne,
I burne, and I burne a, in loue, in loue, and in
loue a. Ah, *Strumbo*, what hast thou seen? not
Dina with the *Asse Tom*? Yea, with these
eyes thou hast seene her, and therefore pull
them out, for they will worke thy bale. Ah,
Strumbo, hast thou heard? not the voice of
the Nightingale, but a voice sweeter then hers.
Yea, with these eares hast thou heard it,
and therefore cut them off, for they haue
caused thy sorrow. Nay, *Strumbo*, kill thy
selfe, drowne thy selfe, hang thy selfe, sterue
thy selfe. Oh, but then I shall leaue my sweet
heart. Oh my heart! Now, pate, for thy
maister! I will dite an aliquant loue-pistle to
her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity
of my scripture, will loue me presently. 34

[Let him write a litle and then read.

My penne is naught; gentlemen, lend me a
knife. I thinke the more haste the worst
speed. 37

[Then write againe, and after read.

So it is, mistresse *Dorothie*, and the sole
essence of my soyle, that the little sparkles of
affection kindled in me towards your sweet selfe
hath now increased to a great flame, and will
ere it be long consume my poore heart, except
you, with the pleasant water of your secret foun-
taine, quench the furious heate of the same.
Alasse, I am a gentleman of good fame and
name, maiestically, in parrell comely, in gate
portlie. Let not therefore your gentle heart be
so hard as to despise a proper tall, yong man
of a handsome life, and by despising him, not
onlie, but also to kill him. Thus ending time

what a good maister I haue bene to thee euer
since I tooke thee into my seruice. 61

Trom. I, sir.

Strum. And how I haue cherished thee
alwaies, as if you had bene the fruit of my
loines, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my
bone. 66

Trom. I, sir.

Strum. Then shew thy selfe herein a trustie
seruant, and carrie this letter to mistresse
Dorothie, and tell her— 70

[Speaking in his eare. Exit *Trompart*.

Strum. Nay, maisters, you shall see a
marriage by and by. But here she comes.
Now must I frame my amorous passions.

Enter *Dorothie* and *Trompart*.

Doro. Signior *Strumbo*, well met. I re-
ceiued your letters by your man here, who told
mee a pittifull storie of your anguish, and so
vnderstanding your passions were so great, I
came hither speedily. 78

Strum. Oh my sweet and piganey, the
fecunditie of my ingenie is not so great, that
may declare vnto you the sorrowful sobs and
broken sleeps, that I suffered for your sake;
and therefore I desire you to receiue me into
your familiaritie.

For your loue doth lie, 85
As neare and as nigh
Vnto my heart within,
As mine eye to my nose,
My legge vnto my hose,
And my flesh vnto my skin. 90

Dor. Truly, M(aister) *Strumbo*, you speake
too learnedly for mee to vnderstand the drift
of your mind, and therefore tell your tale
in plaine termes, and leaue off your darke
ridles. 95

Strum. Alasse, mistresse *Dorothie*, this is
my lucke, that when I most would, I cannot
be vnderstood; so that my great learning is

The first Act. Scene 3.

(An apartment in the palace.)

Enter Locrine, Guendoline, Camber, Albanact, Carineus, Assaracus, Debon, Thrasimachus.

Locrine. Vncle, and princes of braue Britany,

Since that our noble father is intombd,
As best beseemd so braue a prince as he,
If so you please, this day my loue and I,
Within the temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize our roiall marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your subjects
euery one,
Must needs obey your highnesse at com-
maund;

Especially in such a cause as this,
That much concerns your highnesse great
content.

Locr. Then frolick, lordings, to fair *Con-*
cords wals,

Where we will passe the day in knightly sports,
The night in dauncing and in figured maskes,
And offer to God *Risus* all our sports. [*Exeunt.*

The 2. Act. Prologue.

Enter Atey as before. After a litle lightning and thundring, let there come forth this show:—Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also, with swords and targets. Then let there come out of an other doore, Phineus, all blacke in armour, with Aethiopians after him, driuing in Perseus, and hauing taken away Andromeda, let them depart, Ate remaining, saying:

Ate. *Regit omnia numen.*

When *Perseus* married faire *Andromeda*,
The onlie daughter of king *Cepheus*,
He thought he had establiht well his Crowne,
And that his kingdom should for aie endure.
But, loe, proud *Phineus* with a band of men,
Contri'd of sun-burnt *Aethiopians*,
By force of armes the bride he tooke from him,
And turnd their ioy into a foud of teares.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his loue,
He thinkes this marriage tendeth to his weale;
But this foule day, this foule accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scithians*
Approbeth nigh with all his warlike traine.
I need not, I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragicke chances fall out in this warre.

S. D. Scene 3] Scene 4 Q *Bracketed words add. T*
9 cause] case M 14 sports] tasks conj. M *S. D.*
Prologue] Scene 1 Q 7 Composed S 16 shall]
should M

The 1. Scene.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Estrild, Segar, and their souldiers.

Hum. At length the snaille doth cline the
highest tops,

Ascending vp the stately castle walls;
At length the water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone;
At length we are arriued in *Albion*.

Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* soueraigne,
Nor yet the ruler of braue *Belgia*,

Staie vs from cutting ouer to this Ile,
Whereas I heare a troope of *Phrigians*

Vnder the conduct of *Postumus* sonne,
Haue pitched vp lordly pauillions,

And hope to prosper in this louely Ile.
But I will frustrate all their foolish hope,

And teach them that the *Scithian* Emperour
Leades fortune tied in a chaine of gold,

Constraining her to yeeld vnto his will,
And grace him with their regall diademe,

Which I will haue maugre theiſe treble hoasts,
And all the power their pettie kings can make.

Hubba. If she that rules faire *Rhamnis*
golden gate

Graunt vs the honour of the victorie,
As hitherto she alwaies fauourd vs,

Right noble father, we will rule the land,
Enthronized in seates of *Topace* stones,

That *Locrine* and his brethren all may know,
None must be king but *Humber* and his sonne.

Hum. Courage, my sonne, fortune shall
faueur vs,

And yeeld to vs the coronet of bay,
That decketh none but noble conquerours.

But what saith *Estrild* to these regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?

Are they not pleasant in her gracious eies?
Estr. The plaines, my Lord, garnisht with

Floras welth,
And ouerspred with party colored flowers,

Do yeeld sweet contentation to my mind.
The aierie hills enclosed with shadie groues,

The groues replenisht with sweet chirping
birds,

The birds resounding heauenly melodie,
Are equall to the groues of *Thessaly*,

Where *Phabus* with the learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselues with musicke harmonie,

And from the moisture of the mountaine tops,
The silent springs daunce downe with mur-

mering streams,
And water all the ground with cristal waues.

The gentle blasts of *Eurus*, modest winde,

The 2. Scene Q 13 hopes S 33 Prefe Astr.
Q 41 musick's M

Mouing the pittering leaues of *Siluanes* woods,
Do equall it with *Tempes* paradise; 47
And thus consorted all to one effect,
Do make me thinke these are the happie Iles,
Most fortunate, if *Humber* may them winne.

Hubba. Madam, where resolution leads the way, 51

And courage followes with imboldened pace,
Fortune can neuer vse her tyrannie;
For valiantnesse is like vnto a rocke
That standeth in the waues of Ocean, 55
Which though the billowes beat on euery side,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous stormes
Bloweth vpon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth still vnmoouable.

Hum. Kingly resolu'd, thou glorie of thy sire. 60

But, worthie *Segar*, what vncouth nouelties
Bringst thou vnto our royall maiestie?

Seg. My Lord, the yongest of all *Brutus* sonnes,

Stout *Albanad*, with millions of men,
Approoth nigh, and meaneth, ere the morne, 65

To trie your force by dint of fatal sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of hostes;

He shall find entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for those that are our enemies:
For weell receiue them at the launces points,
And massaker their bodies with our blades: 71
Yea, though they were in number infinit,
More then the mightie *Babilonian* queene,
Semiramis the ruler of the West,
Brought gainst the Emperour of the Sci-
thians; 75

Yet would we not start back one foote from them:

That they might know we are inuincible.

Hub. Now, by great *Ioue*, the supreme king of heauen,

And the immortal gods that liue therein,
When as the morning shewes his chearfull face, 80

And *Lucifer*, mounted vpon his steed,
Brings in the chariot of the golden sunne,
He meet yong *Albanad* in the open field,
And crack my launce vpon his burganet,
To trie the valour of his boyish strength. 85

There will I shew such ruthfull spectacles
And cause so great effusion of blood,
That all his boyes shall wonder at my strength:
As when the warlike queene of *Amazon*,
Penthesilea, armed with her launce, 90
Girt with a coralet of bright shining steele,

Coupt vp the fainthart *Græcians* in the campe.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike knight, my noble son;

Nay, like a prince that seekes his fathers ioy.
Therefore, to morrow, ere faire *Titan* shine,
And bashfull *Eos*, messenger of light, 96
Expells the liquid sleep from out mens eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right wing of the hoste;
The left wing shall be vnder *Segars* charge,
The reareward shall be vnder me my selfe. 100
And louely *Estrild*, faire and gracious,
If fortune fauour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be queene of louely *Albion*.
Fortune shall fauour me in mine attempts,
And make the Queene of louely *Albion*. 105
Come, let vs in and muster vp our traine,
And furnish vp our lustie souldiers,
That they may be a bullwarke to our state,
And bring our wished ioyes to perfect end.

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Strumbo*, *Dorothie*, *Trompart*, cobling shoes and singing. (To them enter *Captain*.)

Trum. We Coblers lead a merie life:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Strum. Void of all enuie and of strife:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. Our esse is great, our labour small: 5

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. And yet our gaines be much withall:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. With this art so fine and faire:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan. 10

Trum. No occupation may compare:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. For merie pastime and ioyfull glee:

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. Mosthappie men we Coblers bee: 15

Dan diddle dan.

Trum. The can stands full of nappie ale:

Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Strum. In our shop still withouten faile:

Dan diddle dan. 20

Dor. This is our meate, this is our foode:

Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Trum. This brings vs to a mery mood:

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. This makes vs worke for companie:

Dan, dan, dan, dan: 26

Dor. To pull the tankards cheerfully:

Dan diddle dan.

Trum. Drinke to thy husband, *Dorothie*,

Dan, dan, dan, dan: 30

3 ennie Q 13 Prefx *Strum*. before 13, *Dor*. before 15 Q. Pf: corr. M

46 pattering T 48 consorted R: comforted Q.
Pf 57 Borrax Q 83 the om. T 89 Amazons M

Dor. Why, then, my *Strumbo*, ther's to thee:

Dan didle dan:

Strum. Drinke thou the rest, *Trumpart*,
amaine:

"Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone, weell fitt againe:

Dan didle dan.

Cap. The poorest state is farthest from
annoy.

How merily he sitteth on his stoole!

But when he sees that needs he must be prest,
Heele turne his note and sing another tune. 40
Ho, by your leaue, maister Cobler.

Stru. You are welcom, gentleman. What
will you? any olds shooes or buskins? or will
you haue your shooes clouted? I will do them
as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatsoever.

Captaine, shewing him presse mony. O
maister Cobler, you are farre deceiued in mee,
for don you see this? I come not to buy any
shooes, but to buy your selfe; come, sir, you
must be a souldier in the kings cause. 50

Strum. Why, but heare you, sir; has your
king any commission to take any man against
his will. I promise you, I can scant beleuee it;
or did hee giue you commission? 54

Cap. O sir, ye neede not care for that; I
neede no commission. Hold, here: I com-
mand you, in the name of our king *Albanact*,
to appeare to morrow in the towne-house of
Cathnes. 59

Strum. King Nactaball! I crie God
mercy! what haue we to doo with him, or he
with vs? But you, sir master capontaille, draw
your pasteboard, or else I promise you, Ile
giue you a canuasado with a bastinado ouer
your shoulders, and teach you to come hither
with your implements. 66

Cap. I pray thee, good fellow, be content;
I do the kings commaund.

Strum. Put me out of your booke, then.

Cap. I may not.

Strumbo, snatching vp a staffe. Nol Well,
come, sir, will your stomacke serue you?
by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will haue
a bout with you. 74

Fight both.

Enter Thrasimachus.

How now, what noyse, what sodain clamors
this?

How now, my captain and the cobler so hard
at it?

Sirs, what is your quarrell?

77

31 here's *Nolt*. 48 don't *M* 90 Nactaball *Q*.
FY 62 capontaille *Q* 84 bastinano *Q* 71 Well
will *Q* 74 about *Q*, F1 76 Two lines, dit. after now *M*

Cap. Nothing, sir, but that he will not take
presse mony.

Thra. Here, good fellow; take it at my
command,

Vnlesse you meane to be stretcht. " 81

Strum. Truly, master gentleman, I lacke
no mony; if you please, I will resigne it to
one of these poore fellows.

Thras. No such matter, " 85
Looke you be at the common house to morrow.

[*Exit Thrasimachus and the captaine.*]

Strum. O, wife, I haue spunne a faire
thredde! If I had bene quiet, I had not bene
prest, and therefore well may I wayment. But
come, sirrha, shut vp, for we must to the
warres. [*Exeunt.*]

The 3. Scene.

(*The Camp of Albanact.*)

*Enter Albanact, Debon, Thrasimachus,
and the Lords.*

Alba. Braue cauilleres, princes of *Albany*,
Whose trenchant blades with our deceased sire,
Passing the frontiers of braue *Græcia*,
Were bathed in our enemies lukewarme blood,
Now is the time to manifest your wills, 5
Your hautie mindes and resolutions.
Now opportunitie is offred

To trie your courage and your earnest seale,
Which you alwaies protest to *Albanact*;
For at this time, yea, at this present time, 10
Stout fugitiues, come from the *Scithians*
boulds,

Haue pestred euerie place with mutinies.
But trust me, Lordings, I will neuer cease
To persecute the rascall runnagates,
Till all the riuers, stained with their blood, 15
Shall fully shew their fatall ouerthrow.

Deb. So shal your highnes merit great
renowne,
And imitate your aged fathers steppes.

Alba. But tell me, cousin, camst thou
through the plaines?

And sawst thou there the faint heart fugitiues
Mustering their weather-beaten souldiers? 21
What order keep they in their marshalling?

Thra. After we past the groues of *Caledone*,
Where murmuring riuers slide with silent
streames,

We did behold the stragling *Scithians* campe,
Repleat with men, storde with munition; 26
There might we see the valiant minded knights
Fetching carrees along the spatious plaines.

S. D. The 4. Scene *Q*. Bracketed words add. T 28
carriers *Q*, FY: corr. in ed. of 1728 and independently
by *M*

Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blew,
lounted vpon their coursers white as snow, 30
went to behold the pleasant flowing fields;
Tector and *Trotalus*, *Priamus* louely sonnes,
hasing the *Græcians* ouer *Simois*,
were not to be compared to these two knights.

Alba. Well hast thou painted out in elo-
quence 35

he portraiture of *Humber* and his sonne,
as fortunate as was *Polycrates*;
yet should they not escape our conquering
swords,

Or boast of ought but of our clemencie.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart, crying often;
Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch, &c.

Thra. What, sirs! what mean you by these
clamors made, 40

Those outcries raised in our stately court?

Strum. Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and
pitch.

Thra. Villaines, I say, tell vs the cause
hereof?

Strum. Wyld fire and pitch, &c.

Thra. Tell me, you villaines, why you make
this noise, 45

Or with my launce I will prick your bowels out.

Al. Where are your houses, wher's your
dwelling place?

Strum. Place? Ha, ha, ha! laugh a
month and a day at him. Place! I cry God
mercy: why, doo you think that such poore
honest men as we be, hold our habitacles in
kings pallaces? Ha, ha, ha! But because you
seeme to be an abhominable chieftaine, I wil
tel you our state. 54

From the top to the toe,

From the head to the shoe;

From the beginning to the ending,

From the building to the burning. 58

This honest fellow and I had our mansion
cottage in the suburbs of this citie, hard by
the temple of *Mercury*. And by the common
souldiers of the *Shitens*, the *Scithians*—what
do you call them?—with all the suburbs were
burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left
there, for the countrie wiues to wash buckes
withall. 66

And that which grieues me most,
My louing wife,
(O cruell strife!)

The wicked flames did roast. 70

And therefore, captaine crust,

We will continuallie crie,
Except you seeke a remedie
Our houses to redifie

Which now are burnt to dust. 75

Both cry: Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and
pitch.

Alba. Well, we must remedie these out-
rages,

And throw reuenge vpon their hatefull heads.
And you, good fellowes, for your houses burnt,
We will remunerate you store of gold, 80
And build your houses by our pallace gate.

Strumbo. Gate! O pettie treason to my
person! nowhere else but by your backside?
Gate! Qh how I am vexed in my collar! Gate!
I crie God mercie! Doo you hear, master
king? If you mean to gratifie such poore men
as we bee, you must build our houses by the
Tauerne. 88

Alba. It shall be done, sir.

Strum. Neare the Tauerne, I! by ladie, sir,
it was spoken like a good fellow. Do you
heare, sir? when our house is builded, if you
do chance to passe or repasse that way, we will
bestowe a quart of the best wine vpon you.

[*Exit*.]

Alb. It grieues me, lordings, that my sub-
iects goods 95

Should thus be spoiled by the *Scithians*,
Who, as you see, with lightfoote forragers
Depopulate the places where they come.
But cursed *Humber* thou shalt rue the day
That ere thou camst vnto *Cathnessa*. 100

[*Exeunt*.]

The 2. Act. Scene 4.

(*The camp of Humber.*)

*Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Trussier, and
their souldiers.*

Hum. *Hubba*, go take a coronet of our
horse,

As many launciers, and light armed knights
As may suffice for such an enterprise,
And place them in the groue of *Caledon*.
With these, when as the skirmish doth encrease,
Retire thou from the shadders of the wood, 6
And set vpon the weakened *Troians* backs,
For pollicie ioyned with chiuallrie
Can neuer be put back from victorie.

[*Exit*.]

Albanact enter and say (clownes with him).

(*Alb.*) Thou base borne *Hunne*, how durst
thou be so bold 10

74 rediffe Q 90 by our lady M S. D. Scene 5
Q Bracketed words add. T 6 shadders Ff S. D.
Enter Albanact, Clownes with him Ff

37 M thinks a line has been lost before this and sug-
gests: But were they brave as Phibia's arm-strong
chief 38 shall T 58 breunning conj. Th:
brending T 67-70 From in Q. Ff: corr. M

As once to menace warlike *Albanact*,
The great commander of these regions?
But thou shalt buy thy rashnesse with thy
death,

And rue too late thy ouer bold attempts;
For with this sword, this instrument of death,
That hath bene drenched in my foe-mens
blood, 16

Ile separate thy bodie from thy head,
And set that coward blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this staffe, great *Strum-*
bos instrument,

Ile crack thy cocksome, paltry Scithian. 20

Hum. Nor wreake I of thy threats, thou
prince of boy,

Nor do I feare thy foolish insolencie;
And but thou better vse thy bragging blade,
Then thou doest rule thy ouerflowing tooing,
Superbious Brittain, thou shalt know too
soone 25

The force of *Humber* and his Scithians.

Let them fight.

Humber and his souldiers runne in.

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

(Exit.)

The 5. Scene.

(Another part of the field of battle.)

Sound the alarme.

Enter Humber and his souldiers.

Hum. How brauely this young Brittain,
Albanact,

Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
Beating downe millions with his furious
moode,

And in his glorie triumphs ouer all, 4
Mouing the massie squadrants of the ground;
Heape(s) hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,
As when *Briareus*, armed with an hundreth
hands,

Floog forth an hundreth mountains at great
Ioue,

And when the monstrous giant *Monichus*
Hurd mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And shot huge cedars at *Mineruas* shield. 11
How doth he ouerlooke with hautie front
My fleeting hostes, and lifts his loftie face
Against vs all that now do feare his force,
Like as we see the wrathfull sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heapt, with hideous
noise, 16

With thousand billowes beat against the ships,
And tosse them in the waues like tennis balls.

21 reek M S. D. Exit add. M S. D. The sixth Act
Q: Scene Sexta Fy Bruchted words add. T 5 squad-
rons off M 6 Heaps M 7 Asom. Q 9 And] As M

Sound the alarme.

Humb. Ay me, I feare my *Hubba* is sur-
prise.

Sound againe; Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, souldiers, follow *Alba-*
nact; 20

Pursue the Scithians flying through the field:
Let none of them escape with victorie;
That they may know the Brittaines force is
more

Then al the power of the trembling *Hannes*.

Thra. Forward, braue souldiers, forward!
keep the chase! 25

He that takes captiue *Humber* or his sonne
Shall be rewarded with a crowne of gold.

Sound alarme, then let them fight, Humber
glue backe, Hubba enter at their backs, and kill
Debon, let Strumbo fall downe, Albanact run
in, and afterwards enter wounded.

Alba. Iniurious fortune, hast thou crost me
thus?

Thus, in the morning of my victories,
Thus, in the prime of my felicitie, 30

To cut me off by such hard ouerthrow!

Hadst thou no time thy rancor to declare,

But in the spring of all my dignities?

Hadst thou no place to spit thy venome out,

But on the person of yoong *Albanact*? 35

I, that ere while did scare mine enemies,

And droue them almost to a shamefull flight,

I, that ere while full lion-like did fare

Amongst the dangers of the thicke throngd
pikes,

Must now depart most lamentably slaine 40

By *Humbers* trecheries and fortunes spights.

Curst be her charms, dammed be her cursed
charms

That doth delude the waiward harts of men,
Of men that trust vnto her fickle wheele, 44

Which neuer leaueth turning vpside downe.

O gods, O heauens, allot me but the place

Where I may finde her hatefull mansion!

Ile passe the Alpes to watry *Meroe*,

Where fierie *Phaebus* in his charriot, 49

The wheels wherof are deckt with Emeraldes,

Casts such a heate, yea such a scorching heate,

And spoileth *Flora* of her checquered grasse;

Ile ouerrun the mountaine *Caucusus*,

Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple shape

Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous
panch, 55

Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge;

Ile passe the frozen Zone where ysie flakes,

42 her charms R: their charms Q, Ff 49

Phoebus Q 51 Casts R: Cast Q, Ff 52 And] As

S: 53 ouertun Ff, etc.

Stopping the passage of the fleeting shippes,
Do lie like mountaines in the congeald sea:
Where if I finde that hatefull house of hers, 60
He pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,
And tie her selfe in euerlasting bands.
But all in vaine I breath these threatnings;
The day is lost, the Hunnes are conquerors,
Debon is slaine, my men are done to death, 65
The currents swift swimme violently with
blood,

And last, O that this last might so long last,
My selfe with woundes past all recovery
Must leaue my crowne for *Humber* to possesse.

Strum. Lord haue mercy vpon vs, masters,
I thinke this is a holie day; euerie man lies
sleeping in the fields, but, God knowes, full
sore against their wills. 73

Thra. Flie, noble *Albanact*, and saue thy
selfe.

The Scithians follow with great celeritie,
And ther's no way but flight, or speedie death;
Flie, noble *Albanact*, and saue thy selfe.

(Exit *Thra.*)

* Sound the alarme.

Alba. Nay, let them flie that feare to die
the death,

That tremble at the name of fatall mors.
Neu'r shall proud *Humber* boast or brag him-
selfe 80

That he hath put yong *Albanact* to flight;
And least he should triumph at my decay,
This sword shall reauce his maister of his life,
That oft hath sau'd his maisters doubtfull life:
But, oh, my brethren, if you care for me, 85
Reuenge my death vpon his traiterous head.

*El vos queis domus est nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido stigios moderamine lucos:
Nox cæci regina poli, iurialis Erinns, 89
Diique decæque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis vndis rigidaque palude.
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore
jerrum.*

[*Thrust himselfe through.*]

Enter *Trompart*.

(*Tr.*) O, what hath he don? his nose bleeds.

But, oh, I smel a foxe:

Looke where my maister lies. Master, master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am
dead. 95

Trum. Yet one word, good master.

Strum. I will not speake, for I am dead, I
tel thee.

Trum. And is my master dead?
O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,
and is my master dead? 100

O you cockatrices and you bablatrices,
that in the woods dwell:

You briars and brambles, you cookes shoppes
and shamles,
come howle and yell.

With howling & screeking, with wailing and
weeping, 105

come you to lament,
O Colliers of *Croyden*, and rusticks of *Royden*,
and fishers of *Kent*;

For *Strumbo* the cobbler, the fine mery cobbler
of *Cythnes* towne: 110

At this same stoure, at this very houre,
lies dead on the ground.

O maister, theeues, theeues, theeues.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny,
bobekin! let me be rising. Be gone; we shall
be robde by and by. [Exit.]

The 6. Scene.

(The camp of the Huns.)

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Segar*, *Thrassier*,
Estrild, and the souldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful shocks of
furious *Mars*,

Thundring alarmes, and *Rhamnustas* drum,
We are retyred with ioyfull victorie.

The slaughtered Troians, squeltring in their
blood,

Infect the aire with their carcasses,
And are a prais for euerie rauenuous bird.

Estrild. So perish they that are our enemies!
So perish they that loue not *Humbers* weale,
And mightie *Ioue*, commander of the world,
Protect my loue from all false trecheries. 10

Hum. Thanks, louely *Estrild*, solace to my
soule.

But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy chivalrie,
Declare against the men of *Albany*,
Loe, here a flowing garland wreath'd of bay,
As a reward for thy forward minde. 15

Set it on his head.

Hub. This vnexpected honor, noble sire,
Will prick my courage vnto brauer deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard exploits,
That all the world shall sound of *Hubbaes*
name.

Hum. And now, braue souldiers, for this
good successe, 20
Carouse whole cups of *Amazonian* wine,

N. D. The 8. Act Q: *Scena Octava Ff* Bracketed
words add, T

- 67 might conf. M: night Q, Ff 76 flight R:
flight Q, Ff S. D. Exit *Thra.* add. M 96 word
M: good Q, Ff

Sweeter then Nectar or Ambrosia,
And cast away the clods of cursed care,
With goblets crown'd with *Semeleus* gifts.
Now let vs march to *Adis* siluer streames, 25
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* fields,
And moist the grassie meades with humid drops.
Sound drummes & trumpets, sound vp cheer-
fully,
Sith we returne with ioy and victorie.

(Exeunt.)

The 3. Act. Prologue.

Enter *Ate* as before. The dumb show.
*A Crocodile sitting on a riuers banke, and
a little Snake stinging it. Then let both
of them fall into the water.*

Ate. Scelera in authorem cadunt.

High on a banke by *Nilus* boystrous streames,
Fearfully eat the *Aegiptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharpe long teethe
The broken bowels of a silly fish. 5
His back was arme against the dint of speare,
With shields of brasse that shind like burnisht
gold;

And as he stretched forth his cruell pawes,
A subtil Adder, creeping closely neare,
Thrusting his forked sting into his clawes, 10
Priuilly shead his poison through his bones;
Which made him swel, that there his bowels
burst,

That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
So *Humber*, hauing conquered *Albanact*,
Doth yeeld his glorie vnto *Loecrines* sword. 15
Marke what ensues and you may easily see,
That all our life is but a Tragedie.

The 1. Scene.

(*Troy novant. An apartment in the Royal
Palace.*)

Enter *Loecrine*, *Guendoline*, *Corineus*, *Assarac*,
Thrasimachus, *Camber*.

Loecrine. And is this true? Is *Albanactus*
slaine?

Hath cursed *Humber*, with his stragling hoste,
With that his armie made of mungrell cures,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end?
O that I had the *Thracian Orpheus* harpe, 5
For to awake out of the infernall shade
Those ougly duels of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned traitors soules!
O that I had *Amphions* instrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes and tunes 10
The flintie loyns of surerie stonie rocke,

28 clouds S S. D. Exeunt add. R S. D.
Prologue) Scene 1 Q S. D. The 2. Scene Q Brack-
eted words add. T

By which the *Scithians* might be punished!
For, by the lightening of almightie *Ioue*,
The *Hunne* shall die, had he ten thousand liues:
And would to God he had ten thousand liues, 15
That I might with the arme-strong *Heracles*
Crop off so vile an *Hidas* hissing heads!
But say me, cousen, for I long to heare,
How *Albanact* came by vntimely death.

Thraci. After the traitorous host of
Scithians 20

Entred the field with martiall equipage, .
Yoong Albanact, impatient of delaie,
Ledde forth his armie gainst the stragling
mates,
Whose multitude did daunt our souldiers
mindes.

Yet nothing could dismay the forward prince,
But with a courage most heroically, 26
Like to a lion amongst a flock of lambes,
Made hauocke of the faintheart fugitiues,
Hewing a passage through them with his
sword.

Yea, we had almost giuen them the repulse,
When suddainly, from out the silent wood, 31
Hubba, with twentie thousand souldiers,
Cowardly came vpon our weakened backes,
And murdered all with fatall massacre.
Amongst the which old *Debon*, martiall knight,
With many wounds was brought vnto the
death, 36

And *Albanact*, opprest with multitude,
Whilst valiantly he feld his enemies,
Yeelded his life and honour to the dust.
He being dead, the souldiers fled amaine, 40
And I alone escaped them by flight,
To bring you tidings of these accidents.

Loecr. Not aged *Priam*, King of stately *Troy*,
Graund Emperour of barbarous *Asia*,
When he beheld his noble minded sonnes 45
Slaine traiterously by all the *Mermidons*,
Lamented more then I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba*, the queene of *Ilium*,
When she beheld the towne of *Pergamus*, 49
Her pallace, burnt with all deuouring flames,
Her fiftie sonnes and daughters fresh of hue
Murthred by wicked *Pirrhus* bloodie sword,
Shed such sad teares as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The grieft of *Niobe*, faire *Athens*
queene, 54
For her seuen sonnes, magnanimous in field,
For her seuen daughters, fairer then the fairest,
Is not to be comarde with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorow for the slaughtred
prince,

In vain you sorrow for his ouerthrow;

18 my cousin M 26 But) He M: Who S 54
Athens *Amphion*'s cony. M

He loues not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seekes to venge the iniurie. 61
Thinke you to quell the enemies warlike
traine

With childish sobs and womannish laments?
Vnsaeth your swords, vnsaeth your con-
quering swords,

And seek reuenge, the comfort for this sore. 65
In *Corwall*, where I hold my regiment,
Euen iust tenne thousand valiant men at
armes

Hath *Corineus* readie at commaund:
All these and more, if need shall more re-
quire,

Hath *Corrineus* readie at commaund. 70

Cam. And in the fields of martiall *Cambria*,
Close by the boystrous *Iscans* siluer streames,
Where lightfoote faires skip from banke to
banke,

Full twentie thousand braue couragious
knights,

Well exercise in feates of chivalrie, 75

In manly mēner most inuincible,
Yoong *Camber* hath with gold and victuall:
All these and more, if need shall more require,
I offer vp to venge my brothers death.

Loc. Thanks, louing vncle, and good bro-
ther, too; 80

For this reuenge, for this sweets word, reuenge
Must ease and cease my wrongfull iniuries.

And by the sword of bloodie *Mars*, I sweare,
Nere shall sweets quiet enter this my front,
Till I be venged on his traiterous head. 85

That slew my noble brother *Albanad*.
Sound drummes and trumpets; muster vp the
camp,

For we will straight march to *Albania*.

[*Exeunt.*]

The 2. Scene.

(*The banks of the river, after ward the Humber.*)

Enter *Humber*, *Estrild*, *Hubba*, *Trussier*, and
the souldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious con-
querors,

Vnto the flowing currents siluer streames,
Which, in memoriall of our victorie,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our posteritie: 5

For sure I hope before the golden sunne
Posteth his horses to faire *Thetis* plaines,
To see the water turned into blood,
And change his blewish hue to rufull red,

By reason of the fatall massacre 10
Which shall be made vpon the virent plaines.

Enter the ghost of *Albanad*.

(*Ghost.*) See how the traitor doth préage
his harme,

See how he glories at his owne decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper losse;
O fortune vilde, vnstable, fickle, fralle! 15
Hum. Me thinkes I see both armies in the
field:

The broken launces clime the cristall skies;
Some headlesse lie, some breathlesse on the
ground,

And eüery place is straw'd with carcasses.
Behold! the grasse hath lost his pleasant
greene, 20

The sweetest sight that euer might be seene.

Ghost. I, traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find
it so.

Yea, to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments.
The grasseie plaines, that now do please thine
eyes, 25

Shall ere the night be coloured all with blood:
The shadeie groues which now inclose thy
campe

And yeeld sweet sauours to thy damned corpe,
Shall ere the night be figured all with blood:
The profound streame, that passeth by thy
tents, 30

And with his moisture serueth all thy campe,
Shall ere the night conuerted be to blood,—
Yea, with the blood of those thy stragling boyes;
For now reuenge shall ease my lingring grieke,
And now reuenge shall glut my longing soule.

Hub. Let come what wil, I meane to beare
it out, 36

And either liue with glorious victorie,
Or die with fame renowned for chivalrie.
He is not worthie of the honie combe,
That shuns the hieues because the bees haue
stings: 40

That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand daungers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our regall minde,
Which aims at nothing but a golden crowne,
The only vnsat of mine enterprises. 45

Were they enchanted in grimme *Pisces* court,
And kept for treasure amongst his hellish crue,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the armie of his hatefull hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched *Stilphos*. 50

64 conquering sword Q. Ff: corr. R 72 Isca's
Naz. 82 myl thy Q S. D. The 3. Scene Q
Bracketed words add. T 8 water M: waters Q, Ff
9 change] ? changed pr. ed.

S. D. Almanac Q 12 Prefx add. R 19 And Q
20 his) its T 38 renown'd Ff, etc. 46 M suggests
that a line has been lost after 46 enchanted) enchained
conj. M 50 Stilphos Q

Hum. Right martiall be thy thoughts my noble sonne,
And all thy words sauour of chivalrie.—

(*Enter Segar.*)

But warlike *Segar*, what strange accidents
Makes you to leaue the warding of the campe.

Segar. To armes, my Lord, to honourable armes! 55

Take helme and targe in hand; the Brittaines come,

With greater multitude then erst the Greekes
Brought to the ports of Phrygian *Tenidos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these accidents?

What counsell giues he in extremities? 60

Seg. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth vs:

That resolution is a sole helpe at need.

And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth vs:

That we be bold in euerie enterprise.

Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for victorie. 66

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I meane to be,

Perhaps some blisfull starre will fauour vs,

And comfort bring to our perplexed state.

Come, let vs in and fortifie our campe, 70
So to withstand their strong inuasion.

[*Exeunt.*]

The 3. Scene.

(*Before the hut of a peasant.*)

Enter Strumbo, Trumpart, Oliuer, and his sonne William following them.

Strum. Nay, neighbour *Oliuer*, if you be so whot, come, prepare yourselfe. You shall finde two as stout fellows of vs, as any in all the North. 4

Oliu. No, by my dorth, neighbor *Strumbo*. Ich see dat you are a man of small sideration, dat wil seek to iniure your olde vrendes, one of your vamiliar guests; and derefore, seeing your pinion is to deale withouten reason, iche and my sonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall be fardest vrom reason. How zay you, will you haue my daughter or no? 12

Strum. A verie hard question, neighbour, but I will solve it as I may. What reason haue you to demaund it of me?

Wil. Marry, sir, what reason had you, when my sister was in the barne, to tumble her vpon the hale, and to flah her belly. 18

Strum. Mas, thou saist true. Well, but would you haue me marry her therefore? No,

S. D. add. R 62 a om. *S* *S. D.* The 4. Scene Q
Bracketed words add. T

I scorne her, and you, and you. I, I scorne you all. 22

Oliu. You will not haue her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true gentleman.

Wil. Then wil we schoole you, ere you and we part hence. 26

(*They fight.*)

Enter Margerie and snatch the staffe out of her brothers hand, as he is fighting.

Strum. I, you come in pudding time, or else I had drest them.

Mar. You, master sausebox, lobcock, cockscomb, you slopsauce, lickfingers, will you not heare? 31

Strum. Who speake you too? me?

Mar. I, sir, to you, *Iohn* lackhonestie, little wit. Is it you that will haue none of me?

Strum. No, by my troth, mistresse nicebice. How fine you can nickname me. I think you were brought vp in the vniuersitie of bridewell; you haue your rhetoric so ready at your toongs end, as if you were neuer well warned when your were yong. 40

Mar. Why then, Goodman cods-head, if you wil haue none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plaine, mistresse drigle dragle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence, we must haue more words. You will haue none of me? 47

(*They both fight.*)

Strum. Oh my head, my head! leaue, leaue, leaue! I will, I will, I will!

Mar. Vpon that condition I let thee alone. 50

Oliu. How now, master *Strumbo*? hath my daughter taught you a new lesson?

Strum. I, but heare you, Goodman *Oliuer*: it will not bee for my ease to haue my head broken euerie day; therefore remedie this and we shall agree. 56

Oli. Well, zonne, well—for you are my zonne now—all shall be remedied. Daughter, be friends with him. [*Shake hands.*]

(*Exeunt Oliver, William, and Margery.*)

Strum. You are a sweet nut! The diuel crack you. Maisters, I thinke it be my lucke: my first wife was a louing quiet wench, but this, I thinke, would weary the diuell. I would she might be burnt as my other wife was. If not, I must runne to the halter for help. O codpeece, thou hast done thy maister! this it is to be meddling with warme plackets. [*Exeunt.*]

26 *S. D.* add. *M* 59 *S. D.* Bracketed words add. *M*
66 done *Q*, *M*: undone *Ff*, *R*, etc.

The 4. Scene.

(The camp of Locrine.)

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Thrastimachus, Assarachus.

Loc. Now am I garded with an hoste of men,
Whose haucie courage is inuincible:
Now am I hembde with troupes of souldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire, .
And make her tremble at their puissance: 5
Now git I like the mightie god of warre,
When, armed with his coat of Adament,
Mounted his charriot drawne with mighty

bulls,
He droue the Argiues ouer *Xanthus* streames:
Now, cursed *Humber*, doth thy ond draw nie.
Downe goes the glorie of thy victories, 11
And all thy fame, and all thy high renowne
Shall in a moment yeeld to *Locrines* sword.
Thy bragging banners crost with argent
streames,

The ornaments of thy pauillions, 15
Shall all be captiuated with this hand,
And thou thy selfe, at *Albanactus* tombe,
Shalt offred be in satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he
liu'd.—

But canst thou tell me, braue *Thrasimachus*, 20
How farre we are distant from *Humbers* campe?

Thra. My Lord, within yon foule accursed
groue,
That beares the tokens of our ouerthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrencht this damned campe.
March on, my Lord, because I long to see 25
The trecherous Scithians squeltring in their
gore.

Locri. Sweet fortune, fauour *Locrine* with
a smile,

That I may venge my noble brothers death;
And in the midst of statly *Troinouant*,
He build a temple to thy deitie 30
Of perfect marble and of *Iacynth* stones,
That it shall passe the high *Pyramides*,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The armestrong offspring of the
doubled night,

Stout *Hercules*, *Alcmenas* mightie sonne, 35
That tamde the monsters of the threefold
world,

And rid the oppressed from the tyrants yokes,
Did neuer shew such valiantnesse in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanad*.

N. D. The 5. Scene *Q*. Bracketed words add. *T* 8
his liu's *T* 11 his *T*: thy old add. 12 his . . his
T: thy . . thy old add. 21 we distant are *Ham.* 22
yon *N*: your *Q*, *Ff* 29 *Troinouant* *Q* 34 doubled
night *Sf*: doubted knight *Q*, *Ff*: doubted night *T*

Cori. Full foure score yeares hath *Corineus*
liu'd, 40

Sometime in warre, sometime in quiet peace,
And yet I feele my selfe to be as strong
As erst I was in sommer of mine age, .
Able to tosse this great vnwildie club
Which hath bin painted with my foemens
brains; 45

And with this club he breake the strong arraie
Of *Humber* and his stragling souldiers,
Or loose my life amongst the thickest prease,
And die with honour in my latest daies.

Yet ere I die they all shall vnderstand 50
What force lies in stout *Corineus* hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the
fight,

Either for weaknesse or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his came,
Or that braue *Corineus* was his sire. 55

Loc. Then courage, souldiers, first for your
safetie,

Next for your peace, last for your victory.
[*Exeunt.*

(Scene V. The field of battle.)

Sound the alarms.

*Enter Hubba and Segar at one doore, and
Corineus at the other.*

Cori. Art thou that *Humber*, prince of
fugitiues,

That by thy treason slewt yong *Albanad*?

Hub. I am his sonne that slew yong
Albanad,

And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
He send thy soule vnto the Stigian lake, 5
There to complaine of *Humbers* iniuries.

Cori. You triumph, sir, before the victorie,
For *Corineus* is not so soone slaine.

But, cursed Scithians, you shall rue the day
That ere you came into *Albania*. 10

So perish they that enuie Brittaines wealth,
So let them die with endlesse infamie;

And he that seekes his soueraignes ouerthrow,
Would this my club might aggrauate his woe.

[*Strikes them both downe with his club.*

(Scene VI. Another part of the field.)

Enter Humber.

(Ham.) Where may I finde some desert
wildernesse,

Where I may breath out curses as I would,
And scare the earth with my condemning
voice;

S. D. Scene V. add. *M*: place first indicated *T* 11 they
that] that they *Q* *S. D.* Scene VI. add. *M*: place first
indicated *T*

Where euerie echoes repercussion
May helpe me to bewaile mine ouerthrow, 5
And aide me in my sorrowfull lamenta?
Where may I finde some hollow vncoth rocke,
Where I may damne, condemne, and ban my
all

The heauens, the hell, the earth, the aire, the
fire,

And vtter curses to the conceale skie, 10
Which may infect the airy regions,
And light vpon the Brittain *Lochrines* head?
You vgly sprites that in *Cocitus* mourne,
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments:
You fearfull dogs that in black *Læthe* howle,
And scare the ghoasts with your wide open
throats: 16

You vgly ghoasts that, flying from these dogs,
Do plunge your selues in *Puryflegiton*:
Come, all of you, and with your shrieking notes
Accompanie the Brittaines conquering hoast.
Come, fierce *Erynns*, horrible with snakes; 21
Come, vgly *Furies*, armed with your whippes;
You threefold iudges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the armie of you hellish fiends,
With new found torments rack proud *Lochrins*
bones! 25

O gods, and starres! damned be the gods &
starres
That did not drowne me in faire *Thetis* plaines!
Curst be the sea, that with outrageous waues,
With surging billowes did not riuie my shippes
Against the rocks of high *Cerannia*, 30
Or swallow me into her watric gulfe!
Would God we had arriu'd vpon the shore
Where *Poliphenus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloodie *Anthrophophagie*
With greedie iawes deuours the wandring
wights! 35

Enter the ghost of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanacts* bloodie ghoast,
To bring a corsiue to our miseries?
Is not enough to suffer shamefull flight,
But we must be tormented now with ghoasts,
With apparitions fearfull to behold? 40

Ghost. Reuenge! reuenge for blood!

Hum. So nought wil satisfie your wandring
ghost

But dire reuenge, nothing but *Humbers* fall,
Because he conquer you in *Albany*.

Now, by my soule, *Humber* would be con-
demn'd 45

To *Tartars* hunger or *Ixtions* wheele,

15 You] Yea Q 20 Accompaie Q 24 your F 2
30 Coraunia M 31 swallow M: swallowed Q, Fy
33 Poliphenus Q 34 Anthrophophagie Q: An-
thropophagites Fope 42 you J

Or to the vultur of *Prometheus*,
Rather then that this murder were vndone.
When as I die ile dragge thy cursed ghoast
Through all the riuers of foule *Erebus*, 50
Through burning sulphur of the *Limbq-lake*,
To allaie the burning furie of that heate
That rageth in mine euerlasting soule.
Alba. ghost. *Vindicta, vindicta.* [*Exeund.*

The 4. Act. Prologue.

Enter Ate as before. Then let their follow
Omphale, daughter to the king of Lydia,
hauing a club in her hand, and a lions
skinne on her back, Hercules following
with a distaffe. Then let Omphale turn
about, and taking off her pantofle, strike
Hercules on the head; then let them depart,
Ate remaining, saying:

Quem non Argolici mandata seuera Tyranni,
Non potuit Iuno vincere, vicit amor.

Stout *Hercules*, the mirrour of the world,
Sonne to *Alcmena* and great *Iupiter*,
After so many conquests wonne in field, 5
After so many monsters queld by force,
Yielded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,
A fearfull woman voyd of manly strength.
She tooke the club, and ware the lions skinne;
He tooke the wheele, and maidenly gan spinne.
So martiall *Lochrine*, cheerd with victorie, 11
Falleth in lous with *Humbers* concubine,
And so forgetteth peerlesse *Guendoline*.
His vnle *Corineus* stormes at this,
And forceth *Lochrine* for his grace to sue. 15
Loe here the summe, the processe doth ensue.
[*Exit.*

The 1. Scene.

(*The camp of Lochrine.*)

Enter Lochrine, Camber, Corineus, Assaracus,
Thrasimachus, and the souldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellonis* broiles,
With sound of drumme and trumpets melodie,
The Brittain king returnes triumphantly.
The Scithians slaine with great occision
Do equalize the grasse in multitude, 5
And with their blood haue stained the streaming
brookes,
Offering their bodies and their dearest blood
As sacrifice to *Albanacts* ghoast.
Now, cursed *Humber*, hast thou payd thy due,
For thy deceits and craftie trecheries, 10
For all thy gullies and damned stratagems,
With losse of life, and euerduring shame.

Prologue] Scene 1 Q 9 wore Fy S. D. The
2. Scene Q Bracketed words add. T

Where are thy horses trapt with burniaht gold,
Thy trampling coursers rudde with foming bits?
Where are thy souldiers, strong and number-
lesse, 15

Thy valiant captains and thy noble peeres?
Euen as the countrie clownes with sharpest
sithes
Do mowe the withored grasse from off the
earth,

Or as the ploughman with his piercing share
Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields, 20
And fippeth vp the rootes with razours keene:
So *Locrine* with his mightie curtleeaxe
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hunnes*;
So *Locrines* peeres haue daunted all thy peeres,
And droue thine hoast vnto confusion, 25
That thou maist suffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdring valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest
be seru'd

That seekes to enter *Albion* gainst our willes.
If the braue nation of the *Troglodites*, 30

If all the cojleblacke *Aethiopians*,
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the hostes of the Barbarian lands,
Should dare to enter this our little world,
Soone should they rue their ouerbold attempts,
That after vs our progenie may say, 36
There lie the beaasts that sought to vsurp our
land.

Loc. I, they are beaasts that seekes to vsurp
our land,

And like to brutish beaasts they shall be seru'd.
For mightie *Ioue*, the supream king of
heauen, 40

That guides the concourse of the *Metors*,
And rules the motion of the azure skie,
Fights alwaies for the Brittaines safetie.—
But staie! mee thinkes I heare some shrieking
noise,

That draweth neare to our pauillion. 45

Enter the souldiers leading in Estrild.

Estrild. What prince so ere, adorn'd with
golden crowne,

Doth away the regall scepter in his hand,
And thinks no chance can euer throw him
downe,

Or that his state shall euerlasting stand:
Let him behold poore *Estrild* in this plight, 50
The perfect platforme of a troubled wight.
Once was I guarded with manortiall bands,
Compast with princes of the noble blood;
Now am I fallen into my foemens hands,
And with my death must pacifie their mood.

46 crowne om. Q: supplied Ff 47 sceptler Q
52 manortiall Q 53 noblest T

O life, the harbour of calamities! 56
O death, the haufen of all miseries!

I could compare my sorrowes to thy woe,
Thou wretched queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou woldst thy enemies ouerthrow.
Nigh to the rocke of high *Caphareus*, 61
Thou sawst their death, and then departedst
thence;

I must abide the victors insolence.
The gods that pittied thy continuall grieve
Transformd thy corps, and with thy corps thy
care; 65

Poore *Estrild* liues despairing of reliefe,
For friends in trouble are but fewe and rare.
What, said I fewe? I! fewe or none at all,
For cruell death made hauock of them all.

Thrice happie they whose fortune was so
good, 70

To end their liues, and with their liues their
woes!

Thrice haplesse I, whome fortune so with-
stood,

That cruelly she gaue me to my foes!
Oh, souldiers, is there any miserie,

To be comparde to fortunes trecherie. 75

Loc. Camber, this same shuld be the
Scithian queen.

Cam. So may we iudge by her lamenting
words.

Loc. So faire a dame mine eyes did neuer
see;

With floods of woes she seems orewhelmed to
bee.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath she not a cause for to
be sad? 80

Locrine (at one side of the stage).
If she haue cause to weepe for *Humbers* death,

And shead sault teares for her ouerthrow,
Locrine may well bewaile his proper grieve,
Locrine may moue his owne peculiar woe.

He, being conquerd, died a speedie death, 85
And felt not long his lamentable smart;

I, being conqueror, liue a lingring life,
And feele the force of *Cupids* suddaine stroke.

I gaue him cause to die a speedie death,
He left me cause to wish a speedie death. 90

Oh that sweete face painted with natures dye,
Those roseall cheeks mist with a snowy white,

That decent necke surpassing yuorie,
Those comely breasts which *Venus* well might
spite, 94

Are like to snares which wylie fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding heart is prisoner caught.

The golden tresses of her daintie haire,

80 *Locrine* om. N 82 her] his dread S: her own
Molt. 85 He] *Humber* S 88 stroke] dart conj.
Th. for sake of rhyme 92 mist Q

Which shine like rubies glittering with the sunne, ⁹⁸

Haue so entrapt poore *Loctrines* lousieck heart,
That from the same no way it can be wonne.
How true is that which oft I heard declard,
One dramme of ioy, must haue a pound of care.

Estr. Hard is their fall who, from a golden crown,
Are cast into a sea of wretchednesse.

Loc. Hard is their thrall who by *Cupids* frowne ¹⁰⁵

Are wrapt in waues of endlesse carefulnesse.

Estr. Oh kingdome, obiect to all miseries.

Loc. Oh loue, the extreemst of all extremities.

Let him go into his chaire.

A sold. My Lord, in ransacking the Scithian tents,

I found this Ladie, and to manifest ¹¹⁰

That earnest zeale I beare vnto your grace,

I here present her to your maiestie.

Another sold. He lies, my Lord; I found the Ladie first,

And here presert her to your maiestie.

1. *Sold.* Presumptuous villaine, wilt thou take my prize? ¹¹⁵

2. *Sold.* Nay, rather thou depriest me of my right.

1. *Sol.* Resigne thy title, catiue, vnto me,
Or with my sword ile pearce thy cowards loines.

2. *Sol.* Soft words, good sir, tis not inogh to speak;

A barking dog doth sildome strangers bite.

Loc. Vnreuerent villains, striue you in our sight? ¹²¹

Take them hence, Taylor, to the dungeon;

There let them lie and trie their quarrell out.

But thou, faire princesse, be no whit dismayd,

But rather ioy that *Lochrine* fauours thee. ¹²⁵

Estr. How can he fauor me that slew my spouse?

Loc. The chance of war, my loue, tooke him from thee.

Estr. But *Lochrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an enemy to *Loctrines* state,
And slue my noble brother *Albanact*. ¹³⁰

Estr. But he was linkt to me in marriage bond,

And would you haue me loue his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to liue, then not to liue at all.

Estrild. Better to die renownd for chastitie,

101 declare *S* 105 by *Cupido's M*: still by
Cupido's T 107 object subject *S* 133 Better
to love conj. *St*: Better to loue and liue conj. *pr. ed.*

Then liue with shame and endlesse infamie.

What would the common sort report of me,
If I forget my loue, and cleaue to thee? ¹³⁷

Loc. Kings need not feare the vulgar sentences.

Estr. But Ladies must regard their honest name.

Loc. Is it a shame to liue in marriage bonds?

Estr. No, but to be a strumpet to a king.

Loc. If thou wilt yeeld to *Loctrines* burning loue,

Thou shalt be queene of faire *Albanta*.

Estr. But *Guendoline* will vndermine my state.

Lo. Vpon mine honor, thou shalt haue no harme. ¹⁴⁵

Estr. Then lo, braue *Lochrine*, *Estrild* yeelds to thee;

And by the gods whom thou doest inuocate,

By the dead ghoast of thy deceased sire,

By thy right hand and by thy burning loue,

Take pitie on poore *Estrilds* wretched thrall:
Cori. Hath *Lochrine* then forgot his *Guendoline*, ¹⁵¹

That thus he courts the Scithians paramore?

What, are the words of *Brute* so soone forgot?

Are my deserts so quickly out of minde?

Haue I bene faithfull to thy sire now dead, ¹⁵⁵

Haue I protected thee from *Humbers* hands,

And doest thou quite me with vngratitude?

Is this the guerdon for my greuous wounds,

Is this the honour for my labors past?

Now, by my sword, *Lochrine*, I sweare to thee,

This iniury of thine shall be repaide. ¹⁶¹

Loc. Vncle, scorne you your royall soueraigne,

As if we stood for cyphers in the court?

Vpbraid you me with those your benefits?

Why, it was a subjects dutie so to do. ¹⁶⁵

What you haue done for our deceased sire,

We know, and all know you haue your reward.

Cori. Auauunt, proud princeaxe; bran't thou me withall?

Assure thy self, though thou be Emperor,

Thou nere shalt carry this vnpunished. ¹⁷⁰

Cam. Pardon my brother, noble *Corineus*;

Pardon this once and it shall be amended.

Assar. Cousin, remember *Brutus* latest words,

How he desired you to cherish them;

Let not this fault so much incense your minde,

Which is not yet passed all remedie. ¹⁷⁶

Cori. Then, *Lochrine*, loe, I reconcile my selfe;

But as thou lou'st thy life, so loue thy wife.

156 hand *F2*, etc. 157 quit *Ff*, etc. ingrati-
tude *M*

But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and reuenge shall light vpon thy head.
Come, let vs backe to stately *Troinuant*, 181
Where all these matters shall be setteled.

Locrine (to himselfe). Millions of diuels wayt
vpon thy soule!

Legions of spirits vexe thy impious ghoast!
Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones!
Let euemie thing that hath the vse of breath 186
Be instruments and workers of thy death!

[*Exeunt.*]

The 2. Scene.

(*A forest.*)

*Enter Humber alone, his haire hanging ouer
his shoulders, his armes all bloodie, and
a dart in one hand.*

Hum. What basiliskt was hatched in this
place,

Where euerie thing consumed is to nought?

What fearefull Furie haunts these cursed
groues,

Where not a roote is left for *Humbers* meate?

Hath fell *Alecto*, with inuenomed blasts, 5

Breathed forth poyson in these tender plaines?

Hath triple *Cerberus*, with contagious fome,

Sowde *Aconitum* mongst these withered
hearbets?

Hath dreadfull *Fames* with her charming rods

Brought barreinneesse on euery fruitfull tree?

What, not a roote, no frute, no beast, no bird,

To nourish *Humber* in this wilderness? 12

What would you more, you fiends of *Erebus*?

My verie intralls burne for want of drinke,

My bowels crie, *Humber*, giue vs some meate.

But wretched *Humber* can giue you no meate;

These foule accursed groues affoord no meat.

This fruitles soyle, this ground, brings forth no
meat. 18

The gods, hard harted gods, yeeld me no meat.

Then how can *Humber* giue you any meat?

*Enter Strumbo with a pitchfork, and a scotch-
cap, saying:*

How do you, maisters, how do you? how haue

you scaped hanging this long time? Yfaith,

I haue scapt many a scouring this yeare; but

I thanke God I haue past them all with a good

corragio, *couragio*, & my wife & I are in

great loue and charitie now, I thank my man-

hood & my strength. For I wil tell you,

maisters: vpon a certain day at night I came

home, to say the verie truth, with my stomacke

full of wine, and ran vp into the chamber

where my wife soberly sate rocking my little

babie, leaning her back against the bed, sing-

ing lullable. Now, when she saw me come

with my nose formost, thinking that I (had)

bin drunk, as I was indeede, (she) snatcht vp

a fagot stick in her hand, and came furiously

marching towards me with a bigge face, as

though shee would haue eaten mee at a bit;

thundering out these words vnto me: *Thou*

drunken knaue, where hast thou bin so long?

I shall teach thee how to benight mee an other

time; and so shee began to play knaues

trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she

would set her ten commandements in my face,

(I) ran within her, and taking her lustily by the

middle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and

finging her vpon it, flung my selfe vpon her;

and there I delighted her so with the sport I

made, that euer after she wold call me sweet

husband, and so banisht brawling for euer.

And to see the good will of the wench! she

bought with her portion a yard of land, and

by that I am now become one of the richest

men in our parish. Well, masters, whats a

clocke? it is now breakfast time; you shall see

what meat I haue here for my breakfast. 56

[*Let him sit down and pull out*

his villalles.

Hum. Was euer land so fruitlesse as this

land?

Was euer groue so gracelesse as this groue?

Was euer soyle so barren as this soyle?

Oh no: the land where hungry *Fames* dwelt

May no wise sequalize this cursed land; 61

No, euen the climat of the torrid zone

Brings forth more fruit then this accursed

groue.

Nere came sweet *Ceres*, nere came *Venus* here;

Triptolemus, the god of husbandmen, 65

Nere sowd his seed in this foule wilderness.

The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,

Chast from the ninefold *Purification*,

Haue set their footesteps in this damned

ground. 69

The yron harted Furies, arm'd with snakes,

Scattered huge *Hidras* ouer all the plaines,

Which haue consum'd the grasse, the herbes,

the trees;

Which haue drunke vp the flowing water

springs.

Strumbo, hearing his voice, shall start vp

and put mead in his pocket, seeking to

hide himselfe.

Hum. Thou great commander of the starry

skie, 74

24 had on. Q 25 she add. M 45 I add. M

S. D. The 3. Scene Q Bracketed words add. S
in) on S 11 nor fruit, nor beast, nor bird S
24 good corragio, and M

That guidst the life of euerie mortall wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting clouds
Raine downe some foode, or else I faint and
die:

Powe downe some drinke, or else I faint and
die.

O *Iupiter*, hast thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish shape to minister some foode? so
Some meate! some meate! some meate!

Strum. O, alas, sir, ye are deceiued. I
am not *Mercury*; I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Giue me som meat, villain; giue me
som meat,

Or gainst this rock Ile dash thy cursed braines,
And rent thy bowels with my bloodie hands. so
Giue me some meat, villaine; giue me some
meat!

Strum. By the faith of my bodie, good
fellow, I had rather giue an whole oxe
then that thou shuldst serue me in that sort.
Dash out my braines? O horrible! terrible!
I thinke I haue a quarry of stones in my pocket.

Let him make as though hee would giue
him some, and as he pulleth out his
hand, enter the ghost of Albanact, and
strike him on the hand: and so *Strumbo*
runnes out, *Humber* following him.

[*Exit.*

Alba. ghost. Loe, here the gift of fell
ambition,

Of vsurpation and of trecherie! 94
Loe, here the harmes that wait vpon all those
That do intrude themselues in others lands,
Which are not vnder their dominion. [*Exit.*

The 3. Scene.

(A chamber in the Royal Palace.)

Enter *Lochrine* alone.

Loc. Seuen yeares hath aged *Corineus* liu'd,
To *Lochrines* griefe, and faire *Estrildas* woe,
And seuen yeares more he hopeth yet to liue.
Oh supreme *Ioue*, annihilate this thought!
Should he enioy the aires fruition? 5
Should he enioy the benefit of life?
Should he contemplate the radiant sunne,
That makes my life equal to dreadfull death?
Venus, conuay this monster fro the earth,
That disobeieth thus thy sacred heate! 10
Cupid, conuay this monster to darke hell,
That disannuls thy mothers sugred lawes!
Mars, with thy target all beset with flames,
With murdering blade bereaue him of his life,
That hindreth *Lochrine* in his sweetest ioyes!
And yet, for all his diligent aspect, 16

so you N. S. D. The 4. Scene Q. Bracketed words
add. S. 7 soune Q: sun Fy 9 from F2

His wrathfull eies, piercing like *Linces* eies,
Well haue I ouermatcht his subtiltie.
Nigh Deurolitum, by the pleasant Lee,
Where brackish *Thamis* slides with siluer
streames, 20

Making a breach into the grassie downes,
A curious arch, of costly marble fraught,
Hath *Lochrine* framed vnderneath the ground;
The walls whereof, garnisht with diamonds,
With ophirs, rubies, glistering emeralds, 25
And interlast with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the roome with artificiall day:
And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is deriu'd into this arch,
Where I haue placed faire *Estrild* secretly. 30
Thither oftsoones, accompanied with my page,
I couertly visit my harts desire,
Without suspicion of the meanest eie;
For loue aboundeth still with pollicie:
And thither still meanes *Lochrine* to repaire,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine vnles life. 36

[*Exit.*

The 4. Scene.

(The entrance of a cave, near which runs the
river, afterward the *Humber*.)

Enter *Humber* alone, saying:

Hum. O vita misero longa, felici breuis,
Eheu! malorum fames extremum
malum.

Long haue I liued in this desert caue,
With eating hawes and miserable rootes,
Deuouring leaues and beastly excrements. 5
Cauces were my beds, and stones my pillow-
beares,

Feare was my sleep, and horror was my
dreame,
For still me thought, at euery boisterous blast,
Now *Lochrine* comes, now, *Humber*, thou must
die: 9

So that for feare and hunger, *Humbers* minde
Can neuer rest, but alwaies trembling stands,
O, what *Danubius* now may quench my thirst?
What *Euphrates*, what lightfoot *Euripus*,
May now alliaie the furie of that heat,
Which, raging in my entralls, eates me vp? 15
You gastly diuels of the ninefold *Sickes*,
You damned ghosts of loyleesse *Acheron*,
You mournfull soules, vext in *Abissus* vaults,
You coleblack diuels of *Aernus* pond,
Come, with your fleshhooks rent my famisht
arms, 20
These armes that haue sustained their maiesties
life.

19 Deurolitum N: Deurolitum Q. Fy 22 wrought
comp. SL 24 garnish Q. S. D. The 5. Scene Q
Bracketed words add. S 2 Eheu malorum Q

Come, with your raisours rippe my bowels vp,
With your sharp fireforks crack my sterued
bones:

Vse me as you will, so *Humber* may not liue.
Accursed gods, that rule the starry poles, 25
Accursed *Ioue*, king of the cursed gods,
Cast downe your lightning on poore *Humbers*
head,

That I may leaue this deathlike life of mine!
What, heare you not? and shall not *Humber* die?
Nay, I will die, though all the gods say nay! 30
And, gentle *Aby*, take my troubled corpe,
Take it and keep it from all mortall eies,
That none may say, when I haue lost my
breath,
The very fouds conspird gainst *Humbers*
death.

[*Fling himselfe into the riuer.*]

Enter the ghost of Albanact.

En cadem sequitur cades, in cade quiesco. 35
Humber is dead! ioy heauen! leap earth!
dance trees!

Now maist thou reach thy apples, *Tantalus*,
And with them feed thy hunger-bitten limmes!
Now, *Sisiphus*, leaue tumbling of thy rock,
And rest thy restlesse bones vpon the same!
Vnbind *Ixion*, cruell *Rhadamanth*, 41
And laie proud *Humber* on the whirling wheele.
Backe will I post to hell mouth *Tenarus*,
And passe *Cocitus*, to the Elysian fields,
And tell my father *Brutus* of these newes. 45
[*Exil.*]

The 5. Act. Prologue.

*Enter Ate as before. Iason, leading Creons
daughter. Medea, following, hath a gar-
land in her hand, and putting it on Creons
daughters head, setteth it on fire, and then,
killing Iason and her, departeth.*

*Ate. Non tam Tinacriti exaestuat Aedna
cauernis,
Lassa furtiuo quam cor mulieris
amore.*

*Medea, seeing Iason leaue her loue,
And choose the daughter of the Thebane king,
Went to her diuellish charmes to worke
revenge; 5
And raising vp the triple Hecate,
With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
Framed a garland by her magick skill,
With which she wrought Iason and Creons ill.
So Guendoline, seeing her selfe misv'd, 10
And Humbers paramour possesse her place,
Flies to the dukedome of Cornubia,*

31 Abus Har. Prologue] Scene 1 Q 1 Tinacriti
exaestuat Q: corr. Ff.

And with her brother, stout *Thrasimachus*,
Gathering a power of Cornish souldiers,
Giues battaile to her husband and his hosts,
Nigh to the riuer of great *Mertia*. 16
The chances of this dismall massacre
That which insueth shortly will vnfold. [*Exil*]

The 1. Scene.

[*A chamber in the Royal Palace.*]

*Enter Locrine, Camber, Amarrachus,
Thrasimachus.*

*Assa. But tell me, cousin, died my brother
so?*

Now who is left to helpelesse *Albion*,
That as a pillar might vphold our state,
That might strike terror to our daring foes?
Now who is left to haplesse *Brittanie*, 5
That might defend her from the barbarous
hands

Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seeke to worke her downfall and decays?
*Cam. I, vnle, death is our common
enemir,
And none but death can match our matchles
power: 10*

Witness the fall of *Albionens* crewe,
Witness the fall of *Humber* and his *Hunnes*.
And this foule death hath now increast our
woe,
By taking *Corineus* from this life,
And in his roome leauing vs worlds of care. 15
*Thra. But none may more bewaile his
mournful hearse,*

Then I that am the issue of his loines.
Now foule befall that cursed *Humbers* throat,
That was the causor of his lingring wound.

*Lo. Teares cannot raise him from the dead
again. 20*

But wher's my Ladie, mistresse *Guendoline*?
*Thra. In Cornwall, Locrine, is my sister
now,*

Prourding for my fathers funerall.
*Lo. And let her ther prouide her mourning
weeds*

And mourne for euer her owne widdow-hood.
Ner shall she come within our pallace gate, 25
To countercheck braue *Locrins* in his loue.
Go, boy, to *Deurolitum*, downe the Lee,
Vnto the arch where louely *Edrild* lies.
Bring her and *Sabren* strait vnto the court; 30
She shall be queene in *Guendolines* roome.
Let others waile for *Corineus* death;
I meene not so to macerate my minde
For him that hard me from my hearts desire.

N. D. The 2. Scene Q Bractid words add. N
1 my] by Q 28 Deurolitum Q. Ff: Durolitum N

Thra. Hath *Locrine*, then, forsooke his
Guendoline? 35

Is *Corineus* death so soone forgot?

If there be gods in heauen, as sure there be,
 If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,
 They will reuenge this thy notorious wrong,
 And powre their plagues vpon thy cursed head.

Loc. What! prai'st thou, peasant, to thy
 soueraigne? 41

Or art thou strooken in some extasie?

Doest thou not tremble at our royall lookes?

Dost thou not quake, when mighty *Locrine*
 frowns?

Thou beardlesse boy, wer't not that *Locrine*
 scornes 45

To vex his mind with such a hartlesse childe,
 With the sharpe point of this my battale-axe,
 I would send thy soule to *Puriflegiton*.

Thra. Though I be yong and of a tender
 age,

Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares. 50

My noble father with his conquering sword,

Slew the two giants, kings of *Aquitaine*.

Thrasimachus is not so degenerate

That he should feare and tremble at the lookes

Or taunting words of a venerian squire. 55

Loc. Menacest thou thy roiall soueraigne,

Vnciuill, not beeseeming such as you?

Iniurious traitor (for he is no lesse

That at defiance standeth with his king)

Leaue these thy tauntes, leaue these thy brag-
 ging words, 60

Vnlesse thou meane to leaue thy wretched life.

Thra. If princes staine their glorious dig-
 nitie

With ugly spots of monstrous infamie,

They leese their former estimation,

And throw themselves into a hell of hate. 65

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,

As though thou didst our high displeasure
 scorne?

Proud boy, that thou maist know thy prince is
 mou'd,

Yea, greatly mou'd at this thy swelling pride,
 We banish thee for euer from our court. 70

Thra. Then, losell *Locrine*, looke vnto thy
 selfe,

Thrasimachus will venge this iniurie. [*Exit.*]

Lo. Farwel, proud boy, and learn to vse thy
 toong.

Asa. Alas, my Lord, you shuld haue cald
 to mind

The latest words that *Brutus* spake to you: 75

How he desirde you, by the obedience

That children ought to beare vnto their aire,

45 wert 0 52 giant kings N 57 thou S 61
 mean'st P?

To loue and fauour Ladie *Guendoline*.

Consider this, that if the iniurie

Do mooue her mind, as certainly it will, 80

Warre and dissention followes speedely.

What though her power be not so great as
 yours?

Haue you not seene a mightie elephant
 Slaine by the biting of a silly mouse?

Euen so the chance of warre inconstant is. 85

Loc. Peace, vncle, peace, and cease to talke
 hereof;

For he that seekes, by whispering this or that,
 To trouble *Locrine* in his sweetest life,

Let him perswade himselfe to die the death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild and Sabren.

Estr. O, say me, Page, tell me, where is the
 king? 90

Wherefore doth he send for me to the court?

Is it to die? is it to end my life?

Say me, sweete boy, tell me and do not faine!

Page. No, trust me, madame; if you will
 credit the litle honestie that is yet left me,
 there is no such danger as you feare. But
 prepare your selfe; yonders the king. 97

Estr. Then, *Estrild*, lift thy dazled spirits
 vp,

And blesse that blessed time, that day, that
 houre,

That warlike *Locrine* first did fauour thee.

Peace to the king of *Brittany*, my loue! 101

Peace to all those that loue and fauour him!

Locrine (taking her vp). Doth *Estrild* fall
 with such submission

Before her seruant, king of *Albion*?

Arise, faire Ladie; leaue this lowly cheare.

Lift vp those lookes that cherish *Locrines*
 heart, 106

That I may freely view that roseall face,

Which so intangled hath my louesick brest.

Now to the court, where we will court it out,

And passe the night and day in *Venus* sports.

Frollick, braue peeres; be ioyfull with your
 king. [*Exeunt.*]

The 2. Scene.

(*The camp of Guendolen.*)

Enter Guendoline, Thrasimachus, Madan,
and the souldiers

Guen. You gentle winds, that with your
 modest blasts

Pass through the circuit of the heauenly vault,

Enter the clouds vnto the throne of *Ioue*,

And beare my prayers to his all hearing eares,
 For *Lacrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*, 5

N. D. The 3. Scene Q: corr. M Bracketed words
 add. S

And learnt to loue proud *Humbers* concubine.

You happie sprites, that in the conceale skie
With pleasant ioy enioy your sweetest loue,
Shead forth those teares with me, which then
you shed,

When first you woo'd your ladies to your wils.
Those teares are fittest for my wofull case, 11
Since *Loqrine* shunnes my nothing pleasant
face.

Blush heauens, blush sunne, and hide thy
shining beams;

Shadow thy radiant locks in gloomy clouds;
Denie thy cheerfull light vnto the world, 15
Where nothing raigns but falshood and deceit.
What said I? falshood? I, that filthie crime,
For *Loqrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*.

Behold the heauens do waile for *Guendoline*.
The shining sunne doth blush for *Guendoline*.

The liquid aire doth weep for *Guendoline*. 21
The verie ground doth grone for *Guendoline*.

I, they are milder then the Brittainie king,
For he reiecteth lucklesse *Guendoline*.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootlesse in
this cause; 25

This open wrong must haue an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous
warre,

This warre must finish with *Loqrinus* death;
His death will soone extinguish our complaints.

Guen. O no, his death wil more augment
my woes. 30

He was my husband, braue *Thrasimachus*,
More deare to me then the apple of mine eie,
Nor can I finde in heart to worke his scathe.

Thra. Madame, if not your proper injuries,
Nor my exile, can moue you to reuenge, 35

Thinke on our father *Corineus* words;
His words to vs stands alwaies for a lawe.

Should *Loqrine* liue that caus'd my fathers
death?

Should *Loqrine* liue that now diuorceth you?
The heauens, the earth, the aire, the fire
reclaimes, 40

And then why should all we denie the same?
Guen. Then henceforth, farwel womanish
complaints!

All childish pittie henceforth, then, farwell!
But, curs'd *Loqrine*, looke vnto thy selfe,

For *Nemesis*, the mistresse of reuenge, 45
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismall blades;

And curs'd *Estrild*, that inflamed his heart,
Shall, if I liue, die a reproachfull death.

Madan. Mother, though nature makes me
to lament

My lucklesse fathers froward lecherie, 50

6 learne Q: corr. Ff

Yet, for he wrongs my Ladie mother thus,
I, if I could, my selfe would worke his death.

Thra. See, madame, see, the desire of
reuenge

Is in the children of a tender age! 0
Forward, braue souldiers, into *Mertia*, 55

Where we shall braue the coward to his face.
[*Exeunt*.

The 3. Scene.

(The camp of *Loqrine*.)

Enter *Loqrine*, *Estrild*, *Sabren*, *Assarachus*,
and the souldiers.

Loc. Tell me, *Assarachus*, are the Cornish
chuffes

In such great number come to *Mertia*?
And haue they pitched there their pettie hosts,

So close vnto our royall mansion?
Assa. They are, my Lord, and meane incon-

tinent 5

To bid defiance to your maiestie.
Loc. It makes me laugh, to thinke that

Guendoline

Should haue the hart to come in armes gainst
me.

Estr. Alas, my Lord, the horse wil runne
amaine,

When as the spurres doth gall him to the bone.
Iealousie, *Loqrine*, hath a wicked sting. 11

Loc. Saist thou so, *Estrild*, beauties para-

gon?

Well, we will trie her chollor to the prooffe,
And make her know, *Loqrine* can brooke no
braues.

March on, *Assarachus*; thou must lead the
way, 15

And bring vs to their proud paullion. [*Exeunt*.

The 4. Scene.

(The field of battle.)

*Enter the ghost of Corineus, with thunder &
lightening.*

Ghost. Behold, the circuit of the azure sky
Throwes forth sad throbs and grievous suspires,
Preiudicating *Loqrines* ouerthrow.

The fire casteth forth sharpe dartes of flames,
The great foundation of the triple world 5

Trembleth and quaketh with a mightie noise,
Presaging bloodie massacres at hand.

The wandring birds that flutter in the darke,
When hellish night, in cloudie charriot seated,

Casteth her mists on shadie *Tellus* face, 10

N. D. The 4. Scene Q: corr. M Bracketed words add.
8 Habren Q, Ff 8 against F 2, etc. R, D.
The 5. Scene Q: corr. M Bracketed words add. N
2 grievously S

With sable mantels couering all the earth,
 Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,
 Foretelling some vnwonted miserie.
 The snarling curre of darkened *Tartarus*,
 Sent from *Auernus* ponds by *Radamanth*,¹⁵
 With howling ditties pester euerie wood.
 The watrie ladies and the lightfoote fawnes,
 And all the rabble of the wooddie Nymphs,
 All trembling hide themselves in shadie groues,
 And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow pitts.
 The boysterous *Boreas* thundreth forth
 reuenge;

The stonie rocks crie out on sharpe reuenge;²¹
 The thornie bush pronounceth dire reuenge.
Sound the alarme. •

Now, *Corineus*, staie and see reuenge,
 And feede thy soule with *Loctrines* ouerthrow.
 Behold, they come; the trumpets call them
 forth;

The roaring drummes summon the souldiers.
 Loe, where their army glistereth on the plaines!
 Throw forth thy lightning, mightie *Iupiter*,
 And powre thy plagues on cursed *Loctrines*
 head.³⁰

[Stand aside.]

*Enter Loocrine, Estrild, Assaracus, Sabren and
 their soldiers at one doore; Thrasimachus,
 Guendolin, Madan and their followers at
 an other.*

Loc. What, is the tigre started from his
 cause?

Is *Guendoline* come from *Cornubia*,
 That thus she braueth *Loocrine* to the teeth?
 And hast thou found thine armour, prettie
 boy,

Accompanied with these thy stragling mates?
Beleue me, but this enterprise was bold,³⁶
 And well deserueth commendation.

*Guen. I, Loocrine, traitorous Loocrine! we are
 come,*

With full pretence to seeke thine ouerthrow.
 What haue I don, that thou shouldst scorn me
 thus?

What haue I said, that thou shouldst me reject?
 Haue I beno disobedient to thy words?

Haue I bewrayd thy Arcane secrecie?
 Haue I dishonoured thy marriage bed

With filthie crimes, or with lasciuious lusts?
 Nay, it is thou that hast dishonoured it;

Thy filthie minde, orecome with filthie lusts,
 Yeldeth vnto affections filthie darts.

Vnkind, thou wrongst thy first and truest feer;
 Vnkind, thou wrongst thy best and dearest
 friend;

Vnkind, thou scornst all skillfull *Brutus* lawes,
N. D. Habren Q. Fy

Forgetting father, vnclie, and thy selfe.

Estr. Beleue me, *Loocrine*, but the girle is
 wise,

And well would seeme to make a vestall Nunne.
 How finely frames she her oration!

Thra. Loocrin, we came not here to fight
 with words,

Words that can neuer winne the victorie;
 But for you are so merie in your frampes,
 Vnsheath your swords, and trie it out by force,
 That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Thinkst thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimachus*?

Thinkst thou to feare me with thy taunting
 braues,

Or do we seeme too weake to cope with thee?
 Soone shall I shew thee my fine cutting blade,
 And with my sword, the messenger of death,
 Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts.

[Exeunt.]

*Sound the alarme. Enter Loocrine, Assaracus,
 and a souldier at one doore; Guendolfie,
 Thrasimachus, at an other; Loocrine and his
 followers drinen back. Then let Loocrine
 & Estrild enter again in a maze.*

Loc. O faire *Estrilda*, we haue lost the field;
Thrasimachus hath wonne the victorie,
 And we are left to be a laughing stocke,
 Scoft at by those that are our enemies.⁷⁰
 Ten thousand souldiers, armd with sword &
 shield,

Preuaile against an hundreth thousand men;
Thrasimachus, incenst with fuming ire,
 Rageth amongst the faintheart souldiers
 Like to grim *Mars*, when couered with his
 targe

He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
 Close by the banks of siluer *Stimois*.

[Sound the alarme.]

O louely *Estrild*, now the chase begins:
 Ner shall we see the stately *Troygouant*,
 Mounted on the coursers garnisht all with
 pearles;

Ner shall we view the faire *Concordia*,
 Vnlesse as captiues we be thither brought.

Shall *Loocrine* then be taken prisoner
 By such a yongling as *Thrasimachus*?

Shall *Guendolina* captiuate my loue?

Ner shall mine eyes behold that dismal houre;
 Ner will I view that ruthfull spectacle,

For with my sword, this sharpe curtleeaze,
 Ile cut in sunder my accursed heart.

But O! you iudges of the ninefold *Stix*,⁹⁰
 34 vastall Q 66 a quittance S S. D. New scw
 in S. Moll. 80 with coursers Fy, R: on coursers N
 88 this] or this R: this sharpest S: this my Moll.

Which with incessant torments racks the
ghosts

Within the bottomlesse *Abissus* pits,
You gods, commanders of the heavenly
spheres,

Whose will and lawes irrevocable stands,
Forgive, forgive, this foule accursed sinne! 95
Forget, O gods, this foule condemned fault!
And now, my sword, that in so many fights
[*kisses his sword.*

Hast sa'd the life of *Brutus* and his sonne,
End now his life that wisheth still for death;
Worke now his death that wisheth still for
death; 100

Worke now his death that hateth still his life.
Farwell, faire *Estrild*, beauties paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorne miseries!
Ner shall mine eyes behold thy sunshine eyes,
But when we meet in the Elysian fields; 105
Thither I go before with hastened pace.
Farwell, vaine world, and thy inticing snares!
Farwell, foule sinne, and thy inticing pleasures!
And welcome, death, the end of mortall
smart,

Welcome to *Locrines* overburthened hart!
[*Thrust himselfe through with his sword.*

Estr. Break, hart, with sobe and greuous
suspire! 111

Streame forth, you teares, from forth my
watry eyes;

Helpe me to mourne for warlike *Locrines* death!
'Owe downe your teares, you watry regions,
For mightie *Locrine* is bereft of life! 115
) fickle fortune! O vnsstable world!
What else are all things that this globe con-
taines,

But a confused chaos of mishaps,
Wherein, as in a glasse, we plainly see,
That all our life is but as a Tragedie? 120
Since mightie kings are subject to mishap—
I, mightie kings are subject to mishap!—
Since martiall *Locrine* is bereft of life,

Shall *Estrild* live, then, after *Locrines* death?
Shall loue of life barre her from *Locrines*
sword? 125

O no, this sword, that hath bereft his life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting soule:
Strengthen these hands, O mightie *Jupiter*,
That I may end my wofull miserie.

Locrine, I come; *Locrine*, I follow thee. 130
[*Kill her selfe.*

Sound the alarme. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What dolefull sight, what ruthfull
spectacle

Hath fortune offred to my haplesse hart?
My father slaine with such a fottall sword,
My mother murthred by a mortall wound?
What *Thracian* dog, what barbarous *Mir-
midon*, 135

Would not relent at such a ruthfull case?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stonie flint,
Would not bemoane this mournfull Tragedie?
Locrine, the map of magnanimitie,
Lies slaughtred in this foule accursed case,
Estrild, the perfect patterne of renowne, 141
Natures sole wonder, in whose bewteous breasts
All heavenly grace and vertue was inshrind;
Both massacred are dead within this case,
And with them dies faire *Pallas* and sweet
loue. 145

Here lies a sword, and *Sabren* hath a heart;
This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,
And bring my soule vnto my parents ghosts,
That they that live and view our Tragedie
May mourne our case with mournfull plaud-
ities. 150

[*Let her offer to kill her selfe.*

Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weake,
To penetrate the bullwarke of my breast;
My fingers, vade to tune the amorous lute,
Are not of force to hold this steely glaive.
So I am left to waile my parents death, 155
Not able for to worke my proper death.
Ah, *Locrine*, honor for thy noblenesse!
Ah, *Estrild*, famous for thy constancie!
It may they fare that wrought your mortall
ends!

Enter Guendoline, *Thrasimachus*, *Madan*, and
the souldiers.

Guen. Search, souldiers, search, find *Locrin*
and his loue; 160

Find the proud strumpet, *Humbers* concubine,
That I may change those her so pleasing
lookes

To pale and ignominious aspect.
Find me the issue of their cursed loue,
Find me yong *Sabren*, *Locrines* only loy, 165
That I may glut my mind with lukewarme
blood,

Swiftly distilling from the bastards breast.
My fathers ghost still haunts me for reuenge,
Crying, *Reuenge my overhastened death.*

My brothers exile and mine owne diuorces 170
Banish remorse cleane from my brasse heart,
All merets from mine adamantine breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy husband, lonely *Guen-
doline*,

106 hastened Q 120 an om. Ff, etc. 122 om. N,
Haz., Helt.

150 plaudites FF: plaudite N: plaudite Haz.
151 virgin N 154 glaive Q: glaiv Ff 155 left Q
172 adamantine Q: corr. R

That wonted was to guide our staillesse steps,
 Enjoy this light; see where he murthered lies 175
 By lucklesse lot and froward frowning fate;
 And by him lies his louely paramour,
 False *Estrild*, goared with a dismall sword;—
 And as it seemes, both murthered by themselves,
 Claspeng each other in their feeble armes, 180
 With louing zeale, as if for companie
 Their vncontented corpes were yet content
 To passe foule *Sitx* in *Charons* ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then pre-
 uented me?

Hath she escaped *Guendolinas* wrath 185
 Violently, by cutting off her life?
 Would God she had the monstrous *Hidæus* liues,
 That euery houre she might haue died a death
 Worse then the swing of old *Ixtons* wheele;
 And euery houre reuius to die againe, 190
 As *Titus*, bound to houses *Caucason*,
 Doth feed the substance of his owne mishap,
 And euery day for want of fooode doth die,
 And euery night doth liue, againe to die.
 But stale! meethinks I heare some fainting
 voice, 195

Mournefully weeping for their lucklesse death.

Sa. You mountain nimphe, which in these
 desarts raigñ,
 Cease off your hastie chase of sauadge beasts;
 Prepare to see a heart oppress with care;
 Adresse your eares to heare a mournfull stile!
 No humane strength, no work can work my
 weale, 201

Care in my hart so tyrant like doth deale.
 You *Druides* and lightfoote *Satiri*,
 Your gracious *Faries* which, at euening tide,
 Your closets leaue with heauenly beautie
 storde, 205
 And on your shoulders spread your golden
 locks;

You sauadge beares in caues and darkened
 denues,
 Come waile with me the martiall *Loctrines*
 death;
 Come mourn with me for beauteous *Estrilds*
 deith.

Ah! louing parents, little do you know 210
 What sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible?
 Liues *Sabren* yet to expiat my wrath?
 Fortune, I thanke thee for this curtesie;
 And let me neuer see one prosperous houre,
 If *Sabren* die not a reproachfull death. 216

Sab. Hard harted death, that, when the
 wretched call,

Art furthest off, and sildom heerst at all;
 But, in the midst of fortunes good successe,
 Vncalled comes, and sheeres our life in
 twaine: 220

When wil that houre, that blessed houre, draw
 nie,

When poore distressed *Sabren* may be gone?
 Sweet *Atropos*, cut off my fatal thred!

What art thou death? shall not poore *Sabren*
 die?

Guendoline (taking her by the chin shall say
 thus).

Guen. Yes, damsell, yes; *Sabren* shall surely
 die, 225

Though all the world should seeke to saue her
 life;

And not a common death shall *Sabren* die,
 But after strange and greuous punishments
 Shortly inflicted vpon thy bastards head,
 Thou shalt be cast into the cursed streames,
 And feede the fishes with thy tender flesh.

Sab. And thinkst thou then, thou cruell
 homicid, 232

That these thy deeds shall be vnpunished?
 No, traitor, no; the gods will venge these
 wrongs,

The fiends of hell will marke these iniuries.
 Neuer shall these blood-sucking mastie cures,
 Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home;
 For I my selfe, in spite of thee and thine,
 Meane to abridge my former destenies,
 And that which *Loctrines* sword could not per-
 form, 240

This pleasant streame shall present bring to
 passe.

[*She drowneth her selfe.*

Guen. One mischiefe followes (on) anothers
 necke.

Who would haue thought so yong a mayd as
 she

With such a courage wold haue sought her
 death?

And for because this Riuer was the place 245
 Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren for euer shall this same be call'd.

And as for *Loctrine*, our deceased spouse,
 Because he was the sonne of mightie *Brute*,
 To whom we owe our country, liues and
 goods, 250

He shall be buried in a stately tombe,
 Close by his aged father *Brutus* bones,
 With such great pomp and great solemnitie,
 As well becomes so braue a prince as he.
 Let *Estrild* lie without the shallow vaults, 255

186 By violently R
 201 No words S
 even-tide M

191 Tityus . . Caucasus M
 204 You . . which| Ye . . who S

220 com't . . sheer't M 232 thinst Q 236
 mastiff M, etc. 241 This present Ff, etc. 242 on
 add. R 247 same| stream conj. S 255-vaults Q

Without the honour due vnto the dead,
Because she was the author of this warre.
Retire, braue followers, vnto *Troynouant*,
Where we will celebrate these exequies, 259
And place yoong *Locrine* in his fathers tombe.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(*Enter Ate.*)

Ate. Lo here the end of lawlesse trecherie,
Of vsurpation and ambitious pride;
And they that for their priuate amours dare

260 yoong] your *conj. S: king Molt. S. D. add. M*

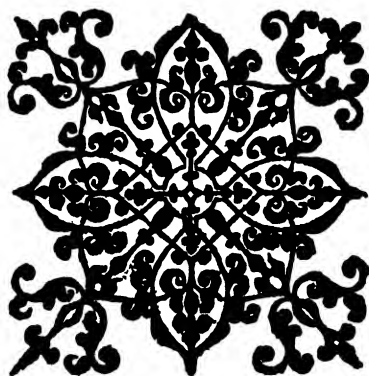
Turmoile our land, and set their broiles
abroach,
Let them be warned by these premisses. 265
And as a woman was the onely cause
That ciuill discord was then stirred vp,
So let vs pray for that renowned mayd,
That eight and thirtie yeares the scepter swayd,
In quiet peace and sweet felicitie; 270
And euery wight that seekes her graces smart,
Wold that this sword wer pierced in his hart!
[*Exit.*]

FINIS.

264 see Q

THE
RAIGNE OF
KING EDVWARD
the third:

*As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about
the Citie of London.*



LONDON,
Printed for Cuthbert Burby.
1596.

Q 1 = Quarto of 1596
Q 2 = „ 1599
C = Capell, 1760
T = Tyrrell, 1851
D = Delius, 1854
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Col. = Collier, 1878
WP = Warnke and Proescholdt, 1886
pr. ed. = present editor

THE RAIGNE OF K. EDWARD THE THIRD

(PERSONS REPRESENTED.)

Edward the third, King of England.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Derby.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Audley.
Lord Percy.
Lodowick, Edward's Confident.
Sir William Mountague.
Sir John Copland.
Two Esquires, and a Herald, English.
Robert, stiling himself Earl, of Artois.
Earl of Montfort, and
Gobin de Grey.
John, King of France.
Charles, and Philip, his Sons.
Duke of Lorrain.

Villiers, a French Lord.
King of Bohemia and
A Polish Captain } Aids to King John.
Six Citizens of Calais.
A Captain, and
A poor Inhabitant, of the same.
Another Captain.
A Mariner.
Three Heralds; and
Four other Frenchmen.
David, King of Scotland.
Earl Douglas; and
Two Messengers, Scotch.

Philippa, Edward's Queen.
Countess of Salisbury.
A French Woman.

Lords, and divers other Attendants; Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, dispers'd; in England, Flanders, and France.)¹

(ACT I.

SCENE I.

*London. A Room of State in the Palace.
Flourish.)*

*Enter King Edward, Derby, Prince Edward,
Audely, and Artoys.*

King. Robert of Artoys, banisht though
thou be
From Fraunce, thy native Country, yet with vs
Thou shalt retayne as great a Seigniorie:
For we create thee Earle of Richmond heere.
And now goe forwards with our pedegree: 5
Who next succeeded Phillip le Bew?

Ar. Three sonnes of his, which all succe-
fully

Did sit vpon their fathers regall Throne,
Yet dyed, and left no issue of their loynes. 9

King. But was my mother sister vnto
those?

Ar. Shee was, my Lord; and onely Isabel
Was all the daughters that this Phillip had,
Whome afterward your father tooke to wife;
And from the fragrant garden of her wombe
Your gratus selfe, the flower of Europes
hope, 15

Deriued is inheritor to Fraunce.
But note the rancor of rebellious mindes:

When thus the lynage of (le) Bew was out,
The French obscud your mothers Priuiledge,
And, though she were the next of blood, pro-
claymed 20

Iohn, of the house of Valoys, now their king:
The reason was, they say, the Realme of
Fraunce,

Repleat with Princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a gouernor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male; 25
And thats the speciall ground of their con-
tempt,

Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:
But they shall finde that forged ground of theirs
To be but dusty heapes of brittle sande. 30
Perhaps it will be thought a heynous thing,
That I, a French man, should discover this;
But heauen I call to recorde of my vowes:

It is not hate nor any priuat wronge,
But loue vnto my country and the right,
Prouokes my tongue, thus laulsh in report. 35
You are the lyneal watchman of our peace,
And Iohn of Valoys indirectly climbs:
What then should subiects but imbrace their
King?

Ah, where in may our dusty more be seene,
Then stryuing to rebate a tyrants pride 40

¹ Add. C ² Two C Act I. etc. add. C 6 le
C: of Q? 7 successively C 11 note Q2: not Q1

18 of Bew Q: of le beau C 30 Art (Ital.)
Perhaps Q1: Perhaps Q2, etc. 36 watchman C:
watch men Q? 39 Ah! And conj. C

And place the true shepheard of our comon-wealth?

King. This counsaile, Artoyes, like to fruitfull shewers,

Hath added growth vnto my dignitie;
And, by the fiery vigor of thy words,
Hot courage is engendred in my brest, 45
Which heretofore was rakt in ignorance,
But nowe doth mount with golden winges of fame,

And will approue faire Issabells discent,
Able to yoke their stubburne necks with steele,
That spurne against my souereignty in France. [sound a horne.

A messenger?—Lord Awdley, know from whence. 51

(Exit Audley, and returns.)

Aud. The Duke of Lorrayne, hauing crost the seas,
Intreates he may haue conference with your highnes.

King. Admit him, Lords, that we may heare the newes.

(Exeunt Lords. King takes his State. Re-enter Lords; with Lorrain, attended.)

Say, Duke of Lorrayne, wherefore art thou come? 55

Lor. The most renowned prince, K(ing) Iohn of France,

Doth greete thee, Edward, and by me comandes,

That, for so much as by his liberrall gift
The Guyen Dukedome is entayld to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same. 60
And, for that purpose, here I somon thee,
Repairs to France within these forty daies,
That there, according as the coustome is,
Thou mayst be sworne true liegeman to our King;

Or else thy title in that prouince dyes, 65
And hee him self will repoesesse the place.

K. Ed. See, how occasion laughes me in the face!

No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straight I am inuited,—nay, with threats,
Vppon a penaltie, inioynd to come: 70
Twere but a childish part to say him nay.—
Lorrayne, returne this answer to thy Lord:
I meane to visit him as he requests;
But how? not seruilely disposed to bend,
But like a conquerer to make him bowe. 75
His lame vnpolisht shifts are come to light;

And trueth hath puld the visard from his face,
That sett a glosse vpon his arrogannce.

Dare he commaund a fealty in mee?

Tell him, the Crowne that hee vsurpes, is myne, 80

And where he sets his foote, he ought to kneale.

Tis not a petty Dukedome that I claime,
But a'l the whole Dominions of the Realme;
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
He take away those borrowed plumes o' his, 85
And send him naked to the wildernes.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in spite of all thy Lords,

I doe pronounce defyaunce to thy face.

Pri. Defiance, French man? we rebound it backe,

Euen to the bottom of thy masters throat. 90
And, be it spoke with reuerence of the King,
My gracious father, and these other Lordes,

I hold thy message but as scurrylous,
And him that sent thee, like the lazy droane,
Crept vp by stelhth vnto the Eagles nest; 95
From whence wele shake him with so rough a storme,

As others shalbe warned by his harme.

War. Byd him leaue of the Lyons case he weares,

Least, meeting with the Lyon in the feeld,
He chaunce to teare him peecemeale for his pride. 100

Art. The soundest counsell I can giue his grace,

Is to surrender ere he be constraýnd.
A voluntarie mischiefe hath lesse scorne,
Then when reproch with violence is borne. 104

Lor. Degenerate Traytor, viper to the place
Where thou was fostred in thine infancy,
Bearest thou a part in this conspiracy?

[He draws his Sword.

K. Ed. Lorraine, behold the sharpnes of this steale: (Drawing his.)

Feruent desire that sits against my heart, 109
Is farre more thornie pricking than this blade;
That, with the nightingale, I shall be scard,
As oft as I dispose my selfe to rest,

Vntill my collours be displaide in Fraunce:
This is thy finall Answer; so be gone. 114

Lor. It is not that, nor any English braue,
Afflicts me so, as doth his poysoned view,
That is most false, should most of all be true.

(Exeunt Lorrain, and Train.)

K. Ed. Now, Lord, our fleeting Barke is vnder sayle;

S. D. Exit etc. C: Enter a messenger Lorraine Qq
54 S. D. add. C 64 our] the Q? 71 childish]
foolish Q? 2

78 glasse Q1 87 spight] sight conj. C 105
Degenerate T: Regenerate Qq 106 wast Q? 2
108 S. D. add. D 117 S. D. add. C 118 lords C

dur gage is throwne, and warre is soone
begun,
But not so quickly brought vnto an end. 120

• Enter Mountague.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How stands the league betweene the Scot and
vs?

Mo. Crackt and disseuered, my renewed
Lord.

The treacherous King no sooner was informde
Of your with drawing of your army backe, 125
But straight, forgetting of his former othe,
He made inuasion on the bordering Townes:
Barwicke is woon, Newcastle spoyld and lost,
And now the tyrant hath beguirt with seege
The Castle of Rocksborough, where inclosed 130
The Countes Salisbury is like to perish.

King. That is thy daughter, Warwicke, is it
not?

Whose husband hath in Brittainy serud so
• long

About the planting of Lord Mounsford there?

War. It is, my Lord. 135

Kl. Ignoble Dauid! hast thou none to
greeue

But silly Ladies with thy threatning armes?
But I will make you shrinke your snaille
hornes!

First, therefore, Audley, this shalbe thy charge,
Go leuie footemen for our warres in Fraunce;
And, Ned, take muster of our men at armes:
In euery shire elect a seuerall band.

Let them be Souldiers of a lustie spirite,
Such as dread nothing but dishonors blot;

Be warie, therefore, since we do comence 145
A famous Warre, and with so mighty a nation.

Derby, be thou Embassador for vs
Vnto our Father in Law, the Earle of Henalt:

Make him acquainted with our enterprise,
And likewise will him, with our owne allies 150

That are in Flaunders, to sollicite to
The Emperour of Almaine in our name.

My selfe, whilst you are ioyntly thus employd,
Will, with these forces that I haue at hand,

March, and once more repulse the trayterous
Scot. 155

But, Sirs, be resolute; we shal haue warres
On euery side; and, Ned, thou must begin

Now to forget thy study and thy booke,
And vre thy shoulders to an Armors weight.

Pr. As cheereful sounding to my youthful
spleene 160

This tumult is of warges increasing broyles,
As, at the Coronation of a king,

121 Preceded by prefix Moun. Q 1 125 our armie
Q 2 146 mighty nation C 155 Scots C

The ioyfull clamours of the people are,
When *Aue, Caesar!* they pronounce alowd.
Within this schoole of honor I shal learne 165
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightfull quarrel spend my breathes
Then cheerefully forward, ech a seuerall way;
In great affaires tis nought to vse delay.
[Ex(e)unt.]

(SCENE II.

Roxborough. Before the Castle.)

Enter the Countesse.

(Countesse.) Alas, how much in vaine my
poore eyes gaze

For souctour that my soueraigne should send!
Ah, cosin Mountague, I feare thou wants

The liuely spirit, sharpely to solicite
With vehement sute the king in my behalfe: 5

Thou dost not tell him, what a grieft it is
To be the scornfull captiue to a Scot,

Either to be wooed with broad vntuned othes,
Or forst by rough insulting barbarisme:

Thou dost not tell him, if he heere preuaile, 10
How much they will deride vs in the North,

And, in their vild, vnseuill, skipping gige,
Bray forth their Conquest and our ouerthrow

Euen in the barraine, bleake, and fruitlesse
aire.

Enter Dauid and Douglas, Lorraine.

I must withdraw, the euerlasting foe 15
Comes to the wall; He closely step aside,

And list their babble, blunt and full of pride.

K. Da. My Lord of Lorraine, to our bro-
ther of Fraunce

Commend vs, as the man in Christendome
That we most reuerence and intirely loue. 20

Touching your embassage, returne and say,
That we with England will not enter parlie,

Nor neuer make faire wether, or take truce;
But burne their neighbor townes, and so per-
sist

With eager Rods beyond their Citie Yorke. 25
And neuer shall our bonny riders rest,

Nor rusting canker haue the time to eate
Their light borne snaffles nor their nimble

spurres,
Nor lay aside their Iacks of Gymould mayle,

Nor hang their stauces of grayned Scottish ash
In peacefull wise vpon their Citie wale, 31

Nor from their buttoned tawny leatherne belis
Dismiss their byting whinyards, till your

King

Scene II. etc. add. C 1 No prefix Q 1 3 Ah]
A Q 1 want'at Q 2 17 rabble Q 2 20 must Q 1
25 roads C 27 rusting C: rust in Qq 28 spurres
Q 1 (B.M. copy. The Bodl. copy has only spu)

Cry out: *Enough, spare England now for pittie!*

Farewell, and tell him that you leaue vs heare
Before this Castle; say, you came from vs, 36
Euen when we had that yeeled to our
hands.

Lor. I take my leaue, and fayrely will
returne

Your acceptable greeting to my king. [*Exit Lor.*
K. D. Now, Duglas, to our former taske
again, 40

For the deuision of this certayne spoyle.

Dou. My liege, I craue the Ladie, and no
more.

King. Nay, soft ye, sir; first I must make
my choyse,

And first I do bespeake her for my selfe.

Du. Why then, my liege, let me enioy her
iewels. 45

King. Those are her owne, still liable to
her,

And who inherits her, hath those with all.

Enter a Scot in hast.

Mes. My liege, as we were pricking on the
hills,

To fetch in booty, marching hitherward,
We might discry a mighty host of men; 50

The Sunne, reflecting on the armour, shewed
A field of plate, a wood of pickes aduanced.

Bethinke your highnes speedely herein:
An easie march within foure howres will
bring

The hindmost rancke vnto this place, my
liege. 55

King. Dislodge, dislodge! it is the king of
England.

Dug. Lemmy, my man, saddle my bonny
blacks.

King. Meanst thou to fight, Duglas? we
are to weake.

Du. I know it well, my liege, and therefore
fle.

Cou. My Lords of Scotland, will ye stay
and drinke? 60

King. She mocks at vs, Duglas; I cannot
endure it.

Count. Say, good my Lord, which is he
must haue the Ladie,

And which her iewels? I am sure, my Lords,
Ye will not hence, till you haue shard the
spoyles.

King. Shee heard the messenger, and heard
our talke; 65

And now that comfort makes her scorne at vs.

38 I om. Q 1 43 ye om. Q 2 45 Pref. Da. Q 1
52 piks Q 2, etc. 50 fle Q 2 52 good om. C

Another messenger.

Mes. Arme, my good Lord! O, we are all
surprised!

(*Coun.*) After the French ambassador, my
liege,

And tell him, that you dare not ride to Yorke;
Excuse it that your bonnie horse is lame. 70

K. She heard that to; intollerable griefe!
Woman, farewell! Although I do not stay . . .

[*Ex(e)unt Scots.*

Count. Tis not for feare, and yet you run
away.—

O happie comfort, welcome to our house!
The confident and boystrous boasting Scot, 75

That swore before my walls they would not
backe

For all the armed power of this land,
With facelesse feare that euer turnes his backe,

Turnd hence against the blasting North-east
winde

Vpon the bare report and name of Armes. 80

Enter Mountagug.

O Sommers day! See where my Cosin comes!
Mo. How fares my Aunt? We are not Scots;

Why do you shut your gates against your
friends?

Co. Well may I giue a welcome, Cosin, to
thee,

For thou comst well to chase my foes from
hence. 85

Mo. The king himselfe is come in person
hither;

Deare Aunt, discend, and gratulate his highnes.

Co. How may I entertayne his Maiestie,
To shew my duty and his dignitie?

[*Exit, from above.*]

*Enter king Edward, Warwike, Artoyes, with
others.*

K. Ed. What, are the stealing Foxes fled
and gone, 90

Before we could vncupple at their heeles?

War. They are, my liege; but, with a cheere-
ful cry,

Hot hounds and hardie chase them at the
heelles.

Enter Countesse.

K. Ed. This is the Countesse, Warwike, is
it not?

War. Euen shee, my liege; whose beauty
tyrants feare, 95

68 Pref. om. Q 1 71 She C: He Q 1 76 they
he conj. C 79 against conj. C: againe Q 1 80
names Q 2 82 Pref. precedes 81 Q 1 83 we Q 1
Why, aunt, we C, etc. 89 S. D. add. C 93 hunds
Q 1 85 my om. Q 1 tyrant D.

As a May blossome with pernicious winds,
Hath sullied, withered, ouercast, and donne.

K. Ed. Hath she been fairer, Warwike,
then she is?

War. My gracious King, faire is she not at
all,

that her selfe were by to staine her selfe, 100
as I haue seene her when she was her selfe.

K. Ed. What strange enchantment lurkt
in those her eyes,

When they exceld this excellence they haue,
that now her dym declyne hath power to
draw

my subiect eyes from persing maiestie, 105
To gaze on her with doting admiration?

Count. In dustie lower then the ground I
kneele,

And for my dul knees bow my feeling heart,
To witnes my obedience to your highnes,

With many millions of a subjects thanks 110
For this your Royall presence, whose approach
Hath driuen war and danger from my gate.

K. Lady, stand vp; I come to bring thee
peace,

How euer thereby I haue purchast war.

Co. No war to you, my liege; the Scots
are gone, 115

And gallop home toward Scotland with their
hate.

(*King.*) Least, yeelding heere, I pyne in
shamefull loue,

Come, wole persue the Scots;—Artoyes, away!

Co. A little while, my gracious soueraigne,
stay,

And let the power of a mighty king 120

Honor our rooffe; my husband in the warres,

When he shall heare it, will triumph for ioy;

Then, deare my liege, now niggard not thy
state:

Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

King. Pardon me, countesse, I will come
no neare; 125

I dreame to night of treason, and I feare.

Co. Far from this place let vgly treason ly!

K. No farther off, then her conspyring eye,

Which shoots infected poyson in my heart,

Beyond repulse of wit or cure of Art. 130

Now, in the Sunne alone it doth not lye,

With light to take light from a mortall eye;

For here two day stars that myne eyes would
see

More then the Sunne steales myne owne light
from mee.

Contemplatiue desire, desire to be 135

In contemplation, that may master thee!

102 lurke *Q1* 104 her] their *conj.* *C* 116 hate]
haste *C* 117 *Presg* om. *Q1* 133 two] to *Q1*

Warwike, Artoys, to horse and lets away!

Co. What might I speake to make my
soueraigne stay?

King. What needs a tongue to such a
speaking eie,

That more perswades then winning Oratoris?

Co. Let not thy presence, like the Aprill
sunne, 141

Flatter our earth and sodenly be done.

More happie do not make our outward wall

Then thou wilt grace our inner house withall.

Our house, my liege, is like a Country swaine,

Whose habit rude and manners blunt and
playne 146

Presageth nought, yet inly beautified

With bounties, riches and faire hidden pride.

For where the golden Ore doth buried lie,

The ground, vndeckt with natures tapestrie, 150

Seemes barrayne, sere, vnfertill, fructles, dry;

And where the vpper turfe of earth doth boast

His pide perfumes and party colloured coat,

Delue there, and find this issue and their pride

To spring from ordure and corruptions side. 155

But, to make vp my all to long compare,

These ragged walles no testimonie are,

What is within; but, like a cloake, doth hide

From weathers Waste the vnder garnisht pride.

More gracious then my tearmes can let thee
be, 160

Intreat thy selfe to stay a while with mee.

King. As wise, as faire; what fond fit can
be heard,

When wisdom keepe the gate as beuties
gard?—

Countesse, albeit my busines vrgeth me,

Yt shall attend, while I attend on thee: 165

Come on, my Lords; heere will I host to night.
[*Exeunt.*

(ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Same. Gardens of the Castle.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. I might perceiue his eye in her eye
lost,

His eare to drinke her sweet tongues vitterance,

And changing passion, like inconstant clouds

That racke vpon the carriage of the windes,

Increase and die in his disturbed cheekes. 5

Loe, when shes blusht, euen then did he looke
pale,

As if her cheekes by some inchaunted power

153 pide *conj.* *C*: pride *Q7*: proud *C* presume
Q2 157 testonic *Q1* 159 waste *D*: West *Q7*
Act II. etc. *add. C* 1 *Presg* *Lor. Q1* 4 rackt
Q2, etc.

Attracted had the cherie blood from his:
 Anone, with reuerent feare when she grew
 pale,
 His cheekes put on their scarlet ornaments; 10
 But no more like her oryentall red,
 Then Bricke to Corral or liue things to dead.
 Why did he then thus counterfeit her lookes?
 If she did blush, twas tender modest shame,
 Being in the sacred presence of a King; 15
 If he did blush, twas red immodest shame,
 To vaile his eyes amisse, being a king:
 If she lookt pale, twas silly womans feare,
 To beare her selfe in presence of a king;
 If he lookt pale, it was with guiltie feare, 20
 To dote amisse, being a mighty king.
 Then, Scottish warres, farewell; I feare twill
 prooue
 A lingring English seege of peeuish loue.
 Here comes his highnes, walking all alone.

Enter King Edward.

King. Shee is growne more fairer far since
 I came hither, 25
 Her voice more siluer euery word then other,
 Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
 Vnfolded she of Dauid and his Scots!
 'Euen thus', quoth she, 'he spake', and then
 spoke broad,
 With epithites and accents of the Scot, 30
 But somewhat better then the Scot could
 speake:
 'And thus', quoth she, and answered then her
 selfe—
 For who could speake like her but she her
 selfe—
 Breathes from the wall an Angels note from
 Heauen
 Of sweete defiance to her barbarous foes. 35
 When she would talke of peace, me thinkes,
 her tong
 Commanded war to prison; when of war,
 It wakened Caesar from his Romane graue,
 To heare warre beautified by her discourse.
 Wisdome is foolishnes but in her tongue, 40
 Beauty a slander but in her faire face,
 There is no summer but in her cheerefull
 lookes,
 Nor frosty winter but in her disdayne.
 I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
 For she is all the Treasure of our land; 45
 But call them cowards, that they ran away,
 Hauling so rich and faire a cause to stay.—
 Art thou there, Lodwike? Giue me inke and
 paper.

10 cheekes Q_q 11 oryentall all Q₁ 15 present
 Q₁ 17 vall C: walle Q_q 25 thither Q₁ 29
 spoke] spake Q₂

Lo. I will, my liege.
 K. And bid the Lords hold on their play at
 Chesse, 50
 For wee will walke and meditate alone.
 Lo. I will, my soueraigne. (Exit Lodowick.)
 Ki. This fellow is well read in poetrie,
 And hath a lustie and perswasie spirite:
 I will acquaint him with my passion, 55
 Which he shall shadow with a vaile of lawne,
 Through which the Queene of beauties Queene
 shall see
 Her selfe the ground of my infirmitie.

Enter Lodwike.

Ki. Hast thou pen, inke, and paper ready,
 Lodowike?
 Lo. Ready, my liege. 60
 Ki. Then in the sommer arber sit by me,
 Make it our counsel house or cabynet:
 Since greene our thoughts, greene be the con-
 uenticle,
 Where we will ease vs by disburdning them.
 Now, Lodwike, inuocate some golden Muse, 65
 To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
 That may for sighes set downe true sighes
 indeed,
 Talking of grieffe, to make thee ready grone;
 And when thou writest of teares, enouch the
 word
 Before and after with such sweete laments, 70
 That it may rayse drops in a Tarters eye,
 And make a flyntheart Sythian pitifull;
 For so much moouing hath a Poets pen:
 Then, if thou be a Poet, moue thou so,
 And be enriched by thy soueraignes loue. 75
 For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
 Could force attendance in the eares of hel,
 How much more shall the straines of poets wit
 Beguile and rauish soft and humane myndes?
 Lod. To whome, my Lord, shal I direct my
 stile? 80
 King. To one that shames the faire and
 sots the wise;
 Whose bodie is an abstract or a bresfe,
 Containes ech generall vertue in the worlde.
 Better then bewifull thou must begin,
 Deuise for faire a fairer word then faire, 85
 And euery ornament that thou wouldest praise,
 Fly it a pitch about the soare of praise.
 For flattery feare thou not to be conuicted;
 For, were thy admiration ten tymes more,
 Ten tymes ten thousand more the worth
 exceeds 90

49 soueraigne Q₂ 52 liege Q₂ S. D. add. C
 53 well om. Q₂ 57 beauties Queenes WP 71
 Torters Q_q 75 soueraigne Q₁ 78 straine Q₂
 79 beguile Q₁ 80 Prefix Lor. Q₁ 82 is] as C,
 etc. 90 the] thy Q₁

Of that thou art to praise, thy praises worth.
 Beginne; I will to contemplat the while:
 Forget not to set downe, how passionat,
 How harticke, and how full of languishment,
 Her bewtie makes mee.

Lod. Write I to a woman? 95

King. What bewtie els could triumph ouer
 me,

Or who but women doe our loue layes greet?
 What, thinkest thou I did bid thee praiso a
 hope?

Lod. Of what condicion or estate she is,
 Twere requisit that I should know, my Lord.

King. Of such estate, that hers is as a
 throane, 101

And my estate the footstool where shee
 treads:

Then maist thou iudge what her condition is
 By the proportion of her mightines.

Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts.—
 Her voice to musicke or the nightingale—

To musicke euery sommer leaping swaine 107
 Compares him sunburnt louer when shee
 speakes;

And why should I speake of the nightingale?
 The nightingale singes of adulterate wrong,

And that, compared, is to satyricall; 111
 For sinne, though synne, would not be so
 esteemd,

But, rather, vertue sin, synne vertue deemd.
 Her hair, far softer then the silke wormes
 twist,

Like to a flattering glas, doth make more faire
 The yelow Amber:—like a flattering glas 116

Comes in to soone; for, writing of her eies,
 He say that like a glas they catch the sunne,

And thence the hot reflection doth rebounde
 Against my brest, and burnes my hart within.

Ah, what a world of descant makes my soule
 Vpon this voluntarie ground of loue!— 122

Come, Lodwick, hast thou turnd thy inke to
 golde?

If not, write but in letters Capitall

My mistres name, and it wil guild thy paper:
 Read, Lorde, reade; 126

Fill thou the emptie hollowes of mine eares
 With the sweete hearing of thy poetrie.

Lo. I haue not to a period brought her
 praise.

King. Her praise is as my loue, both infinit,
 Which apprehend such violent extremes, 131
 That they disdaine an ending period.

Her bewtie hath no match but my affection;
 Hers more then most, myne most and more
 then more:

Hers more to praise then tell the sea by drops,
 Nay, more then drop the massie earth by
 sands, 136

And sand by sand print them in memorie:
 Then wherefore talkest thou of a period

To that which craues vnended admiration?
 Read, let vs heare. 140

Lo. 'More faire and chaste then is the queen
 of shades,'—

King. That line hath two faults, grosse and
 palpable:

Comparest thou her to the pale queene of
 night,

Who, being set in darke, seemes therefore
 light? 144

What is she, when the sunne lifts vp his head,
 But like a fading taper, dym and dead?

My loue shall braue the ey of heauen at noon,
 And, being vnmaskt, outshine the golden sun.

Lo. What is the other faulte, my soueraigne
 Lord?

King. Reade ore the line againe.
Lo. 'More faire and chaste'— 150

King. I did not bid thee talke of chastitie,
 To ransack so the treasure of her minde;

For I had rather haue her chased then chaste.
 Out with the moone line, I wil none of it;

And let me haue hir likened to the sun: 155
 Say shee hath thrice more splendour then the
 sun,

That her perfections emulats the sunne,
 That shee breeds sweets as plenteous as the
 sunne,

That shee doth thaw cold winter like the
 sunne,

That she doth cheere fresh sommer like the
 sunne, 160

That shee doth dazle gazers like the sunne;
 And, in this application to the sunne,

Bid her be free and generall as the sunne,
 Who smiles vpon the basest weed that growes

As lounge as on the fragrant rose. 165
 Lets see what followes that same moonelight
 line.

Lo. 'More faire and chaste then is the queen
 of shades,

More bould in constancie'—

King. In constancie! then who?
Lo. 'Then Iudith was.'

King. O monstrous line! Put in the next
 a sword, 170

137 And said, by said Qy: corr. C 142 line] loue
 Q1 152 treasure C: treason Qy 167 queen
 C: louer Qy

91 thy C: their Qy 95 Pref. Lor. Q1 Write
 Q1 a om. Q2 96 ouer Q2: on Q1 99 Pref. Lor. Q1
 106 A line may have been lost after 105
 111 that compare is 115 to] as Q2 124-6 Two
 lines Qy, div. after name: C ends capital, name, read

And I shall woo her to cut of my head.

Blot, blot, good Lodwick! Let vs heare the next.

Lo. Theres all that yet is donne.

King. I thancke thee then; thou hast don little ill,

But what is don, is passing, passing ill. 175

No, let the Capitaine talke of boystrous warr,

The prisoner of emured darke constraint,

The sick man best sets downe the pangs of

death,

The man that starues the sweetnes of a

feast,

The frozen soule the benefite of fire, 180

And euery grieve his happie opposite:

Loue cannot sound well but in louers tounes;

Giue me the pen and paper, I will write.

Enter Countes.

But soft, here comes the treasurer of my spirit.—

Lodwick, thou knowst not how to drawe a

battell; 185

These wings, these flankers, and these squad-

rons

Argue in thee defectiue discipline:

Thou shouldest haue placed this here, this

other here.

Co. Pardon my boldnes, my thrice gracious

Lords;

Let my intrusion here be cald my duetie, 190

That comes to see my soueraigne how he

fares.

Kin. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in

what forme.

Lod. I go. *(Exit Lodowick.)*

Cou. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad:

What may thy subiect do to driue from thee 195

Thy gloomy consort, sullome melancholie?

King. Ah, Lady, I am blunt and cannot

strawe

The flowers of solace in a ground of shame:—

Since I came hither, Countes, I am wronged.

Conf. Now God forbid that anie in my

howse 200

Should thinck my soueraigne wrong! Thrice

gentle King,

Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

King. How neere then shall I be to reme-

die?

Conf. As nere, my Liege, as all my womans

power

Can pawne it selfe to buy thy remedy. 205

King. Yf thou speakest true, then haue I my redresse:

Ingage thy power to redeeme my Ioyes,

And I am ioyfull, Countes; els I die.

Coun. I will, my Liege.

King. Swear, Counties, that thou wilt.

Coun. By heauen, I will. 210

King. Then take thy selfe a lital waie

a side,

And tell thy self, a King doth dote on thee:

Say that within thy power (it) doth lie.

To make him happy, and that thou hast

sworne

To giue him all the Ioy within thy power: 215

Do this, and tell me when I shall be happie.

Coun. All this is done, my thrice dread

souereigne:

That power of loue, that I haue power to giue,

Thou hast with all deuout obedience;

Employ me how thou wilt in profe therof. 220

King. Thou hearst me saye that I do dote

on thee.

Coun. Yf on my beauty, take yt if thou

canst;

Though little, I do prise it ten tymes lesse:

If on my vertue, take it if thou canst,

For vertues store by giuing doth augment: 225

Be it on what it will, that I can giue

And thou canst take awaie, inherit it.

King. It is thy beautie that I woulde

enioy.

Coun. O, were it painted, I would wipe

it of

And dispossesse my selfe, to giue it thee. 230

But, souereigne, it is souldered to my life:

Take one and both; for, like an humble

shaddow,

Yt hauntes the sunshine of my summers life.

(King.) But thou maist lend it me to sport

with all.

Coun. As easie may my intellectual soule

Be lent awaie, and yet my bodie liue, 236

As lend my bodie, pallace to my soule,

Awaie from her, and yet retaine my soule.

My bodie is her bower, her Court, her abey,

And shee an Angell, pure, deuine, vnspotted:

If I should leaue her house, my Lord, to thee,

I kill my poore soule and my poore soule me.

King. Didst thou not swere to giue me what

I woulde?

Coun. I did, my liege, so what you would

I could.

King. I wish no more of thee then thou

maist giue:— 245

177 Immured C 184 treasure Q² 186 squad-
rons here C 180 lord C 193 Prefr 1 or. Q 1
S. D. add. C 190 Thy This Q² 202 your theyr
Q 1 203 Prefr: King precedes 202 in Q 1

213 it add. C 214 that om. Q² 215 him me C
228 beaule Q 1 230 dispoose Q 1 234 Prefr: add.
Q² lend Q²: leue Q 1 241 leaue Q 1: lend Q 2

Nor beg I do not, but I rather buie—

That is, thy loue; and for that loue of thine
In rich exchange I tender to thee myne.

Court. But that your lippes were sacred, my
Lord,

You would prophane the holie name of loue. 250

That loue you offer me you cannot giue,

For Cæsar owes that tribut to his Queene;

That loue you beg of me I cannot giue,

For Sara owes that duetie to her Lord. 254

He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp

Shall die, my Lord; and will your sacred selfe

Comit high treason against the King of heauen,

To stamp his Image in forbidden mettel,

Forgetting your allegiance and your othe?

In violating marriage sacred law, 260

You breake a greater honor then your selfe:

To be a King is of a yonger house

Then to be married; your progenitour,

Sole ragning Adam on the vniuerse,

By God was honored for a married man, 265

But not by him annoited for a king.

It is a pennakty to breake your statutes,

Though not enacted with your highnes hand:

How much more, to infringe the holy act,

Made by the mouth of God, seald with his
hand? 270

I know, my souereigne, in my husbands loue,

Who now doth loyall seruice in his warre,

Doth but so try the wife of Salisbury,

Whither shee will heare a wantons tale or no,

Lest being therein guilty by my stay, 275

From that, not from my leige, I tourne awaie.

[Exit.]

King. Whether is her bewtie by her words

dyuine,

Or are her words sweet chaplaines to her

bewtie?

Like as the wind doth beautifie a saile,

And as a saile becomes the vnseene winde, 280

So doe her words her bewties, bewties wordes.

O, that I were a homie gathering bee,

To beare the combe of vertue from this flower,

And not a poison sucking enuious spider,

To turne the iuce I take to deadlie venom! 285

Religion is austere and bewty gentle;

To strict a gardion for so faire a ward!

O, that shee were, as is the aire, to meel

Why, so she is, for when I would embrace

her,

This do I, and catch nothing but my selfe. 290

I must enioy her; for I cannot beate

With reason and reproofe fond loue a waie.

249 my] O my C 260 agreed Q 1 268 with] by C

273 so pr. ed.: to Qy, etc. 281 bewties, bewtie

Q 1: beauty, beauty C 283 this C: his Qy 285

ince Col.: vice Qy, C 287 Too strict Q 2: To

stricke Q 1 ward C: weed Qy

Enter Warwicke.

Here comes her father: I will worke with him,
To beare my collours in this feild of loue.

War. How is it that my souereigne is so
sad? 295

May I with pardon know your highnes grieve;

And that my old endeour will remoue it,

It shall not comber long your maiestie.

King. A kind and voluntary gift thou pro-

ferest,

That I was forward to haue begd of thee. 300

But, O thou world, great nurse of flatterie,

Whie dost thou tip mens tongues with golden

wordes,

And peise their deedes with weight of heauie

leade,

That faire performance cannot follow promise?

O, that a man might hold the hartes close

booke 305

And choke the lauish tongue, when it doth vtter

The breath of falshood not caretred there!

War. Far be it from the honor of my age,

That I should owe bright gould and render

lead;

Age is a cynicke, not a flatterer. 310

I saye againe, that if I knew your grieve,

And that by me it may be leened,

My proper harme should buy your highnes

good.

Kin. These are the vulger tenders of false

men,

That neuer pay the duetie of their words. 315

Thou wilt not sticke to sweare what thou hast

said;

But, when thou knowest my greifes condition,

This rash disgorged vomit of thy word

Thou wilt eate vp againe, and leaue me helples.

War. By heauen, I will not, though your

maiestie 320

Did byd me run vpon your sworde and die.

(*Kin.*) Say that my greefe is no way medi-

cinable

But by the losse and bruising of thine honour.

War. Yf nothing but that losse may van-

tage you,

I would accompt that losse my vauntage to. 325

King. Thinkst that thou canst unswere

thy oth againe?

War. I cannot; nor I would not, if I

could.

King. But, if thou dost, what shal I say to

thee?

299 offerest Q 2 310 cyncke Q 1 311 if I] I if

Q 1 314 *Prisx* Kin. precedes 316 Qy 322 *Prisx*

om. Q 1 325 account Q 2: accomplish Q 1 326 un-

swere WP: unswear C: answers Qy

War. What may be said to anie periurd villane, 329

That breake(s) the sacred warrant of an oath.

King. What wilt thou say to one that
•breaks an othe?

War. That hee hath broke his faith with
God and man,

And from them both standes excommunicat.

King. What office were it, to suggest a man
To breake a lawfull and religious vowe? 335

War. An office for the deuill, not for man.

Kl. That deuilles office must thou do for
me,

Or breake thy oth, or cancell all the bondes

Of loue and dustie twixt thy self and mee; 339

And therefore, Warwike, if thou art thy selfe,

The Lord and master of thy word and othe,

Go to thy daughter; and in my behalfe

Comaund her, woo her, win her anie waies,

To be my mistres and my secret loue.

I will not stand to heare thee make reply: 345

Thy oth breake hers, or let thy souereigne dye.

[Exit.]

War. O doting King! O detestable officel

Well may I tempt my self to wrong my self,

When he hath sworne me by the name of God

To breake a vowe made by the name of God.

What, if I sweare by this right hand of mine

To cut this right hande off? The better waie

Were to prophaine the Idoll then confound it:

But neither will I do; Ile keepe myne oath,

And to my daughter make a recantation 355

Of all the vertue I haue preacht to her:

Ile say, she must forget her husband Salisbury,

If she remember to embrace the king;

Ile say, an othe may easily be broken,

But not so easily pardoned, being broken; 360

Ile say, it is true charitie to loue,

But not true loue to be so charitable;

Ile say, his greatnes may beare out the shame,

But not his kingdome can buy out the sinne;

Ile say, it is my duty to perswade, 365

But not her honestie to giue consent.

Enter Countesse.

See where she comes; was neuer father had

Against his child an embassage so bad!

Co. My Lord and father, I haue sought for
you:

My mother and the Peeres importune you 370

To keepe in presence of his maiestie,

And do your best to make his highnes merrie.

War. (Aside.) How shall I enter in this
gracelesse arrant?

I must not call her child, for wheres the father

That will in such a sute seduce his child? 375

Then, 'wife of Salisbury'; shall I so begin?

No, hees my friend, and where is found the
friend

That will doe friendship such indammage-
ment?

(To the Count.) Neither my daughter nor my
deare friends wife,

I am not Warwike, as thou thinkst I am, 380

But an attornee from the Court of hell,

That thus haue housd my spirite in his forme,

To do a message to thee from the king.

The mighty king of England dotes on thee:

He that hath power to take away thy life, 385

Hath power to take thy honor; then consent

To pawne thine honor rather then thy life:

Honor is often lost and got againe,

But life, once gon, hath no recouerie.

The Sunne, that withers heyde, doth nourish

grasse; 390

The king, that would distaine thee, wil^l
aduance thee.

The Poets write that great Achilles speare

Could heale the wound it made: the morrall is,

What mighty men misdoo, they can amend.

The Lyon doth become his bloody iawes, 395

And grace his forragement by being milde,

When vassell feare lies trembling at his feete.

The king will in his glory hide thy shame;

And those that gaze on him to finde out thee,

Will loose their eie-sight, looking in the Sunne.

What can one drop of poyson harme the Sea,

Whose hugie vastures can digest the ill

And make it loose his operation?

The kings great name will temper thymisdeeds,

And giue the bitter potion of reproch 405

A sugred, sweet and most delitious tast.

Besides, it is no harme to do the thing

Which without shame could not be left vn-
done.

Thus haue I in his maiesties behalfe.

Apparled sin in vertuous sentences, 410

And dwel vpon thy answere in his sute.

Cou. Vnnaturall beseege! woe me vnhappye,

To haue escept the danger of my foes,

And to be ten times worse inuiued by friends!

Hath he no meanes to stayne my honest blood,

But to corrupt the author of my blood 416

To be his scandalous and vile solisiter?

No maruell though the braunches be then
infected,

When poyson hath encompassed the roote:

No maruell though the leproous infant dye, 420

330 breaks Q²: breake Q¹ 338 and cancell
WP 347 Prefix War. Q²: King Q¹ King, or Qq
371 presence Q²: promise Q¹ 373 S. D. add. WP

379 S. D. add. WP 390 doth] goth Q¹ 404 thy
C: their Qq 405 portion Q¹ 414 inuiued WP:
inwird D

When the sterne dame inuennometh the Dug.
 Why then, giue sinne a passport to offend,
 And youth the dangerous reigne of liberty:
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,
 And cancell euery cannon that prescribes 425
 A shame for shame or pennance for offence.
 No, let me die, if his too boystrous will
 Will haue it so, before I will consent
 To be an actor in his gracelesse lust.

Wa. Why, now thou speakest as I would
 haue thee speake: 430

And marke how I vnseie my words againe.
 An honorable graue is more esteemd
 Than the polluted closet of a king:
 The greater man, the greater is the thing,
 Be it good or bad, that he shall vndertake: 435
 An vnreputed mote, flying in the Sunne,
 Presents a greater substaunce then it is:
 The freshest summers day doth soonest taint
 The lothed carrion that it seemes to kisse:
 Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie
 Axe: 440

That sinne doth ten times agreuate it selfe,
 That is committed in a holie place:
 An euill deed, done by authoritie,
 Is sin and subboration: Decke an Ape
 In tissue, and the beautie of the robe 445
 Adds but the greater scorne vnto the beast.
 A spacious field of reasons could I vrge
 Betwene his glorie, daughter, and thy shame:
 That poyson shewes worst in a golden cup;
 Darke night seemes darker by the lightning
 flash; 450

Lillies that fester smel far worse then weeds;
 And euery glory that inclynes to sin,
 The shame is treble by the opposite.
 So leaue I with my blessing in thy bosome,
 Which then conuert to a most heauie curse, 455
 When thou conuertest from honors golden
 name

To the blacke faction of bed blotting shame.

Coun. He follow thee; and when my minde
 turnes so,

My body sinks my soule in endles woo!
 [Exeunt.]

(SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Castle.)

*Enter at one doore Derby from Fraunce, At an
 other doore Audley with a Drum.*

Der. Thrice noble Audley, well incountred
 heere!

How is it with our soueraigne and his peeres?

Aud. Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his
 highnes,

448 glory C: gloomie Q 1 458 Hs Q 1 Scene II.
 etc. add. C

What time he sent me forth to muster men;
 Which I accordingly haue done, and bring
 them hither 5

In faire aray before his maiestie.

What newes, my Lord of Derby, from the
 Emperour?

Der. As good as we desire: the Emperour
 Hath yeelded to his highnes friendly ayd,
 And makes our king leiutenant generall 10
 In all his lands and large dominions:

Then via for the spacious bounds of Fraunce!
 Aud. What, doth his highnes leap to heare
 these newes?

Der. I haue not yet found time to open them;
 The king is in his closet, malcontent; 15
 For what, I know not, but he gaue in charge,
 Till after dinner none should interrupt him:
 The Countesse Salisbury and her father War-
 wike,

Artoyes and all looke vnderneath the browes.

Aud. Vndoubtedly, then, some thing is
 a misse. (Trumpet within.)

Dar. The Trumpets sound, the king is now
 abroad. 21

Enter the King.

Aud. Here comes his highnes.

Der. Befall my soueraigne all my soue-
 raignes wish!

King. Ah, that thou wert a Witch to make
 it so!

Der. The Emperour greeteth you. 25
 (presenting Letters.)

Kin. —Would it were the Countesse!

Der. And hath accorded to your highnes
 suite.

King. —Thou lyeest, she hath not; but I
 would she had.

Au. All loue and duety to my Lord the
 King!

Kin. Well, all but one is none.—What
 newes with you? 30

Au. I haue, my liege, leuied those horse
 and foote

According to your charge, and brought them
 hither.

Kin. Then let those foote trudge hence
 vpon those horse

According too our discharge, and be gonne.—
 Darby, He looke vpon the Countesse minde
 anone. 35

Dar. The Countesse minde, my liege?

Kin.. I meane the Emperour:—leaue me
 alone.

5 hither om. C 7 Prefix King before this line in
 Q 1 13 these] this Q 2 20, 25 S. D. H. add. C
 21 S. D. follow 20 in Q 22 Ar. (Ital.) Where Q 1
 32 to Q 2: as Q 1

Au. What is his mind?

Dar. Lets leaue him to his humor.

[*Exeunt.*]

Kl. Thus from the harts abundance

speakes the tongue;

Countesse for Emperour: and indeed, why not?

She is as imperator ouer me

And I to her

Am as a kneeling vassaile, that obserues

The pleasure or displeasure of her eye.

Enter Lodwike.

Kl. What saies the more then Cleopatras match

To Cæsar now?

Lo. That yet, my liege, ere night She will resolute your maiestie. (*Drum within.*)

Kl. What drum is this that thunders forth this march,

To start the tender Cupid in my bosome?

Poore shipskin, how it braules with him that beateth it!

Go, breake the thundring parchment bottome out,

And I will teach it to conduct sweete lynes

Vnto the bosome of a heauenly Nymph;

For I will vse it as my writing paper,

And so reduce him from a scoulding drum

To be the herald and deare counsaile bearer

Betwixt a goddesse and a mighty king.

Go, bid the drummer learne to touch the Lute,

Or hang him in the braces of his drum,

For now we thinke it an vnciuill thing,

To trouble heauen with such harsh resounds:

Away! [*Exit.*]

The quarrell that I haue requires no armes But these of myne: and these shall meete my foe

In a deepe march of penytrable grones;

My eyes shall be my arrowes, and my sighes

Shall serue me as the vantage of the winde,

To wherle away my sweetest artilerie.

Ah, but, alas, she winnes the sunne of me,

For that is she herselfe, and thence it comes

That Poets tearmo the wanton warriour blinde;

But loue hath eyes as iudgement to his steps,

Till too much loued glory dazles them.—

Enter Lodwike.

How now?

Lo. My liege, the drum that stroke the lusty march,

Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice valiant sonne.

Enter Prince Edward.

King. I see the boy; oh, how his mothers face,

Modeld in his, corrects my straid desire,

And rates my heart, and chides my theeuish eie,

Who, being rich ennough in seeing her, Yet seekes elsewhere: and basest theft is that

Which cannot cloke it selfe on pouertie.—

Now, boy, what newes?

Pr. E. I haue assembled, my deare Lord and father,

The choysest buds of all our English blood: For our affaires in Fraunce; and heere we come

To take direction from your maiestie.

Kin. Still do I see in him deliniate

His mothers visage; those his eies are hers, Who, looking wistely on me, make me blush:

For faults against themselues giue euidence; Lust is a fire, and men like lanthornes show

Light lust within them selues, euen through them selues.

Away, loose silkes of wauering vanitie!

Shall the large limmit of faire Brittainé By me be ouerthrowne, and shall I not

Master this little mansion of my selfe?

Giue me an Armor of eternall steele!

I go to conquer kings; and shall I not then

Subdue my selfe? and be my enimies friend?

It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, aduance!

Lets with our coullours sweete the Aire of Fraunce.

Enter Lodwike.

Lo. My liege, the Countesse with a smiling cheere

Desires accesse vnto your Maiestie.

King. Why, there it goes! That veriesmile of hers

Hath ransomed captiue Fraunce, and set the King,

The Dolphin, and the Peeres at liberty.—

Goe, leaue me, Ned, and reuell with thy friends.

[*Exit Pr.*]

Thy mother is but blacke, and thou, like her, Dost put it in my minde how foule she is.—

Go, fetch the Countesse hether in thy hand, And let her chase away these winter clouds,

38 is Q1: is in Q2, etc. 39 abundance Col.: abundant Q4 41, 42 One line in Q4 47 S. D. add. C. 50 counsaile Q1 61 with Q1 Line ends Away Q4 73 too Q2: two Q1 S. D. after 74 Q4

78 Molded Q2 82 cloke] check C 86 in Q2: to Q1 90 made Q2 92 is C: as Q4 men C me Q4 lanthorne Q4 94 of Q2: or Q1 95 Britany Q2 99 not om. C, etc. 102 sweep C: beat D 112 those Q2

For shee giues beautie both to heauen and earth. [Exit Lod.]

The sin is more to hacke and hew poore men,
Then to embrace in an vnlawfull bed 115

The register of all varieties

Since Letherne Adam till this youngest howre.

Enter Countesse (escorted by Lodwike).

King. Goe, Lodwike, put thy hand into my purse,

Play, spend, giue, ryot, wast, do what thou wilt,

So thou wilt hence a while and leaue me heere. (Exit Lodowick.)

Now, my soules plaiefellow, art thou come 121

To speake the more then heauenly word of yea

To my obiection in thy beautilous loue?

Count. My father on his blessing hath commanded—

King. That thou shalt yeeld to me? 125

Count. I, deare my liege, your due.

King. And that, my dearest loue, can be no lesse

Then right for right and tender loue for loue.

Count. Then wrong for wrong and endless hate for hate.—

But,—sith I see your maiestie so bent, 130

That my vnwillignes, my husbands loue,

Your high estate, nor no respect respected

Can be my helpe, but that your mightines

Will ouerbeare and awe these deare regards—

I bynd my discontent to my content, 135

And what I would not Ile compell I will,

Provided that your selfe remove those lets

That stand betweene your highnes loue and mine.

King. Name them, faire Countesse, and, by heauen, I will.

Co. It is their liues that stand betweene our loue, 140

That I would haue chokt vp, my soueraigne.

Kl. Whose liues, my Lady?

Co. My thrice louing liege,

Your Queene and Salisbury, my wedded husband,

Who liuing haue that tytle in our loue,

That we cannot bestow but by their death. 145

Kl. Thy opposition is beyond our Law.

Co. So is your desire: if the law

Can hinder you to execute the one,

Let it forbid you to attempt the other.

I cannot thinke you loue me as you say, 150

Vnlesse you do make good what you haue sworn.

(King.) No more; thy husband and the Queene shall dye.

Fairer thou art by farre then Hero was,

Beardles Leander not so strong as I:

He swome an easie curraunt for his loue, 155

But I will through a Hellespont of bloud,

To arryue at Cestus where my Hero lyes.

Co. Nay, youle do more; youle make the Ryuer to

With their hart bloods that keepe our loue asunder,

Of which my husband and your wife are twayne. 160

Kl. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death

And giues in euidence that they shall dye;

Vpon which verdict I, their Iudge, condemne them.

Co. (Aside.) O periurde beautie, more corrupted Iudge!

When to the great Starre-chamber ore our heads 165

The vniuersell Sessions calls to count

This packing euill, we both shall tremble for it.

Kl. What saies my faire loue? is she resolute?

Co. Resolute to bedissolude; and, therefore, this:

Keepe but thy word, great king, and I am thine. 170

Stand where thou dost, ile part a little from thee,

And see how I will yeeld me to thy hands.

(turning suddenly upon him, and shewing two Daggers.)

Here by my side doth hang my wedding knives:

Take thou the one, and with it kill thy Queene,

And learne by me to finde her where she lies;

And with this other Ile dispatch my loue, 176

Which now lies fast a sleepe within my hart:

When they are gone, then Ile consent to loue.

Stir not, lasciuious king, to hinder me;

My resolution is more nimble far, 180

Then thy preuention can be in my rescue,

And if thou stir, I strike; therefore, stand still,

And heare the choyce that I will put thee to:

Either sweare to leaue thy most vnholie sute

And neuer hence forth to solicit me; 185

Or else, by heauen, this sharpe poynted knyfe

113 S. D. after 111 Qq 116 varieties Col.
118 my C: thy Qq 120 S. D. add. C 121 art]
and art C 123 subjection D 128 tender C:
render Qq 139 them C: then Ql 142 loning Ql
147 And so C

152 Prefre om. Q1 156 through Q2: throng
Q1 Hellespont conj. T: helle spout Qq 157 To
om. C. at] that C 164 S. D. add. Wl 168 resolude
WP 169 Resolv'd conj. C: Resolude WP S. D.
add. C 176 this] the Q2

Shall staine thy earth with that which thou
would staine,
My poore chaste blood. Swear, Edward,
swear,

Or I will strike and die before thee heere.

King. Euen by that power I swear, that
giues me now 190

The power to be ashamed of my selfe,
I neuer meane to part my lips againe
In any words that tends to such a sute.

Arise, true English Ladie, whom our Ile 194

May better boast of then euer Romaine might

Of her, whose ransackt treasure hath taskt

The vaine indeuor of so many pens:

Arise; and be my fault thy honors fame,

Which after ages shall enrich thee with.

I am awaked from this idle dreame.— 200

Warlike, my Sonne, Darby, Artoys, and

Audley!

Braue warriors all, where are you all this

while?

Enter all.

Warlike, I make thee Warden of the North:

Thou, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight

to Sea;

Scoure to New-hauen; some there staie for me:

My selfe, Artoys, and Darby will through

Flanders, 206

To greete our friends there and to craue their

aide.

This night will scarce suffice me to discover

My follies seege against a faithfull louer;

For, ere the Sunne shal guilde the sterne skie,

Wele wake him with our Marshall harmonie.

[*Exeunt.*]

(ACT III.

SCENE I.

Flanders. *The French Camp.*)

Enter King Iohn of Fraunce, his two sonnes,

Charles of Normandie, and Phillip, and

the Duke of Lorraine.

King Iohn. Heere, till our Nauie of a thou-

sand saile

Haue made a breakfast to our foe by Sea,

Let vs incampe, to wait their happie speede.—

Lorraine, what readines is Edward in? 5

How hast thou heard that he prouided is

Of marshall furniture for this explot?

Lo. To lay aside vnnecessary soothing,

And not to spend the time in circumstance,

Tis bruted for a certenty, my Lord,

That hees exceeding strongly fortified; 10

187 wouldst Q2, etc. 204 Thou] You C 210

gild C: guile Q1 Act III. etc. add. C 2 to] of

con; pr. ed.

His subjects flocke as willingly to warre,
As if vnto a triumph they were led.

Ch. England was wont to harbour malcon-
tents,

Blood thirsty and seditious Catelynes,*

Spend thrifts, and such as gape for nothing else

But changing and alteration of the state; 16

And is it possible

That they are now so loyall in them selues?

Lo. All but the Scot, who solemnly protests,

As heeretofore I haue enformd his grace, 20

Neuer to sheath his Sword or take a truce.

Io. Ah, thats the anchredge of some better

hopel

But, on the other side, to thinke what friends

King Edward hath retaynd in Netherland,

Among those euer-bibbing Epicures, 25

Those frothy Dutch men, puffed with double

beere,

That drinke and swill in euery place they

come,

Doth not a little aggrauate mine ire;

Besides, we heare, the Emperor romiynes,

And stalls him in his owne authoritie: 30

But, all the mightier that their number is,

The greater glory reapes the victory.

Some friends haue we beside domestick

power;

The sterne Polonian, and the warlike Dane,

The king of Bohemia, and of Cycelie, 35

Are all become confederates with vs,

And, as I thinke, are marching hither apace.

(*Drum within.*)

But soft, I heare the musicke of their drums,

By which I gesse that their approach is neare.

Enter the King of Bohemia, with Danes, and

a Polonian Captaine, with other soldiers,

another way.

King of Boheme. King Iohn of Fraunce, as

league and neighborhood 40

Requires, when friends are any way distrest,

I come to aide thee with my countries force.

Pol. Cap. And from great Musco, fearefull

to the Turke,

And lofty Poland, nurse of hardie men,

I bring these seruitors to fight for thee, 45

Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

K. Io. Welcome, Bohemian king, and wel-

come all:

This your great kindnesse I will not forget.

Besides your plentiful rewards in Crownes,

That from our Treasury ye shall receiue, 50

There comes a hare braind Nation, deckt in

pride,

17, 18 One line Q2 33 domestick C: drum

strike Q1: drumstick Q2 37 S. D. add. C

The spoyle of whome will be a trebble gaine.
 And now my hope is full, my ioy complete:
 At Sea, we are as puissant as the force
 Of Agamemnon in the Hauen of Troy; 55
 By land, with Zerxes we compare of strength,
 Whose souldiers dranke vp riuers in their
 thirst:
 Then, Bayardlike, blinde, ouerweaning Ned,
 To reach at our imperiall dyadem
 Is either to be swallowed of the waues, 60
 Or haekt a peeces when thou comest ashore.

Enter (Marriner).

Mar. Neere to the coast I haue discride, my
 Lord,
 As I was busie in my watchfull charge,
 The proud Armado of king Edwards ships:
 Which, at the first, far off when I did ken, 65
 Seemd as it were a groue of withered pines;
 But, drawing neere, their glorious bright
 aspect,
 Their streaming Ensignes, wrought of coul-
 loured silke,
 Like to a meddow full of sundry flowers,
 Adornes the naked bosome of the earth: 70
 Maiesticall the order of their course,
 Figuring the horned Circle of the Moone:
 And on the top gallant of the Admirall
 And likewise all the handmaidens of his trayne
 The Armes of England and of Fraunce vnite 75
 Are quartred equally by Heralds art:
 Thus, titely carried with a merrie gale,
 They plough the Ocean hitherward amayne.
 (*K. Iohn.*) Dare he already crop the Flower
 de Luce?

I hope, the hony being gathered thence, 80
 He, with the spider, afterward approcht,
 Shall sucke forth deadly venom from the
 leaues.—

But wheres our Nauy? how are they prepared
 To wing them selues against this flight of
 Rauens?

Ma. They, hauing knowledge, brought
 them by the scouts, 85
 Did breake from Anchor straight, and, puff
 with rage

No otherwise then were their sailes with winde,
 Made forth, as when the empty Eagle flies,
 To satisfie his hungrie griping mawe.

Io. Theres for thy newes. Returne vnto
 thy barke; 90

And if thou scape the bloody strooke of warre
 And do suruiue the conflict, come againe,

And let vs heare the manner of the fight.

[*Exit (Marriner).*]

Meane space, my Lords, tis best we be disperst
 To seuerall places, leas't they chaunce to land:
 First you, my Lord, with your Bohemian
 Troupes, 96

Shall pitch your battailes on the lower hand;
 My eldest sonne, the Duke of Normandie,
 Together with this aide of Muscouites,
 Shall clyme the higher ground another waye;
 Heere in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
 Phillip, my yongest boy, and I will lodge.

So, Lords, be gon, and looke vnto your charge:
 You stand for Fraunce, an Empire faire and
 large. [*Exeunt.*]

Now tell me, Phillip, what is thy concept, 105
 Touching the challenge that the English make?

Ph. I say, my Lord, clayme Edward what
 he can,

And bring he nere so playne a pedegree,
 Tis you are in possession of the Crowne,
 And that's the surest poynt of all the Law: 110
 But, were it not, yet ere he should preuaile,
 He make a Conduit of my dearest blood,
 Or chase those stragling vpstarts home againe.

King. Well said, young Phillip! Call for
 bread and Wine, 114

That we may cheere our stomacks with repast,
 To looke our foes more sternely in the face.

(*A Table and Provisions brought in.*) *The
 battell hard a farre off.*

Now is begun the heauie day at Sea:
 Fight, Frenchmen, fight; be like the fieldes of
 Beares,

When they defend their younglings in their
 Caues!

Stir, angry Nemesis, the happie helme, 120
 That, with the sulphur battels of your rage,
 The English Fleete may be disperst and sunke.

[*Shot.*]

Ph. O Father, how this eckoing Cannon
 shot,

Like sweete harmonie, disgasts my cates!
K. Io. Now, boy, thou hearest what thun-
 dring terror tis, 125

To buckle for a kingdomes souerentie:
 The earth, with giddie trembling when it
 shakes,

Or when the exalations of the aire
 Breakes in extremitie of lightning flash,

Affrighte not more then kings, when they dis-
 pose 130

52 gaine Q2: game Q1 61 S. D. Marriner add.
 Q2 62 discride Q2: discride Q1 73 And om.
 79 Puffe om. Q1 84 fleete Q2 81 satisfie
 Q1 90 Thees Q2

93 S. D. Marriner em. Q1 104 S. D. after 103 in
 Q1 105 thy conceit Q2: their concept Q1 116
 S. D. Bracketed words add. C 120 Stir Q1: Steer C
 124 sweetest C, etc. 125 ends thundering Q2

To shew the rancor of their high swolne hart.

[Retreate.

Retrea(t) is sounded; one side hath the worse:
O, if it be the French, sweete fortune, turne;
And, in thy turning, change the forward winds,
That, with advantage of a fauoring skie, 135
Our men may vanquish, and the other flie!

Enter Marriner.

My hart misgiues:—say, mirror of pale death,
To whome belongs the honor of this day?

Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serue,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture. 140

Mar. I will, my Lord.

My gracious soueraigne, Fraunce hath tane
the foyle,

And boasting Edward triumphs with successe.
These Iron harted Nauies,

When last I was reporter to your grace, 145
Both full of angry spleene, of hope, and feare,

Hasting to meete each other in the face,
At last conioynd; and by their Admirall

Our Admirall encountred manie shot:
By this, the other, that beheld these twaine 150

Giue earnest peny of a further wracke,
Like fiery Dragons tooke their haughty flight;

And, likewise meeting, from their smoky
wombes

Sent many grym Embassadors of death.
Then gan the day to turne to gloomy night, 155

And darkenes did as wel inclose the quicke
As those that were but newly rest of life.

No leasure serud for friends to bid farewell;
And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,

As ech to other seemed deafe and dombe. 160
Purple the Sea, whose channel fld as fast

With streaming gore, that from the maymed
fell,

As did her gushing moysture breake into
The crannied cleftures of the through shot

planks. 164
Heere flew a head, disseuered from the tronke,

There mangled armes and legs were tost aloft,
As when a wherle winde takes the Summer

dust
And scatters it in middle of the aire.

Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthlesse fload, 170

Vntill their lofty tops were seene no more.
All shifts were tried, both for defence and hurt:

And now the effect of valor and of force,
Of resolution and of cowardize,

We liuely pictured; how the one for fame, 175

131 S. D. after 132 Q₂ 134 froward Q₂ 135
sauouring Q₁ 150 the other C: thither Q₁: th'
other Q₂ 104 crannied W.P.: cranny'd C: cranny

Q₁ 165 disauered Q₁ 173 force] fear C, etc.
174 of] of a Q₁ 175 We] Were C

The other by compulsion laid about:

Much did the *Nonpareille*, that braue ship;
So did the blacke snake of Bullen, then which

A bonnier vessel neuer yet spred sayle.
But all in vaine; both Sunne, the Win(d)e and

tyde, 180
Reuolted all vnto our foe mens side,

That we perforce were fayne to giue them way,
And they are landed.—Thus my tale is donne:

We haue vntimly lost, and they haue woone.
K. Jo. Then rests there nothing, but with

present speede 185
To ioyne our seuerall forces al in one,

And bid them battaile, ere they rainge to farre.
Come, gentle Phillip, let vs hence depart;

This souldiers words haue perst thy fathers
hart. [Exeunt.

(SCENE II.

Picardy. *Fields near Cressi.*)

Enter two French men; a woman and two little
Children meet them, and other Citizens.

One. Wel met, my masters: how now?
whats the newes?

And wherefore are ye laden thus with stuffe?
What, is it quarter daie that you remoue,

And carrie bag and baggage too?
Two. Quarter day? I, and quartering day,

I feare: 5
Haue ye not heard the newes that flies abroad?

One. What newes?
Three. How the French Nauy is destroyd

at Sea,
And that the English Armie is arriued.

One. What then? 10
Two. What then, quoth you? why, ist not

time to flie,
When enuie and destruction is so nigh?

One. Content thee, man; they are farre
enough from hence,

And will be met, I warrant ye, to their cost,
Before they breake so far into the Realme. 15

Two. I, so the Grasshopper doth spend the
time

In mirthfull iollitie, till Winter come;
And then too late he would redeeme his time,

When frozen cold hath nipt his carelesse
head.

He, that no sooner will prouide a Cloake, 20
Then when he sees it doth begin to raigne,

May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be thoroughly washed, when he suspects it

not.

177 Nonpareille C: Nom per illa Q₂ 180 Wine
Q₁: winde Q₂ Scene II. etc. add. C S. D. and

other Q₂: another Q₁ 5 quartering pay Q₁ 6
ye] we Q₁ 22 negligence Q₁.

We that haue charge and such a trayne as this, 24

Must looke in time to looke for them and vs,
Least, when we would, we cannot be relieued.

One. Belike, you then dispaire of all suc-
cesse,

And thinke your Country will be subiugate.
Three. We cannot tell; tis good to feare the
worst.

One. Yet rather fight, then, like vnnatural
sonnes, 30

Forsake your louing parents in distresse.
Two. Tush, they that haue already taken
armes

Are manie fearefull millions in respect
Of that small handfull of our enimies:

But tis a rightfull quarrell must preuaile; 35
Edward is sonne vnto our late kings sister,
Where Iohn Valoys is three degrees remoued.

Wo. Besides, there goes a Prophesie abroad,
Published by one that was a Fryer once, 39

Whose Oracles haue many times prooued true;
And now he ayees, the tyme will shortly come,

When as a Lyon, rowsed in the west,
Shall carie hence the fliuirdeluce of France:

These, I can tell yee, and such like surmises
Strike many french men cold vnto the heart.

Enter a French man.

(*Four.*) Flie, cuntry men and cytizens of
France! 46

Sweete flowing peace, the roote of happie life,
Is quite abandoned and expulst the lande;

In sted of whome ransackt constraining warre
Syts like to Rauens vpon your houses topps;

Slaughter and mischiefe walke within your
streets, 51

And, vnrestrained, make hauock as they passe;
The forme whereof euen now my selfe beheld

Vpon this faire mountaine whence I came.
For so far of as I directed mine eies, 55

I might percease fise Cities all on fire,
Corne fieldes and vineyards, burning like an

ouen;
And, as the reaking vapour in the wind

Tourned but aside, I like wise might disseerne
The poore inhabitants, escapt the flame, 60

Fall numberles vpon the souldiers pikes.
Three waies these dredfull ministers of wrath

Do tread the meassurs of their tragicke march:
Vpon the right hand comes the conquering
King,

Vpon the left his hot vnbridled sonne, 65
And in the midst our nations glittering hoast;

27 all C: ill Qy 46 No prefz in Qy 58 recking
coms. C: leaking Qy 59 I tourned but Qy: Turned
C 65 his] is Qy

All which, though distant yet, conspire in one,
To leaue a desolation where they come.

Flie therefore, Citizens, if you be wise,
Seeke out som habitation further of: 70

Here if you staie, your wiues will be abused,
Your treasure sharde before your weeping eies;

Shelter you your selues, for now the storme
doth rise.

Away, away; me thinks I heare their
drums:—

Ah, wretched France, I greatly feare thy fal;
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall. 76

(*Exeunt.*)

(SCENE III.

The same. Drums.)

*Enter King Edward, and the Erie of Darby,
With Souldiers, and Gobin de Graie.*

Kin. Wheres the French man by whose
cunning guide

We found the shalow of this Riuer Some,
And had direction how to passe the sea?

Go. Here, my good Lord. 4

Kin. How art thou calde? tell me thy name.
Go. Gobin de Graie, if please your excel-
lence.

Kin. Then, Gobin, for the seruice thou hast
done,

We here enlarge and giue thee liberty;
And, for recompenc(e) beside this good,

Thou shalt receiue fise hundred markes in
golde.— 10

I know not how, we should haue met our
sonne,

Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter Artoyes.

(*Art.*) Good newes, my Lord; the prince is
hard at hand,

And with him comes Lord Awdley and the
rest, 14

Whome since our landing we could neuer meet.

*Enter Prince Edward, Lord Awdley, and
Souldiers.*

K. E. Welcome, faire Prince! How hast
thou sped, my sonne,

Since thy arriuall on the coaste of Fraunce?
Pr. Ed. Succesfullie, I thanke the gracious
heauens:

Some of their strongest Cities we haue wonne,
As Harflew, Lo, Crotay, and Carentigne, 20

And others wasted, leauing at our heeles
A wide apparant feild and beaten path

73 you om. C, etc. 76 S. D. om. Q1 Scene III.
etc. add. C 1 guide Qy: guidance T, etc. 2 from

WP: Some Qy 9 for] for a C 18 Prfs om. Q1
20 Harlew, Lie, Crotay Qy: Harlew, Lo, Crotay C

For solitarines to progresse in:

Yet those that would submit we kindly
pardned,

But who in scorne refused our proffered
peace,

Indurde the penaltie of sharpe reuenge.

Kl. Ed. Ah, Fraunce, why shouldest thou
be thus obstinate

Agaynst the kind imbracement of thy friends?

How gently had we thought to touch thy brest

And set our foot vpon thy tender mould,

But that, in froward and disdainfull pride,

Thou, like a skittish and vntamed coult,

Dost start aside and strike vs with thy heeles!

But tel me, Ned, in all thy warlike cource,

Hast thou not seene the vsurping King of
Fraunce?

Pri. Yes, my good Lord, and not two owers
ago,

With full a hundred thousand fighting men—

Vppon the one side of the riuers banke

And on the other both, his multitudes.

I feard he would haue cropt our smaller power:

But happily, perceiuing your approach,

He hath with drawen himselfe to Cressey
plaines;

Where, as it seemeth by his good arraie,

He meanes to byd vs battaile presently.

Kin. Ed. He shall be welcome; thats the
thing we craue.

*Enter King Iohn, Dukes of Normannndy and
Lorraine, King of Boheme, yong Phillip,
and Souldiers.*

Iohn. Edward, know that Iohn, the true
king of Fraunce,

Musing thou shouldest inroach vppon his land,

And in thy tyranous proceeding slay

His faithfull subiects and subuert his Townes,

Spits in thy face; and in this manner folowing
Obraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion: 51

First, I condemne thee for a fugitiue,

A theeuish pyrate, and a needie mate,

One that hath either no abyding place,

Or else, inhabiting some barraine soile, 55

Where neither hearb or frutfull graine is had,

Dost altogether liue by pilfering:

Next, insomuch thou hast infringed thy faith,

Broke leage and solemne couenant made with
mee,

I hould thee for a false pernicious wretch: 60

And, last of all, although I scorne to cope

With one so much inferior to my selfe,

Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for golde,
Thy labour rather to be feared then loued,

To satisfie thy lust in either parte,

Heere am I come, and with me haue I brought

Exceeding store of treasure, perle, and coyne.

Leaue, therefore, now to persecute the weake,

And, armed entring conflict with the armd,

Let it be seene, mongest other pettie thefts, 70

How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

K. Ed. If gall or wormwood haue a pleasant
tast,

Then is thy salutation hony sweete;

But as the one hath no such propertie,

So is the other most satiricall.

Yet wot how I regarde thy worthles tants: 75

If thou haue vtired them to foile my fame

Or dym the reputation of my birth,

Know that thy woluish barking cannot hurt;

If slylie to insinuate with the worlde, 80

And with a strumpets artifiitial line

To painte thy vitious and deformed cause,

Bee well assured, the counterfeit will fade,

And in the end thy fowle defecte be seene;

But if thou didst it to prouoke me on, 85

As who should saie I were but timerous.

Or, coldly negligent, did need a spurre,

Bethinke thy selfe howe slacke I was at sea,

How since my landing I haue wonn no townes,

Entered no further but vpon the coast, 90

And there haue euer since securilie slept.

But if I haue bin other wise imployd,

Imagin, Valoys, whether I intende

To skirmish, not for pillage, but for the
Crowne

Which thou dost weare; and that I vowe to
haue, 95

Or one of vs shall fall into his graue.

Pri. Ed. Looke not for crosse ineuctiues at
our hands,

Or rayling execrations of despiht:

Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow bankes,

Sting with theyr tongues; we haue ramorseles
swords, 100

And they shall pleade for vs and our affaires.

Yet thus much, breefly, by my fathers leaue:

As all the immodest payson of thy throat

Is scandalous and most notorious lyes,

And our pretended quarell is truly iust, 105

So end the battaile when we meet to daie:

May eyther of vs prosper and preuaile,

Or, luckles curst, recoue eternal shame!

Kin. Ed. That needs no further question;
and I knowe,

25 But *conj. C:* For *Qy* proffered *Q1* 27 thus *Q2:*
this *Q1* 37 an *Q2* 38 o] with *Qy:* o' *C:* 39 I on
the other; with *C:* 40 false] most *Q2* 62
so much *C:* such *Q1:* such an *D*

64 Thy] They *Q1* 66 I haue *Q2* 77 soil *conj.*
C 81 line] hue *conj. Col.* 83 How *C:* Now *Q1*
90 the] thy *Q2* 92 otherwayes *Q2* 94 for the]
the *C* 96 his] this *Q1* 99 hide *Q1* 105 is om. *C*

His conscience witnesseth, it is my right.— 110
Therefore, Valoys, say, wilt thou yet resigne,
Before the sickles thrust into the Corne,
Or that inkindled fury turne to flame?

Ioh.^o Edward, I know what right thou hast
in France;

And ere I basely will resigne my Crowne, 115
This Champion field shalbe a poole of bloode,
And all our prospect as a slaughter house.

Pr. Ed. I, that approues thee, tyrant, what
thou art:

No father, king, or shepheard of thy realme,
But one, that teares her entrailles with thy
handes, 120

And, like a thiratie tyger, suckst her bloud.

Aud. You peeres of France, why do you
follow him

That is so prodigall to spend your liues?

Ch. Whom should they follow, aged
impotent,

But he that is their true borne soueraigne? 125

Kin. Obraidst thou him, because within
his face

Time hath ingraud deep caracters of age?
Know, these graue schollers of experience,
Like stiffe growen oakes, will stand immou-
able,

When whirle wind quickly turnes vp yonger
tresse. 130

Dar. Was euer anie of thy fathers house
King but thyselfe, before this present time?
Edwards great linage, by the mothers side,
Fieue hundred yeeres hath helde the scepter vp:
Iudge then, conspiratours, by this descent, 135
Which is the true borne soueraigne, this or
that.

Phillip. Father, range your battailes, prate
no more;

These English faine would spend the time in
words,

That, night approching, they might escape
vnfought.

K. Ioh. Lords and my louing Subjects,
nowes the time, 140

That your intended force must bide the touch.
Therefore, my frinds, consider this in breefe:
He that you fight for is your naturall King;
He against whom you fight, a forrener:
He that you fight for, rules in clemencie, 145
And raines you with a mild and gentle byt;
He against whome you fight, if hee preuaile,
Will straight inthrone himselfe in tyrannie,
Make slaues of you, and with a heauie hand

113 turned *Q²* 110 champain *Col.* 120 tearst
con. *C* 128 Know that these *Q¹* 131 *Line ends*
king *Q¹* 134 helde kept *Q²* 137 *Pr. Ed.* Phillip
Q²: *Fri. Q¹* 138 words *Q¹* 140 nowes knownes
Q¹ 144 you ye *Q²*

Curtall and courb your sweetest libertie. 150
Then, to protect your Country and your
King,

Let but the haughty Courage of your hartes
Answer the number of your able handes,
And we shall quicklie chase theis fugitiues.

For whate this Edward but a belly god, 155
A tender and lasciuious wantonnes,
That thother daie was almost dead for loue?
And what, I prae you, is his goodly gard?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of
beefe

And take awaie their downie featherbedes, 160
And presently they are as reasty stiffe,
As twere a many ouer ridden iades.

Then, French men, scorne that such should be
your Lords,

And rather bind ye them in captiue bands.

All Fra. Viue le Roy! God saue King Iohn
of France! 165

Io. Now on this plaine of Cressie spred your
selues,—

And, Edward, when thou darest, begin the
fight.

(*Exeunt King Iohn, Cha., Phi., Lor.,
Boh. and Forces.*)

Ki. Ed. We presently wil meet thee, Iohn
of Fraunce:—

And, English Lorde, let vs resolute this
daie,

Either to cleere vs of that scandalous cryme,
Or be intombd in our innocence. 171

And, Ned, because this battell is the first
That euer yet thou foughtest in pitched field,
As ancient custome is of Martialists,
To dub thee with the tipe of chivalrie, 175
In solemne manner wee will giue thee armes.
Come, therefore, Heralds, orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the prince my sonne.

*Enter foure Heraldes, bringing in a coate
armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield.*

Kin. Edward Plantagenet, in the name of
God,

As with this armour I impall thy breast, 180
So be thy noble vnrelenting heart
Wald in with flint of matchlesse fortitude,
That neuer base affections enter there:
Fight and be valiant, conquere where thou
comst!

Now follow, Lords, and do him honor to. 185

Dar. Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy braine is
fenst,

167 *S. D. add. C* 169 this *C*: the *Q¹* 171 in-
nocencie *Q²* 188 thy *C*: this *Q¹*

So may thy temples, with Bellonas hand,
Be still adorn'd with lawrell victorie: 190
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou
comst!

Add. Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
Receiue this lance into thy manly hand;
Vse it in fashion of a brassen pen, 194
To drawe forth bloudie stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honors booke:
Fight and be valiant, vanquish where thou
comst!

Art. Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
Hold, take this target, weare it on thy
arme;
And may the view thereof, like Perseus
shield, 200
Astonish and transforme thy gazing foes
To senselesse images of meger death:
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou
comst!

Kl. Now wants there nought but knight-
hood, which deferd
Woe leaue, till thou hast won it in the fieelde.

(*P. Ed.*) My gracious father and yee for-
warde peeres, 206

This honor you haue done me, animates
And chears my greene, yet scarce appearing
strength

With comfortable good presaging signes,
No other wise then did ould Iacobes wordes,
When as he breathed his blessings on his
sonnes. 211

These hallowed giftes of yours when I pro-
phane,

Or vse them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherles and poore,
Or for the benefite of Englands peace, 215
Be numbe my ioynts, waxe feeble both mine
armes,

Wither my hart, that, like a saples tree,
I may remayne the map of infamy.

K. Ed. Then thus our steelde Battailles shall
be rainged:

The leading of the vawarde, Ned, is thyne; 220
To dignifie whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audlys grauitie,
That, courage and experience ioynd in one,
Your manage may be second vnto none:
For the mayne battells, I will guide my
selfe; 225

And, Darby, in the rereward march behind.
That orderly disposed and set in ray,
Let vs to horse; and God graunt vs the dayel

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE IV.

The Same.)

Alarum. Enter a many French men flying.
After them Prince Edward, run(n)ing. Then
enter King Iohn and Duke of Lorraine.

John. Oh, Lorraine, say, what meane our
men to fly?

Our number is far greater then our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoaes, my Lorde,
That cam from Paris weary with their
march,

Grudging to be (so) soddenly imployd, 5
No sooner in the forefront tooke their place,
But, straite retyring, so dismaide the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight,
In which, for hast to make a safe escape,
More in the clustering throng are prest to
death, 10

Then by the ennimie, a thousand fold.

K. Jo. O haplesse fortune! Let vs yet assay,
If we can counsell some of them to stay.

(*Exeunt.*)

(SCENE V.

The Same.)

Enter King Edward and Audley.

Kl. E. Lord Audley, whiles our sonne is in
the chase,

With draw our powers vnto this little hill,
And heere a season let vs breath our selues.

Au. I will, my Lord. [*Exit. Sound Retreat.*]

K. Ed. Iust dooming heauen, whose secret
prouidence 5

To our grosse iudgement is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous
works,

That hast this day giuen way vnto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at them selues!

Enter Artoys.

(*Art.*) Rescue, king Edward! rescue for
thy sonnel 10

Kin. Rescue, Artoys? what, is he prisoner,
Or by violence fell beside his horse?

Ar. Neither, my Lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did persue,
As tis impossible that he should scape, 15
Except your highnes presently descend.

Kin. Tut, let him fight; we gaue him armes
to day,

And he is laboring for a knighthood, man.

193 manly] manlike Q 2 197 vanquish] conquer
Q 2, etc. 206 Prefix om. Q 1 208 persaging Q 1
219 thus] this Q 1 220 vawarde Q 1

Scene IV, etc. add. C 5 so add. C 10 throng]
through Q 2 13 S. D. om. Q 1 Scene V. etc.
add. C 2 our] your Q 2, etc. 10 Prefix om. Q 1
12 Or] Or else C

Enter Derby.

Da. The Prince, my Lord, the Prince! oh,
succour him!
Hees close incompast with a world of odds! 20
Ki. Then will he win a world of honor to,
If he by valour can redeeme him thence;
If not, what remedy? we haue more sonnes
Then one, to comfort our declyning age

Enter Audley.

Au. Renowned Edward, giue me leaue, I
pray, 25
To lead my souldiers where I may releue
Your Graces sonne, in danger to be slayne.
The snares of French, like Emmets on a banke,
Muster about him; whilst he, Lion like,
Intangled in the net of their assaults, 30
Frantiquely wrends, and by(e)s the wouen
toyle:
But all in vaine, he cannot free him selfe.
K. Ed. Audley, content; I will not haue a
man, 35
On paine of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day, ordaynd by destiny, 35
To season his courage with those greeuous
thoughts,
That, if he breaketh out, Nestors yeares on
earth
Will make him sauer still of this explot.
Dar. Ah, but he shall not liue to see those
dayes.
Ki. Why, then his Epitaph is lasting prayse.
Au. Yet, good my Lord, tis too much wil-
fulnes, 41
To let his blood be spilt, that may be saude.

Kin. Exclayne no more; for none of you
can tell
Whether a borrowed aid will serue, or no;
Perhappes he is already slayne or tane. 45
And dare a Falcon when shees in her flight,
And euer after sheele be haggard like:
Let Edward be deliuered by our hands,
And still, in danger, hele expect the like;
But if himselfe himselfe redeeme from thence,
He wil haue vanquisht cheerefull death and
feare, 51
And euer after dread their force no more
Then if they were but babes or Captiue slaues.
Aud. O cruell Father! Farewell, Edward,
then!
Da. Farewell, sweete Prince, the hope of
chiualry! 55
Art. O, would my life might ransom him
from death!

36 his green courage with those thoughts C 37
breathe out conj. C. 41 haggard Q1

K. Ed. But soft, me thinkes I heare

(Retreat sounded.)

The dismall charge of Trumpets loud retreat.
All are not slayne, I hope, that went with him;
Some will returne with tidings, good or bad. 60

*Enter Prince Edward in triumph, bearing in
his hands his shiuered Launce, and the
King of Boheme, borne before, wrapt in
the Coullours. They runne and imbrace
him.*

Aud. O ioyfull sight! victorious Edward
liues!

Der. Welcome, braue Prince!

Ki. Welcome, Plantagenet!

Pr. (kneele and kisse his fathers hand). First
hauing donne my duety as becomed,
Lords, I regret you all with harty thanks. 65
And now, behold, after my winters toyle,
My paynefull voyage on the boystrous sea
Of warres deuouring gulphes and steely rocks,
I bring my fraught vnto the wished port,
My Summers hope, my trauels sweet reward:
And heere, with humble duety, I present 71
This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,
Cropt and cut downe euen at the gate of death,
The king of Boheme, father, whome I slue;
Whose thousands had intrencht me round
about, 75

And laye as thicke vpon my battered crest,
As on an Anuell, with their ponderous glaues:
Yet marble courage still did vnderprop:
And when my weary armes, with often blowes,
Like the continuall laboring Wood-mans Axe
That is enioynd to fell a load of Oakes, 81
Began to faulter, straight I would recorde
My gifts you gaue me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me fresh againe,
That, in despight, I carud my passage forth, 85
And put the multitude to speedy flyght.
Lo, thus hath Edwards hand fild your request,
And done, I hope, the duety of a Knight.

Ki. I, well thou hast deserud a knight-
hood, Ned!
And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reaking
warre 90

[His Sword borne by a Soldier.

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,
Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight at armes:
This day thou hast confounded me with loy,
And proude thy selfe fit heire vnto a king.

Pr. Heere is a note, my gracious Lord, of
those 95

57 S. It. add. C 75 Whose thousands C: Whom
you sayd Qy 82 recorde pr. ed.: recouer Qy: re-
member C 85 carud Q2: craud Q1 87 thus Q2
this Q1 90 S. D. after 66 in Q1 91 sought T

That in this conflict of our foes were slaine:
Eleuen Princes of esteeme, Foure score Barons,
A hundred and twenty knights, and thirty
thousand

Commonsouldiers; and, of our men, a thousand.

(K. Ed.) Our God be praised! Now, Iohn
of Fraunce, I hope, 100
Thou knowest King Edward for no wantonnesse,
No lous sick cockney, nor his souldiers iades.
But which way is the fearefull king escapt?

Pr. Towards Poyctiers, noble father, and
his sonnes.

King. Ned, thou and Audley shall pursue
them still; 105

My selfe and Derby will to Calice straight,
And there begyt that Hauen towne with seege.
Now lies it on an vpsot; therefore strike,
And wistlie follow, whiles the games on foote.
What Pictures this?

Pr. A Pellican, my Lord, 110
Wounding her bosome with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that issue from her hart;
The motto *Sic & vos*, 'and so should you'.

[Exeunt.]

(ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Bretagne. Camp of the English.)

Enter Lord Mountford with a Coronet in his
hande; with him the Earle of Salisbury.

Mo. My Lord of Salisbury, since by your
aide

Mine ennemie Sir Charles of Bloys is slaine,
And I againe am quietly possest
In Brittaines Dukedome, knowe that I resolute,
For this kind furtherance of your king and you,
To sweare allegiance to his maiesty: 6

In signe whereof receiue this Coronet,
Beare it vnto him, and, withall, mine othe,
Newer to be but Edwards faithful friend.

Sa. I take it, Mountfort. Thus, I hope,
eare long 10

The whole Dominions of the Realme of
Fraunce

Wilbe surrendered to his conquering hand.

[Exit (Mountford.)]

Now, if I knew but safely how to passe,
I would at Calice gladly meete his Grace,
Whether I am by letters certified 15
That he intends to haue his host remooude.

97-9 Four lines in C, etc. 99 Common] Priuate
Q2 100 Prefx add. Q2 110 Prefx Ki. repeated
before What in Q1 112 may] might Q1 Act IV.
etc. add. C 1 your Q2: our Q1 4 Brittaines Q1
8 my Q2 12 S. D. om. Q2 14 at C: to Q2
10 That C: Yet Q1

It shal be so, this pollicy will serue:—
Ho, whose within? Bring Villiers to me.

Enter Villeirs.

Villiers, thou knowest, thou art my prisoner,
And that I might for ransome, if I would, 20
Require of thee a hundred thousand Francks,
Or else retayne and keepe thee captiue still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge

Thou maist be quit, and if thou wilt thy selfe.
And this it is: Procure me but a paspost 25
Of Charles, the Duke of Normandy, that I
Without restraint may haue recourse to
Callis

Through all the Countries where he hath to
doe;

Which thou maist easely obtayne, I thinke,
By reason I haue often heard thee say, 30
He and thou were students once together:
And then thou shalt be set at libertie.

How saiest thou? wilt thou vndertake to do
it?

Vil. I will, my Lord; but I must speake
with him.

Sa. Why, so thou shalt; take Horse, and
post from hence: 35

Onely before thou goest, sweare by thy faith,
That, if thou canst not compasse my desire,
Thou wilt returne my prisoner backe againe;
And that shalbe sufficient warrant for mee.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my Lord, 40
And will vnfaignedly performe the same. [Exit.]

Sal. Farewell, Villiers.—

Thus once I meane to trie a French mans
faith. [Exit.]

(SCENE II.

Picardy. The English Camp before Calats.)

Enter King Edward and Derby, with Souldiers.

Kin. Since they refuse our profered league,
my Lord,

And will not ope their gates, and let vs in,
We will intrench our selues on euery side,
That neither vituals nor supply of men
May come to succour this accursed towne: 5
Famine shall combate where our swords are
stopt.

Enter sixe poore Frenchmen.

Der. The promised aid, that made them
stand aloofe,

Is now retirdo and gone an other way:
It will repent them of their stubborne will.
But what are these poore ragged slaues, my
Lord? 10

31 thou] thyself C wert Q2 39 mee] thee C
43 This conj. C Scene II. etc. add. C 2 their]
the Q2 6 S. D. after 9 in C sixe] some C

Kl. Edw. Aske what they are; it seemes,
they come from Callis.
Der. You wretched patterns of dispayre
and woe,
What afe you, liuing men or glyding ghosts,
Crept from your graues to walke vpon the earth?
Poore. No ghosts, my Lord, but men that
breath a life 15
Farre worse then is the quiet sleepe of death:
Wee are distressed poore inhabitants,
That long haue been deeseased, sicke, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serue,
The Captayne of the towne hath thrust vs
foorth, 20

That so expence of victuals may be saued,
K. Ed. A charitable deed, no doubt, and
worthy praise!

But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies; in such a case
We can no lease but put ye to the sword, 25
Since, when we proffered truce, it was refusde.
Poore. And if your grace no otherwise
vouchsafe,

As welcome death is vnto vs as life.

Kl. Poore silly men, much wrongd and
more distrest!

Go, Derby, go, and see they be relieud; 30
Command that victuals be appoynted them,
And giue to euery one fise Crownes a peece:

(*Exeunt Derby and Frenchmen.*)

The Lion scornes to touch the yeelding pray,
And Edwards sword must flesh it selfe in such
As wilfull stubbornnes hath made peruerse. 35

Enter Lord Pearsie.

Kl. Lord Pearsie welcome: whats thenewes
in England?

Per. The Queene, my Lord, comes heere
to your Grace,

And from hir highnesse and the Lord vicegerent
I bring this happie tidings of successe:
Dauid of Scotland, lately vp in armes, 40

Thinking, belike, he soonest should preuaile,
Your highnes being absent from the Realme,
Is, by the fruitfull seruice of your peeres
And painefull trauell of the Queene her selfe,
That, big with child, was euery day in armes, 45
Vanquisht, subdude, and taken prisoner.

Kl. Thanks, Pearsie, for thy newes, with all
my hart!

What was he tooke him prisoner in the field?

Per. A Equire, my Lord; Iohn Copland is
his name:

12 partners Q 2 13 ye. Q 2 or) er Q 1 22 no
doubt om. C 25 ye) you Q 2 27 Prefx Poore
Q 2: So. C 32 S. D. add. C 34 flesh Col.:
flesh Q 37 comes heere) commends her C 43
fruitfull] faithfull Q 2 49 aquire Q 2

Who since, intreated by her Maiestie, 50
Denies to make surrender of his prise
To anie but vnto your grace alone;
Whereat the Queene is greuously displeased.

Kl. Well, then wele haue a Pursuant
dispatht,

To summon Copland hither out of hand, 55
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

Per. The Queene's, my Lord, her selfe by
this at Sea,

And purposeth, as soone as winde will serue,
To land at Callis, and to visit you.

Kl. She shall be welcome; and, to wait her
comming, 60
He pitch^a my tent neere to the sandy shore.

Enter a (French) Captayne.

(*Captaine.*) The Burgesses of Callis, mighty
king,

Haue by a counsell willingly decreed
To yeeld the towne and Castle to your hands,
Vpon condition it will please your grace 65
To graunt them benefite of life and goods.

K. Ed. They wil so! Then, belike, they
may command,

Dispose, elect, and gouerne as they list.

No, sirra, tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely clemencie at first proclaymed, 70
They shall not haue it now, although they
would;

(I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two daies, sixe of them,
That are the welthiest marchaunts in the towne,
Come naked, all but for their linnen shirts, 75
With each a halter hangd about his necke,
And prostrate yeeld themselves, vpon their
knees,

To be afflicted, hanged, or what I please;

And so you may informe their masterhips.

(*Exeunt (Edward and Percy).*)

Cap. Why, this it is to trust a broken staffe:
Had we not been perswaded, Iohn our King
Would with his armie haue releued the towne,
We had not stood vpon defiance so: 83
But now tis past that no man can recall,
And better some do go to wrack then all. (*Exit.*)

(*SCENE III.*)

*Pottou. Fields near Pottiers. The French
camp; Tent of the Duke of Normandy.)*

Enter Charles of Normandy and Villiers.

Ch. I wounder, Villiers, thou shouldst
importune me

54 dispatch Q 1 57 Queene Q 1 61 S. D. French
add. C 62 Prefx add. Q 2 72 I will] Will Q 1
73 these] this Q 2 79 S. D. Bracketed words add. C
Scene III. etc. add. C

ACT IV, Sc. III. THE RAIGNE OF K. EDWARD THE THIRD

For one that is our deadly ennemie.

Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious Lord,
so much

Am I become an earnest aduocate,
As that thereby my ransome will be quit. 5

Ch. Thy ransome, man? why needest thou
talke of that?

Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,
That happen for aduantage of our foes,
To be accepted of, and stood vpon?

Vil. No, good my Lord, except the same
be iust; 10

For profit must with honor be comixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous.
But, letting passe these intricate obiections,
Wilt please your highnes to subscribe, or no?

Ch. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it;
Salisbury shall not haue his will so much, 16
To clayme a pasport how it pleaseth him-
selfe.

Vil. Why, then I know the extremitie, my
Lord;

I must returne to prison whence I came.

Ch. Returne? I hope thou wilt not; 20
What bird that hath escapt the fowlers gin,
Will not beware how shees insnard againe?

Or, what is he, so senceles and secure,
That, hauing hardely past a dangerous gulfe,
Will put him selfe in perill there againe? 25

Vil. Ah, but it is mine othe, my gracious
Lord,

Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdome should not draw me hence.

Ch. Thine othe? why, that doth bind thee
to abide:

Hast thou not sworne obedience to thy Prince?

Vil. In all things that vprightly he com-
mands: 31

But either to perswade or threaten me,
Not to performe the couenant of my word,
Is lawlesse, and I need not to obey.

Ch. Why, is it lawfull for a man to kill, 35
And not, to breake a promise with his foe?

Vil. To kill, my Lord, when warre is once
proclaymd,

So that our quarrel be for wrongs receaude,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted vs:

But in an othe we must be well aduisd, 40
How we do sweare, and, when we once haue
sworne,

Not to infringe it, though we die therefore:
Therefore, my Lord, as willing I returne,
As if I were to flie to paradise.

Ch. Stay, my Villeirs; thine honorable
minde 45

Deserues to be eternally admirde.

Thy sute shalbe no longer thus deferd:

Giue me the paper, Ile subscribe to it;

And, wheretofore I loued thee as Villeirs,

Heereafter Ile embrace thee as my sellie. 50

Stay, and be still in fauour with thy Lord.

Vil. I humbly thanke your grace; I must
dispatch,

And send this pasport first vnto the Earle,
And then I will attend your highnes pleasure.

Ch. Do so, Villeirs;—and Charles, when he
hath neede, 55

Be such his souldiers, howsoeuer he speede!

[Exit Villeirs.]

Enter King Iohn.

K. Io. Come, Charles, and arme thee;
Edward is intrapt,

The Prince of Wales is false into our hands,
And we haue compast him; he cannot scape.

Ch. But will your highnes fight to day? 60

Io. What else, my son? hees scarce eight
thousand strong,

And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Ch. I haue a prophecy, my gracious Lord,
Wherein is written what successe is like

To happen vs in this outrageous warre; 65

It was deliuered me at Cresses field

By one that is an aged Hermyt there.

(Reads) 'When fettered foul shal make thine
army tremble,

And flint stones rise and breake the battell
ray,

Then thinke on him that doth not now dis-
semble; 70

For that shalbe the haples dreadfull day:

Yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt aduance
As farre in England as thy foe in Fraunce.'

Io. By this it seemes we shalbe fortunate:
For as it is impossible that stones 75

Should euer rise and breake the battaile
ray,

Or airie foule make men in armes to quake,
So is it like, we shall not be subdude:

Or say this might be true, yet in the end,
Since he doth promise we shall driue him

hence 80

And forrage their Countrie as they haue don
ours,

By this reuenge that losse will seeme the lesse.
But all are fruytulous fancies, toyes, and
dreames:

Once we are sure we haue insnard the sonne,
Catch we the father after how we can. 85

[Exeunt.]

(SCENE IV.

The same. The English Camp.)

Enter Prince Edward, Audley, and others.

Pr. Audley, the armes of death embrace vs
round,
And comfort haue we none, saue that to die
We pay sower earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressey field our Clouds of Warlike smoke
Chokt vp those French mouths & disseuered
them: 5

But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as twere, the beautious burning
Sunne,
Leauing no hope to vs, but sullen darke
And eieslesse terror of all ending night.

Au. This suddaine, mightie, and expedient
head 10
That they haue made, faire Prince, is wonder-
full.

Before vs in the vallie lies the king,
Vantagd with all that heauen and earth can
yeeld; •

His partie stronger battaild then our whole:
His sonne, the brauing Duke of Normandie, 15
Hath trimd the Mountaine on our right hand
vp

In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shewes like a siluer quarrie or an orbe,
Aloft the which the Banners, bannarets,
And new replenisht pendants cuff the aire 20
And beat the windes, that for their gaudinesse
Struggles to kisse them: on our left hand lies
Phillip, the younger issue of the king,
Coting the other hill in such arraie,
That all his guilded vpright pikes do seeme 25
Streight trees of gold, the pendants leaues;
And their deuice of Antique heraldry,
Quartred in collours, seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the Orchard of the Hesperides: 29
Behinde vs too the hill doth beare his height,
For like a halfe Moone, opening but one way,
It rounds vs in; there at our backs are lodgd
The fatall Crosbowes, and the battaile there
Is gourned by the rough Chattailion. 34
Then thus it stands: the valleie for our flight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalized by his sonnes;
And on the Hill behind stands certaine death
In pay and seruiue with Chattailion.

Pr. Deathes name is much more mightie
then his deeds; 40
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
As many sands as these my hands can hold,

Scene IV. etc. add. C 3 To pay C 5 moths
n 26 pendants WP: pendant Qq: pendant
streamers C 28 syndy Q 1 30 two Qq

Are but my handful of so many sands;
Then, all the world, and call it but a power,
Easely tane vp, and quickly throwne away: 45
But if I stand to count them sand by sand,
The number would confound my memoriē,
And make a thousand millions of a taske,
Which briefelie is no more, indeed, then one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these rege-
ments, 50

Before, behinde vs, and on either hand,
Are but a power. When we name a man,
His hand, his foote, his head hath seuerall
strengthes;

And being al but one selfe instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audely, is but one, 55
And we can call it all but one mans strength.
He that hath farre to goe, tels it by miles;
If he should tell the steps, it kills his hart:

The drops are infinite, that make a floud, 59
And yet, thou knowest, we call it but a Raine.
There is but one Fraunce, one king of Fraunce,
That Fraunce hath no more kings; and that
same king

Hath but the puissant legion of one king,
And we haue one: then apprehend no ods,
For one to one is faire equalitie. 65

Enter an Herald from king Iohn.

Pr. What tidings, messenger? be playne
and briefe.

He. The king of Fraunce, my soueraigne
Lord and master,

Greets by me his fo, the Prince of Wales:
If thou call forth a hundred men of name,
Of Lords, Knights, Squires, and English gen-
tlemen, 70

And with thyselfe and those kneele at his feete,
He straight will fold his bloody collours vp,
And ransom shall redeeme liues forfeited;
If not, this day shall drinke more English blood,
Then ere was buried in our Bryttish earth. 75
What is the answer to his profered mercy?

Pr. This heauen, that couers Fraunce, con-
taines the mercy
That draws from me submissiue orizons;
That such base breath should vanish from my
lips,

To vrge the plea of mercie to a man, 80
The Lord forbid! Returne, and tell the king,
My tongue is made of steele, and it shall beg
My mercie on his coward burgonet;
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English armes as strong:

45 Is easly C 50 quarter'd squadrons C 61
and one kink C 68 Greets thus C: Greeteth Col.
70 Squires Q 2: Esquires Q 1 75 our Qq: your
conj. Col. 81 the| thy Q 2

ACT IV, Sc. IV. THE Raigne of K. EDWARD THE THIRD

Returne him my defiance in his face. 86
He. I go. (Exit.)

Enter another (Herald).

Pr. What newes with thee?

He. The Duke of Normandie, my Lord & master, 90
Pitting thy youth is so ingirt with perill,
By me hath sent a nimble ioynted iennet,
As swift as euer yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithall he counsels thee to flie;
Els death himself hath sworne that thou shalt die.

P. Back with the beast vnto the beast that sent him!

Tell him I cannot sit a cowards horse; 95
Bid him to daie bestride the iade himselfe,
For I will staine my horse quite ore with bloud,
And double guild my spurs, but I will catch him;
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.

(Exit Her.)

Enter another (Herald).

He. Edward of Wales, Phillip, the second sonne 100

To the most mightie christian king of France,
Seeing thy bodies liuing date expird,
All full of charitie and christian loue,
Commends this booke, full fraught with prayers,
To thy faire hand and for thy houre of lyfe
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein, 106
And arme thy soule for hir long iourney towards—

Thus haue I done his bidding, and returne.

Pr. Herald of Phillip, greet thy Lord from me:

All good that he can send, I can receiue; 110
But thinkst thou not, the vnaduised boy
Hath wrongd himselfe in thus far tendering me?

Happily he cannot praie without the booke—
I thinke him no diuine extemporall—
Then render backe this common place of prayer, 115

To do himselfe good in aduersaite;
Besides he knows not my sinnes qualitie,
And therefore knowes no praiers for my auaille;
Ere night his praier may be to praie to God,
To put it in my heart to heare his praier. 120
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

He. I go.

(Exit.)

87 S. D. Exit add. Q2 Herald add. C
eping Q1 S. D. Bracketed words add. C
holy prayers C 112 thus] this Q1
add. Q2

99 carrying Q1
104 with
122 S. D.

Pr. How confident their strength and number makes them!—

Now, Audley, sound those siluer winges of thine,

And let those milke white messengers of time
Shew thy times learning in this dangerous time. 126

Thyselfe art bruis'd and bit with many broiles,
And stratagems forepast with yron pens
Are texted in thine honorable face;
Thou art a married man in this distresse, 130
But danger wooes me as a blushing maide:
Teach me an answer to this perillous time.

Aud. To die is all as common as to liue:

The one inch-wise, the other holds in chase;
For, from the instant we begin to liue, 135
We do pursue and hunt the time to die:
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed,
Then, presently, we fall; and, as a shade
Followes the bodie, so we follow death.

If, then, we hunt for death, why do we feare it?
If we feare it, why do we follow it? 141

If we do feare, how can we shun it?

If we do feare, with feare we do but aide

The thing we feare to seize on vs the sooner:
If wee feare not, then no resolu'd proffer 145

Can ouerthrow the limit of our fate;
For, whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do drawe the lotterie of our doome.

Pr. Ah, good olde man, a thousand thousand armors

These wordes of thine haue buckled on my backe: 150

Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of lyfe,
To seeke the thing it feares! and how disgrast
The imperiall victorie of murthering death,
Since all the liues his conquering arrowes strike

Seeke him, and he not them, to shame his glorie! 155

I will not giue a pennie for a lyfe,
Nor halfe a halfepeunie to shun grim death,
Since for to liue is but to seeke to die,
And dying but beginning of new lyfe.
Let come the houre when he that rules it will!
To liue or die I hold indifferent. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.)

Enter king Iohn and Charles.

Ioh. A sodaine darknes hath defast the skie,

The windes are crept into their caues for feare,

124 winges] strings D 127 bruis'd C: busie Q2
129 texted Q2 134 inch-wise pr. ed.: in choise Q2
etc. 142 om. C Scene V. etc. add. C

The leaues moue not, the world is husht and still,

The birds cease singing, and the wandring brookes

Murmure no wonted greeting to their shores;

Silence attends some wonder and expecteth

That heauen should pronounce some prophesie:

Where, or from whome, proceeds this silence, Charles?

Ch. Our men, with open mouthes and staring eyes,

Looke on each other, as they did attend

Each others wordes, and yet no creature speakes;

A tongue-tied feare hath made a midnight houre,

And speeches sleepe through all the waking regions.

Ioh. But now the pompeous Sunne, in all his pride,

Lookt through his golden coach vpon the worlde,

And, on a sodaine, hath he hid himselfe,

That now the vnder earth is as a graue, Darke, deadly, silent, and vncomfortable.

[A clamor of rauens.

Harke, what a deadly outcrie do I heare?

Ch. Here comes my brother Phillip.

Ioh. All diamaid: 20

(Enter Philip.)

What fearefull words are those thy lookes presage?

Ph. A flight, a flight!

Ioh. Coward, what flight? thou liest, there needs no flight.

Ph. A flight. 24

Kin. Awake thy crauen powers, and tell on The substance of that verie feare in deed,

Which is so gastly printed in thy face:

What is the matter?

Ph. A flight of vgly rauens Do croke and houer ore our souldiers heads,

And keepe in triangles and cornerd squares, 30 Right as our forces are imbattered;

With their approach there came this sodain fog,

Which now hath hid the airie floor of heauen And made at noone a night vnnaturall

Vpon the quaking and dismaied world: 35 In briefe, our souldiers haue let fall their armes,

And stand like metamorphosed images,

3 wood conj. C 20, 21 All . . presage one line Q1
S. D. add. C 22, 24, 28 Prefix Pr. Q1 33 floor
C: flower Qq

Bloudlesse and pale, one gazing on another.

Io. I, now I call to mind the prophesie, But I must giue no entrance to a feare. — 40

Returne, and harten vp these yeelding soules: Tell them, the rauens, seeing them in armes,

So many faire against a famisht few,

Come but to dine vpon their handie worke

And praie vpon the carrion that they kill: 45

For when we see a horse laid downe to die,

Although (he be) not dead, the rauinous birds

Sit watching the departure of his life;

Euen so these rauens for the carcasses

Of those poore English, that are markt to die,

Houer about, and, if they crie to vs, 52

Tis but for meate that we must kill for them.

Awaie, and comfort vp my souldiers,

And sound the trumpets, and at once dispatch

This litle busines of a silly fraude. [Exit Ph.

Another noise. Salisbury brought in by a French Capitaine.

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight and fottie mo, 56

Of whom the better part are slaine and fled, With all indeour sought to breake our rankes,

And make their waie to the incompart prince: Dispose of him as please your maiestie. 60

Io. Go, & the next bough, souldier, that thou seest,

Disgrace it with his bodie presently; For I doo hold a tree in France too good

To be the gallowes of an English theefe. Sa. My Lord of Normandie, I haue your

passee 65 And warrant for my safetie through this land.

Ch. Villiers procurd it for thee, did he not?

Sal. He did.

Ch. And it is currant; thou shalt freely passe.

K. Io. I, freely to the gallowes to be hangd, Without deniall or impediment. 71

Awaie with him!

Charles. I hope your highnes will not so disgrace me,

And dash the vertue of my seale at armes: He hath my neuer broken name to shew, 75

Carectred with this princely hande of mine; And rather let me leaue to be a prince

Than break the stable verdict of a prince: I doo beseech you, let him passe in quiet.

Kl. Thou and thy word lie both in my command; 80

What canst thou promise that I cannot breake?

41 those Q2, C 47 he be add. C 55 S. D. Exit Pr. Q1 63 Eor Q1 The rest of the play is lacking

in the Bodleian copy of Q1: the text from 64 on is based on the copy in Trin. Coll. Camb. 70 Prefix En: 10 Q1 73 Prefix Charles Q2: VII. Q1

Which of these twaine is greater infamie,
To disobey thy father or thy selfe?
Thy word, nor no mans, may exceed his power;
Nor that same man doth neuer breake his
• worde, 85

That keeps it to the vtmost of his power.
The breach of faith dwels in the soules con-
sent:

Which if thy selfe without consent doo breake,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith
Go, hang him: for thy liscence lies in mee, 90
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

Ch. What, am I not a soldier in my word?
Then, armes, adieu, and let them fight that
list!

Shall I not giue my girdle from my wast,
But with a gardion I shall be controld, 95
To saie I may not giue my things awaie?
Vpon my soule, had Edward, prince of Wales,
Ingagde his word, writ downe his noble hand
For all your knights to passe his fathers land,
The roiall king, to grace his warlike sonne, 100
Would not alone safe conduct giue to them,
But with all bountie feasted them and theirs.

Kin. Dwelst thou on presidents? Then be
it so!
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art.

Sa. An Earle in England, though a prisoner
here, 105

And those that knowe me, call me Salisburie.

Kin. Then, Salisburie, say whether thou art
bound.

Sa. To Callice, where my liege, king
Edward, is.

Kin. To Callice, Salisburie? Then to
Callice packe,

And bid the king prepare a noble graue, 110
To put his princely sonne, blacke Edward, in.
And as thou trauest westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a loftie hill,
Whose top seemes toplesse, for the imbracing
skie

Doth hide his high head in her azure bosome;
Vpon whose tall top when thy foot attaines, 116
Looke backe vpon the humble vale beneath—
Humble of late, but now made proud with
armes—

And thence behold the wretched prince of
Wales,

Hoopt with a bond of yron round about. 120
After which sight, to Callice spurre amaine,
And saie, the prince was smothered and not
slaine:

And tell the king this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinkes I will.

103 bounty'd conj. Elze 116 Vpon] Unto conj. C
117 below C 120 bond Q 1: band Q 2. etc.

Awaie, be gone; the smoake but of our shot 125
Will choake our foes, though bullets hit them
not. [Exit.

(SCENE VI.

The same. A Part of the Field of 'Battle.)

Allarum. Enter prince Edward and Artoys.

Art. How fares your grace? are you not
shot, my Lord?

Pri. No, deare Artoys; but choakt with
dust and smoake,

And stept aside for breath and fresher aire.

Art. Breath, then, and too it againe: the
amazed French

Are quite distract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quiuers full of shafts againe, 6
Your grace should see a glorious day of this:—
O, for more arrowes, Lord; thats our want.

Pri. Courage, Artoys! a fig for feathered
shafts,

When feathered foules doo bandie on our side!
What need we fight, and sweate, and keepe a
coile, 11

When railing crows outscolds our aduer-
saries?

Vp, vp, Artoys! the ground it selfe is armd
(With) Fire containing flint; command our
bowes

To hurle awaie their pretie colored Ew, 15
And to it with stones: awaie, Artoys, awaie!
My soule doth prophesie we win the daie.

[Exeunt.

(SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Field of
Battle.)

Allarum. Enter king Iohn.

(K. Iohn.) Our multitudes are in themselves
confounded,

Dismayed, and distraught; swift starting feare
Hath buzd a cold dismale through all our
armie,

And euerie pettie disadvantage promptes
The feare possessed abiect soul to flie. 5
My selfe, whose spirit is steele to their dull
lead,

What with recalling of the prophesie,
And that our natiue stones from English armes
Rebell against vs, finde myselfe attainted
With strong surprise of weake and yelding
feare. 10

Enter Charles.

(Charles.) Fly, father, flie! the French do
kill the French, .

Scene VI. etc. add. C 14 With add. C Scene
VII. etc. add. WP 1, 11 Pref. add. Q 2

Some that would stand let driue at some that
 flie;
 Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
 Our trumpets sound dishonor and retire;
 The spirit of feare, that feareth nought but
 death, 15
 Cowardly workes confusion on it selfe.

Enter Phillip.

(*Phil.*) Plucke out your eies, and see not
 this daies shame!

An arme hath beate an armie; one poore
 Dauid

Hath with a stone foild twentie stout Goliaths;
 Some twentie naked staruelings with small
 flints, 20

Hath driuen backe a puisant host of men,
 Araid and fenst in all accomplements.

Ioh. Mordiu, they quait at vs, and kill vs
 vp;

No lesse than fortie thousand wicked elders
 Haue fortie leane slaues this daie stoned to
 death. 25

Ch. O, that I were some other countryman!
 This daie hath set derision on the French,
 And all the world will blurt and scorne at vs.

Kin. What, is there no hope left?

Phil. No hope, but death, to burie vp our
 shame. 30

Ki. Make vp once more with me; the twen-
 tith part

Of those that liue, are men inow to quaille
 The feeble handfull on the aduerse part.

Ch. Then charge againe: if heauen be not
 opposd,

We cannot loose the daie. 35

Kin. On, awaie! [*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE VIII.)

The same. Another Part of the Field of Battle.

*Enter Audley, wounded, & rescued by two
 squires.*

Esq. How fares my Lord?

Aud. Euen as a man may do,
 That dines at such a bloudie feast as this.

Esq. I hope, my Lord, that is no mortall
 scarre.

Aud. No matter, if it be; the count is cast,
 And, in the worst, ends but a mortall man. 5

Good friends, conuey me to the princely
 Edward,
 That in the crimson brauerie of my bloud

17 *Phil. add. Q 2* 21 *Haue Q 2, etc.* 22 *ac-*
countments WP 23 *quait C* 28 *wilt Q 1* 30
Phil. Q 2, etc. Pr. Q 1 Scene VIII, *etc. add. WP*
S. D. squires Q 1; Esquires Q 2

T. B.

I may become him with saluting him.
 Ile smile, and tell him, that this open scarre
 Doth end the haruest of his Audleys warre. 10
 [*Ex.*]

(SCENE IX.)

The same. The English Camp.

*Enter prince Edward, king Iohn, Charles, and
 all, with Ensignes spread.*

Retreat sounded.

Pri. Now, Iohn in France, & lately Iohn of
 France,

Thy bloudie Ensignes are my captiue colours;
 And you, high vinting Charles of Normandie,
 That once to daie sent me a horse to flie,
 Are now the subjects of my clemencie. 5
Fie, Lords, is it not a shame that English boies,
Whose early daies are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosome of your kingdome thus,
One against twentie, beate you vp together?

Kin. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath con-
 querd vs. 10

Pri. An argument that heauen aides the
 right.

(*Enter Artoys with Phillip.*)

See, see, Artoys doth bring with him along
 The late good counsell giuer to my soule.
 Welcome, Artoys; and welcome, Phillip, to:
 Who now of you or I haue need to praie? 15
 Now is the prouerbe veriefed in you,
 'Too bright a morning breeds a louring daie.'

Sound Trumpets. Enter Audley.

But say, what grym discouragement comes
 heere!

Alas, what thousand armed men of Fraunce
 Haue writ that note of death in Audleys
 face? 20

Speake, thou that wocest death with thy care-
 les smile,

And lookst so merrily vpon thy graue,
 As if thou wert enamored on thyne end:
 What hungry sword hath so bereaud thy face,
 And lopt a true friend from my lousing soule?

Au. O Prince, thy sweet bemoning speech
 to me 26

Is as a morneful knell to one dead sick.

Pr. Deare Audley, if my tongue ring out
 thy end,

My armes shalbe thy graue: what may I do
 To win thy life, or to reuenge thy death? 30
 If thou wilt drinke the blood of captiue kings,
 Or that it were restoritiue, command

Scene IX. WP: Scene VII. C. The... Camp add. C
 5 (r) subject 11 S. D. add. C 23 thine Q 1: thy
 Q 2: 24 bewreath'd vnl. 29 thy Q 2: the Q 1

A Health of kings blood, and Ile drinke to thee;
If honor may dispenſe for thee with death,
The neuer dying honor of this daie 35
Share wholely, Audley, to thy ſelfe, and liue.
And Victorious Prince,—that thou art ſo,
behold

A Cæſars fame in kings captiuitie—
If I could hold dym death but at a bay,
Till I did ſee my liege thy royall father, 40
My ſoule ſhould yeeld this Caſtle of my fleſh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingneſſe,
To darkeneſſe, conſummation, duſt, and
Wormes.

Pr. Cheerely, bold man, thy ſoule is all to
proud

To yeeld her Citie for one little breach; 45
Should be diuorced from her earthly ſpouſe
By the ſoft temper of a French mans ſword?
Lo, to repaire thy life, I giue to thee
Three thouſand Marks a yeere in Engliſh land.

An. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
Theſe two poore Eſquires redeemd me from the
French 51

With luſty & deer hazzard of their liues:
What thou haſt giuen me, I giue to them;
And, as thou loueſt me, Prince, lay thy con-
ſent

To this bequeath in my laſt teſtament. 55

Pr. Renowned Audley, liue, and haue from
mee

This gift twice doubled to theſe Eſquires and
thee:

But liue or die, what thou haſt giuen away
To theſe and theirs ſhall laſting freedom ſtay.
Come, gentlemen, I will ſee my friend
beſtowed 60

With in an eaſie Litter; then wele march
Proudly toward Callis, with tryumphant pace,
Vnto my royall father, and there bring
The tribut of my wars, faire Fraunce his king.

[Ex.

(ACT V.

Picardy. The Engliſh Camp before Calais.)

Enter King Edward, Queen Phillip, Derby,
ſoldiers.

Ed. No more, Queene Phillip, pacifie your
ſelfe;

Copland, except he can excuſe his fault,
Shall finde diſpleaſure written in our looks.
And now vnto this proud reſiſting townel
Souldiers, aſſault; I will no longer ſtay, 5
To be deluded by their false delaiſes;

Put all to ſword, and make the ſpoyle your
owne.

*Enter ſixe Citizens in their Shirts, bare foote,
with halters about their necks.*

All. Mercy, king Edward, mercie, gracious
Lord!

Ki. Contemptuous villaines, call ye now
for truce?

Mine eares are ſtopt againſt your booteleſſe
cryes:— 10

Sound, drums allarum; draw threatning
ſwords!

1. Cit. Ah, noble Prince, take pittie on this
towne,

And heare vs, mightie king:

We claime the promiſe that your highneſſe
made;

The two daies reſpit is not yet expirde, 15
And we are come with willingneſſe to beare
What tortering death or puniſhment you
pleaſe,

So that the trembling multitude be ſaued.

Ki. My promiſe? Well, I do confeſſe as
much:

But I require the cheefeſt Citizens 20
And men of moſt account that ſhould ſubmit;
You, peraduenture, are but ſeruilie groomes,
Or ſome fellonious robbers on the Sea,

Whome, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit ſeuerity lay dead in vs: 25

No, no, ye cannot ouerreach vs thus.

Two. The Sun, dread Lord, that in the
weſtern fall

Beholds vs now low brought through miſerie,
Did in the Orient purple of the morne

Salute our comming forth, when we were
knowne; 30

Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

Ki. If it be ſo, then let our couenant ſtand:
We take poſſeſſion of the towne in peace,

But, for your ſelues, looke you for no remorse;
But, as imperiall iuſtice hath decreed, 35

Your bodies ſhalbe dragd about theſe wals,
And after feele the ſtroake of quartering ſteele:

This is your dome;—go, ſouldiers, ſee it done.

Qu. Ah, be more milde vnto theſe yeelding
men!

It is a glorious thing to ſtabliſh peace, 40
And kings approch the neareſt vnto God
By giuing life and ſafety vnto men:

As thou intendeſt to be king of Fraunce,
So let her people liue to call thee king;

7 S. D. precedes Enter King Edward, etc. Q. 1: corr.
Q. 2 11 allarum printed as S. D. by C, etc. 12 1. Cit.
WP: All Q. 20 requir'd conj. C 31 friends C
44 her Q. 1: thy Q. 2

33 Heath Q. 40 royal C: loyall Q. 46 She'ld
D 51, 57 Eſquires Q. Squires C, etc. Act 7.
etc. add. C

For what the sword cuts down or fire hath
spoyld, 45

Is held in reputation none of ours.

Ki. Although experience teach vs this is
true,

That peacefull quietnes brings most delight,

When most of all abuses are controld;

Yet, insomuch it shalbe knowne that we 50

As well can master our affections

As conquer other by the dynt of sword,

Phillip, preuaile; we yeeld to thy request:

These men shall liue to boast of clemencie,

And, tyrannie, strike terror to thy selfe. 55

Two. Long liue your highnes! happy be
four reigne!

Ki. Go, get you hence, returne vnto the
towne,

And if this kindnes hath deserud your loue,
Learne then to reuerence Edward as your
king.— [*Ex. (Citizens).*]

Now, might we heare of our affaires abroad, 60

We would, till glomy Winter were ore spent,

Dispose our men in garrison a while.

But who comes heere?

Enter Copland and King David.

De(r). Copland, my Lord, and Daid, King
of Scots.

Ki. Is this the proud presumtious Esquire
of the North, 65

That would not yeeld his prisoner to my Queen?

Cop. I am, my liege, a Northen Esquire
indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

Ki. What moude thee, then, to be so
obstinate

To contradict our royall Queenes desire? 70

Co. No wilfull disobedience, mightie Lord,
But my desert and publike law at armes:

I tooke the king my selfe in single fight,

And, like a souldier, would be loath to loose

The least preheminance that I had won. 75

And Copland straight vpon your highnes
charge

Is come to Fraunce, and with a lowly minde

Doth vale the bonnet of his victory:

Receiue, dread Lorde, the custome of my
fraught,

The wealthie tribute of my laboring hands, 80

Which should long since haue been surrendred
vp,

Had but your gracious selfe bin there in place.

Q. But, Copland, thou didst soorne the kings
command,

Neglecting our commission in his name.

Cop. His name I reuerence, but his person
more; 85

His name shall keepe me in alleagaunce still,
But to his person I will bend my knee. •

King. I praie thee, Phillip, let displeasure
passe;

This man doth please mee, and I like his words:

For what is he that will attempt great deeds, 90

And loose the glory that ensues the same?

All riuers haue recourse vnto the Sea,

And Coplands faith relation to his king.

Kneele, therefore, downe: now rise, king
Edwards knight;

And, to maintayne thy state, I freely giue 95

Fine hundred marks a yeere to thee and thine.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, Lord Salisburie: what news from
Brittaine?

Sa. This, mightie king: the Country we haue
won,

And Iohn de Mountford, regent of that place,
Presents your highnes with this Coronet, 100

Protesting true alleagaunce to your Grace.

Ki. We thanke thee for thy seruice, valient
Earle;

Challenge our fauour, for we owe it thee.

Sa. But now, my Lord, as this is ioyful
newes,

So must my voice be tragicall againe, 105

And I must sing of dolefull accidents.

Ki. What, haue our men the ouerthrow at
Poitiers?

Or is our sonne beset with too much odds?

Sa. He was, my Lord: and as my worth-
lesse selfe

With fortie other seruiceable knights, 110

Vnder safe conduct of the Dolphins seale,

Did trauaile that way, finding him distrest,

A troupe of Launces met vs on the way,

Surpris'd, and brought vs prisoners to the king,

Who, proud of this, and eager of reuenge, 115

Commanded straight to cut of all our heads:

And surely we had died, but that the Duke,

More full of honor than his angry syre,

Procud our quicke deliuerance from thence;

But, ere we went, 'Salute your king', quoth
hee, 120

'Bid him prouide a funerall for his sonne:

To day our sword shall cut his thred of life;

And, sooner then he thinkes, wele be with
him,

To quittance those displeasures he hath done.'

This said, we part, not daring to reply; 125

90 great *Qq*: high *C* *S. D. after 97 Q1* 99
John *C*: Charles *Qq* 108 our *Qq*: my *C*

59 Edward *Q2*: Edw. *Q1* 64 Sots *Q2* 65
Esq *Q2*: Squire *C* 61 Northren *Q2* Squire *C*
72 at *Q1*: of *Q2*, *etc.*

Our harts were dead, our lookes diffusd and wan.

Wandering, at last we clymd vnto a hill,
From whence, although our grieft were much
before,

Yet now to see the occasion with our eies
Did thrice so much increase our heauines: 130
For there, my Lord, oh, there we did descry
Downe in a vallie how both armies laie.
The French had cast their trenches like a
ring,

And euery Barricados open front 134
Was thicke imboist with brasen ordynance;
Heere stood a battaile of ten thousand horse,
There twice as many pikes in quadrat wise,
Here Crosbowes, and deadly wounding darts:
And in the midst, like to a slender poynt
Within the compasse of the horizon, 140
As twere a rising bubble in the sea,
A Hasle wand amidst a wood of Pynes,
Or as a beare fast chaind vnto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those doggs of Fraunce would fasten on his
flesh, 145

Anon the death procuring knell begins:
Off goe the Cannons, that with trembling
noyse
Did shake the very Mountayne where they
stood;

Then sound the Trumpets clangor in the aire,
The battailes ioyn: and, when we could no
more 150

Discerne the difference twixt the friend and fo,
So intricate the darke confusion was,
Away we turnd our watrie eies with sighs,
As blacke as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I feare, vnhappy haue I told 155
The most vntimely tale of Edwards fall.

Qu. Ah me, is this my welcome into
Fraunce?

Is this the comfort that I lookt to haue,
When I should meete with my beloued sonne?
Sweete Ned, I would thy mother in the sea 160
Had been preuented of this mortall griefe!

Kl. Content thee, Phillip; tis not teares will
serue

To call him backe, if he be taken hence:
Comfort thy selfe, as I do, gentle Queene,
With hope of sharpe, vnheard of, dyre
reuenge.— 165

He bids me to provide his funeral,
And so I will; but all the Peeres in Fraunce
Shall mourners be, and weepe out bloody
teares,

Vntill their emptie vaines be drie and sere:

138 and Qq: arm'd with C. 148 they] we conj. C
149 clangors C

The pillars of his hearse shall be his bones; 170
The mould that couers him, their Citie ashes;
His knell, the groning cryes of dying men;
And, in the stead of tapers on his tombe,
An hundred fiftie towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewaile our valiant sonnes decease.

After a flourish, sounded within, enter an herald.

He. Reioyce, my Lord; ascend the imperial
throne! 176

The mightie and redoubted prince of Wales,
Great seruitor to bloudie Mars in armes,
The French mans terror, and his countries
fame,

Triumphant rideth like a Romane peere, 180
And, lowly at his stirrop, comes afoot
King Iohn of France, together with his sonne,
In captiue bonds; whose diadem he brings
To crowne thee with, and to proclaime thee
king.

Kl. Away with mourning, Phillip, wipe
thine eies;— 185

Sound, Trumpets, welcome in Plantaginet!

*Enter Prince Edward, king Iohn, Phillip,
Audley, Artoys.*

Kl. As things long lost, when they are
found again,
So doth my sonne reioyce his fathers heart,
For whom euen now my soule was much per-
plex.

Q. Be this a token to expresse my ioy, 190
[kisse him.

For inward passions will not let me speake.

Pr. My gracious father, here receiue the
gift,

[*Presenting him with K. Iohn's crown.*]
This wreath of conquest and reward of warre,

Got with as mickle perill of our liues,
As ere was thing of price before this daie; 195
Install your highnes in your proper right:
And, heerewithall, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chiefe occasion of our strife.

Kln. So, Iohn of France, I see you keepe
your word;

You promist to be sooner with our selfe 200
Then we did thinke for, and tis so in deed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many ciuill townes had stooode vntoucht,
That now are turnd to ragged heaps of stones!
How many peoples liues mightst thou haue
sauid, 205

That are vntimely sunke into their graues!

170 his bones (K. Iohn's) Qq: their bones D 171
city's Col. 174 fiftie] lofty Col. S. D. Printed as
part of preceding speech Q 1 192 S. D. add. D 202
you . . . you Q 1: ye . . . ye Q 2 206 might you Q 2

Io. Edward, recount not things irreuocable;
Tell me what ransome thou requirest to haue.

Kin. Thy ransome, Iohn, hereafter shall
be known:

But first to England thou must crosse the seas,
To see what intertainment it affords; 211

How ere it fals, it cannot be so bad,
As ours hath bin since we ariude in France.

Io. Accursed man! of this I was fortolde,
But did misconster what the prophet told. 215

Pri. Now, father, this petition Edward
makes

To thee, whose grace hath bin his strongest
shield,

That, as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to shew thy power,

So thou wilt grant that many princes more, 220
Bred and brought vp within that little Isle,

May still be famous for lyke victories!
And, for my part, the bloudie scars I beare,

The wearie nights that I haue watcht in field,
The dangerous conflicts I haue often had, 225

The fearefull menaces were proffered me,

The heate and cold and what else might dis-
please:

I wish were now redoubled twentie fold,
So that hereafter ages, when they reade

The painfull traffike of my tender youth, 230
Might thereby be inflamd with such resolute,

As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkie, and what coun-
tries els

That iustly would prouoke faire Englands ire,
Might, at their presence, tremble and retire. 235

Kin. Here, English Lordes, we do pro-
claime a rest,

An intercession of our painfull armes:
Sheath vp your swords, refresh your weary lims,

Peruse your spoiles; and, after we haue breathd
A daie or two within this hauen towne, 240

God willing, then for England wele be shipt;
Where, in a happie houre, I trust, we shall

Ariue, three kings, two princes, and a queene.

FINIS.

237 An] And *D* interceasing *Q* 2, etc.

A
Most pleasant Co-
medie of *Mucedorus* the kings
sonne of *Valentia* and *Amadine*
the Kings daughter of *Arragon*,
with the merie conceites
of *Mouſe*.

Newly set forth, as it hath bin
*ſundrie times plaide in the ho-
norable Ciuie of London.*

Very delectable and full
of mirth.



LONDON
Printed for *William Iones*, dwel-
ling at *Holborne conduit*, at
the ſigne of the Gunne.
1598.

<i>Q 1</i>	=	Quarto of 1598
<i>Q 2</i>	=	" " 1606
<i>Q 3</i>	=	" " 1610
<i>Q 4</i>	=	" " 1611
<i>Q 5</i>	=	" " 1613
<i>Q 6</i>	=	" " 1615
<i>Q 7</i>	=	" " 1618
<i>Q 8</i>	=	" " 1619
<i>Q 9</i>	=	" " 1621
<i>Q 10</i>	=	" " 1626
<i>Q 11</i>	=	" " 1631
<i>Q 12</i>	=	" " 1634
<i>Q 13</i>	=	" " 1639
<i>Q 14</i>	=	" " 1663
<i>Q 15</i>	=	" " 1668
<i>Q 16</i>	=	undated quarto
<i>Q 17</i>	=	Quarto with missing title page
<i>Col.</i>	=	Collier, 1824
<i>T</i>	=	Tyrrell, 1851
<i>Haz.</i>	=	Hazlitt's Dodsley 1874-6
<i>D</i>	=	Delius, 1874
<i>WP</i>	=	Warnke and Proescholdt, 1878
<i>Wag.</i>	=	Wagner : textual conjectures in <i>Jahrbuch XI.</i> and <i>XIV.</i>
<i>Elze</i>	=	Elze in <i>Jahrbuch XV.</i> and <i>Notes on Eliz. Dramatists.</i>
<i>pr. ed.</i>	=	present editor

A MOST PLEASANT COMEDIE OF MVCEDORVS THE KINGS SONNE OF VALENTIA, AND AMADINE, THE KINGS DAUGHTER OF ARRAGON

[THE PROLOGVE.]

Most sacred Maiestie, whose great desertes
Thy Subject England, nay, the World, admires:
Which Heauen graunt still increase: O may
your Prayse,
Multiplying with your houres, your Fame
still rayse;
Embrace your Counsell; Loue, with Fayth,
them guide,
That both, as one, bench by each others side.
So may your life passe on and runne so euen,
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in
Heauen,

Where smiling Angels shall your guardians
bee
From blemisht Traytors, stayn'd with Periurie:
And as the night's inferiour to the day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your Beames, Europe shall borrow
light.
Mirth drowne your boosome, faire Delight
your minde,
And may our Pastime your Contentment finde
Exit]

(DRAMATIS PERSONAE.)

Eight persons¹ may easily play it.
The King and } } for one.
Rombelo. } }
(King Valencia, } } for one.)²
Mucedorus the prince } }
of Valencia. } } for one.
(Anselmo, } } for one.)³
Amadine the Kinges } }
daughter of Arragon. } } for one.

Segasto a Noble } } for one.
man. } }
Enuie: Tremello a Captaine: } } for one.
Bremo a wilde man. } }
Comedy, a boy, an ould woman, } } for one.
Ariena Amadines maide. } }
Collen a Counseller, } } for one.
A messenger. } }
Mouse the Clowne. } } for one.

(INDUCTION.)

*Enter Comedie ioyfull with a garland of
baies on her head.*

WHY so! thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable,
Comedie, play thy part and please,
Mak merry them that come to ioy with thee:
Ioy, then, good gentilles; I hope to make you
laugh.
Sound forth Bellonas siluer tuned strings.
Time fits vs well, the daie and place is ours.

*Enter Enuie, his armes naked, besmeared
with bloud.*

En. Nay, staine, minion, there lies a block.
What, al on mirth! Ile interrupt your tale
And mixe your musicke with a tragick end.
Co. What monstrous vgly hagge is this,
That dares controwle the pleasures of our will?

Vaunt, churlish curre, besmearde with gorie
bloud,
That seemst to check the blossoms of de-
light,
And stiffe the sound of sweete Bellonas breath:
Blush, monster, blush, and post away with
shame,
That seekest disturbance of a goddesses deedes.
En. Post hence thy selfe, thou counter-
checking trul;
I will possesse this habite, spite of thee,
And gaine the glorie of thy wished porte:
Ile thunder musicke shall appale the nimphes,
And make them sheuer their clattering strings:
Flying for succour to their dankish caues.
Sound drumes within and crie, 'stab! stab!'
Hearken, thou shalt hear a noise
Shall fill the aire with a shrilling sound,
And thunder musicke to the gods aboue:

Prologue add. Q 3 6 sh Q 3: at Ital. 1 Ten
persons Q 3 2 Add. Q 3 Induction add. WP
S. D. ioyfull Q 1: ioyfully Q 3, etc. 8 stay, minion.
stay Q 8, etc.

.15 stiffe Q 1: stiffe Q 3: still Q 11 bearth Q 3 17
decides Q 1-5: name Q 8, etc.: same conj. Woy. 20 thy
Q 1-6: this Q 8, etc. 22 shiner Q 3, etc. 23 dankish
Col., Elze: dances Q 1: Danish Q 3, etc.: darkest conj.
pr. ed. 24 a om. Q 8, etc. 26 the om. Q 4

THE COMEDIE OF MVCEDORVS

Mars shall himselfe breathe downe
A peecelesse crowne vpon braue enuies head,
And raise his chiuall with a lasting fame.
In this braue musicke *Enuie* takes delight, 30
Where I may see them wallow in there blood,
To spurne at armes and legges quite shiuered
off,

And heare the cries of many thousand slaine.
How likst thou this, my trull? this sport alone
for mee!

Co. Vaunt, bloodie curre, nurst vp with
tygers sapp, 35

That so dost seeke to quail a womans minde.
Comedie is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe. 40
Thou, bloodie, Enuious, disdainer of mens ioye,
Whose name is fraught with bloodie strata-
games,

Delights in nothing but in spoyle and death,
Where thou maist trample in their luke warme
blood,

And graspe their hearts within thy cursed
pawes: 45

Yet vaile thy mind, reuenge thou not on mee;
A silly woman begs it at thy hands:

Giue me the leaue to vtter out my play,
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee:

hence,
And mixe not death amongst pleasing come-
dies, 50

That treats naught els but pleasure and delight.
If any sparke of humaine rests in thee,

Forbeare, be gon, tender the suite of mee.

En. Why so I wil; forbearance shall be such
As treble death shall crosse thee with de-
spight, 55

And make thee mourne where most thou ioiest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,

Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methodes in a sea of blood:

This will I doe, thus shall I beare with thee; 60
And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,
I will with threates of blood begin thy play,

Fauoring thee with enuie and with hate.

Co. Then, vglie monster, doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despite of thee: 65

And though thou thinkst with tragick fumes
To braue my play vnto my deepe disgrace,

I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe;
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse

27 breathe] reach conj. Wag. 38 crowne Q1
29 chiuall Q3: rival conj. Wag. 34 tis sport Q8,
etc. 48 thou Q1-3: thee Q4, etc. 58 pleasures]
measures Elze 59 methodes] metres Elze 66
(though) thought Q1 67 braue Q1: prauc Q3-6:
hroue Q8, etc.

From tragick stuffe to be a pleasant comedie.

En. Why then, *Comedie*, send thy actors
forth 71

And I will crosse the first steps of their tread:
Making them feare the verie dart of death.

Co. And Ile defend them maugre all thy
spite:

So, vgly fiend, farewell, till time shall serue, 75
That we may meete to parle for the best.

En. Content, *Comedie*; ile goe spread my
branch,

And scattered blossomes from mine enuious
tree

Shall proue to monsters, spoiling of their ioyes.
Exit.

[ACT I.

SCENE I.

Valentia. The Court.)

*Sound. Enter Mucedorus and Anselmo
his friend.*

Muced. Anselmo.

Ansel. My Lord and friend.

*Muc. True, my Anselmo, both thy Lord
and friend*

Whose deare affections boosome with my
heart,

And keepe their domination in one orbe. 5

*Ans. Whence neare disloyaltie shall roote
it forth,*

But fayth plant firmer in your choyse respect.

*Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should
other deeme,*

Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:

But, my Anselmo, loth I am to say 10

I must estrange that friendship—

Misconsture not, tis from the Realme, not
thee:

Though Landes part Bodies, Heartes keepe
companie.

Thou knowst that I imparted often haue

Pruate relations with my royall Sire, 15

Had as concerning beautilous Amadine,

Rich Aragons bright Iewell, whose face (some
say)

That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay,

Excelling, not excoeld: yet least Report

Does mangle Veritie, boasting of what is not, 20

Wing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repaire,

71 thy] the Q11: now thy WP 72 tread Q1:

trade Q8, etc. 75 farewell, till Q8, etc.: firewell,

tell Q1 79 to Q1: two Q8, etc. their Q9: thy Q1

Act. I, Sc. 1-11 add. WP: S. D. Act I, Scene I Acts and

scenes first indicated WP: indications of place add. pr.

rd. 3 om. Q5-16 10, 11 One line Q3, etc. 11

estrange Q3: enlarge Q14-16 that] thy Q16

20 Veritie] virtue Co.

And be my Fortunes, as my Thoughts are, faire.

Ans. Will you forsake Valencia, leaue the Court,

Absent you from the eye of Soueraigntie?
Do not, sweete Prince, aduenture on that taske,

Since danger lurkes each where: be wonne from it.

Mu. Desist diuasion,
My resolution brookes no batterie;
Therefore, if thou retainest thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.

Ans. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,

And throw a frostie deaw vpon that Beard,
Whose front Valencia stoopes to.

Mu. If thou my welfare tender, then no more;

Let Loues strong Magicke charme thy triuiall phrase,

Wasted as vainely as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answers; locke thy lippes,

Vnlesse thy wisdomes suite me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ans. That action craues no counsell,
Since what you rightly are will more commaund,

Then best vsurped shape.

Mu. Thou still art opposite in disposition:
A more obscure seruile habillament
Beseemes this enterprise.

Ans. Then like a Florentine or Mountebanke?

Mu. Tis much too tedious; I dislike thy iudgement:

My minde is grafted on a humbler stocke.

Ans. Within my Closet does there hang a Cassocke,

Though base the weede is; 't was a Shepherds,

Which I presented in Lord Iulius Maske.

Mu. That, my Anselmo, and none else but that,

Maske Mucedorus from the vulgar view!
That habite suites my minde; fetch me that weede.

[*Exit Anselmo.*

Better then Kinges haue not disdained that state,

And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coate.

Sol.
Let our respect commaund thy secrecie.

50 shepherd's once Wag. *57, 58* One line Q 8.

At once a brieft farewell :

Delay to louers is a second hall.

[*Exit Mucedorus.*

Ans. Prosperitie forerunne thee; Aueward chance

Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture:
Content and Fame aduance thee; euer thrive,
And Glory thy mortalitie suruiue.

[*Exit.*

(SCENE II.

A Forest in Arragon.)

Enter Mouse with a bottle of Hay.

Mous. O horrible, terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so scard out of his seauen Senses? A Beare? nay, sure it cannot be a Beare, but some Diuell in a Beares Doublet: for a Beare could neuer haue had that agilitie to haue frightened me. Well, Ile see my Father hang'd, before Ile serue his Horse any more: Well, Ile carry home my Bottle of Hay, and for once make my Fathers Horse turne Puritane and obserue Fasting dayes, for he gets not a bit. But soft! this way she followed me, therefore Ile take the other Path; and because Ile be sure to haue an eye on him, I will take handes with some foolish Creditor, and make euery step backward.

As he goes backwards the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runnes away and leaues his bottle of Hay behind him.]

(SCENE III. The same.)

Enter Segasto running and Amadine after him, being persued with a beare.

Se. Oh fly, Madam, fly or els we are but dead.

Ama. Help, Segasto, help! help, sweet Segasto, or els I die.

(*Seg.*) Alas, madam, there is no way but flight; Then hast and saue your selfe.

Segasto runnes away.

Ama. Why then I die; ah helpe me in distress!

Enter Mucedorus like a shepherd with a sword drawne and a beares head in his hande.

Mu. Stay, Lady, stay, and be no more dismaide.

That cruell beast most mercelesse and fell,
Which hath bereaued thousands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,

Scene II. WP. A Forest, etc. add. pr. ed. 18 on him Q 8-4: to him Q 8-6: to her Q 8, etc.: on her Col. take Q 3-8: shake Q 11, etc. Scene III. WP 1 are! art Q 1 2 etc Q 1 4 B. D. after 2 Qy 8 Which! That Q 8 hath Q 8, etc.: haue Q 1 9 pursu- WP

Prying from place to place to find his praie, 10
Prolonging thus his life by others death,
His carcasce now lies headlesse, void of breth.

Ama. That fowle deformed monster, is he dead?

Mu. Assure your selfe thereof, behould his head:

Which if it please you, Lady, to accept, 15
With willing heart I yeld it to your maiestie.

Ama. Thankes, worthy shepheard, thanks a thousand times.

This gift, assure thy selfe, contents me more
Then greatest bountie of a mighty prince,
Although he were the monarch of the world.

Mu. Most gracious goddesse, more then mortal wight, 21

Your heauenly hewe of right imports no lesse,
Most glad am I in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your princely minde. 25

Ama. No goddesse, shepheard, but a mortal wight,

A mortal wight destressed as thou seest:
My father heere is king of Arragon.
I *Amadine* his only daughter am,
And after him sole heire vnto the crowne. 30

Now, where as it is my fathers will
To mary me vnto *Segasto*, on(e),
Whose welth through fathers former vauy
Is knowen to be no lesse then woonderfull,
We both of custome oftentimes did vse, 35

Leauing the court, to walke within the fieldes
For recreation, especially (in) the spring,
In that it yelds greate store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarse were entred within these lucklesse woods, 40

But right before vs downe a steepe fall hil
A monstrous vgly beare did hie him fast,
To meete vs both. I faint to tell the rest,
Good shepherd, but suppose the gastly lookes,
The hiddious feares, the thousand hunderd woes, 45

Which at this instant *Amadine* susteind.

Mu. Yet, worthy princes, let thy sorrow cease,

And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.

Ama. Belesue me, shepheard, so it doth no lesse.

Mu. Long may they last vnto your hearts content. 50

But tell me, Ladie, what is become of him,

32 Ends *Segasto* Q1 On Q1 5: One Q6 ff.
especially Q1 in add. Huz. especially in spring WP
30 farther Huz. 40 entred were Q3, etc. 45
hundred thousand Q3 ff.

Segasto calld, what is become of him?

Ama. I knowe not, I; that knowe the powers diuine,

But God graunt this: that sweet *Segasto* liue.

Mu. Yet heard harted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight: 56

And leaue so braue a princesse to the spoyle.
Ama. Well, shepheard, for thy worthy vsour tried,

Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompensed, sure, thou shalt not be. 60

In court thy courage shalbe plainly knowne:
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,

To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:

And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast 65

In open sight to euerie courtiers viewe:

So will the king my father thee reward.

Come, lets away, and guard me to the court.

Mu. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

(SCENE IV. *Outskirts of the Forest.*)

Enter Segasto solus.

Sc. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,

Tis time as then, some say, to looke about,

And of ensuing harmes to choose the least:

But hard, yea haplesse, is that wretchesse chaunce,

Lucklesse his lot and caytiffe like acourste, 5
At whose proceedings fortune euer frownes.

My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall,

For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,

The more by prooffe I find my selfe accurst:

Ere whiles assaulted with an vgly beare, 10
Fayre *Amadine* in company all alone,

Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,

Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:

For death it was for to resist the beare,

And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to beare. 15

Accurst I in lingering life thus long!

In liuing thus, each minute of an hower

Doth pierce my hart with darts of thousand deaths:

If she by flight her fury doe escape,

What will she thinke? 20

Will she not say—yea, flatly to my face,

Accusing me of meere dialoyaltie—

55 heard Q1: hard Q3, etc. 60 Wrongly bracketed
by Huz. Scene IV. WP 3 of Q3, etc.: so Q1-4
4 wretches Q3 ff. 11 Fayre Q4: With WP 17
liuing Q3, etc.: leening Q1 [b her] his Col.

A trustie friend is tride (in) time of neede,
But I, when she in danger was of death
And needed me, and cried, *Segado, helpe:* 25
I turned my backe and quickly ran away.
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath!
But what! what needes these plaintes?
If *Amadine* do liue, then happie I;
Shée will in time forgieue and so forget: 30
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmful hart to harbor hatred long.

Entr. Mouse, the Clowne, running, crying:
clubs.

Mouse. Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, billes! O
helfel a beare, a beare, a bearel

Se. Still beares, and nothing else but beares.
Tell me, sirra, wher she is. 36

Clo. O sir, she is runne downe the woods:
I see her white head and her white belly.

Se. Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of
white bears. But, sirra, didst thou euer see
any such? 41

Clo. No, faith, I neuer sawe any such, but
I remember my fathers woordes: hee bad
mee take heede I was not caught with a white
beare. 45

Se. A lamentable tale, no dout.

Clo. I tell you what, sir, as I was going
a fiedle to serue my fathers greate horse, &
caried a bottle of hay vpon my head—now doe
you see, sir—I, fast hudwinckt, that I could see
nothing, perceiuing the beare comming, I
threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Se. What, from nothing? 53

Clo. I warrant you, yes, I saw something,
for there was two loads of thornes besides my
bottle of hay, and that made three.

Se. But tell me, sirra, the beare that thou
didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme? 58

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! I neuer saw beare goe a
milking in all my life. But hark you, sir, I
did not llooke so hie as her arme: I saw nothing
but her whit head, and her whit belly.

Se. But tell me, sirra, where doost thou
dwell?

Clo. Why, doe you not knowe mee? 65

Se. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clo. Why, then, you know no bodie, and
you knowe not mee. I tell you, sir, I am the
goodman rats son of the next parish ouer the
hill. 70

Se. Goodman rats son: why, whats thy
name?

Clo. Why, I am very neere kin vnto him.
Se. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name? I haue (a) very pretie name;
He tel you what my name is: my name is
Mouse.

Se. What, plaine *Mouse*? 78

Clo. I, plaine mouse with out either walt or
garde. But doe you heare, sir, I am but a very
young mouse, for my taile is scarce growne
out yet; looke you here els.

Se. But, I pray thee, who gaue thee that
name? 84

Clo. Fayth, sir, I know not that, but if you
would faine know, aske my fathers greate
horse, for he hath bin halfe a yeare longer with
my father then I haue.

Se. This seemes to be a merrie fellow;
I care not if I take him home with me. 90

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merrie man a merrie master makes.
How saist thou, sirra, wilt thou dwell with
me?

Clo. Nay, soft, sir, two words to a bargaine:
praise you, what occupation are you? 95

Se. No occupation, I liue vpon my landes.

Clo. Your lands! away, you are no maister
for me: why, doe you thinke that I am so mad,
to go seke my liuing in the lands amongst the
stones, briars, and bushes, and teare my holy
day apparell? not I, by your leaue. 101

Se. Why, I do not meane thou shalt.

Clo. How then?

Se. Why, thou shalt be my man, and waite
vpon me at the court. 105

Clo. Whats that?

Se. Where the King lies.

Clo. Whats that same King, a man or
woman?

Se. A man as thou arte. 110

Clo. As I am? harke you, sir; pray you,
what kin is he to good man king of our parish,
the church warden?

Se. No kin to him; he is the King of the
whole land. 115

Clo. King of the land! I neuer see him.

Se. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt
see him euerie day.

Clo. Shal I go home againe to be torne in
peces with beares? no, not I. I wil go home
& put on a cleane shirt, and then goe drowne
my selfe. 123

Se. Thou shalt not need; if thou wilt dwell
with me, thou shalt want nothing.

Clo. Shal I not? then heares my hand; He

23 in om. Q1 28 need Q8 ff. 35 else om. Q8 ff
38 see Q1: saw Q3, etc. write head Q1 40 bottily
Q1 55 two] tow Q1 68 am the Q1: am Q8

75 a om. Q1 80 am but Q1-4: am Q5 ff. 94 two]
tow Q1 108 or Q1: or a Q3 ff. 116 see Q1-6:
saw Q8 ff.

dwel with you. And harken you, sir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you what I can doe: I can keepe my tongue from picking and stealing, and my handes from lying and slaundersing, I warrant you, as wel as euer you had man in all your life: 131

Se. Now will I to court with sorrowfull hart, rownded with doubts.

If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I:

Yea, happie I, if *Amadine* doe liue. 135
[*Exeunt.*]

(ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the King of Arragon.*)

Enter the King with a young prince prisoner, Amadine, (Tremelio,) with Collen and counsellors.

King. Now, braue Lords, our wars are brought to end,

Our foes (to) the foile, and we in safetie rest:

It vs behoues to vse such clemencie

In peace as valour in the warre

It is as great honor to be bountifull 5

At home as to be conquerers in the field.

Therefore, my Lords, the more to my content,

Your liking, and your countries safegarde,

We are dispose in marriage for to giue

Our daughter to Lord *Segasto* heere, 10

Who shall succede the diadem after me,

And raigne heererafter as I tofore haue done,

Your sole and lawfull King of Arragon:

What say you, Lordings, like you of my ad- 14
uise?

Col. And please your Maiesty, we doe not onely alowe of your highnesse pleasures, but also vow fathfully in what we may to further it.

King. Thankes, good my Lords, if long *Adrostus* liue,

Hee will at full requite your curtesies. 20

Tremelio,

In recompence of thy late valour done,

Take vnto thee the Catalonea prince,

Latelle our prisoner taken in the warres.

Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be 25
thine;

Weele thinke of it when leasure shall afforde:
Meane while, doe vse him well; his father is
a King.

Act II. Scene I. WP The Camp, etc. pr. ed. S. D.
Tremelio add. Q 3 1 our Qy: that our *Haz.* 2
the folle Qy: haue had the foil *Haz.*: to foil *Wag.*
4 warres Q 3 ff. 3, 5 And peace, home Qy 6 to
be om. Q 8 ff. 10 to Q 1: vnto Q 8 ff.: to the *Col.*
14 What Qy: How WP 15 And Q 1: An? Q 3 ff.
21, 22 One line Qy 23 Catalonea prince Q 1: Cata-
lonea, a Prince Q 3 ff.: Catalonian prince *Haz.* 26
thinke Q 1-3: haue Q 11 ff.

Tre. Thankes to your Maiestie: his vsage shalbe such,

As he therat shall thinke no cause to grutce.

[*Exeunt (Tremelio and Prince).*]

King. Then march we on to court, and rest our wearied limmes. 31

But, *Collen*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee:
When thou shalt heare a watch woord from thy king,

Thinke then some waigtie matter is at hand
That highlie shall concerne our state, 35

Then, *Collen*, looke thou be not farre from me:

And for thy seruice thou tofore hast done,

Thy trueth and valour proude in euerie point,

I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefor:

So guard vs to the courte. 40

Col. What so my soueraigne doth commaund me doe,

With willing mind I gladly yeeld consent.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE II. *The same.*)

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Se. Tel me, sirra, how doe you like your weapons?

Cl. O verie wel, verie wel, they keep my sides warme.

Se. They keep the dogs from your shins verie well, doe they not? 6

Cl. How, keep the dogs from my shins? I would scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Se. Well, sirra, leauing idle talke, tell me: Dost thou know capitaine *Tremelios* chamber?

Cl. I, verie well; it hath a doore. 12

Se. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber. But dost thou know the man?

Cl. I, forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Se. Why so hath euery on(e). 16

Cl. Thats more then I know.

Se. But doest thou remember the capitaine. that was heere with the king euen now, that brought the yong prince prisoner? 20

Cl. O, verie well.

Se. Go vnto him and bid him come to me. Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him. 24

Cl. I will, master:—master, what's his name?

Se. Why, capitaine *Tremelio*.

Cl. O, the meale man. I knowe him verie well. He brings meale euery saturday. But harken you, master, must I bid him come to you or must you come to him? 30

S. D. *Tremelio, etc. add. Haz.* 32 kept Q 1-6
fit Q 8 ff. Scene II. D 6 very om. Q 8: very we'll
om. Q 14 8 could Q 3 26 *Tremelio, man Elze*

Se. No, sir, he must come to me.

Clo. Harke you, master, how if he be not at home? What shall I doe then?

Se. Why, then (thou) leaust worde with some of his folkes.

Clo. Oh, maister, if there be no bodie within, I will leaue word with his dog.

Se. Why, can his dog speake?

Clo. I cannot tell; wherefore doth he keep his chamber els?

Se. To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay, be ladie, then go your selfe.

Se. You will go, sir, wil ye not?

Clo. Yes, marrie, will I. O tis come to my head:

And a be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Se. What, wilt thou plucke down the Kings house?

Clo. Nay, be ladie, ile knowe the price of it first. Master, it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe. I praie you, tell me his name.

Se. I tell thee, capitaine Tremelio.

Clo. Oh, capitaine treble knaue, capitaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now, sirra, doost thou call mee?

Clo. You must come to my maister, captain treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord Segasto, did you send for mee?

Se. I did, Tremelio. Sirra, about your businesse.

Clo. I, marry: whata that, can you tell?

Se. No, not well.

Clo. Marrie, then, I can: straight to the kitchen dresser, to Iohn the cooke, and get me a good peece of beefe and brewis, and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the butler for a iacke of beare, and there for an houre ile so be labour my selfe! therefore, I pray you, cal me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you, good mayster.

Se. Well, sir, away. *(Exit Mouse.)*

Tremelio, this it is: thou knowest the valour of Segasto spred through all the kingdome of Arragon, and such as hath found triumph and

31 sir Q 1: sirra Q 3, etc. 32 how am. Q 4 34
thou add. pr. ed. leaust Q 1: leaue Q 3, etc. 36
th Qq: How Haz. 42, 48 by Lady Q 3 ff.: by'r
Lady Haz. 43 ye Q 1: you Q 3, etc. 48 Nay
Q 1 Q: No Q 8 52 Tremelio, knave Elze 63 and
therefore Q 3, etc. 72 N. P. add. Haz. 73-8
Vern Qq, dir. Segasto, Arragon, fauours, shepherd,
worthynesse, a side. The speech may haue been written
in verse, but, if so, is hopelessly corrupt. Cf. II. 97-107,
131-4.

fauours, neuer daunted at any tyme; but now a shepherd (is) admired at in court for worthynesse, and Segastos honour layd a side. My wil, therefore, is this, that thou dost find some meanes to worke the shepherdes death. I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, & thy loue no other wise then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a shepherd that Tremelio feares. Therefore, account it accomplished, what I take in hand.

Se. Thankes, good Tremelio, and assure thy selfe,

What I promise that will I performe.

Tre. Thankes, my good Lord, and in good time see where

He commeth: stand by a while, and you shall see

Me put in practise your intended driftes.

Haue at thee, swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Mu. Vild coward, so without cause to strike a man.

Turne, coward, turne; now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Se. Hould, shepherd, hould; spare him, kill him not!

Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?

Ah, Tremelio, trustie Tremelio!

I sorrow for thy death, and since that thou, Liuing, didst prooue faithfull to Segasto,

So Segasto now, liuing, shall honour The dead corpes of Tremelio with reuenge.

Bloudthirsty villaine, Borne and bredde to mercilesse murder,

Tell me, how durst thou be so bold as once To lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?

Assure thy selfe, Thou shalt be vnd according to the law.

Mu. Segasto, cease, these threats are needlesse.

Accuse not me of murder, that haue done Nothing but in mine owne defence.

Se. Nay, shepherd, reason not with me. Ile manifest thy fact vnto the King,

Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseruest.

What hoe, Mouse, come away!

77 is add. Haz. at om. Q 5 ff. 89-91 Dis.
time, while Qq: corr. Haz. 91 intended Q 1 drift
Q 3 ff. 97-107 Lines end death, to, dead, reuenge,
murder, bold, mine, law, Qq: corr. pr. ed. 108
Bloudthirsty Q 1 109 Ends nothing Qq

(Enter Mouse.)

Clo. Why how now, whats the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Se. Come, helpe; away with my friend.

Clo. Why, is he drunke? cannot he stand on his feet?

Se. No, he is not drunke, he is slaine. 120

Clo. Flaine? no, by Ladie, he is not flaine.

Se. Hees kild, I tell thee.

Clo. What, doe you vse to kil your friends?
I will serue you no longer.

Se. I tell thee, the shepheard kild him. 125

Clo. O, did a so? but, master, I will haue al his apparel if I carry him away.

Se. Why, so thou shalt.

Clo. Come, then, I will heale; mas, master, I thinke his mother song looby to him, he is so heauie. [Exeunt (Segasto and Mouse).]

Mu. Behold the fickle state of man, alwaies mutable, 132
Neuer at one. Sometimes we feed on fancies
With the sweete of our desires; sometimes againe

We feeles the heat of extreame miserie. 135
Now am I in fauour about the court and countrie.

To morrow those fauours will turne to frownes:
To daie I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me.

[Exit.]

(SCENE III. The Forest.)

Enter Bremo, a wild man.

Bre. No passengers this morning? what, not one?

A chance that seldome doth befall.

What, not one? then lie thou there,

And rest thyselfe til I haue further neede,

Now, Bremo, sith thy leasure so affords— 5

An endlesse thing. Who knowes not Bremoes strength,

Who like a king commandes within these woods?

The beare, the boare, dares not abide my sight,
But hastes away to saue themselues by flight:

The christall waters in the bubbling brookes,
When I come by, doth swiftly slide away, 11

And claps themselves in closets vnder bankes,
Afraide to looke bold Bremo in the face:

The aged oaks at Bremoes breath doe bowe,

S. D. add. Q 3 121 by *Qy*: by'r *Mu.* 130 song
Q 1: sung *Q 3*, etc. *S. D.* Segasto, etc. add. pr. ed.
132-5 Three lines *Qy*, dir. one, desires, miserie: corr.
pr. ed. 135 miserie *Q 1*: miserie *Q 3*, etc. *S. D.*
Exit *Q 3*, etc.: Exeunt *Q 1* Scene III. *WP* 1 pas-
senger *Q 3*, etc. 5 sith *Qy*: sit *Else* 6 endlesse
Qy: needlesse *Else*: aimlesse *Wag*. 7 commander
Q 1-3 9 haste *Q 3*, etc. 11 doe *Q 6 ff.*

And all things els are still at my commaund.

Els What would I? 16

Rent them in peeces and plucke them from the earth,

And each waie els I would reuenge my selfe.

Why who comes heere with whome I dare not

fight?

Who fights with me & doth not die the death?

Not on(e): What fauour shewes this sturdie
stick to those, 21

That heere within these woods are combatantes
with me?

Why, death, and nothing else but present death.
With restlesse rage I wander through these

woods, 24

No creature heere but feareth Bremoes force,
Man, woman, child, beast and bird,

And euery thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forst to fall if Bremo once but frowne.

Come, cudgel, come, my partner in my spoiles,
For heere I see this daie it will not be; 30

But when it fallies that I encounter anie,
One pat suffiseth for to worke my wil.

What, comes not one? then lets begon;
A time will serue when we shal better speed.

[Exit.]

(SCENE IV. Arragon. A Room of State in the Court.)

Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard and the Clowne, with others.

King. Shephard, thou hast heard thine accusers;

Murther is laid to thy charge.

What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

Mu. Dread soueraigne, I must needes con-
fesse,

I slewe this captaine in mine owne defence, 5
Not of any malice, but by chance;

But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Se. Words will not heere preuaile,
I seek for iustice, & iustice craues his death.

King. Shephard, thine owne confession
hath condemned thee. 10

Sirra, take him away, & doe him to execution
straight.

Clo. So hee shall, I warrant him; but doe
you heare, maister King, he is kin to a monkie,
his necke is bigger then (h)is head. 15

Se. Com, sirra, away with him, and hang
him about the middle.

17 Rent *Q 1*: Rend *Q 3 ff.* and om. *WP* 22
combatantes *Q 1* 26 child *Qy*: child and *Else*
32 suffeath *Q 3*: sufficed *Q 1* Scene IV. *WP* Arra-
gon, etc. add. T 11 Two lines *WP*, dir. away
straight to execution *WP* 13 hee *Qy*: 1 *WP* 16
Com om. *Rev.*

Clo. Yes, forsooth, I warrant you: come on,
sir. A, so like a sheepe biter a lookes!

Enter Amadine and a boie with a beares head.

Amad. Dread soueraine and welbeloued
sire, 20

On bended knees I craue the life of this
Condemned shepheard, which heertofore pre-
serued

The life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

K. Preserued the life of my sometime dis-
tressed daughter?

How can that be? I neuer knew the time 25
Wh(e)rein thou wast distrest; I neuer knew the
date

But that I haue maintained thy state,
As best becomed the daughter of a king.
I neuer saw the shepheard vntil now.

How comes it, then, that he preserued thy life?

Amad. Once walking with *Segasto* in the
woods, 31

Further then our accustomed maner was,
Right before vs, downe a steepe fal hill,
A monstrous vgly beare doth his him fast
To meete vs both: now whether this bee trewe,
I referre it to the credit of *Segasto*. 36

Se. Most trewe, and like your maiestie.

King. How then?

Amad. The beare, being eager to obtaine his
praie,

Made forward to vs with an open mouth, 40

As if he meant to swallow vs both at once;

The sight whereof did make vs both to dread,

But speciallie your daughter *Amadine*,

Who, for I saw no succour incident

But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate, 45

And he most cowardlike began to fly—

Left me distrest to be deuoured of him.

How say you, *Segasto*, is it not true?

K. His silence verifies it to be true. What
then?

Amad. Then I amasde, distressed, all alone,

Did hie the fast to scape that vglie beare, 51

But all in vaine, for, why, he reached after me,

And hardly I did oft escape his pawes,

Till at the length this shepheard came,

And brought to me his head. 55

Come hither boy: loe, heere it is,

Which I present vnto your maiestie.

Kl. The slaughter of this beare deserves

great fame.

Se. The slaughter of a man deserves greates
blame.

Se. The slaughter of a man deserves greates
blame.

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blame.

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blame.

Se. The slaughter of a man deserves greates
blame.

King. Indeed occasion oftentimes so fales
out. 60

Se. *Tremelio* in the wars, O *King*, pre-
serued thee.

Amad. The shepheard in the woods, o king,
preserued me.

S. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.

Amad. So would the shepheard, had he bin in
field.

Clo. So would my maister, had he not run
away. 65

Se. *Tremelios* force saued thousands from
the foe.

Amad. The shepherds force (would) haue
saued thousands more.

Clo. Aye, shipstickes, nothing else.

King. *Segasto*, cease to accuse the shep-
heard,

His worthynesse deserves a recompence, 70

All we are bound to doe the shepheard good:

Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence, thou
shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Se. Thanks to your maiestie.

King. But soft, *Segasto*, not for this
offence.— 75

Long maist thou liue, and when the sisters shal
decree

To cut in twaine the twisted thread of life,

Then let him die: for this I set thee free:

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Mu. Thanks to your maiestie. 80

King. Come, daughter, let vs now departe,
to honour the worthy valour of the shepheard

with our rewards. [*Exeunt.*]

Clo. O mayster, heare you, you haue made
a freshe hand now you would be slowe, you;

why, what will you doe nowe? you haue lost
me a good occupation by the meanes. Faith,

maister, now I cannot hang the shepheard, I
pray you, let me take the paines to hang you:

it is but halfe an houres exercise. 90

Se. You are still in your knauery, but sith
I cannot haue his life I will procure his banish-

ment for euer. Come on, sirra.

Clo. Yes, forsooth, I come.— Laugh at him,
I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Grove near the Court.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. From *Amadine* and from her fathers
court,

60 oftentimes *Eliz.* 67 haue *Q1*: hath *Q8*, etc.:
would haue *pr. ed.* thousand *Q1* 68 A ye *Q8* f.

74 maiestie *Q1* 78 him free *Q8* f. 85 you would be
slowe you *Q1*: I thought you would bestrow you

Q8 f. 87 this means *Har.* Act III. Scene I. *W*

With gold and siluer and with rich rewardes,
Flowing from the bankes of golden treasures,—
More may I boast and say: but I,
Was neuer shepheard in such dignitie. 5

Enter the messenger and the clowne.

Mess. All hayle, worthy shepheard.

Clo. All rayne, lowaie shepheard.

Mu. Welcome, my frindes; from whence come you?

Mess. The King and *Amadine* greetes thee well, and after greetings done, bids thee depart the court: shepheard, begon. 12

Clo. Shepheard, take lawe legs; flye away, shepheard. 13

Mu. Whose woordes are these? came these from *Amadine*? 16

Mess. Aye, from *Amadine*.

Clo. Aye, from *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah, luckelesse fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,

My former blisse is now become my bale. 20

Clo. What, wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Mu. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clo. The worst ale house that I euer came in, in al my life.

Mu. What shall I doe? 25

Clo. Euen goe hang thy selfe halfe an hower.

Mu. Can *Amadine* so chureliashly commaund,

To banish the shepheard from her Fathers court?

Mess. What should shepherdes doe in the court? 31

Clo. What should shepherdes doe amongst vs? haue we not Lordes inough on vs in the court?

Mu. Why, shepherdes are men, and kinges are no more. 36

Mess. Shepherdes are men and maisters ouer their flocke.

Clo. Thats a lie: who payes them their wages then? 40

Mess. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me, but you are best looke to him, least you hang for him when he is gone. [Exit. 45

The Clowne sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for companie, For leauing me alone. 45

3 golden Q1-6: gold and Q8 ff. treasures Q1: treasura Q3 ff. N. D. messenger Q3: messengers Q1: 11 greeting Q3 ff. 15 Come Hur. 20 bleas Q1 33 on Q1: o'er Hat. 42 were best to looke Q3 ff.

Shepheard, stand foorth and heare thy sentence:

Shepheard, begone within three dayes in payne of

My displeasure: shepheard, begon; shepheard, begon; begon, begon, shepheard, shepheard, shepheard. [Exit. 51

Mu. And must I goe, and must I needs depart?

Ye goodly groues, partakers of my songes In tyme tofore when fortune did not frowne,

Powre foorth your plaints and waile a while with me; 54

And thou bright sunne, my comfort in the cold, Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse;

Ye holosome hearbes, and sweete smelling fauours,

Ye each thing els prolonging life of man, Change, change your wonted course, that I,

Wanting your aide, in woefull sort may die. 60

Enter *Amadine* (and *Ariena* her maide).

Ama. Ariena, if any body aske for mee,

Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and Segasto call?

Ama. Do thou the like to him; I mean not to stay long. (Exit Ariena.)

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirites reuiues. 66

Ama. Shepheard, wel met; tel me how thou doest.

Mu. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepheard, although thy banishment already

Be decreed, and all agaynst my will, Yet *Amadine*— 70

Mu. Ah, *Amadine*, to heare of banishment Is death, I, double death to me,

But since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart. 75

Mu. That in absence, either farre or neere, You honour me, as seruant, with your name.

Ama. Not so.

Mu. And why?

Ama. I honour thee, as soueraigne, with my heart. 80

Mu. A shepheard and a soueraigne? nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

Mu. Yet great dislike, or els no banishment. *Ama. Shepheard, it is onely*

46 thy Q1: my Q3, etc. 50 Ends course Q1 S. D. and . . maide add. Q3 D. WP begins Scene 11. Arr 63 S. D. Exit after 63 Q3 ff. 69 Ends be Q1 70 my Q3, etc.: thy Q1 76 in my absence WP 77 with Q1-6: to Q8 ff. 80 Soueraigne of Q3, etc. 84. 85 One line Q1

Segasto that procures thy banishment. 85

Mu. Vnworthy wightes are most in ielousie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,

Or likewise bannish mee.

Mu. Amen, say I, to haue your companie.

Ama. Well, shepheard, sith thou sufferest this for my sake, 90

With thee in exile also let me liue—

On this condition, shepheard, thou canst loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue!

Ama. Of lat I loued one indeed, now loue I none but onely thee. 95

Mu. Thankes, worthie princes; I borne likewise,

Yet another vp the blast,

I dare not promise what I may performe.

Ama. Well, shepheard, harken what I shall say:

I will returne vnto my Fathers court, 100

There for to prouide me of such necessaries,

As for our iourney I shall thinke most fit;

This being done, I will returne to thee.

Doe thou, therefore, appoint the place where we may meete.

Mu. Downe in the valley where I slue the beare: 105

And there doth grow a faire broade branched beech,

That ouerhades a well; so who comes first

Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both.

How like you this?

Ama. I like it very wel. 110

Mu. Now, if you please, you may appoint the time.

Ama. Full three hours hence, God willing, I will returne.

Mu. The thankes that *paris* gaue the grecian queene

The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld. 114

Ama. Then, *Mucedorus*, for three howres farewell. [*Exit.*]

Mu. Your departure, ladie, breeds a priuie paine. [*Exit.*]

(SCENE II. The Court.)

Enter Segasto solus.

Se. Tis well, *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will;

Should such a shephard, such a simple swaine As he, eclipse thy credite famous through

87, 88 One line Q1-3: corr. Q4 88 banish Q1
90, 91 Prose Q1: cor. v. Q3 90 burne Q3, etc. 100
mayn't rouj. Wag. 101 There for Q3, etc.: There-
fore Q1 102 our Q1: my Q3, etc. Scene II]
Scene III WP 3-5 Dir. court, saide Qy 3 As he
om. WP

The court? No, ply, *Segasto*, ply:

Let it not in Arragon be saide,

A shephard hath *Segastos* honour wonne.

Enter Mouse the clowne calling his maister.

Clo. What hoe, maister, will you come away?

Se. Will you come hither? I pray you, whats the matter? 10

Clo. Why, is it not past aleauen a clock?

Se. How then, sir?

Clo. I pray you, com away to dinner.

Se. I pray you, come hither.

Clo. Heres such a doe with you! wil you neuer come? 16

Se. I pray you, sir, what newes of the messege I sente you about?

Clo. I tell you all the messes be on the table alreadie. There wants not so much

as a messe of mustard halfe an hower agoe. 23

Se. Come, sir, your minde is all vpon your belly;

You haue forgotten what I did bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, I knowe nothing, but you bad me goe to breakefast. 26

Se. Was that all?

Clo. Faith, I haue forgotten it; the verie sent of the meate hath made me forget it quite. 30

Se. You haue forgotten the arrant I bid you doe?

Clo. What arrant? an arrant knaue, or arrant whore?

Se. Why, thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the shepheard? 36

Clo. O, the shephards bastard.

Se. I tell thee, the shepherdes banishment.

Clo. I tel you the shepherds bastard shalbe

wel kept: hee looke to it myselfe else; but I pray you, come away to dinner. 41

Se. Then you wil not tell me whether you haue banished him or noe?

Clo. Why, I cannot say banishment, and you would giue me a thousand pounds to say so. 46

Se. Why, you horson slaue, haue you forgotten that I sent you and another to driue away the shephard.

Clo. What an asse are you; heers a sturres indeede: heeres 'messege,' 'arrant,' 'banishment,' and I cannot tell what. 52

Se. I pray you, sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him away?

4 ply.. ply Qy, etc.: 7 fyee.. fyee 24 did om.
Q8 ff. 29 made me hath Q1-3 forgot Q8-8
40 else om. Q3, etc.

Clo. Faith, I thinke I haue; and you will
not beleue me, aske my staffe. 56

Se. Why, can thy staffe tell?

(*Clo.*) Why, he was with me to.

Se. Then happie I that haue obtaynd my
will. 60

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to
dinner.

Se. Come, sirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not loose an inch
of you, now you are going to dinner.—I promise
you, I thought seauen yeare before I
could get him away.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE III. *The Forest.*)

Enter Amadine sola.

Ama. God grant my long delaie procures
no harme

Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence.

My *Mucedorus* surelie staies for me,

And thinks me ouer long: at length I come

My present promise to performe. 5

Ah, what a thing is firme vnfaigned loue!

What is it which true loue dares not tempt?

My father he may make, but I must match;

Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like,

Where likes her best; compulsion is a thrall:

No, no, the heartie choise is all in all, 11

The shephards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.

But, what, me thinks my shephard is not come.

I muse at that, the hower is sure at hande:

Well here ile rest till *Mucedorus* come. 15

Shee sits her downe.

*Enter Brema looking about, hastily taketh
hould of her.*

Brema. A hapie pray! now, *Brema*, feeds on
flesh.

Dainties, *Brema*, dainties, thy hungry panch to
fill!

Now glut thy greedie guts with luke warme
blood!

Come, fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. How can she fight that weapons can-
not weeld? 20

Bre. What, canst not fight? then lie thou
downe and die.

Ama. What, must I die?

Bre. What needes these words? I thirst to
sucke thy blood.

Ama. Yet pittie me and let me liue a while.

Bre. No pittie I, ile feed vpon thy flesh, 25

ile teare thy bodie peecemeale ioynt from
ioynt.

Ama. Ah, now I want my shephards com-
pany.

Bre. Ile crush thy bones betwixt two oken
trees.

Ama. Hast, shephard, hast, or else thou
comst to lat.

Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnes from thy marie
bones. 30

Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guilt-
lesse blood!

Bre. With this my bat will I beate out thy
braines.

Down, down, I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon
the ground.

Ama. Then, *Mucedorus*, farewell; my hoped
ioies, farewell.

Yea, farewell life, and welcome present
death! 35

Shee kneeles.

To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying ghost.

Bre. Now, *Brema*, play thy part.—

How now, what sudden chaunce is this?

My limmes do tremble and my sinewes
shake,

My vnweakned armes haue lost their former
force: 40

Ah *Brema*, *Brema*, what a foyle hast thou,

That yet at no time euer wast afraide

To dare the greatest gods to fight with thee,
he strikes.

And now want strength for one downe driuing
blow!

Ah, how my courage failes when I should
strike: 45

Some newe come spirit, abiding in my breast,
Sayth 'spare her, *Brema*, spare her, do not
kill.'

Shall I spare her which neuer spared any?

To it, *Brema*, to it, say againe.—

I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand; 50

Me thinkes I should not strik so faire a
one:

I thinke her beawtie hath bewicht my force
Or else with in me altered natures course.

Ay, woman, wilt thou liue in woods with
me?

Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in
woodes. 55

Bre. Thou shalt not chuse, it shalbe as I say,
& therefore, follow me. [*Exit.*]

58 Prefr *Clo.* add. Q3 66 thought Q4: thought
1 *Har.* Scene III] Scene IV WP 2 tarrying Q1
attempt Q3, etc. 14 sure oue. Q3 ff. 23 needs
Q3 ff. 25 I, ile Q4: I will WP

26 Ile Q1-6: And Q8 ff. 27 now Q4: how *Har.*
28 two] tow Q1 30 Marrow-bones Q3, etc. 38
change *Else* 40 weakened *Col.* 44 wants Q3 ff.
47 Saith Q8, etc.: Shall I Q1-6 48 Shall I Q8.
etc.: Sayth Q1-6 49 say Q4: essay *Har.* 50
weapon WP 55-6 Prose Q1

(SCENE IV. *The same.*)*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

Mu. It was my wil an hower a goe and more,

As was my promise, for to make returne,
But other busines hindred my pretence.
It is a world to see when man appoints,
And purposellie one certaine thing decrees, 5
How manie things may hinder his inteht.
What one would wish, the same is farthest off:
But yet thappoynted time cannot be past,
Nor hath her presence yet preuented mee. 9
Well, heere ile staie, and expect her comming.
They crie within, 'hould him, staie him, holde!'

Mu. Some one or other is pursued, no doubt;

Perhaps some search for me: tis good
To doubt the worst, therefore ile begone. [*Exit.*]

(SCENE V. *The same.*)

Crie within 'hold him, hold him.' *Enter Mouse the Clowne with a pot.*

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him! heers a stur in deed. Heere came hewe after the crier: and I was set close at mother Nips house, and there I calde for three pots of ale, as tis the manner of vs courtiers. Now, sirra, I had taken the maiden head of two of them. Now, as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came: hold him, hold him! now I coule not tell whome to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one: perchance a maie be in this pot. Well, ile see: mas, I cannot see him yet; well, ile looke a little further. Mas, he is a little slaue, if a be heere. Why, heers no bodie. Al this goes well yet: but if the olde trot shoulde come for her pot—I, marrie, theres the matter, but I care not; ile face her out, and cal her ould rustie, dustie, mustie, fustie, crustie fire-bran, and worse then al that, and so face her out of her pot: but softe, heere she comes. 19

Enter the ould woman.

Old wo. Come on, you knaue: wheres my pot, you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot; come not to me for your pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest, thou knaue; thou hast my pot. 25

Clo. You lie, and you say it. I your pot! I know what ile say.

Old. Why, what wilt thou say?

*Scene IV.] Scene V WP. 1 one Q3, etc.: once Q1
a me Q3, etc.: wee Q1 12, 13 Prase Q1: dir, worst
Q3 f.: corr. Haz. Scene VI] Scene VI WP 6
low Q1 17 crustie Q1 22 look for your WP*

Clo. But say I haue him, and thou darste.
Olde. Why, thou knaue, thou hast not onellie my pot but my drinke vnpaid for. 31

Clo. You lie like an old—I will not say whore.

Old. Dost thou cal me whore? ile cap thee for my pot. 35

Clo. Cap me & thou darrest, search me whether I haue it or no.

Shes searcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head and casts downe the pot; she stumleth at it; then they fal together by the eares; she takes her pot and goes out. [*Exit.*]

Enter Segasto.

Se. How now, sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. Oh, flies, maister, flies.

Se. Flies? where are they? 40

Clo. Oh heere, maister, all about your face.

Se. Why, thou liest; I think thou art mad.

Clo. Why, maister, I haue kild a duncart ful at the least.

Se. Go to, sirra! leauing this idel talke, giue eare to me. 46

Clo. How? giue you one of my eares? not & you were ten maisters.

Se. Why, sir, I bid you giue eare to my wordes. 50

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a curtall for no mans pleasure.

Se. I tell thee, attend what I say: goe thy waies straight and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How? reare the towne? euen goe your selfe; it is more then I can doe: why, doe you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a pot of ale to my heade? I should reare a towne, should I not? 59

Se. Go to the cunstable and make a priuie search, for the shephard is runne away with the Kings daughter.

Clo. How? is the shephard run away with the kings daughter? or is the kings daughter runne away with the shephard? 65

Se. I cannot tell, but they are both gon together.

Clo. What a foole is she to runne away with the shephard! why, I thinke I am a little hansomer man then the shephard my selfe; but tel me, maister, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie? 72

Se. Why, dost thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Se. Well, then, search euerie where; leaue no place vnsearched for them. [*Exit.*]

35 my for Q1 36 seace Q1 51 not] no Q1
68 sho he Haz.

Clo. Oh now am I in office; now wil I to that old firbrands house & wil not leaue one place vnsearched: nay, ile to her ale stand & drink as long as I can stand, & when I haue don, ile let out al the rest, to se if he be not hid in the barrel. & I find him not there, ile to the cubord; ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched: y^e faith, ye old crust, I wilbe with you now. [Exit.]

[ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Valentia. The Court.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Borachius, with others.

King Va. Enough of Musicke, it but ads to torment;

Delights to vered spirits are as Dates
Set to a sickly man, which rather cloy then comfort:

Let mee intreate you to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleepe; haue done there. 5

Let the musicke cease.

Kin. V. Mirth to a soule disturb'd are embers turn'd,

Which sudden gleame with molestation,
But sooner loose their sight forth;
Tis Gold bestowd vpon a Rytor,
Which not relieues, but murders him: Tis a
Drugge 10
Giuen to the healthfull, Which infects, not cures.

How can a Father that hath lost his Sonne,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle actes of Time?
No, no; till Mucedorus I shall see againe, 15
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.

Ans. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

Ki. V. I pre-thee, speake that thrise.

Ans. The Prince, your Sonne, is safe.

K. V. O where, Anselmo? surfet me with that. 20

Ans. In Aragon, my Liege;

And at his parture, Bound my secrecie,
By his affectionous loue, not to disclose it:
But care of him, and pittie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breast vow'd
concealment. 25

*85 y^e faith Q 3. etc. : ye faith Q 1 Act IV. Sc. I.
add. Q 3 Act IV, Scene I. WP 4 to repeat romj. Col.
5 your] you Haz. 8 are Qy : is Haz. 8 sight Qy :
light Col. 10. 11 Three times Qy. dir. him, health-
full. 10 Tis out. Else 18 twice Col. 21 Ende
parture Q 1 22 parture Q 3-6 : parting Q 8 ff. 23
affectionous Q 3-11 : affection Q 12 ff. loue Q 7 : loss
Else*

K. V. Thou not deceiue'st me?
I euer thought thee What I find thee now,
An vpright, loyall man. But what desire,
Or young-fed humour Nurst within the braine,
Drew him so priuily to Aragon? 30

Ans. A forcing Adamant:

Loue, mixt with feare and doubtfull ielousie,
Whether report guilded a worthlesse truncke,
Or Amadine deserued her high extolment.

K. V. See our prouision be in readinesse;
Collect vs followers of the comliest hug 36
For our chiefe guardions, we will thither wend:
The christall eye of Heauen shall not thrise
wincke,

Nor the greene Flood sixe times his shouldlers
turne,

Till we salute the Aragonian King. 40

Musicke speake loudly now, the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt.

Exeunt omnes.]

(SCENE II. *The Forest.*)

Enter Mucedorus to disguis himselfe.

Mu. Now, Mucedorus, whither wilt thou
goe?

Home to thy father, to thy natiue soile,
Or trie some long abode within these woods?
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home.—
What, hie me home, said I? that may not be;
In Amadine rests my felicitie. 6

Then, Mucedorus, do as thou didst decree:
Attire thee hermitic like within these groues,
Walke often to the beach and view the well,
Make settles there and seate thy selfe thereon,
And when thou feelest thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a heartie draught to Amadine.

No doubt she thinkes on thee,

And wil one day come pleg thee at this well.

Come, habit, thou art fit for me: 15

he disguiseth himselfe:

No shepheard now, a hermit I must be.

Me thinkes this fits me verie well;

Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe.

And exercise some grauitie withall. 20

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heers throw the wods, and throw th^e
wods, to looke out a shepheard & a stray
kings daughter: but softe, who haue we heere?
what art thou? 23

Mu. I am an hermit.

Clo. An emmet? I neuer saw such (a) big
emmet in all my life before.

*26-9 Dir. thought thee? man. humour Qy : romj.
pr. id. 29 the] his Q 8 ff. 38 eyes Haz. Scene
II. WP 8 groues Q 1 14 pledge Q 3. etc. 16 a
Q 1-6 : an Q 8 ff. must I Q 3. etc. 25 a add. Q 3*

Mu. I tel you, sir, I am an hermit, one that leads a solitarie life within these woods.

Clo. O, I know the now, thou art hee that eates vp al the hips and hawes; we could not haue one peece of fat bacon for thee al this year.

Mu. Thou dost mistake me; but I pray thee, tell mee what dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter runne away with a shephard.

Mu. A stray Kings daughter runne away with a shephearde.

Wherefore? canst thou tell?

Clo. Yes, that I can; tis this: my maister and *Amadine*, walking one day abroad, nearer to these woods then they were vsed—about what I can not tell—but towarde them comes running a greate beare. Now my maister, he plaide the man and runne away, & *Amadine* crying after him: now, sir, comes me a shepheard & strikes off the beares head. Now whether the bear were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twentie beares before me and binde their hands & feete and ile kil them al:—now euer since *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the shepheard, and for good wil shees euen runne away with the shepheard.

Mu. What manner of man was a? canst describe him vnto mee?

Clo. Scrib him? aye, I warrant you, that I can: a was a littel, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, wel fauoured fellow, a ierkin of whit cloath, and buttons of the same cloath.

Mu. Thou discribest him wel, but if I chauce to se any such, pray you, wher shal I find you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called maister mouse,

Mu. Oh, maister mouse, I pray you what office might you beare in the court?

Clo. Marry, sir, I am a rusher of the stable.

Mu. O, vaser of the table.

Clo. Nay, I say rusher and ile prooue mine office good; for looke, sir, when any comes from vnder the sea or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strawe rushes presently: therefore, I am a rusher, a his office, I promise ye.

Mu. But where shall I find you in the Courte?

Clo. Why, where it is best being, either in the kitchen a eating or in the butterie drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a

peece of beefe & brewis knockle deepe in fat; pray you, take paines, remember maister mouse.

[Exit.]

Mu. Ay, sir, I warrant I will not forget you. Ah, *Amadine*, what should become of thee? Whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne? With watch and wards eche passage is beset, So that she cannot long escape vnknowne. Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woods

And wandring too and fro she seekes the well, Which yet she cannot finde; therefore will I seek her out.

[Exit.]

• (SCENE III. The same.)

Enter *Bremo* and *Amadine*.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* & his woodes?

Ama. As like the woodes of *Bremoes* crueltie: Though I were dombe and could not answer him,

The beastes themselues would with relenting teares

Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.

Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?

Speake lowder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*? no, the shepheard is my loue.

Bre. Hauē I not sauēd thee from sudden death,

Giuing thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue?

And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?

Come kisse me, swete, for all my fauours past.

Ama. I may not, *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how shee flings away from me; I will follow

And giue a rend to her. Dente my loue!

Ah, worne of beautie, I wil chastice the:

Com, com, prepare thy head vpon the block.

Ama. Oh, spare me, *Bremo*, loue should limit life,

Not to be made a murderer of him selfe.

If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,

Encounter with the lion or the beare,

And like a wolfe pray not vpon a lambe.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?

If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my queene:

I will crowne thee with a chaplet made of lue,

And make the rose and lilly wait on thee:

Ile rend the burley braunches from the oke,

83 the Q1: thee Q2-8: her Q8 ff. 80 ou. Has.

80 her Q3, etc.: hers Q1 Keene III. W? 14-17

Dis. me. her, beaute Q1 14 Kings Q1-6: Bks Q4 ff.

15 a rend Q1: attend Q4 ff.: attent WP 22 like

21 a like Q1 25 complet Q1-4 Ivy D: lueric Q4

29 hee Q4, etc.: her Q1:3

for Ethe 35 weck for? WP

Q3, etc. 47 were| where Q1

67 mine Q7: my Has.

34 seeke Q4: seek

45 and hee strikes

53 canst thou WP

Q6 ff.

To shadow thee from burning sunne.
The trees shall spread themselves where thou
dost go,

And as they spread, ile trace along with thee,

Ama. You may, for who but you? (*Aside.*)

Bre. Thou shalt bee fed with quailles and

partridges, 32

With blacke birds, larkes, thrushes and night-
ingales.

Thy drinke shall bee goates milke and christal
water,

Distilled from the fountaines & the clearest
springs. 35

And all the dainties that the woods afforde.

Ile freely giue thee to obtaine thy lode.

Ama. You may, for who but you? (*Aside.*)

Bre. The day ile spend to recreate my loue

With all the pleasures that I can deuise, 40

And in the night ile be thy bedfellow,

And louningly embrace thee in mine armes.

Ama. One may, so may not you. (*Aside.*)

Bre. The satyres & the woodnimps shal
attend on the

And lull thee a sleepe with musickes sounde,

And in the morning when thou dost awake, 46

The lark shall sing good morne to my queene,

And whilst he singes, ile kisse my *Amadine*.

Ama. You may, for who but you? (*Aside.*)

Bre. When thou art vp, the wood lanes

shalbe strawed 50

With violets, cowslips, and swete marigolds

For thee to trampel and to trace vpon,

And I will teach thee how to kill the deare,

To chase the hart and how to rowse the roe,

If thou wilt liue to loue and honour mee. 55

Ama. You may, for who but you? (*Aside.*)

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome, sir,

An howre ago I lookt for such a guest.

Be merrie, wench, wee le haue a frolicke feast:

Heeres flesh enough for to suffice vs both. 60

Stale, sirra, wilt thou fight or dost thou yeel to
die?

Mu. I want a weapon; how can I fight?

Bre. Thou wants a weapon? why then thou
yeelst to die.

Mu. I say not so; I doe not yeeld to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose. I long to see
thee dead. 65

Ama. Yet spare him, *Bremo*, spare him.

Bre. Away, I say, I will not spare him.

Mu. Yet giue me leaue to speake.

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my
sake. 70

Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer long.

Mu. In time of yore, when men like brutish
beasts

Did lead their liues in loathsom celles and
woodes

And wholly gaue themselves to witlesse will,

A rude vnruely rout, then man to man 75

Became a present praie, then might ppeuailed,

The weak(e)st went to wallies:

Right was vnknown, for wrong was all in all.

As men thus liued in this great outrage,

Behould one *Orpheus* came, as poets tell, 80

And them from rudenes vnto reason brought,

Who led by reason soone forsooke the woods.

Instade of caues they built them castles
strong;

Citties and townes were founded by them then:

Glad were they, they found such ease, 85

And in the end they grew to perfect amitie;

Waying their former wickednesse,

They tearmd the time wherein they liued then

A golden age, a goodly golden age.

Now, *Bremo*, for so I heare thee called, 90

If men which liued tofore as thou dost now,

Willie in wood, addicted all to spoile,

Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,

Let me like *Orpheus* cause thee to returne

From murder, bloudshed and like crueltie. 95

What, should we fight befor we haue a cause?

No, lets liue and loue together faithfully.

Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me or die: or fight or els thou
diest.

Ama. Hold, *Bremo*, hold! 100

Bre. Away, I say, thou troublest mee.

Ama. You promised me to make me your
queenne.

Bre. I did, I meane no less.

Ama. You promised that I should haue my
wil.

Bre. I did, I meane no lesse. 105

Ama. Then saue this hermits life, for he
may saue vs both.

B. At thy request ile spare him, but neuer
any after him. Say, hermit, what canst thou
doe?

Mu. Ile waite on thee, sometime vpon the
queene. Such seruice shalt thou shortly haue
as *Bremo* neuer had. (*Exeunt.*)

75 *Ends became Q1* 77 wall *Haz.* 79 this *pr.*

ed.: his *Q1*: their *Q3*, *etc.* 82 Reason, soone

Q4, *etc.*: reasonson some *Q1*: Reason, some *Q3-5*

85 they, that they *Haz.* 92 Willie *Q1*: Wilde

Q3 *f.*: Wildly *Haz.* 95 cruelties *Q6* *f.* 102

your *an.* *Q5* *f.* 110 the *Q1*: thy *Q3*, *etc.*

31, 38, 43, 49 *Aside add. Haz.* 47 good-morrow

Q3, *etc.* 52 trace *Q1*: tread *Col.* 56 *Aside add.*

57 Welcomd *Q1* 62 how *Q1*: why, how

Else 63 why then *Q1*: then *Else*

Least some mischance befall your royall grace.
'Shall my sweete *Brama* wander through the woods?

Toile to and fro for to redresse my want,
Hazard his life; and all to cherishe me?
I like not this, quoth she, 45
And thereupon craude to know of me
If I coulde teach her handle weapons well.
My aunswer was I had small skill therein,
But glad, most mightie king, to learne of thee.
And this was all. 50

Bre. Wast so? none can dislike of this.
He teach
You both to fight: but first, my queepe, begin.
Here, take this weapon; see how thou canst vse it.

Ama. This is to big, I cannot weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Ist so? weeles haue a knotty crabtree staffe 55
For thee.—But, sirra, tell me, what saist thou?

Mu. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my staffe & see how canst weeld it.

Mu. First teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou houldest it well. 60
Looke how he doth; thou maist the sooner learne.

Mu. Next tell me how and when tis best to strike.

Bre. Tis best to strike when time doth serue,
Tis best to loose no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer is my time to strike. (*Aside.*)

Bre. And when thou strikest, be sure thou hit the head. 66

Mu. The head?

Bre. The verie heade.

Mu. Then haue at thinel [*he striketh him downe dead.*] So, lie there and die,

A death no dout according to desert, 70
Or else a worse as thou deseruest a worse.

Ama. It glads my heart this tirants death to see.

Mu. Now, ladie, it remains in you
To end the tale you latelie had begunne,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight. 75
You said you loued a shepheard.

Ama. I, so I doe, and none but only him,
And will do still as long as life shall last.

Mu. But tell me, ladie; sith I set you free,
What course of life do you intend to take? 80

Ama. I wil disguised wander through the world,

Til I haue found him out.

Mu. How if you find your shephard in these woods?

Ama. Ah, none so happie then as *Amadine*.
He discloseth himselfe.

Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much;
Say, Ladie, doe you know your shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus* hath he set me free?
(*Mu.*) *Mucedorus* he hath set thee free.

Ama. And liued so long vnknowne to *Amadine*!

Mu. Ay thats a question where of you may not be resolu'd. 91

You know that I am banisht from the court;
I know likewise each passage is beset,

So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
There fore my will is this, that we returne 95

Right through the thickets to the wild mans caue,

And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past.

This is my counsel, and I thinke it best.

Ama. I thinke the verie same. 100

Mu. Come, lets begone.

(*Enter The Clowne (who) searches and falsouer the wild man and so carry him away.*)

Clo. Nay, soft, sir; are you heere? a bots on you! I was like to be hanged for not finding you.

We would borrow a certaine stray kings daughter of you: a wench, a wench, sir, we would haue. 106

Mu. A wench of me! ile make the eate my sword.

Clo. Oh Lord! nay, and you are so lustie,
Ile cal a cooling card for you. Ho, maister,

maister, come away quicklie. 111

Enter Segasto.

Se. Whats the matter?

Cl. Looke, maister, *Amadine* & the shepheard: oh, braue! 114

Se. What, minion, haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay, thats a lie, I found her out my selfe.

Se. Thou gadding huswife,

What cause hadst thou to gad abroad,

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nie?

Ama. Not so, *Segasto*, no such thing in hand; 120

Shew your assurance, then ile answer you.

43 wants *Har.* 46 she crav'd *Har.* 51 Whast
Q1 Line ends this Qy 35 Line ends thee Qy 65
is my Q1 f. : it is Q8 f. 60 thou hit Q1 : to hit
Q3, 8 f. : to hid Q4 : to hide Q5, 6 73-5 Prose Q1

84 N. D. discloseth Q6, etc. : disguiseth Q1-5 118
Mu. add. pr. ed. Mucedorus he Q1 : Muc. He Q2 f.
101 N. D. Enter, who add. *Har.*

Se. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.
Ama. But what he promist he hath not performde.

Se. It rests in thee for to performe the same.

Ama. Not I. 125

Se. And why?

Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen so.

Clo. Maister, with a nonie, nonie, noe!

Se. A wicked villane, art thou here?

Mu. What needes these wordes? we way them not. 130

Se. We way them not, proud shepheard! I skorne thy companie.

Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie.

Mu. I scorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Clo. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugsnondo. 135

Se. This stoutnesse, *Amadine*, contents me not.

Ama. Then seeke an other that may you better please.

Mu. Well, *Amadine*, it onelie rests in thee Without delay to make thy choice of three:

There stands *Segasto*, here a shepheard stands, There stands the third; now make thy choise.

Clo. A Lord at the least I am. 142

Am. My choise is made, for I will none but thee.

Se. A worthy mate, no doubt, for such a wife.

Mu. And, *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me? 145

I cannot keepe thee as thy father did; I haue no landes for to maintaine thy state.

Moreouer, if thou meane to be my wife,

Commonly this must be thy wee:

To bed at midnight, vp at fowre, 150

Drudge all daie and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our dallie vittell for to winne;

And last of al, which is the worst of all,

No princes then but plaine a shepherds wife.

Clo. Then, god ge you god morrow, goody shepheard! 155

Ama. It shall not neede; if *Amadine* do liue,

Thou shalt be crowned king of *Arragon*.

Clo. Oh, maister, laugh! when hees King, then ile be a queene.

Mu. Then know that which nere tofore was known: 160

I am no shepheard, no *Arragonian* I, But borne of Royall blood—my fathers of

128 nonny, nonny, no. *Haz.*: none, none, noe
Q1-4: none, none no *Q5 f.* 129 villant *Q1* 134
 with his] with's *Q14, 15* 140 here... stands *Q1-5*:
 a second here *Q8 f.* 151 all the day *W^P* 154
 plaine a *Q1-5*: a plaine *Q6 f.*

Valentia King, my mother queene—who for Thy secret sake tooke this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is so good.

Se. Well now I see, *Segasto* shall not speede;

But, *Mucedorus*, I as much do ioy, 167

To see thee here within our Court of *Arragon*,

As if a kingdome had befallne me. This time

I with my heart surrender it to thee,

He giueth her vnto him.

And loose what right to *Amadine* I haue. 171

Clo. What (a) barnes doore, and borne

where my father

Was cunstable! a bots on thee, how dost theq?

Mu. Thanks, *Segasto*; but yet you leueld

at the crowne.

Clo. Maister, beare this and beare all. 175

Se. Why so, sir?

Clo. He saies you take a goose by the crowne.

Se. Go to, sir! away, post you to the king, Whose hart is fraught with carefull doubts,

Glad him vp and tell him these good newes,

And we will follow as fast as we may. 181

Clo. I goe, maister; I runne, maister.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE II. Open Place near the Court of the King of *Arragon*.)

Enter the King and Collen.

K. Break, heart, and end my paled woes, My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life,

How can I ioy except she were in sight?

Her absence breedes sorrow to my soule

And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine. 5

Col. Forbeare those passions, gentle King,

And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,

And bring your soule to quiet and to iole.

K. Such iole as death, I do assure me that,

And naught but death, vnlesse of her I heare,

And that with speede; I cannot sigh thus

long— 10

But what a tumult doe I heare within?

The crye within, 'iole and happnesse!'

Col. I heare a noyse of ouer-passing iole Within the court; my Lord, be of good com-
 fort—

And heere comes one in hast. 15

162-3 End *Valentia*, sake *Q1*: King, sake *Q8 f.*:
 corr. pr. ed. 160 me thin *Q1*, etc. 170 it *Q1*: her
Q8 f. 171 loose *Haz.*: loose *Qy* 172 a add. *Haz.*
 173 thee *Q1-5*: thou *Q8 f.* 177 walen] seen new
Q1: seen *Q3-5*: mayes *Q8*, etc. Scene II, pr. ed.:
 Act V, Scene I. *W^P* 3 in my sight *Q14, 15* 4
 breedes *Q1-5*: breedes great *Q8 f.*: breedeth *W^P*
 6, 13 *Prst* *Cl^o* *Q1* 8, 11, The *Q1*, 8: They *Q8 f.*
 happnesse] gladness *Q14, 15*

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King! a King! a King!

Col. Why, how now, sirra? whats the matter?

Clo. O, tis newes for a king, 'tis woorth money.

K. Why, sirra, thou shalt haue siluer and gold if it bee good.

Clo. O, tis good, tis good. *Amadine*— 20

K. Oh, what of her? tell me, & I will make thee a knight.

Clo. How a spright? no, by ladie, I will not be a spright. Maisters, get ye away; if I be a spright, I shall be so leane I shall make you all afraide. 25

Col. Thou sot, the King meanes to make thee a gentleman.

Clo. Why, I shall want parrell.

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then stand away, trick vp thy selfe: heere they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious father, pardon thy disloyal daughter. 30

K. What do mine eies be hould? my daughter *Amadine*?

Rise vp, deere daughter & let these, my embracing armes,

Shew some token of thy fathers iole,
Which euer since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Ama. Deare father, neuer were your sorrows Greater then my griefes, 36

Neuer you so desolate as I comfortlesse;
Yet, neuertheless, acknowledging my selfe

To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humble craue your pardon. 40

King. Ile pardon thee, deare daughter: but as for him—

Ama. Ah, father, what of him?

King. As sure as I am a king, and weare the crowne,

I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

Mu. Yet, worthy prince, worke not thy will in wrath; 45

Shew fauour.

K. I, such fauour as thou deseruest.

Mu. I do deserue the daughter of a king.

K. Oh, impudent! a shepheard and so insolent! 49

23, 24 spright Q3 ff: spirit (spiritt) Q1 32
dere om. Q8 ff. my om. Q4 ff. 33 father Q1
35 Pref. Mu. Q1 38 acknowledging Q1 ff: know-
ling Q8 ff. 43 a om. Q3, etc. 47 as om. WP

50 am I Mar. but am a Col.

Mu. No shepheard I, but a worthy prince.

King. In farre conceit, not princelie borne.

Mu. Yes, princely borne: my father is a king,

My mother Queene, and of Valentia both.

K. What, *Mucedorus*! welcome to our court.

What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised? 55

Mu. No cause to feare; I caused no offence
But this:

Desiring thy daughters vertues for to see
Disguised my selfe from out my fathers court.

Vnknown to any, in secret I did rest, 60
And passed many troubles neere to death;

So hath your daughter my partaker bin,
As you shall know heereafter more at large,

Desiring you, you will giue her to mee, 64
Euen as mine owne and soueraigne of my life;

Then shall I thinke my trauels are wel spent.

King. With all my heart, but this—

Segasto claimes my promise made to fore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,

Before my counsel when we came from war.
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe, 71

And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?

Se. With all my heart, were it far a greater thing,

And what I may to furnish vp there rites

With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see. 75

King. Thankes, good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.

Mu. Thankes, good my Lord, & while I liue

Account of me in what I can or maie.

Ama. And, good *Segasto*, these great curtesies

Shall not be forgot. 80

Clo. Why, harke you, maister: bones, what haue you done? What, giuen away the wench

you made me take such paines for? you are wise indeed! mas, and I had knowne of that

I would haue had her my selfe! faith, master, now wee maie goe to breakfast with a wood-coke pie. 87

Se. Goe, sir, you were best leaue this knauerie.

K. Come on, my Lordes, lets now to court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest daie

That euer hapt to a distressed King, 91
[Were but thy Father, the Valencia Lord,

Present in view of this combining knot.

51 farre Q1: faire Q3; etc. 66 are Q1-6: all
Q8 ff. 73 far a Q1: a far Q3, etc. 92, etc. add. Q3

For the concluding lines of the scene in Q1 cf. Appendix,
p. 126 93 combined Q4 ff.

A shout within. Enter a Messenger.

What shout was that?

Me. My Lord, the great Valencia King,
Newly arrived, intreats your presence. 96

M. My Father?

King A. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment:

A happier Planet neuer raigned then that,
Which gouernes at this houre. [Sound.

Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Rodrigo, Borachius, with others; the King runnes and embraces his Sonne,

King V. Rise, honour of my age, food to my rest: 101

Condemne not (mightie King of Aragon)
My rude behauiour, so compeld by Nature,
That manners stood vnknowned.

King A. What we haue to recite would tedious prouoe 105

By declaration; therefore, in, and feast:
To morrow the performance shall expaine,
What Words conceale; till then, Drummes
speake, Belles ring,

Giue plausiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.]

(EPILOGUE.)

Enter Comedie and Enuie.

Comedie. How now, *Enuie*? what, blushest thou all readie?

Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a womans deeds.
Thy threats were vaine, thou couldst doe me
no hurt.

Although thou seemdst to crosse me with
despite, 5

I ouerwhelmde, and turnde vpside downe thy
blocke,

And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

En. Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne.
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildnesse;
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast don
well, 10

And plaide thy part with merrth and pleasant
glee:

Saie all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee;
Although this time thou hast got—yet not the
conquest neither—

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.

98 Prepare a welcome *Elze* welcomes: giue *Q3*:
corr. *Q8* S. D. Barachius *Q3-6*: Barachius *Q8-12*:
Brachius *Q15* 104 unacknowledged *Col.* WP 106
plausiue *Q7*: pleasant *Col.* Epilogue WP 5
seemest *Q1-6*

[*Com.* Enuie, spit thy gall; 15

Plot, worke, contriue; create new fallacies,
Teame from thy Wombe each minute a blacke
Traytor,

Whose blood and thoughts haue twins conception:

Studie to act deedes yet vnchronicled,
Cast natie Monsters in the moldes of Men, 20
Case vicious Diuels vnder sancted Rochets,
Vnhaspe the Wicket where all periureds roost,
And swarme this Ball with treasons: doe thy
worst;

Thou canst not (hel-hound) crosse my steare
to night,

Nor blind that glorie, where I wish delight. 25

Enu. I can, I will.

Com. Nefarious Hagge, begin,
And let vs tugge, till one the masticke winne.

Enu. Comedie, thou art a shallow Goose;
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent, 30
And make thy fall my Comick merriment.

Com. Thy pollicie wants grauntye; thou art
Too weak. Speake, Fiend, as how?

Enu. Why, thus:

From my foule Studie will I boynt a Wretch,
A leane and hungry Meager Canniball, 36
Whose iawes swell to his eyes with chawing
Malice:

And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. What's that to th' purpose?

Enu. This scrambling Rauens, with his
needle Beard; 40

Will I whet on to write a Comedie,
Wherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,
Pleasing to factious braines:
And euery other where place me a Iest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment then
blowes: 45

Then I my selfe (quicker then Lightning)
Will file me to a puissant Magistrate,
And waighting with a Trencher at his backe,
In midst of iollitie, rehearse those gaules,
(With some additions) 50

So lately vented in your Theator.

He, vpon this, cannot but make complaint,
To your great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha! I laugh to heare thy
folly;

This is a trap for Boyes, not Men, nor such, 55

15-and add. *Q3*. For the conclusion of the play in *Q1*
cf. Appendix, p. 126 18 twin *Hss.* 21 mairited
Wng. Rochets *Q3-6*: robes *Q8 ff.* 22 Unclasp *Col.*
wicked WP periureds *Q3-6*: periures *Q8*: periur-
ries *Q8 ff.* 31 Comick *Q3* 32 Ende weaks *Q7*:
corr. WP 36 Meager *Q8 ff.*: Neager *Q8. 4*: neagro
Hss. 50-1 One line *Q4*, etc. 51 So lately an in-
terpolation according to Simpson 53 your *Q3-6*:
our *Q8 ff.*

Especially desertfull in their doinges,
Whose stay'd discretion rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschaw those vices.
But see, O see! the weary Sunne for rest
Hath laine his golden compasse to the
West,

Where he perpetuall bide and euer shine,
As Dauids of-spring, in his happy Clime.
Stoope, Enuie, stoope, bow to the Earth with
mee,

Lets begge our Pardons on our bended knee.

They kneele.

Enu. My Power has lost her Might; Enuies
date's expired.

Yon splendant Maiestie hath feld my sting,
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

60 to Qq: in Col. 62 his Qq: this Col. 64
pardon Qs ff. 65 and Envy's WP 66 om. Q 4 ff.

Com. Glorious and wise Arch-Cæsar on
this earth,

At whose appearance, Enuie's stroken dumbe,
And all bad thinges cease operation: 70

Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling erroure,
So late presented to your Gracious view,
And weele endeavour with exesse of paine,
To please your senses in a choyser straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of Night, 75
Whose spangled carkasse would, for your
delight,

Striue to excell the Day; be blessed, then:
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.

Enu. Amen. 79

To Fame and Honour we commend your rest;
Liue still more happie, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.]

76 carkasse Qq: darkness Col.

APPENDIX TO MVCEDORVS

In Act V, Scene I, and the Epilogue, Q 1 has different endings, given below.

After line 91 of Act V, Scene I.

With mirth and ioy and greatesolemnitie,
Weele finish vp these hymens rightes most
pleasantiie.

Clô. Hoe, Lordes, at the first, I am one to;
but heare, maister King, by your leaue, a cast:
now you haue done with them, I praise you
begin with me. 96

K. Why, what wouldest thou haue?

Clô. O you forgot! now, a little apparrell to
makes handsome: what, should Lordes goe so
beggerlie as I doe? 100

K. What I did promise thee, I will performe;
attende on mee. Come, lets depart.

They all speake.

Weele waite on you with all our hearts.

Clô. And with a peece of my liuer to.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

After line 14 of the Epilogue.

Co. Then, cattife cursed, stoope vpon thy
knee,

Yeele to a woman, though not to mee,
And pray we both together with our hearts,

That she thrice Nestors yeares may with vs rest,
And from her foes high God defend her still,
That they against her may neuer worke their
will. 20

En. *Enuie*, were he neuer so stoute,
Would becke and bowe vnto her maiestie.
Indeede, *Comedie*, thou hast ouerrunne me
now.

And forst me stoope vnto a womans swaie.
God grant her grace amongst vs long may
raigne, 25

And those that would not haue it soe,
Would that by enuie soone their heartes they
might forgoe.

Co. The Counsell, Nobles, and this Realme,
Lord guide it stil with thy most holy hand;
The Commons and the subiectes grant them
grace, 30

Their prince to serue, her to obey, & treason
to deface:

Long maie sherraine, in ioy and greates felicitie!
Each Christian heart do saie amen with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.

20 wooke Q 1 28 Noble Q 1

The first part
Purchased 1827
Of the true and honorable historie, of the life of Sir
John Old-castle, the good
Lord Cobham..

*As it hath been lately acted by the right
honorable the Earle of Nottingham
Lord high Admirall of England his
seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by V.S. for Thomas Pavier, and are to be solde at
his shop at the signe of the Catte and Parrots
neere the Exchange.

1 6 0 0.

- Q 1*** -- Anonymous quarto of 1600
Q 2 -- Quarto bearing Shakespeare's name, 1600
F 1 -- (Third) Shakespeare Folio, 1664
F 2 -- (Fourth) ,, ,, 1685
R. = Rowe, 1709
M = Malone, 1780
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
St. = Steevens, *ibid.*
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Haz. = Hazlitt, 1852
pr. ed. = present editor

THE TRVE AND HONORABLE HISTORIE OF THE LIFE OF SIR IOHN OLDCASTLE, THE GOOD LORD COBHAM

(The Actors Names in the History of Sir Iohn Oldcastle.)

King Henry the fifth.
Sir Iohn Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.
Harpool, Servant to the Lord Cobham.
Lord Herbert, with Gough his man.
Lord Powis, with Owen and Davy his men.
The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire, with Bayliffs and Servants.
Two Judges of Assize.
The Bishop of Rochester and Clun his Sumner.
Sir John the Parson of Wrotham, and Doll his Concubine.
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntingdon.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop and Lord Grey.

Chartres the French Agent.
Sir Roger Acton.
Sir Richard Lee.
M. Bourn, M. Beverly, and Murley the Brewer of Dgnstable, rebels.
M. Butler, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.
Lady Cobham and Lady Powis.
Cromer, Sheriff of Kent.
Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of S. Albans.
A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man.
Soldiers and old men begging.
Dick and Tom, servants to Murley.
An Irishman.
An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate.)

THE PROLOGUE.

The doubtful Tittle (Gentlemen) preftix
Vpon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breede suspence, and wrongfully disturbe
The peacefull quiet of your selled thoughts.
To stop which scruple, let this brieife suffice:
It is no pamperd glutton we present,
Nor aged Councellor to youthfull sinne,
But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,
A valiant Martyr and a vertuous peere;
In whose true faith and loyallie exprest
Vnto his soueraigne, and his countries weale,
We strue to pay that tribute of our Loue,
Your fauours merite. *Let faire Truth be grac'te,*
Since forg'de inuention former time defac'te.

(ACT I.

SCENE I. Hereford. A street.

Enter lord Herbert, lord Powis, Owen, Gough,
Davy, and several other followers of the
lords Herbert and Powis; they fight.) In
the fight, enter the Sheriffe and two of his
men.

Sheriffe. My Lords, I charge ye in his High-
ness name,
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.
Herb. Good M(aister) Sheriffe, look vnto
your self.

The Actors Names, etc. add. F1 Act I. etc. add. M

T. B.

Pow. Do so, for we haue other businesse.
Proffer to fight againe.
Sher. Will ye disturbe the Iudges, and the
Assise? 5
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were
best.
Pow. Hold then, lets heare it.
Herb. But be brieife, ye were best.
Bayl. Oyes!
Dauy. Cosone, make shorter O, or shall
marre your Yes. 10
Bay. Oyes!
Owen. What, has her nothing to say but O
yes?
Bay. Oyes!
Da. O nay! pye Cosse plut downe with her,
down with her! A Powesse! a Powesse! 15
Gough. A Herbert! a Herbert! and downe
with Powesse!
Heller skeller againe.
Sher. Hold, in the Kings name, hold.
Owen. Downe i' the knaues name, downe.
In this fight, the Bailiffe is knocked downe, and
the Sheriffe and the other runne away.
Herb. Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou
do smart.
Pow. Herbert, I thinke my sword came
neere thy heart. 20

18 e the kna uanes Q1: with a knaues Q2

r

Herb. Thy hearts best bloud shall pay the losse of mine.

Gough. A Herbert! a Herbert!

Dauy. A Pawesse! a Pawesse!

As they are lifting their weapons, enter the Mator of Hereford, and his Officers and Townes-men with clubbes.

Maior. My Lords, as you are liege men to the Crowne,

True noblemen, and subiects to the King, 25
Attend his Highnesse proclamation,
Commaunded by the Iudges of Assise,
For keeping peace at this assemble.

Herb. Good M(aister) Maior of Hereford be briefe.

Mal. Serieant, without the ceremonie of Oyes, 30

Pronounce alowd the proclamation.

Ser. The Kings Iustices, perceiuing what publike mischiefe may ensue this priuate quarrel, in his maiesties name do straightly charge and commaund all persons, of what degree soeuer, to depart this cittie of Hereford, except such as are bound to giue attendance at this Assise, and that no man presume to weare any weapon, especially welsh-hookes, forrest billes— 40

Owen. Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?

Ma. Peace, and heare the proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse and discharge his retinue, he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment. 46

Dauy. Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison! A Pawes!

A Pawesse! cossoone liue and tie with her Lord.

Gough. A Herbert! a Herbert!

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fals to the ground; the Maior and his company goe away, crying clubbes; Powesse runnes away; Gough and other of Herberts faction busie themselves about Herbert: enters the two Iudges in their robes, the Sheriffe and his Bailifes afore them, &c.

1. *Iud.* Where's the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or slaine? 50

Sher. Hee's here, my Lord.

2. *Iud.* How fares his Lordshippe, friends? *Gough.* Mortally wounded, speechlesse; he cannot liue.

1. *Iud.* Conuay him hence; let not his wounds take ayre,

S. D. lifting their weapons fighting Q 2, etc. 48
cossoone cossoone her will Q 2, etc.

And get him dress'd with expedition. 55

[*Ex. Herb. & Gough.*

M(aister) Maior of Hereford, M(aister) Shriuue o' th shire,

Commit Lord Powesse to safe custodie,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord Herberts perill, and his high contempt
Of vs, and you the Kings commissioners. 60
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord

Powesse is gone

Past all recovery.

2. *Iud.* Yet let search be made,

To apprehend his followers that are left. 65

Sher. There are some of them. Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of vs? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Disarme them, Bailiffes.

Ma. Officers, assist.

Dauy. Heare you, Lor shudge, what resson is for this? 70

Owen. Cosson pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1. *Iudge.* Away with them.

Dauy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lorde Her-

berts man's a shitten ka-naue,

Dauy. Ise liue and tie in good quarrell. 75

Owen. Pray you do shustice; let awl be preson.

Dauy. Prison! no.

Lord shudge, I wooll giue you pale, good suerty.

2. *Iudge.* What Bale? what suerties? 79

Dauy. Her coozin ap Ries, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffen, ap Dauy, ap Owen, ap Shinken Shones.

2. *Iudge.* Two of the most sufficient are ynow.

Sher. And 't please your Lordship, these are al but one. 85

1. *Iudge.* To Iayle with them, and the Lord Herberts men;

Weele talke with them, when the Assise is done. [*Exeunt.*

Riotous, audacious, and vnruely Groomes, Must we be forced to come from the Bench, To quiet brawles, which euery Constable 90 In other ciuill places can suppress?

2. *Iudge.* What was the quarrel that caused all this stirre?

68 of Q 2, etc.: on Q 1 74 shotten Haz. 83 ap Skinken, ap Shones M

Sher. About religion, as I heard, my Lord.
Lord Powesse detracted from the power of
Rome,

Affirming Wickliffes doctrine to be true, 95
And Romes erroneous. Hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert, they were traytors all
That would maintaine it: Powesse answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their liues;
He namde for instance sir Iohn Old-castle 101
The Lord Cobham: Herbert replide againe,
"He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold."
The lie was giuen, the seuerall factions drawne,
And so enragde, that we could not appease it.

1. *Judge.* This case concerns the Kings
prerogatiue, 106
And's dangerous to the State and common
wealth.

Gentlemen, Iustices, master Maior, and master
Shrieue,

It doth behoue vs all, and each of vs
In generall and particular, to haue care 110
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters
For the Kings preparation into France.
We hoare of secret conuenticles made,
And there is doubt of some conspiracies, 115
Which may breake out into rebellious armes
When the King's gone, perchance beforehe go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray;
What factions might haue growne on either
part,

To the destruction of the King and Realme. 120
Yet, in my conscience, sir Iohn Old-castle,
Innocent of it, onely his name was vnde.
We, therefore, from his Highnesse giue this
charge:

You, maister Maior, looke to your citizens;
You, maister Sherife, vnto your shire; and you
As Iustices, in euery ones precinct, 126
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and
kannes,

Matters of state be not their common talke,
Nor pure religion by their lips prophande. 130
Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe,
And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a Bailly and a Serieant.

Sher. Sirs, haue ye taken the lord Powesse
yet?

Ba. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, hee's gone farre enough. 135

2. *Iu.* They that are left behind shall
answer all. [*Exeunt.*]

100 that] they M
Oldcastle's fy

107 And 'tis Q 2, etc. 121

SCENE II. *Eltham. An antechamber in the
palace.*

*Enter Suffolke, Bishop of Rochester, Buller,
parson of Wrotham.*

Suffolke. Now, my lord Bishop, take free
liberty

To speake your minde: what is your sute to vs?
Bishop. My noble Lord, no more than what
you know,

And haue bin oftentimes inuested with:
Griuenous complaints haue past betweene the
lippes 5

Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Cleargy,
Some carping at the liuings which we haue,
And others spurning at the ceremonies
That are of auncient custome in the church.
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chiefe:
What inconuenience may procede hereof, 11
Both to the King and to the common wealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This inuouation shall possess their mindes.
These vpstarts will haue followers, to vphold 15
Their damnd opinion, more than Harry shall
To vndergoe his quarrell gainst the French.

Suffolke. What prooffe is there against them
to be had,

That what you say the law may iustifie?

Bishop. They giue themselues the name of
Protestants, 20

And meeto in fields and solitary groues.

Sir Iohn. Was euer heard, my Lord, the like
til now?

That theeues and rebells—s bloud, heretikes,
Playne heretikes, llo stand toote to their
teeth—

Should haue, to colour their vile practises, 25
A title of such worth as Protestant?

Enter one with a letter.

Suf. O, but you must not sweare; it ill
becomes

One of your coate to rappe out bloudy oathes.

Bish. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his
zeale;

An honest country prelate, who laments 30
To see such foule disorder in the church.

Sir Iohn. Thereas one—they call him Sir
Iohn Old-castle—

He has not his name for naught: for like a
castle

Doth he encompass them within his walls;
But till that castle be subuerted quite, 35

We ne're shall be at quiet in the realme.

Bish. That is our sute, my Lord, that he tē
tane,

Scene II, etc. add. M 23 a bloud] a blood. my lord M

And brought in question for his heresie.
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherin my Lord Herford writes to me, 40
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham at the Sises there,
(For they had much ado the calme the rage),
And that the valiant Herbert is there slaine.

Suf. A fire that must be quencht. Wel, say
no more, 45

The King anon goes to the counsell chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France:
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace
Concerning your petition: Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember me. 50

Bul. I will, my Lord. [*Offer hith a purse.*

Bish. Not for a recompence,
But as a token of our loue to you,
By me my Lords of the cleargie do present
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angells,
Praying your Lordship to accept their gift. 56

Suf. I thanke them, my Lord Bishop, for
their loue,

But will not take their mony; if you please
To giue it to this gentleman, you may.

Bish. Sir, then we craue your furtherance
herein. 60

Bul. The best I can, my Lord of Rochester.

Bish. Nay, pray ye take it; trust me but you
shal.

Sir Iohn.—Were ye all three vpon NewMar-
ket heath,

You should not neede straine curtsie who
should ha'te;

Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care. 65

Suf. The King is comming. Feare ye not,
my Lord;

The very first thing I will breake with him
Shal be about your matter.

Enter K. Harry and Huntington in talke.

Har. My Lord of Suffolke,
Was it not saide the Cleargy did refuse 70

To lend vs mony toward our warres in France?

Suf. It was, my Lord, but very wrongfully.

Har. I know it was, for Huntington here
tells me,

They haue bin very bountifull of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious Lord,
to be so, 75

Hoping your maiestie will thinke of them

As of your louing subiects, and suppress

All such malicious errors as begin

To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

40 Herford] Hertford Q2. Ff: of Hereford conj. M
54 (my Lords) the Clergy doth Q2, etc. 62 pray
take it, trust me you Q2, Ff: pray you take it,
trust me sir, you M

Har. God else forbid: why, Suffolke, is
there 80

Any new rapture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new, my Lord; the old is great
enough,

And so increasing as, if not cut downe,
Will breede a scandale to your royall state,
And set your Kingdome quickly in an vp-
roare. 85

The Kentish knight, Lord Cobham, in despite
Of any law, or spirituall discipline,
Maintaines this vpstart new religion still,
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes
And priuate quarrells are commenstabroad, 90
As by this letter more at large, my liege,
Is made apparant.

Har. We do find it here:

There was in Wales a certaine fray of late,
Betweene two noblemen, but what of this? 95
Followes it straight, Lord Cobham must be he
Did cause the same? I dare be sworne, good
knight,

He neuer dreamt of any such contention.

Bish. But in his name the quarrell did
begin,

About the opinion which he held, my liege. 100

Har. How if it did? was either he in place,
To take part with them, or abette them in it?
If brabbling fellowes, whose inkindled bloud,
Seethes in their fiery vaines, will needes go
fight, 104

Making their quarrells of some words that pass
Either of you, or you, amongst their cuppes,
Is the fault yours, or are they guiltie of it?

Suffolke With pardon of your Highnesse,
my dread lord,

Such little sparkes, neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame: but thats not all; 110
He doth, beside, maintaine a strange religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to masse.

Bish. We do beseech you, therefore, gra-
cious prince,

Without offence vnto your maiesty,
We may be bold to vse authoritie. 115

Harry As how?

Bishop To summon him vnto the Arches,
Where such offences haue their punishment.

Harry To answer personally? is that your
meaning?

Bishop It is, my lord. 120

Harry How, if he appeale?

Bishop He cannot, my Lord, in such a case
as this.

Suffolke Not where Religion is the plea, my
lord.

91-2 One line in Q2, Ff 101 How] What Q2, etc.
122 My Lord, he cannot Q2, etc.

Harry I tooke it alwayes, that our selfe
stoode out,
As a sufficient refuge, vnto whome 125
Not any but might lawfully appeale.
But weeles not argue now vpon that poynt.
For sir Iohn Old-castle, whom you accuse,
Let me intreate you to dispence awhile
With your high title of preheminece. 130

[in scorn.]

Report did neuer yet condemne him so,
But he hath alwayes beene reputed loyall:
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,
That he is vertuous, wise, and honourable.
If any way his conscience be seduc'de, 135
To wauer in his faith, Ile send for him,
And schoole him priuately; if that serue not,
Then afterward you may proceede against him.
Butler, be you the messenger for vs,
And will him presently repaire to court. [exeunt.]

sir Iohn How now, my lord, why stand you
discontent? 141
In sooth, he thinkes the King hath well
decreed.

Bishop Yea, yea, sir Iohn, if he would keepe
his word;

But I perceiue he fauours him so much,
As this will be to small effect, I feare. 145
sir Iohn Why, then, Ile tell you what y'are
best to do:

If you suspect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a processe too
To serue vpon him: so you may be sure
To make him answer't, howsoeuer it fall. 150

Bishop And well remembred! I will haue
it so.

A Sumner shall be sent about it strait. [Exit.]
sir Iohn Yea, doe so. In the meane space
this remaines

For kinde sir Iohn of *Wrotham*, honest lacke.
Me thinkes the purse of gold the Bishop gaue
Made a good shew; it had a tempting looke.
Beahrew me, but my fingers ends do itch
To be vpon those rudduks. Well, tis thus:
I am not as the worlde does take me for; 159
If euer wolfe were cloathed in sheepes coats,
Then I am he,—olds huddle and twang, yfaith,
A priest in shew, but in plaine termes a theefe.
Yet, let me tell you too, an honest theefe,
One that will take it where it may be sparde,
And spend it freely in good fellowship. 165
I haue as many shapcs as *Proteus* had,
That still, when any villany is done,
There may be none suspect it was sir Iohn.
Besides, to comfort me,—for whats this life,

124 out *Hnz.*: ont Q1: ont Q2. Ff 143 Ycr.
yeal. l. 1 Q2. Ff 140 you] ye Q2. Ff 156 those
golden rudducks Ff. etc.

Except the crabbed bitterness thereof 170
Be sweetened now and then with lechery.—
I haue my Doll, my concubine, as t'were,
To frolicke with, a lusty bounsing gerle.
But whilst I loyter here, the gold may scape,
And that must not be so. It is mine owne; 175
Therefore, Ile meete him on his way to court,
And shriue him of it: there will be the sport.
[Exit.]

[SCENE III. *Kent. An outer court before
lord Cobham's house.*]

*Enter three or foure poore people: somesouldiers,
some old men.*

1. God help! God help! there's law for
punishing,
But theres no law for our necessity:
There be more stockes to set poore soldiers in,
Than there be houses to releese them at.

Old man. Faith, housekeeping decayes in
euery place, 5

Euen as *Saint Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

4. Maister maior of Rochester has giuen
commaunderment, that none shall goe abroade
out of the parish; and they haue set an order
downe forsooth, what euery poore housholder
must giue towards our reliefe: where there be
some ceased, I may say to you, had almost as
much neede to beg as we. 11

1. It is a hard world the while.
Old man. If a poore man come to a doore
to aske for Gods sake, they aske him for a
licence, or a certificate from a Iustice.

2. Faith we haue none but what we beare
vpon our bodies, our maimed limbe, God
help vs. 20

4. And yet, as lame as I am, Ile with the
king into France, if I can crawle but a ship-
boorde. I hadde rather be slaine in France,
than starue in England. 24

Olde man. Ha, were I but as lusty as I was
at the battell of Shrewsbury, I would not dce
as I do: but we are now come to the good lord
Cobhams, to the best man to the poore that
is in all Kent.

4. God blesse him! there be but few such. 30

Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.

Cob. Thou pesuiah, froward man, what
wouldst thou haue?

Harp. This pride, this prid, brings all to
beggarie.

Scene III. etc. add. M. S. D. Enter foure Q2. Ff
5 Faith] 1 Q2. Ff: Ay H. etc. 8 command Q2. etc.
9 and has set down an order Q2. etc. 15 man aske
at doore for Q2. etc. 22 but crawle Q2. etc. 26
at Shrewsbury battell Q2. etc. 28 Cobhams, the
Q2. etc. 31 at in om. Q2. etc.

I seru'de your father, and your grandfather;
Shew me such two men now!

No! No! Your backs, your backs, the diuell
and pride, 35

Has cut the throate of all good housekeeping.—
They were the best Yeomens masters,
That euer were in England.

Cob. Yea, except thou haue a crue of seely
knaues

And sturdy rogues still feeding at my gate, 40
There is no hospitalitie with thee.

Harp. They may sit at the gate well enough,
but the diuell of any thing you giue them,
except they will eate stones.

Cob. 'Tis long, then, of such hungry knaues
as you. [pointing to the beggars.

Yea, sir, heres your retinue; your guests be
come. 46

They know their howers, I warrant you.

Old (man). God blesse your honour! God
saue the good Lord Cobham

And all his house!

Soul. Good your honour, bestow your
blessed almes 50

Vpon poore men.

Cob. Now, sir, here be your Almes knights.
Now are you

As safe as the Emperour.

Harp. My Almes knights! nay, th'are yours.
It is a sham: for you, and Ile stand too!; 55

Your foolish almes maintaines more vaga-
bonds,

Then all the noblemen in Kent beside.

Out, you rogues, you knaues! worke for your
liuings!—

Alas, poore men! O Lord, they may beg their
hearts out;

Theres no more charitie amongst men then
amongst 60

So many mastiffe dogges!—What make you
here,

You needy knaues? Away, away, you villaines.
2. soul. I beseech you, sir, be good to vs.

Cobham Nay, nay, they know thee well
enough. I thinke that all the beggars in this
land are thy acquaintance. Goe bestowe your
almes; none will controule you, sir. 67

Harp. What should I giue them? you are
growne so beggarly, you haue scarce a bitte

of breade to giue at your doore. You talke of
your religion so long, that you haue banished
charitie from amongst you; a man may make
a flaxe shop in your kitchin chimnies, for any
fire there is stirring.

Cobham If thou wilt giue them nothing,
send them hence: let them not stand here
staruing in the colde. 77

Harp. Who! I driue them hence? If I
driue poore men from your doore, Ile be hangd;
I know not what I may come to my selfe. Yea,
God help you, poore knaues; ye see the world,
yfaith! Well, you had a mother: well, God be
with thee, good Lady; thy soule's at rest. She
gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore chil-
dren, then you spend in your house, & yet you
liue a beggar too. 86

Cobham Euen the worst deede that ere my
mother did was in releueing such a foole as
thou.

Harpole Yea, yea, I am a foole still. With
all your wit you will die a beggar; go too. 91

Cobham Go, you olde foole; giue the poore
people something. Go in, poore men, into the
inner court, and take such alms as there is to
be had. 95

Souldier God blesse your honor.

Harpole Hang you, roags, hang you; theres
nothing but misery amongst you; you feare
no law, you. [Exit.

Olde man God blesse you, good maister
Rafe, God saue your life; you are good to the
poore still. 102

Enter the Lord Powes disguised, and shrowde
himselfe.

Cobham What fellow's yonder comes along
the groue?

Few passengers there be that know this way:
Me thinkes he stops as though he stayd for me,
And meant to shrowd himselfe amongst the
bushes. 106

I know the Cleargie hate me to the death,
And my religion gets me many foes:

And this may be some desperate rogue, suborn'd
To worke me mischief.—As it pleaseth God!
If he come toward me, sure Ile stay his com-
ming— 111

Be he but one man—what soere he be.

The Lord Powis comes on.
I haue beens well acquainted with that face.
Powis Well met, my honorable lord and
friend.

72 amongst em. Q 2. c. 80, 82 yea, yfaith om.
Q 2. c. 81 help ye Q 2. c. 82 well, God! O
God Q 2. c. 90 Yea, yea! 1 Q 2 107 hates Q 2.
c. 109-112 Lines end in Q 1 rogue: it; sure:
man, be: corr. M

34 Line ends no. no Q 1. Ff 34-8 Four lines M, etc.,
ending no. no, your backs; throat; best; England
31 Line ends that Q 1. Ff 31 seely! filthy Q 2, c.
45 you! (?) you 48-9 Prose all end. 52 Ends
knights Q 1. Ff: corr. M 54-62 Prose M 59 O
Lord om. Q 2, c. 60-2 Four lines in Q 1. Ff, ending
men; dogges; knaues; villaines 60 amongst:
pronounce amongst 69, 70 that you can scarce: giue
a bit Q 2, c.

Cobham You are welcome, sir, what ere you be; 115

But of this sodaine, sir, I do not know you.

Powis I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor;

My name is Powes, an olde friend of yours.

Cobham My honorable lord, and worthy friend,

What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent, And thus disguised in this strange attire? 121

Powis My Lord, an vnexpected accident

Hath at this time infore'de me to these parts; And thus it hapt:—Not yet ful fwe dayes since,

Now, at the last Assise at Hereford, 125

It chaunst that the lord Herbert and my selfe, Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,

Did fall in speech about some certaine points Of *Wickliffes* doctrine gainst the papacie

And the religion catholique, maintaind 130

Through the most part of Europe at this day.

This wilfull teasty lord stucke not to say That *Wickcliffe* was a knaue, a schismatike,

His doctrine diuelish and hereticall, 134

And what soere he was maintaind the same, Was traitor both to God and to his country.

Being moued at his peremptory speech,

I told him some maintained those opinions,

Men, and truer subiects then lord Herbert was:

And he replying in comparisons, 140

Your name was vrgde, my lord, gainst his chalenge,

To be a perfect fauourer of the trueth.

And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,

Our seruants and our tenants taking parts—

Many on both sides hurt—and for an 145

hour

The broyle by no meanes could be pacified,

Vntill the Iudges, rising from the bench,

Were in their persons forc'de to part the fray.

Cobham I hope no man was violently slaine.

Powis Faith, none, I trust, but the lord 150

Herberts selfe,

Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,

As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cobham I am sorry, my good lord, of these 155

ill newes.

Powis This is the cause that driues me into 154

Kent,

To shrowd my selfe with you, so good a friend,

Vntill I heare how things do speed at home.

Cobham Your lordship is most welcome 160

vnto Cobham;

But I am very sorry, my good lord,

My name was brought in question in this 165

matter,

Considering I haue many enemies, 160

That threaten malice, and do lie in waite

To take aduantage of the smallest thing.

But you are welcome: and repose your lordship,

And keepe your selfe here secret in my house,

Vntill we heare how the lord Herbert speedes.

Here comes my man. [*Enter Harpoole.*

Sirra, what newes?

Harpoole Yonders one maister Butler of 170

the priue chamber, is sent vnto you from the King.

Powis I pray God the lord Herbert be not 175

dead,

And the King, hearing whither I am gone,

Hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your selfe my lord, I warrant 174

you.

Harpoole Fellow, what ailes thee? doost 175

thou quake? doost thou shake? doost thou trem-

ble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old fool! Sirra, conuey 180

this gentleman in the backe way, and bring the

other into the walke.

Harpoole Come, sir; you are welcome, if 180

you loue my lordes.

Powis God haue mercy, gentle friend.

[*exeunt.*

Cob. I thought as much: that it would not 185

be long,

Before I heard of something from the King

About this matter.

Enter Harpoole with Maister Butler.

Harpoole Sir, yonder my lord walkes, you 190

see him;

He haue your men into the Celler the while.

Cobh. Welcome, good maister Butler.

Butler Thankes, my good lord: his Maies-

tie dooth commend 195

His loue vnto your lordship,

And wils you to repaire vnto the court.

Cobh. God blesse his Highnesse, and con-

found his enemies!

I hope his Maiestie is well.

Butler In health, my lord.

Cobh. God long continue it! Mee thinkes 195

you looke

As though you were not well: what ailes you, 200

sir?

Butler Faith, I haue had a foolish odde 200

mischance,

162 advantage *Qq*: the vantage *Ff*, etc. 171 I

an. *Q 2*, etc. the [that the *M* 171-3 *Prose Qq*, *Ff*:

corr. *M* 182 God haue mercy! *Gramercy Q 2*, etc.

183-5 *Prose Qq*, *Ff*: corr. *R* 186-7 *Prose M* 189-

5-1 *Prose in all edd.* 192 3 *Prose Qq*, *Ff*: corr. *M*

194 In good health *Ff*, etc. 196 ailes you? ayle ye

Q 2, etc. 197-200 *Prose Qq*, *Ff*: corr. *M*

That angers mee: comming ouer Shooters hill,
There came a fellow to me like a Sailer,
And asked me money; and whilst I staide my
horse 200
To draw my purse, he takes th' aduantage of
A little banck and leapes behind me, whippes
My purse away, and with a sodaine ierke,
I know not how, threw me at least three yards
Out of my saddle. I neuer was so robbed 205
In all my life.

Cobb. I am very sorie, sir, for your mischance.
Wee will send our warrant forth, to stay such
suspitious persons as shal be found. Then,
maister Butler, we will attend you. 210

Butler I humbly thanke your lordship, I
will attend you.

(ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*)

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I haue the law to warrant what I do;
and though the Lord Cobham be a noble man,
that dispenses not with law: I dare serue pro-
cesse were a fine noble men. Though we
Sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a
corner with a prettie wench, a Sumner must
not goe alwayes by seeing: a manne may be
content to hide his eies, where he may feele
his profit. Well, this is my Lord Cobhams
house if I can deuise to speake with him; if
not, Ile clap my citation vpon's doore: so my
lord of Rochester bid me. But me thinkes
here comes one of his men. 13

Enter Harpoole.

Harp. Welcome, good fellow, welcome;
who wouldst thou speake with?

Sum. With my lord Cobham I would speake,
if thou be one of his men.

Harp. Yes, I am one of his men, but thou
canst not speake with my lord.

Sum. May I send to him then? 20

Harp. Ile tel thee that, when I know thy
errand.

Sum. I will not tel my errand to thee.

Harp. Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke
like a knaue as thou camest. 25

Sum. I tell thee, my lord keepe no knaues,
sirra.

Harp. Then thou seruest him not, I beleue:
what lord is thy master?

199 a fellow oue Q 2, etc. 200 ask'd my M 207-
10 ferre M 208 stay all such M 210 we'll attend
on you M Act II. etc. add. M 3-4 serue a pro-
cesse were he Q 2, etc. 9 my om. Q 2, etc. 10
house; if I cannot speak with him, Ile Q 2, etc. 12
bad Q 2, etc.

Sum. My lord of Rochester. 30
Harp. In good time! And what wouldst
thou haue with my lord Cobham?

Sum. I come, by vertue of a processe, to
ascite him to appeare before my lord in the
court at Rochester.

Harp. (aside). Wel, God grant me patience!
I could eate this conger. My lord is not at
home; therefore it were good, Sumner, you
caried your processe backe.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken-withall,
then will I leaue it here; and see you that he
take knowledge of it. 42

Harp. Swounds, you slaue, do you set vp
your bills here! go to; take it downe againe.
Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou
know on whom thou seruest processe?

Sum. Yes, marry, doe I; Sir Iohn Old-castle,
Lord Cobham. 48

Harp. I am glad thou knowest him yet;
and, sirra, dost not thou know, that the lord
Cobham is a braue lord, that keepees good beefe
and beere in his house, and euery day feedes
a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepees
a hundred tall fellowes?

Sum. Whats that to my processe? 55

Harp. Mary, this, sir! is this processe
parchment?

Sum. Yes, mary.

Harp. And this seale waxe?

Sum. It is so. 60

Harp. If this be parchment, & this wax,
eate you this parchment and this waxe, or I
will make parchment of your skinnie, and beate
your brains into waxe: Sirra Sumner, dispatch;
deuoure, sirra, deuoure. 65

Sum. I am my lord of Rochesters Sumner;
I came to do my office, and thou shalt answere
it.

Harp. Sirra, no railing, but betake you to
your teeth. Thou shalt eate no worse then
thou bringst with thee: thou bringst it for my
lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse then
thou wilt eate thy selfe? 73

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eate.

Harp. O, do you sir me now? all's one for
that: but ile make you eate it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eate it.

Harp. Can you not? shloud ile beate you
vntil you haue a stomacke. [he beates him.

Sum. O hold, hold, good master seruing-
man! I will eate it. 81

34 seite Q 2: cite R 41 you om. Q 2, ff 45
Dost thou? dost thee Q 1 46 a processe ff, etc. 47
on Sir Iohn Q 2, etc. 50 thou om. ff, R 48
thou not M 53 marry is it ff, etc. 62 this waxe
wax Q 2 69 you; your self ff, etc. 76 but om.
Q 2, etc. 79 till Q 2, etc.

Harp. Be champing, be chawing, sir; or Ile chaw you, you rogue! the purest of the hony! Tough waxe is the purest of the hony.

Sum. O Lord, sir! oh! oh! [*he eats.*]

Harp. Feed, feed! wholesome, rogue, wholesome!

Cannot you, like an honest Sumner, walke with the diuell your brother, to fetch in your Bailiffes rents, but you must come to a noble mans house with processe? Shloud! if thy seale were as broad as the lead that couers Rochester church, thou shouldst eate it.

Sum. O, I am almost choaked! I am almost choaked!

Harp. Who's within there? wil you shame my Lord? is there no beere in the house? Butler! I say.

Enter Butler.

But. Heere, here.

Harp. Giue him Beere. [*he drinks.*]
There; tough old sheepskins bare, drie meate.

Sum. O sir, let me go no further; Ile eate my word.

Harp. Yea, mary, sir! so I meane: you shall eate more then your own word, for ile make you eate all the words in the processe. Why, you drab monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a sheire serue your turne, but you must come hither with a citation? with a poxel Ile cite you. [*He has then done.*] A cup of sacke for the Sumner.

But. Here, sir, here.

Harp. Here, slaue, I drinke to thee.

Sum. I thanke you, sir.

Harp. Now if thou findst thy stomacke well—because thou shalt see my Lord keep's meate in's house—if thou wilt go in, thou shalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break fast.

Sum. No, I am very well, good M^{aister} serueng-man, I thanke you; very well sir.

Harp. I am glad on't. Then be walking towards Rochester to keepe your stomack warme: and Sumner, if I may know you disturb a good wench within this Diocesse; if I do not make thee eate her peticote, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in't, I am a villaine.

Sum. God be with you, M^{aister} serueng-man. [*Exit.*]

Harp. Farewell, Sumner.

Enter Constable.

Con. God saue you M^{aister} Harpoole.

Harp. Welcome, Constable, welcom, Constable; what news with thee?

Con. And't please you, M^{aister} Harpoole, I am to make hue and crie, for a fellow with one eis that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to craue your hindrance, for to search all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

Harp. Hast thou bin at the Alehouse? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search, sir, in my Lord Cobhams libertie, except I had some of his seruants, which are for my warrant.

Harp. An honest Constable! an honest Constable! Cal forth him that keepes the Alehouse there.

Con. Hol who's within there?

(Enter Ale-man)

Ale man Who calls there? come neere a Gods name! Oh, is't you, M^{aister} Constable and M^{aister} Harpoole? you are welcome with all my heart. What make you here so earely this morning?

Harp. Sirra, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

Aleman. Gods bores! I am sory for't: yfaith, sir, I lodge no body but a good honest mery priest,—they call him sir Iohn a Wrootham—and a handsome woman that is his neece, that he saies he has some sute in law for; and as they go vp & down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

Harp. What, is he here in thy house now?

Ale-m. She is, sir. I promise you, sir, he is a quiet man; and because he will not trouble too many roomes, he makes the woman lie euery night at his beds feete.

Harp. Bring her forth! Constable, bring her forth! let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-m. Dorothy, you must come downe to M^{aister} Constable.

Dol. Anon, forsooth. [*she enters.*]

Harp. Welcome, sweete lasse, welcome.

Dol. I thank you, good M^{aister} serueng-man, and master Constable also.

Harp. A plump girle by the mas, a plump

84 Tough . . hony given to Sum. *Q. Ff:* of the om.
Q. 2, etc. 83-4 Tough wax is the purest honey.
Sum. The purest of the honey! *M* 85 O . . oh:
given to Harp. *Q. Ff* 86 tis wholesome Rogue *Q. 2,*
etc. 90 Shloud om. *Q. 2, etc.* 100 bare] but conj. *M*
102 no om. *Q. 2, etc.* 121 may] du *Q. 2, etc.* 128
with you] w'ye *Q. 2, etc.* *S. D. add.* *Q. 2*

128 God om. *Q. 2, etc.* 132 hue to crie *Q. 1* 134
for om. *Q. 2, etc.* 130 sir om. *Ff, etc.* 141 which
are om. *Q. 2, etc.* 142 An honest Constable om. in
Q. 2, etc. *S. D. add.* *M* 146-7 come . . name om.
Q. 2, etc. 156 mery om. *Ff, etc.* cal'd sir Iohn *Q. 2,*
etc. 161 he] she *Q. 2, etc.* 162, 168 *Proff* *Con.*
Q. 1: corr. *Ff*

girl! Ha, Doll, ha! Wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me? 176

Con. Al well said, M(aister) Harpoole; you are a merrie old man, yfaith. Yfaith, you will neuer be old. Now, by the macke, a prettie wench indeed! 180

Harp. Ye old mad mery Constable, art thou aduis'de of that. Ha, well said, Doll! fill some ale here.

Doll. (aside). Oh, if I wist this old priest would not sticke to me, by loue, I would ingle this old seruing-man. 186

Harp. Oh you old mad colt! yfaith, Ile feak you! fill all the pots in the house there.

Con. Oh, wel said, M(aister) Harpoole! you are heart of oake when all's done. 190

Harp. Ha, Doll, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes, by the masse.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweete olde man, as euer I sawe; by my troth, you haue a face, able to make any woman in loue with you. 195

Harp. Fill, sweete Doll; Ile drinke to thee.

Doll. 'I pledge you, sir, and thanke you therefore,

And I pray you let it come.'

Harp. (imbracing her). Doll, canst thou loue me? A mad merry lasse! would to God I had neuer scene thee! 201

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth; truly you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah, these sweete grey lockes! by my troth, they are most lously. 206

Constable Gods boores, maister Harpoole, I will haue one busse too.

Harp. No licking for you, Constable! hand off, hand off! 210

Constable Bur lady, I loue kissing as wel as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an od boie; you haue a wanton eie of your owne! ah, you sweet sugar lipt wanton, you will winne as many womens hearts as come in your company. 216

Enter Priest.

Wroth. Doll, come hither.

Harp. Priest, she shal not.

Doll. Ile come anone, sweete louse.

Wroth. Hand off, old fornicator. 220

Harp. Vicar, Ile sit here in spight of thee. Is this fittle stuffe for a priest to carry vp and downe with him?

Wrotham Ah, sirra, dost thou not know,

176 with mee. Doll Q 2, etc. 178 yfaith once Q 2, etc. 183 feak Q 1: ferke Q 2, etc. 197-8 Prose Q 2, P 3: corr. M. Part of an old ballad conj. M. 207 Gode! Cudd Q 2, etc. 209-10 hands... hands M. 213 o! old M. 220 hands M. 224 Ah om. Q 2, etc.

that a good fellow parson may haue a chappel of ease, where his parish Church is farre off?

Harp. You whooreson ston'd Vicar!

Wroth. You olde stale ruffin! you, lion of Cotswoold!

Harp. Swounds, Vicar, Ile geld you! 230

[flies upon him.

Constable Keepe the Kings peace!

Doll. Murder! murder! murder!

Ale man Hold! as you are men, holde! for Gods sake be quiet! Put vp your weapons; you drawe not in my house. 235

Harp. You whooreson bawdy priest!

Wroth. You old mutton monger!

Constable Hold, sir Iohn, hold!

Doll (to the Priest) I pray thee, sweet heart, be quiet. I was but sitting to drinke a pot of ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with. 242

Harp. Thou art a theefe, I warrant thee.

Wroth. Then I am but as thou hast beene in thy dayes. Lets not be ashamed of our trade; the King has beene a theefe himselfe.

Doll Come, be quiet. Hast thou sped?

Wroth. I haue, wench: here be crownes, ifaith.

Doll Come, lets be all friends then. 250

Constable Well said, mistris Dorothy, ifaith.

Harp. Thou art the madst priest that euer I met with.

Wroth. Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow. I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wench! I can say a masse, and kisse a lasse! Faith, I haue a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serues me for a sexton. 260

Harp. Well said, mad priest, weele in and be friends. [exeunt.]

(SCENE II. London. A room in the Axe Inn, without Bishop-gate.)

Enter sir Roger Acton, master Bourne, master Beuerley, and William Murley the brewer of Dunstable.

Acton Now, maister Murley, I am well assurde

You know our arrant, and do like the cause, Being a man affected as we are.

Mu. Mary, God dild ye, daintie my deer! no master, good sir Roger Acton Knight, maister Bourne, and maister Beuerley esquires, gentlemen, and iustices of the peace—no maister I, but plaine William Murly, the brewer of Dunstable, your honest neighbour,

531 ifaith om. Q 2, etc. S. D. Scene II. etc. add. M
5 Knight om. Q 2, etc. 6 esquires om. Q 2, etc.

and your friend, if ye be men of my profession. 11

Beuerley Professed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

Murl. Hold by me, lad; leane vpon that staffe, good maister Beuerley: all of a house. Say your mind, say your mind. 15

Acton You know our faction now is growne so great, Throughout the realme, that it beginnes to smoake

Into the Cleargies eies, and the Kings eares. High time it is that we were drawne to head, Our generall and officers appoynted; 20 And warres, ye wot, will aske great store of coine. Able to strength our action with your purse, You are elected for a colonell Ouer a regiment of fiftene bands. 24

Murley Fue, paltrie, paltrie! in and out, to and fro! be it more or lesse, vpon occasion. Lorde haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this! Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty Cauliering captaines, gentlemen, come at my calling, goe at my bidding? Daintie my deere, theile doe a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheese, a pricke and a pudding. No, no, ye must appoint some lord, or knight at least, to that place. 35

Bourne Why, master Murley, you shall be a Knight:

Were you not in election to be shrieue? Haue ye not past all offices but that? Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a lady? I warrant you, my lord, our Generall 40 Bestowes that honor on you at first sight.

Murley Mary, God dild ye, daintie my deare!

But tell me, who shalbe our Generall? Wheres the lord Cobham, sir Iohn Old-castle, That noble almes-giuer, housekeeper, vertuous, Religious gentleman? Come to me there, boies, Come to me there! 47

Acton Why, who but he shall be our Generall?

Murley And shall he knight me, and make me colonell?

Acton My word for that: sir William Murley, knight. 50

Murley Fellow sir Roger Acton, knight, all fellows—I meane in armes—how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beside the King are mightie; be it more or lesse vpon occasion, reckon our force. 55

Acton There are of vs, our friends, and followers, Three thousand and three hundred at the least;

Of northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse; From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle

Seauen thousand; then from London issue out, Of maisters, seruants, strangers, prentices, 61 Fortie odde thousands into Ficket field,

Where we appoynt our speciall randeuous.

Murley Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro! Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this! Wheres that Ficket fiede, sir Roger? 67

Acton Behinde saint Giles in the field neere Holborne.

Murley Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to Tiborne: an old saw. For the day, for the day?

Acton On friday next, the foureteenth day of Ianuary. 74

Murley Tyllie vallie, trust me neuer if I haue any liking of that day! fue, paltry, paltry! friday, quoth a! Dismall day! Childermasse day this yeare was friday.

Beuerley Nay, maister Murley, if you obserue such daies,

We make some question of your constancie. All daies are like to men resolu'de in right. 81

Murley Say Amen, and say no more; but say, and hold, master Beuerley: friday next, and Ficket field, and William Murley, and his merry men shalbe al one. I haue halfe a score iades that draw my beere cartes, 86

And euery iade shall beare a knaue, And euery knaue shall weare a iacke, And euery iacke shal haue a scull, And euery scull shal shew a speare, 90 And euery speare shal kill a foe At Ficket field, at Ficket field.

Iohn and Tom, and Dicke and Hodge, And Rafe and Robin, William & George, And all my knaues shall fight like men, 95 At Ficket field on friday next.

Bourne What summe of money meane you to disburse?

Murley It may to modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely I may bring fue hundred pound. 100

Acton Fieue hundred, man! fue thousand's not enough!

A hundred thousand will not pay our men Two months together. Either come prepared Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell, In glittering golde, and gallant furniture, 105 Bringing in coyne a cart loads at the least, And all your followers mounted on good horse, Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

77 quoth-a, a dismal N 87-88 Prone all add. 93-4 Tom, Dicke and Hodge, Rafe Q 2, etc.

Beuerley Perchance you may be chosen
Treasurer.
Tenne thousand pound's the least that you can
bring. 110

Murley Paltry, paltry! in and out, to and
fro, vpon occasion I haue ten thousand pound
to spend, and tenne too. And rather than the
Bishop shall haue his will of mee for my con-
science, it shall out all. Flame and flaxe, flame
and flaxe! it was gotte with water and mault,
and it shal flie with fire and gunne powder.
Sir Roger, a cart load of mony til the axetree
cracke, my selfe and my men in Ficket field on
friday next: remember my Knighthoode, and
my place. There's my hand; Ile bee there. 121

[*Exit.*]

Adon See what Ambition may perswade
men to,
In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

Bourne I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so
rich.

Beuerley Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet
but one, 125

With vsing too much mault, too little water.

Adon That's no fault in Brewers now-a-days.
Come, away, about our businesse. [*exeunt.*]

(SCENE III. *An audience-chamber in the
palace at Eltham.*)

*Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, and Old-
castle kneeling to the King.*

Harry Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to
submit;

You must forsake your grosse opinion.
The Bishops find themselves much iniured,
And though, for some good seruice you haue
done,

We for our part are please to pardon you, 5
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied.

Cobham My gracious Lord, vnto your
Maiestie,

Next vnto my God, I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by natures gift,
Or fortunes bountie, al is at your seruice. 10
But, for obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none, nor shall his shaueling priests
That are in England alter my beliefe.
If out of holy Scripture they can proue,
That I am in an error I will yeeld, 15
And gladly take instruction at their hands;
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,
My conscience may not be inroacht vpon.

115 out om. Q², etc. shall all go F², etc. Flame
and flaxe, flaxe and flame Q², etc. 118 axetree
Q², etc. 126 Come, let's away M S. D. Scene III.
etc. add. M 8 do owe M

Har. We would be loath to presse our sub-
iects bodies,
Much lesse their soules, the deere redeemed
part 20

Of him that is the ruler of vs all;
Yet let me counsell ye, that might command:
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house, but to the vitermost, 25
Disperse the flockes of this new gathering sect.

Cobham My liege, if any breathe, that dares
come forth,

And say my life in any of these points
Deserues th'attaindor of ignoble thoughts,
Here stand I, crauing no remorce at all, 30
But euen the vtmost rigor may be showne.

Har. Let it suffice; we know your loyaltie.
What haue you there?

Cob. A deed of clemencie;
Your Highnesse pardon for Lord Powesse life,
Which I did beg, and you, my noble Lord, 36
Of gracious fauour did vouchsafe to grant.

Har. But yet it is not signed with our hand.
Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

[*one ready with pen and incke.*]

Har. The fact, you say, was done, 40
Not of prepensd malice, but by chance.

Cob. Vpon mine honor so, no otherwise.

Har. There is his pardon; bid him make
amends, [*writes.*]

And cleaue his soule to God for his offence.
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge—

Enter Bishop.

How now, Lord Bishop? 46

Bishop Iustice, dread Soueraigne!
As thou art King, so graunt I may haue iustice.

Har. What means this exclamation? let vs
know.

Bish. Ah, my good Lord, the state's abuse,
And our decrees most shamefully prophande.

Har. How? or by whom?

Bish. Euen by this heretike,
This Iew, this Traitor to your maiestie.

Cob. Prelate, thou liest, euen in thy greasie
maw,

Or whosoeuer twils me with the name
Of either traitor, or of heretike.

Har. Forbear, I say; and, Bishop, shew
the cause

From whence this late abuse hath bin deriu'de.

Bish. Thus, mightie King:—By generall
consent, 60

A messenger was sent to cite this Lord,
To make appearance in the consistorie;

22 ye] you Q², etc. 41 pretended Q², F², M;
propensed R. Pope 50 is much abus'd M

And comming to his house, a ruffian slaue,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who, knowing him to be a parator, 65
Assaults him first and after, in contempt
Of vs and our proceedings, makes him cate
The written processe, parchment, seale and all:
Whereby his maister neither was brought
forth,

Nor w^e but scorne for our authoritie., 70

Har. When was this done?

Bish. At sixe a clocke this morning.

Har. And when came you to court?

Cob. Last night, my Lord. 74

Har. By this it seemes, he is not guilty of it,
And you haue done him wrong t' accuse him so.

Bish. But it was done, my lord, by his
appointment,

Or else his man durst ne're haue bin so bold.

Har. Or else you durst be bold to inter-
rupt,

And fill our eares with friuolous complaints. 80
Is this the duetie you do beare to vs?

Was't not sufficient we did passe our word
To send for him, but you, misdoubting it,
Or—which is worse—intending to forestall
Our regall power, must likewise summon him?
This sauours of Ambition, not of zeale, 86
And rather proues you malice his estate,
Than any way that he offends the law.
Go to, we like it not; and he your officer,
That was imployde so much amisse herein, 90
Had his desert for being insolent.

Enter Huntington.

So, Cobham, when you please you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell vnto my liege.

[*Exit.*]

Har. Farewell.—What's the newes by Hunt-
ington?

Hunt. Sir Roger Acton and a crue, my Lord,
Of bold seditious rebels are in Armes, 96
Intending reformation of Religion.

And with their Army they intend to pitch
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.

Har. So nere our presence? Dare they be so
bold? 100

And will prowde warre, and eager thirst of
blood,

Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,
Presse forth vpon vs in our native boundes?

Must wee be fore't to hantsell our sharp blades
In England here, which we prepar'd for France?

Well, a Gods name be it! What's their num-
ber, say,

Or who's the chiefe commander of this rowt?

78 ne're | not Q 2, etc. 79 durst not be M Lours
80 and 91 transposed Q 2, etc.

Hunt. Their number is not knowne, as yet,
my Lord,

But tis reported Sir Iohn Old-castle
Is the chiefe man on whom they do depend. 110

Har. How, the Lord Cobham?

Hunt. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Bish. I could haue told your maiestie as
much

Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flaterie. 115

Suf. Send poast, my Lord, to fetch him
backe againe.

Bul. Traitor vnto his country, how he
smooth'de,

And seemde as innocent as Truth it selfe!

Har. I cannot thinke it yet he would be
false;

But if he be, no matter; let him go. 120

Weele meet both him and them vnto their wo.
Exeunt (all but Eishop).

Bish. This falls out well, and at the last I
hope

To see this heretike die in a rope.

{ACT III.

SCENE I. *An avenue leading to lord Cobham's
house in Kent.)*

*Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray,
and Chartres the French factor.*

Scroop. Once more, my Lord of Cambridge,
make rehearsal,

How you do stand intituled to the Crowne.
The deeper shall we print it in our minces,

And euery man the better be resolu'de,
When he perceiues his quarrell to be iust. 5

Cam. Then thus, Lord Scroope, sir Thom:
Gray, & you,

Monsieur de Chartres, agent for the French:—
This Lionell, Duke of Clarence, as I said,

Third sonne of Edward (Englands King) (the
third, 9

Had issue Phillip, his sole daughter and heyre;
Which Phillip afterward was giuen in marriage

To Edmund Mortimer, the Earle of March,
And by him had a son cald Roger Mortimer;

Which Roger, likewise, had of his discent
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor— 15

Two daughters and two sonnes—but those
three

Dide without issue. Anne, that did suruiue,
And now was left her fathers onely heyre,

My fortune was to marry, being too
By my grandfather of King Edwardes line: 20

121 S. D. Exeunt follows next line in Q 1: at end of
next Q 2, etc. Act III. etc. add, M 16 but of
those, three Ff, etc. 19 My | By Q 2, Ff

So of his sirname, I am calde, you know,
Richard Plantagenet. My father was
Edward, the Duke of Yorke, and son and heyre
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth
'sonne.

Scroope So that it seemes your claime comes
by your wife, 25

As lawfull heyre to Roger Mortimer,
The son of Edmund, which did marry Phillip,
Daughter and heyre to Lyonell, Duke of
Clarence.

Cam. True, for this Harry and his father
both,

Harry the first, as plainly doth appeare, 30
Are false intruders and vsurp the Crowne.

For when yong Richard was at Pomfret slaine,
In him the title of prince Edward dide,
That was the eldest of king Edwards sonnes:
William, of Hatfield, and their second brother,
Death in his nonage had before bereft: 36

So that my wife, deriu'd from Lionell,
Thirde sonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede,
And take possession of the Diademe
Before this Harry, or his father king, 40
Who fetcht their title but from Lancaster,
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,
What reason ist but she should haue her right?

Scroope I am resolu'de our enterprise is
iust.

Gray Harry shall die, or else resigne his
crowne. 45

Chart. Performe but that, and Charles, the
king of France,

Shall ayde you, lordes, not onely with his men,
But send you money to maintaine your warres.
Foue hundred thousand crownes he bade me
proffer, 49

If you can stop but Harries voyage for France.

Scroope We neuer had a fitter time than now,
The realme in such diuision as it is.

Camb. Besides, you must perswado ye,
there is due

Vengeance for Richards murder, which,
although

It be deferrde, yet will it fall at last, 55
And now as likely as another time.

Sinne hath had many yeeres to ripen in,
And now the haruest cannot be farre off,
Wherein the weedes of vsurpation
Are to be cropt, and cast into the fire. 60

Scroope No more, earle Cambridge; here I
plight my faith,

To set vp thee and thy renowned wife.

Gray Gray will performe the same, as he is
knight.

24 fifth] first Qq. *ff: corr. Perry in M* 30 Harry
the fourth M 53 ye] you Q2, etc.

Chart. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Charters doth gage the honor of his king. 65

Scroope We lacke but now Lord Cobhams
fellowship,

And then our plot were absolute indeede.

Camb. Doubt not of him, my lord; his life's
pursu'de

By th'incensed Cleargy, and of late,
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures
He may be quickly wonne vnto our faction. 71
Who hath the articles were drawne at large
Of our whole purpose?

Gray That haue I, my Lord.

Camb. We should not now be farre off from
his house; 75

Our serious conference hath beguild the way.
See where his castle stands. Giue me the
writing.

When we are come vnto the speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount,
Of that which hath bene saide, here he shall
reade [enter Cob.

Our mindes at large, and what we craue of
him.

Scroope A ready way. Here comes the man
himselfe,

Booted and spurrd; it seemes he hath bene
riding.

Camb. Well met, lord Cobham.

Cobh. My lord of Cambridge? 85

Your honor is most welcome into Kent,
And all the rest of this faire company.

I am new come from London, gentle Lordes:
But will ye not take Cowling for your host,
And see what entertainment it affordes? 90

Camb. We were intended to haue bene
your guests:

But now this lucky meeting shall suffice
To end our businesse, and deferre that kind-
nesse.

Cobh. Businesse, my lord? what businesse
should you haue

But to be mery? We haue no delicates, 95
But this Ile promise you: a peece of venison,

A cup of wine, and so forth—hunters fare;
And if you please, wee'll strike the stagge our
selues

Shall fill our dishes with his wel-fed flesh.

Scroope That is, indeede, the thing we all
desire. 100

Cobh. My lordes and you shall haue your
choice with me.

Camb. Nay, but the stagge which we desire
to strike

Liues not in Cowling: if you will consent,
And goe with vs, wee'll bring you to a forrest,

68 life M 94-5 should Let you to be Q2, etc.

Where runnes a lusty hierd; amongst the
which 105

There is a stagge superior to the rest,
A stately beast that, when his fellows runne,
He leades the race, and beates the sullen earth,
As though he scornd it, with his trampling
hoofes.

Aloft he beares his head, and with his breast,
Like a huge bulwarke, counter-checkes the
wind: 111

And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His prowd ambitious necke, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked hornes.

Cobh. Tis pittie such a goodly beast should
die. 115

Camb. Not so, sir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,
And gores the other deere, and will not keep
Within the limites are appointed him.

Of late hees broke into a seuerall, 119

Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles
Both corne and pasture. Two of his wilde race,
Alike for stealth and couetous ineroatching,
Already are remou'd; if he were dead,
I should not onely be secure from hurt,

But with his body make a royall feast. 125

Scroope How say you, then; will you first
hunt with vs?

Cobh. Faith, Lords, I like the pastime;
where's the place?

Camb. Peruse this writing; it will shew you
all,

And what occasion we haue for the sport.

Cobh. Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is
this the stag 130

You faine would chase—Harry our dread king?
So we may make a banquet for the diuell,
And in the steede of wholesome meate, prepare
A dish of poison to confound our selues.

Camb. Why so, lord Cobham? See you not
our claime? 135

And how imperiously he holdes the crowne?

Scroope Besides, you know your selfe is in
disgrace,

Held as a recreant, and pursude to death.

This will defend you from your enemies, 139
And establish your religion through the land.

Cobh. Notorious treason! yet I will concale
(aside

My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
My lord of Cambridge, I doe see your claime,
And what good may redound vnto the land
By prosecuting of this enterprise. 145

But where are men? where's power and furni-
ture

To order such an action? We are weake;

105 among Q², etc. 131 our most dread M

Harry, you know's a mighty potentate.

Camb. Tut, we are strong enough: you are
belou'de,

And many will be glad to follow you; 150

We are the like, and some will follow vs.

Besides, there is hope from France: heres an
embassador

That promiseth both men and money too.

The commons likewise (as we heare) pretend
A sodaine tumult; we wil ioyn with them. 155

Cobh. Some likelihoode, I must confesse, to
speede:

But how shall I beleue this is plaine truth?

You are, my lords, such men as liue in Court,
And highly haue beene fauour'd of the king,

Especially lord Scroope, whome oftentimes 160

He maketh choice of for his bedfellow;

And you, lord Gray, are of his priuy councill:

Is not this a traine to intrappe my life?

Camb. Then perish may my soule! What,
thinke you so?

Scroope Weele sweare to you. 165

Gray Or take the sacrament.

Cobh. Nay, you are noble men, and I
imagine,

As you are honorable by birth and bloud,

So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.

I craue no other testimony but this: 170

That you would all subscribe, and set your
hands

Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.

Camb. With all our hearts. Who hath any
pen and inke?

Scroope My pocket should haue one: yea,
heere it is.

Camb. Giue it me, lord Scroope.—There is
my name. 175

Scroope And there is my name.

Gray And mine.

Cobh. Sir, let me craue,

That you would likewise write your name with
theirs,

For confirmation of your maisters word, 180
The king of Fraunce.

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cobh. So now this action is well knit to-
gether,

And I am for you. Where's our meeting,
lords?

Camb. Here, if you please, the tenth of Iuly
next. 185

Cobh. In Kent? agreed: now let vs in to
supper.

I hope your honors will not away to night.

151 like F1: light Qy 157 [a] in Q², etc. 183
taine laide to Q², etc. 174 yea] O Q², etc.
178-81 Prose Q², Ff

Camb. Yes, presently; for I haue farre to ride,
About solliciting of other friends.

Scroope And we would not be absent from
the court, 190

Least thereby grow suspition in the king.

Cobb. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

Camb. Not now, my lord, we thanke you:
so farewell. (*Exeunt all but Cobham.*)

Cob. Farewell, my noble lordes.—My noble
lordes?

My noble villaines, base conspirators. 195

How can they looke his Highnesse in the face,

Whome they so closely study to betray?

But ile not sleepe vntill I make it knowne.

This head shall not be burdned with such
thoughts,

Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede 200

Of such impietie against my king.

Madam, how now?

Enter Harpoole and the rest.

Lady Cobb. You are welcome home, my Lord.
Why seeme ye so disquiet in your lookes?

What hath befallen you that disquiets your
minde? 205

Lady Po. Bad newes, I am afraide, touch-
ing my husband.

Cobb. Madam, not so: there is your hus-
bands pardon.

Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other.

Powesse So great a kindnesse as I knowe
not howe

To make reply; my sense is quite confounded.

Cobb. Let that alone: and madam, stay me
not, 211

For I must backe vnto the court againe

With all the speede I can. Harpoole, my horse.

Lady Cobb. So soone, my Lord? what, will
you ride all night?

Cobham All night or day; it must be so,
sweete wife. 215

Verge me not why or what my businesse is,
But get you in. Lord Powesse, beare with me,

And madam, thinke your welcome nere the
worse:

My house is at your vse. Harpoole, away.

Harp. Shall I attend your lordship to the
court? 220

Cobb. Yea, sir; your gelding! mount you
presently. *exeunt.*

Lady Cobb. I prythee, Harpoole, looke vnto
thy Lord.

I do not like this sodaine posting backe.

Powes Some earnest businesse is a foote
belike;

Whate're it be, pray God be his good guide. 225

Lady Po. Amen! that hath so highly vs
bested.

Lady Co. Come, madam, and my lord, wee le
hope the best;

You shall not into Wales till he returne.

Powesse Though great occasion be wo
should departe,

Yet madam will we stay to be resolute 230

Of this vnlookt for, doubtful accident. [*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE II. A road near Highgate.)

*Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some
filthy order for warre.*

Murly. Come, my hearts of flint, modestly,
decently, soberly, and handsomly, no man
afore his Leader; follow your master, your
Captaine, your Knight that shal be, for the
honor of Meale-men, Millers, and Mault-men.
Dunne is the mowse. Dicke and Tom, for the
credite of Dunstable, ding downe the enemie
to morrow; ye shall not come into the field like
beggars. Where be Leonard and Laurence,
my two loaders? Lord haue mercie vpon vs,
what a world is this? I would giue a couple of
shillings for a dozen of good fethers for ye,
and forty pence for as many skarffes to set ye
out withall. Frost and snow! a man has no
heart to fight till he be braue. 15

Dicke Master, I hope we be no babes. For
our manhood, our bucklers and our towne
foote-balls can beare witness: and this life
parrell we haue shall off, and weel fight naked
afore we runne away. 20

Tom. Nay, I am of Laurence mind for that,
for he meanes to leaue his life behind him; he
and Leonard, your two loaders, are making
their wills because they haue wiues. Now we
Bachelers bid our friends scramble for our
goods if we die: but, master, pray ye, let me
ride vpon Cutte. 27

Murly Meale and salt, wheat and mault,
fire and tow, frost and snow! why, Tom, thou
shalt. Let me see: here are you, William and
George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge
holding my owne two horses; proper men,
handsom men, tall men, true men. 33

Dicke But, master, master, me thinkes you
are a mad man to hazard your owne person
and a cart load of money too.

220-31 *Prose Qq. Ff:* corr. R Scene II. etc. add. M
16 I hope om. Q 2, etc. be] are Q 2, etc. 16-17 For
bucklers and om. Q 2, etc. 18 litle] little Q 2, etc.
20 before Q 2, etc. 24 Now] and M 35 a mad
man] mad Ff, etc.

193 S. D. add. R: Exit Q 2, Ff 204 ye] you M
unquiet Ff, etc. 205 disturbs your minde Q 2, etc.
209-10 *Prose in Qq. Ff:* corr. M 210 make Q om. Ff

Tom. Yea, and, maister, theres a worse matter in't. If it be as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned Bishops, that should giue vs their blessing; and if they curse vs, we shall speede nere the better. 41

Dicke Nay, bir lady, some say the King takes their part; and, master, dare you fight against the King?

Murphy Fie, paltry, paltry! in and out, to and fro, vpon occasion; if the King be so vnwise to come there, wee le fight with him too.

Tom. What, if ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then wee le make another. 49

Dicke Is that all? do ye not speake treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trippe vs? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honor. Little know you what is in my bosome; looke here, madde knaues, a paire of guilt spurres.

Tom. A paire of golden spurres? Why do you not put them on your heeles? Your bosome's no place for spurres. 57

Mur. Bee't more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mercy (vpon) vs, Tom, th'art a foole, and thou speakest treason to knight-hood. Dare any weare golden or siluer spurs til he be a knight? No, I shall be knighted to morrow, and then they shall on. Sirs, was it euer read in the church booke of Dunstable, that euer mault man was made knight? 65

Tom. No, but you are more: you are meal-man, maultman, miller, corne-master and all.

Dicke Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth. You bring more money with you, than all the rest. 70

Mur. The more's my honor. I shal be a knight to morow! Let me spose my men: Tom vpon cutte, Dicke vpon hobbe, Hodge vpon Ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the forehorse. 75

Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beurerley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Ad. Al friends, good fellow.

Muri. Friends and fellowes, indeede, sir Roger.

Ad. Why, thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman, 80

To keepe your day, and come so well preparte. Your cart stands yonder, guarded by your men, Who tell me it is loaden well with coine.

What summe is there? 84

Mur. Ten thousand pound, sir Roger; and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I haue here against I be knighted.

Ad. Gilt spurs? tis well.

48 ye] you M 50 ye] you M 50 merry vs Q 1:
corr. Q 2 61 gold Q 2, etc.

Mur. But where's our armie, sir?

Ad. Disperst in sundry villages about: 90
Some here with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley, Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington, Islington, Hogsdon, Pancridge, Kensington; Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Bow;

But our chiefe strength must be the Londoners, Which, ere the Sunne to morrow shine, 96
Will be nere fiftie thousand in the field.

Mur. Mary, God dild ye, daintie my deere! but vpon occasion, sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against vs? 101

Ad. No, hee's secure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the Cleargie?

Ad. Feare extreemly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, Bullie my boikin, we shall carry the world afore vs! I vow by my worshippe, when I am knighted, wee le take the King napping, if he stand on their part. 109

Ad. This night we few in Higate will repose. With the first cocke wee le rise and arme our selues,

To be in Ficket felds by breake of day,
And there expect our Generall.

Mur. Sir Iohn Old-castle? what if he come not? 115

Bourne Yet our action stands.

Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

Mur. True, M'aister, Bourne, but who shall make me knight?

Beuer. He that hath power to be our Generall. 120

Ad. Take not of trifles; come, let's away. Our friends of London long till it be day. (exeunt.

(SCENE III. A high road in Kent.)

Enter sir Iohn of Wroolham and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as ielous a man as liues.

Priest Canst thou blame me, Doll? thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse. None walks within xl. miles of London, but a plies thee as truly as the parish does the poore mans boxe. 7

Doll. I am as true to thee as the stone is in the wal; and thou knowest well enough, sir Iohn, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench neede to be; and therefore

89 But om. Q 2, etc. 104 They fear M 114 Sir Iohn Oldcastle add. to Acton's speech. M Scene III. etc. add. M N. D. Enter Priest and Q 2, Ff 9-10 sir Iohn om. Q 2, etc.

ACT III, Sc. III. THE TRVE AND HONORABLE HISTORIE OF

thou hast tried me, that thou hast: by Gods body, I will not be kept as I haue bin, that I will not. 14

Priest Doll, if this blade holde, theres not a pedler walkes with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop. Weele haue as good siluer as the King coynes any.

Doll What, is al the gold spent you tooke the last day from the Courtier? 21

Priest Tis gone, Doll, tis flown; merely come, merely gon: he comes a horse backe that must pay for all. Weelo haue as good meate as mony can get, and as good gownes as can be bought for gold. Be mery, wench, the mault-man comes on munday. 27

Doll You might haue left me at Cobham, vntil you had bin better prouided for.

Priest No, sweet Dol, no; I do not like that. Yond old ruffian is not for the priest: I do not like a new cleark should come in the old bellie. 33

Doll Ah, thou art a mad priest, yfaith.

Priest Come, Doll; Ile see thee safe at some alehouse here at Cray, and the next sheepe that comes shall leaue his fleece.

[exeunt.]

(SCENE IV. Blackheath.)

Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.

King (in great hast). My lord of Suffolke, poste away for life,

And let our forces of such horse and foote, As can be gathered vp by any meanes, Make speedy randeuow in Tuttle fields.

It must be done this euening, my Lord; 5
This night the rebells meane to draw to head Neere Islington, which if your speede preuent not,

If once they should vnite their seuerall forces, Their power is almost thought inuincible.

Away, my Lord; I will be with you soone. 10

Suf. I go, my Soueraigne, with all happie speede. [exit.]

King Make haste, my lord of Suffolke, as you loue vs.

Butler, poste you to London with all speede; Command the Maior and shrieues, on their allegiance,

The citie gates be presently shut vp 15

And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,

And not a man be suffered to passe

Without a speciall warrant from our selfe.

Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept,

12-13 by Gods body] and Q 2. cf. 30 I like not that Q 2. cf. 34 Ah ow. Q 2. cf. 37 leaue behind his Q 2. cf. Scene IV. cf. add. M

And proclamation, on the paine of death, 20
That not a citizen stirre from his doores, Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall chuse

For their owne garde and safety of their persons.

Butler, away; haue care vnto my charge.

But. I goe, my Soueraigne. 25

King Butler!

But. My Lord.

King Goe downe by Greenewich, and command a boate

At the Friers bridgo attend my comming downe.

But. I will, my Lord. [exit.]

King It's time, I thinke, to looke vnto rebellion, 31

When Acton doth expect vnto his ayd No lesse then fiftie thousand Londoners.

Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise, To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles. 35

Enter sir Iohn (and Doll).

Sir Iohn Stand, true-man! saies a thiefe.

King Stand, thiefe! saies a true man. How is a thiefe?

Sir Iohn Stand, thiefe, too. 39

King Then, thiefe or true-man, I see I must stand. I see, how soeuer the world wagges, the trade of theeuing yet will neuer downe. What art thou?

sir Iohn A good fellow. 44

King So am I too. I see thou dost know me.

sir Iohn. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes part: deliuer thy purse without more adoe.

King I haue no mony. 50

sir Iohn I must make you find some before we part. If you haue no mony, you shal haue ware: as many sound drie blows as your skin can carrie.

King Is that the plaine truth? 55

sir Iohn Sirra, no more adoe; come, come, giue me the mony you haue. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

King. Well, if thou wilt needs haue it, there tis: iust the prouerb, one thiefe robs another. Where the duel are all my old theues, that were wont to keepe this walke? Falstaffe, the villaine, is so fat, he cannot get on's horse, but me thinks Poinces and Peto should be stirring here abouts. 65

S. D. Enter Priest Q 2. Ff and Doll add. M
40 true-man, I must Q 2. cf. 53 drie om.
Q 2. cf. 61-2 that . . . walke om. Q 2. cf. 62 the] that Q 2. cf.

sir Iohn How much is there on't, of thy word?

King A hundred pound in Angels, on my word.

The time has beene I would haue done as much for thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I haue now. 70

sir Iohn Sirra, what art thou? thou seem'st a gentleman.

King I am no lesse; yet a poore one now, for thou hast all my mony.

sir Iohn From whence cam'st thou? 75

King From the court at Eltham.

sir Iohn Art thou one of the Kings seruants?

King Yes, that I am, and one of his chamber. 79

sir Iohn I am glad thou art no worse; thou maist the better spare thy mony: & thinkst thou thou mightst get a poor thiefe his pardon, if he should haue neede.

King Yes, that I can. 84

sir Iohn Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall haue occasion?

King Yes, faith will I, so it be for no murther.

sir Iohn Nay, I am a pittifull thiefe; all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse; Ile kill no man. 91

King Then, of my word, Ile do it.

sir Iohn Giue me thy hand of the same.

King There tis. 94

sir Iohn Me thinks the King should be good to theesues, because he has bin a thiefe himselte, though I thinke now he be turned true-man.

King Faith, I haue heard indeed he has had an il name that way in his youth; but how canst thou tell he has beene a thiefe? 101

sir Iohn How? Because he once robde me before I fell to the trade my selfe; when that foule villainous guts, that led him to all that rogerie, was in's company there, that Falstaffe.

King (aside) Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen with him now, Ile be sworne. —Thou knowest not the king now, I thinke, if thou sawest him? 109

sir Iohn Not I, yfaith.

King (aside) So it should seeme.

sir Iohn Well, if old King Henry had liu'de, this King that is now had made theeuing the best trade in England.

King Why so? 115

sir Iohn Because he was the chiefe warden of our company. It's pittie that ere he should

haue bin a King; he was so braue a thiefe. But, sirra, wilt remember my pardon if neede be? 120

King Yes, faith, will I.

sir Iohn Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe—for thou mayest hap (being so earely) be met with againe before thou come to Southwarke—if any man, when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but *sir Iohn*, and he will let thee passe. 127

King Is that the word? well, then, let me alone.

sir Iohn Nay, sirra, because I thinke indeede I shall haue some occasion to vse thee, & as thou comest oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, herel it breake this Angell. Take thou halfe of it; this is a token betwixt thee and me. 135

King God haue mercy; farewell. [exit.]

sir Iohn O my fine golden clauel heres for thee, wench, yfaith. Now, Dol, we will reuel in our bower! this is a tyth pigge of my vicaridge. God haue mercy, neighbour Shooters hill; you paid your tyth honestly. Wel, I heare there is a company of rebelles vp against the King, got together in Ficket field neere Holborne, and as it is thought here in Kent, the King will be there to night in's owne person; well, ile to the Kings camp, and it shall go hard, but, if there be any doings, Ile make some good boote amongst them. [exit.]

(ACT IV.

SCENE I. A field near London. *King Henry's camp.*)

Enter King Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two with lighte.

K. Hen. My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,

Who skouts it now? or who stands Sentinells? What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

Suff. May it please your Highness—

K. Hen. Peace, no more of that. 5

The King's asleepe; wake not his maiestie With termes nor titles; hee's at rest in bed. Kings do not vse to watch themselves; they

sleepe,

And let rebellion and conspiracie Reuel and hauecke in the common wealth.— Is London lookt vnto? 11

128 well on. P. etc. 136 God a mercy Q. etc.
139 bower conj. M: better Q. 140 God a mercy Q. etc.
141 paid] ha paid Q. etc. 148 boote] booty conj. M Act IV. etc. add. M

70 Two lines M, dir. after I 92 off] on M 93
off] on M 97 although P, etc. 101 tell that he
Q. etc. 112 olde King Harry Q. etc.

Hunt. It is, my Lord:

Your noble Vncle Excester is there,
Your brother Gloucester and my Lord of War-
wicke,

Who, with the maior and the Aldermen, 15
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule
within;

The Earle of Cambridge and sir Thomas Gray
Do walke the Round; Lorl Scroope and
Butler skout.

So, though it please your maiestie to test,
Woe you in bed, well might you take your
rest. 20

K. Hen. I thank ye, Lords, but you do know
of old,

That I haue bin a perfect night-walker.
London, you say, is safely lookt vnto—

Alas, poore rebels, there your ayd must faile—
And the Lord Cobham, sir Iohn Old-castle, 25

Hee's quiet in Kent. Acton, ye are deceiu'd;
Reckon againe, you count without your host;
To morrow you shall giue account to vs.

Til when, my friends, this long cold winters
night

How can we spend? King Harry is a sleepe
And al his Lords, these garments tel vs so; 31

Al friends at footebal, fellowes all in field,
Harry, and Dicke, and George. Bring vs a
drumme;

Giue vs square dice, wee le keepe this court of
guard

For al good fellowes companies that come. 35
Wheres that mad priest ye told me was in
Armes,

To fight, as well as pray, if neede required?
Suff. Hees in the Camp, and if he know of
this,

I vndertake he would not be long hence.
Har. Trippe, Dicke; Trippe, George. 40

[they trippe.]

Hunt. I must haue the dice.
What do we play at? (the y) play at dice.

Suff. Passage, if ye please.
Hunt. Set round then: so; at all.

Har. George, you are out. 45
Giue me the dice. I passe for twentie pound.

Heres to our luckie passage into France.
Hunt. Harry, you passe indeede, for you
sweepe all.

Suff. A signe king Harry shal sweep al in
France.

ent(er) sir Iohn.

sir Iohn Edge ye, good fellowes; take a
fresh gamster in. 51

20 Hee's om. Q², etc. 40 N. D. Enter Priest
Q², Fy

Har. Master Parson? We play nothing but
gold.

sir Iohn. And, fellow, I tel thee that the
priest hath gold. Gold? sblood, ye are but
beggerly souldiers to me. I thinke I haue more
gold than all you three. 57

Hunt. It may be so, but we beleue it
not.

Har. Set, priest, set. I passe for all that
gold.

sir Iohn Ye passe, indeede.
Harry Priest, hast thou any more? 61

sir Iohn Zounds, what a question's that?
I tell thee I haue more then all you three.

At these ten Angells!
Harry. I wonder how thou comst by all
this gold; 65

How many benefices hast thou, priest?
sir Iohn Yfaith, but one. Dost wonder how
I come by gold? I wonder rather how poore
souldiers should haue gold; for Ile tell thee,
good fellow: we haue euery day tythes, offer-
ings, christnings, weddings, burials; and you
poore snakes come seldome to a bootie. Ile
speake a prowd word: I haue but one par-
sonage, Wrootham; tis better than the Bishopp-
rick of Rochester. Theres nere a hill, heath,
nor downe in all Kent, but tis in my parish:
Barrham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hill,
Wrootham hill, Blacke heath, Cockes heath,
Birchen wood, all pay me tythe. Gold, quoth
a? ye passe not for that. 80

Suff. Harry, ye are out; now, parson, shake
the dice.

sir Iohn. Set, set; Ile couer ye at al. A
plague on't, I am out: the diuell, and dice, and
a wench, who will trust them? 85

Suff. Saist thou so, priest? Set faire; at all
for once.

Har. Out, sir; pay all.
sir Iohn Sblood, pay me angel gold.

Ile none of your crackt French crownes nor
pistoleta. 90

Pay me faire angel gold, as I pay you.
Har. No crackt french crownes? I hope to
see more crackt french crownes ere long.

sir Iohn Thou meanest of French mens
crownes, when the King is in France. 95

Hunt. Set round, at all.
sir Iohn Pay all: this is some lucke.

Har. Giue me the dice, tis I must shread the
priest:

At all, sir Iohn.

55 sblood] what Q², etc. 61 thou om. Q², etc.
62 Zounds] more Q², etc. 67 Faith Q², etc. 81
ye] you M 81 sblood] Sir Q², etc. 98 shrad]

shriue conj. M

sir Iohn The diuell and all is yours. At
that! Sdeath, what casting is this? 101

Suff. Well throwne, Harry, yfaith.

Har. He cast better yet.

sir Iohn Then He be hangd. Sirra, hast
thou not giuen thy soule to the diuell for
casting? 106

Har. I passe for all.

sir Iohn Thou passest all that ere I playde
withall.

Sirra, dost thou not cogge, nor foist, nor allure?

Har. Set, parson, set; the dice die in my
hand: 110

When parson, when? what, can ye finde no
more?

Alreadie drie? wast you bragd of your store?

sir Iohn Alls gone but that.

Hunt. What? halfe a broken angell?

sir Iohn Why sir, tis gold. 115

Har. Yea, and He couer it.

sir Iohn. The diuell do ye good on't, I am
blinde, yee haue blowne me vp.

Har. Nay, tarry, priest; ye shall not leaue
vs yet.

Do not these peeces fit each other well? 120

sir Iohn What if they do?

Har. Thereby beginnes a tale:

There was a thiefe, in face much like *sir Iohn*--
But t'was not hee, that thiefe was all in
greene--

Met me last day at Blacke Heath, neere the
parke, 125

With him a woman. I was al alone

And weaponlesse, my boy had al my tooles,

And was before prouiding me a boate.

Short tale to make, *sir Iohn*--the thiefe, I
meane--

Tooke a iust hundreth pound in gold from me.

I storm'd at it, and swore to be reueng'de 131

If ere we met. He, like a lusty thiefe,

Brake with his teeth this Angel iust in two,

To be a token at our meeting next,

Provided I should charge no Officer 135

To apprehend him, but at weapons point

Recover that and what he had beside.

Well met, *sir Iohn*; betake ye to your tooles

By torch light, for, master parson, you are he

That had my gold. 140

sir Iohn Zounds, I won't in play, in faire
square play, of the keeper of Eltham parke;
and that I will maintaine with this poore whin-
yard, be you two honest men to stand and
looke vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither
part. 146

117 do] giue Q2, etc. 118 yee] you Q2, etc.
119 ye] you Ff, etc. 138 ye] you M 145 take om.
Ff, H, Pope

Har. Agreeds! I charge ye do not boudge
a foot.

Sir Iohn, haue at ye.

sir Iohn Souldier, ware your skones.

[Here, as they are ready to strike, enter
Butler and drawes his weapon and
steps betwixt them.

But. Hold, villaines, hold! my Lords, what
do you meane, 150

To see a traitor draw against the King?

sir Iohn The King! Gods wil, I am in a
proper pickle.

Har. Butler, what newes? why dost thou
trouble vs?

But. Please it your Highnesse, it is breake
of day,

And as I skouted neere to Islington, 155

The gray ey'd morning gaue me glimmering

Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,

Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

Har. Let vs withdraw, my Lords. Prepare
our troopes

To charge the rebels, if there be such cause.

For this lewd priest, this diuellish hypocrite,

That is a thiefe, a gamster, and what not, 162

Let him be hang'd vp for example sake.

sir Iohn Not so my gracious soueraigne.

I confesse I am a frayle man, flesh and bloud

as other are: but, set my imperfections aside,

by this light, ye haue not a taller man, nor a

truer subiect to the Crowne and State, than *sir*
Iohn of Wrootham.

Har. Will a true subiect robbe his King? 170

sir Iohn Alas, twas ignorance and want,
my gracious liege.

Har. Twas want of grace. Why, you
should be as salt

To season others with good document,

Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,

As shepheards, not as wolues to spoile the
flock. 175

Go hang him, Butler.

But. Didst thou not rob me?

sir Iohn I must confesse I saw some of

your gold. But, my dread Lord, I am in no

humor for death; therefore, saue my life. God

will that sinners liue; do not you cause me die.

Once in their liues the best may goe astray, and

if the world say true, your selfe (my liege) haue
bin a thiefe.

Har. I confesse I haue, 185

But I repent and haue reclaimd my selfe.

150 villaine Q2, etc. what d'ye Q2, Ff 154

Please your Maiesy Q2, etc. 166 others M 167

by this light om. Q2, etc. ye] you M 169 Wro-

tham is Q2, etc. 171 This speech added to the pre-

vious one Har. 180 therefore . . life om. Q2, etc.

181 wills M me to dye Q2, etc.

sir Iohn So will I do, if you will giue me time.

Har. Wilt thou? My lords, will you be his suerties?

Mur. That when he robs againe, he shall be hang'd.

sir Iohn I aske no more. 190

Har. And we will grant thee that. Live and repent, and proue an honest man, Which when I heare, and safe returne from France,

He giue thee liuing: till when take thy gold; But spend it better then at cards or wine, 195 For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

sir Iohn *Vivat Rex & curat lex!* My liege, if ye haue cause of battell, ye shal see sir Iohn of Wrootham bestirre himself in your quarrel. *(exeunt.)*

(SCENE II. A field of Battle near London.)

After an alarm enter Harry, Suffolk, Hunting-ton, sir Iohn, bringing forth Acton, Beuerly, and Murley prisoners.

Har. Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds

Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow. But now ye see, base villaines, what successe Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.

Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name 5 Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temperd,

Than ioyne with peasants: gentry is diuine, But thou hast made it more then popular.

Ad. Pardon, my Lord; my conscience vrg'd me to it.

Har. Thy conscience? then thy conscience is corrupt, 10 For in thy conscience thou art bound to vs, And in thy conscience thou shouldst loue thy country;

Else what's the difference twixt a Christian And the vnciuill manners of the Turke?

Beuer. We meant no hurt vnto your maiesty, But reformation of Religion. 16

Har. Reforme Religion? was it that ye sought?

I pray who gaue you that authority? Belike, then, we do hold the scepter vp And sit within the throne but for a cipher. 20 Time was, good subjects would make knowne their grieue

And pray amendment, not inforce the same, Vnlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope You cannot iustly say that Harry is.

190 of Wrootham om. Q 2, etc. Scene II. etc. add. M 17 yet you Q 2, etc.

What is that other?

25

Suff. A mault-man, my Lord, And dwelling in Dunstable as he saies.

Har. Sirra, what made you leaue your barly broth,

To come in armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry; to and fro, in and out vpon occasion; what a worlde's this! Knight-hood (my liege) twas knight-hood brought me hither. They told me I had wealth enough to make my wife a lady.

Har. And so you brought those horses which we saw, 35

Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant

To weare these spurs when you were kniighted once?

Mur. In and out vpon occasion, I did.

Har. In and out vpon occasion, therefore, You shall be hang'd, and in the sted of wearing These spurs vpon your heeles, about your necke 41

They shall bewray your folly to the world.

sir Iohn In and out vpon ocasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my liege, a pardon. I am sorry for my fault. 45

Har. That comes too late: but tell me, went there none

Beside sir Roger Acton, vpon whom

You did depend to be your gouernour?

Mur. None, none, my Lord, but sir Iohn Old-castle.

Har. Beares he part in this conspiracie? 50

enter Bishop.

Ad. We lookt, my Lord, that he would meet vs here.

Har. But did he promise you that he would come?

Ad. Such letters we receiued forth of Kent. *Bish.* Where is my Lord the King?—Health to your grace.

Examining, my Lord, some of these caitiue rebels, 55

It is a generall voyce amongst them all, That they had neuer come vnto this place,

But to haue met their valiant general, The good Lord Cobham, as they title him;

Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceive, 60

His treason is apparant, which before

He sought to colour by his flattery.

Har. Now, by my roialtie, I would haue sworne,

30-42 Prose in Qq. Ff: corr. M 49 None om. Qq. Ff: None, my good lord M 50 a part Q 2, etc. 55 caitiue om. Q 2, etc. 56 among Q 2, etc. 57 into Q 2, etc.

But for his conscience, which I beare withall,
There had not liude a more true hearted sub-
iect. 65

Bish. It is but counterfeit, my gracious
lord,

And therefore, may it please your maiestie
To set your hand vnto this precept here,
By which weel cause him forthwith to appeare,
And answer this by order of the law. 70

Har. Bishop, not only that, but take com-
mission

To search, attach, imprison, and condemne
This most notorious traitor as you please.

Bish. It shall be done, my Lord, without
delay.—

So now I hold, Lord Cobham, in my hand, 75
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

Har. I thinke the yron age begins but now,
(Which learned poets haue so often taught)
Wherein there is no credit to be giuen, 79
To either wordes, or lookes, or solemne oathes.
For if there were, how often hath he sworne,
How gently tun'de the musicks of his tongue,
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie.

enter Cobham.

Cob. Long life and prosperous raigne vnto
my Lord. 85

Har. Ah, villaine, canst thou wish prosper-
peritie,
Whose heart includeth naught but treacherie?
I do arrest thee here my selfe, false knight,
Of treason capitall against the state.

Cob. Of treason, mightie prince? your grace
mistakes. 90

I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

Har. Thy necke shall feele it is in earnest
shortly.

Darst thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How haynously thou hast offended vs?

But this is thy accustomed deceit; 95
Now thou perceiaust thy purpose is in vaine,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come,
To cleere thy selfe of this rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord? I know of
none.

Har. If you deny it, here is euidence. 100
See you these men? you neuer counselled,
Nor offered them assistance in their warres?

Cob. Speake, sirs. Not one but all; I craue
no fauour.

Haue euer I beene conuersant with you,
Or written letters to incourage you, 105
Or kindled but the least or smallest part

66 lords Q1 71 Bishop om. Q2, etc. 81 [there]
he Q2, Ff 85 vnto Q1

Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?

Speake, for I dare the vttermost you can.

Mur. In and out vpon occasion, I know you
not.

Har. No? didst not say that sir Iohn Old-
castle 110

Was one with whom you purpose to haue
met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect?
Because I heard it was reported so.

Har. Was there no other argument but
that?

Ad. To cleere my conscience ere I die, my
lord, 115

I must confesse, we haue no other ground

But only Rumor, to accuse this lord,

Which now I see was merely fabulous.

Har. The more pernicious you to taint him
then,

Whome you knew not was faulty, yea or no. 120

Cobh. Let this, my Lord, which I present
your grace,

Speake for my loyalty: reade these articles,

And then giue sentence of my life or death.

Har. Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray
corrupted

With bribes from Charles of France, either to
winne 125

My Crowne from me, or secretly contriue

My death by treason? Is this possible?

Cobh. There is the platforme, and their
hands, my lord,

Each seuerally subscribed to the same. 130

Har. Oh neuer heard of, base ingratitude!

Euen those I huggo within my bosome most

Are readiest euermore to sting my heart.

Pardon me, Cobham, I haue done thee wrong;
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.

Is, then, their time of meeting so neere hand?
Weele meete with them, but little for their
ease, 136

If God permit. Goe, take these rebells hence;

Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy king and country, still be free.

[*Exeunt.*

Murl. Be it more or lesse, what a world is
this? 140

Would I had continued still of the order of
knaues,

And neuer sought knighthood, since it costes
so deere.

Sir Roger, I may thanke you for all.

Adon. Now tis too late to haue it remedied,
I prithes, Murley, doe not vrge me with it. 145

110 didst thou not Q2, etc. 120 know was not
Q2, etc. 127 In thin] Ist Q2, Ff: Is it M 142

Ends costes Qq. Ff: corr. M

ACT IV, Sc. II. THE TRVE AND HONORABLE HISTORIE OF

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?
Murl. Fy, paltry, paltry! to and fro, as occasion serues;
 If you be so hasty, take my place.
Hunt. No, good sir knight, you shall begin in your hand. 149
Murl. I could be glad to giue my betters place. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE III. *Kent. Court before lord Cobham's house.*)

Enter Bishop, lord Warden, Croamer the Shrieue, Lady Cob. and attendants.

Bishop I tell ye, Lady, its not possible
 But you should know where he conueies him-
 selfe,
 And you haue hid him in some secret place.

Lady My Lord, beleue me, as I haue a soule,

I know not where my lord my husband is. 5

Bishop Go to, go to, ye are an heretike,
 And will be fore'd by torture to confesse,
 If faire meanes will not serue to make ye tell.

Lady My husband is a noble gentleman,
 And needs not hide himselfe for anie fact 10
 That ere I heard of; therefore wrong him not.

Bishop Your husband is a dangerous schis-
 maticke,

Traitor to God, the King, and common wealth:
 And therefore, master Croamer, shrieue of
 Kent,

I charge you take her to your custodie, 15
 And ceaze the goods of Sir Iohn Old-castle
 To the Kings vse. Let her go in no more,
 To fetch so much as her apparell out.

There is your warrant from his maiestie.

L. War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacifie your
 wrath 20

Against the Lady.

Bish. Then let her confesse
 Where Old-castle her husband is conceald.

L. War. I dare engage mine honor and my
 life,

Poore gentlewoman, she is ignorant 25
 And innocent of all his practises,
 If any euill by him be practised.

Bish. If, my Lord Warden? nay, then I
 charge you,

That all the cinque Ports, whereof you are
 chiefe,

Be laid forthwith, that he escape vs not. 30

149 you .. hand] cens tak't your selfe Q2, etc.
 S. D. Exeunt] Between Scene II. and Scene III. S inserts
 V. L. Scene III, etc. add. M 6 (to too, go ye
 Q2. Fy; corr. R ye] you M 8 ye] you Q2, etc.

Shew him his highnesse warrant, M(aister)
 Shrieue.

L. War. I am sorie for the noble gentle-
 man—

Enter Old-castle & Harp.

Bish. Peace, he comes here; now do your
 office.

Old-castle Harpoole, what businesse haue
 we here in hand?

What makes the Bishop and the Shriffe here?

(1) feare my comming home is dangerous, 36
 (1) would I had not madesuch haste to Cobham.

Harp. Be of good cheere, my Lord: if they
 be foes, wee le scramble shrewdly with them:
 if they be friends, they are welcome. One of
 them (my Lord Warden) is your friend; but
 me thinkes my ladie weepes; I like not that.

Croo. Sir Iohn Old-castle, Lord Cobham,
 in the Kings maiesties name, I arrest ye of
 high treason. 45

Oldca. Treason, M(aister) Croomer?

Harp. Treason, M(aister) Shrieue? shloud,
 what treason?

Oldca. Harpoole, I charge thee, stirre not,
 but be quiet still. 48

Do ye arrest me, M(aister) Shrieue, for treason?

Bish. Yea, of high treason, traitor, heretike.

Oldca. Defiance in his face that calls me so.
 I am as true a loyall gentleman

Vnto his highnesse, as my proudest enemye.
 The King shall witnesse my late faithfull ser-
 uice,

For safety of his sacred maiestie. 55

Bish. What thou art the kings hand shall
 testifie:

Shewt him, Lord Warden.

Old. Iesu defend me!

Is't possible your cunning could so temper
 The princely disposition of his mind, 60

To signe the damage of a loyall subiect?

Well, the best is, it beares an antedate,
 Procured by my absence, and your malice,

But I, since that, haue shewd my selfe as true
 As any churchman that dare challenge me. 65

Let me be brought before his maiestie;
 If he acquite me not, then do your worst.

Bish. We are not bound to do kind offices
 For any traitor, schismaticke, nor heretike.

The kings hand is our warrant for our worke,
 Who is departed on his way for France, 71

36 feare Q1: I feare Q2, etc. 37 would Q1: I
 would Q2, etc. 40-2 One .. like not that om. Q2,
 etc. 44 maiesties om. Q2, etc. ye] you M 46

Croomes Qq: corr. Ff 47 shloud om. Q2, etc.
 48 still om. Q2, etc. 49 ye] you M of Treason
 M. Sherriffe Q2, etc. 57 Shewt] Shew Q2, etc.

61 loyall Qq. Ff: corr. R

And at Southhampton doth repose this night.

Harp. O that it were the blessed will of God, that thou and I were within twenty mile of it, on Salisbury plaine! I would lose my head if euer thou broughtst thy head hither againe.

[aside.]

Oldca. My Lord Warden o'th cinque Ports, & my Lord of Rochester, ye are ioynt Commissioners: fauor me so much,

On my expence to bring me to the king. 80

Bish. What, to Southhampton?

Oldca. Thithar, my go'o'd Lord, And if he do not cleere me of al guilt, And all suspioun of conspiracie, Pawning his princely warrant for my truth: I aske no fauour, but extreamest torture. 86 Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord:

Good my Lord Warden, M(aister) Shrieue, entreate.

[Here the Lord Warden, and Cromer vncover to the Bishop, and secretly whispers with him.]

Come hither, lady—nay, sweet wife, forbear

To heape one sorrow on anothers necke: 90 Tis grieue enough falsly to be accusde, And not permitted to acquite my selfe; Do not thou with thy kind respectiue teares, Torment thy husbands heart that bleedes for thee,

But be of comfort. God hath help in store 95 For those that put assured trust in him.

Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower, Come vp to London to your sisters house: That being neere me, you may comfort me.

One solace find I settled in my soule, 100

That I am free from treasons very thought:

Only my conscience for the Gospels sake

Is cause of all the troubles I sustaine.

Lady. O my deere Lord, what shall betide of vs? 104

You to the Tower, and I turnd out of doores, Our substance ceaz'd vnto his highnesse vse,

Euen to the garments longing to our backes.

Harp. Patience, good madame, things at worst will mend,

And if they do not, yet our liues may end.

Bish. Vrge it no more, for if an Angell spake, 110

I sweare by sweet saint Peters blessed keyes, First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

Crom. But by your leaue, this warrant doth not stretch

To imprison her.

Bishop No, turne her out of doores, 115

[L. Warden and Oldcastle whisper.]

Euen as she is, and leade him to the Tower,

With guard enough for feare of rescuing.

Lady O, God requite thee, thou bloud-thirsty man.

Oldca. May it not be, my Lord of Rochester?

Wherein haue I incurd your hate so farre, 120

That my appeale vnto the King's denide?

Bish. No hate of mine, but power of holy church,

Forbids all fauor to false heretikes.

Oldca. Your priuate malice, more than publike power, 124

Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

Harp. O that I had the Bishop in that feare, *[aside.]*

That once I had his Sumner by our selues!

Crom. My Lord, yet graunt one sute vnto vs all,

That this same auncient seruing man may waite

Vpon my lord his master in the Tower. 130

Bish. This old iniquitie, this heretike?

That, in contempt of our church discipline,

Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his processe!

Old Ruffian past-grace, vpstart schismatike,

Had not the King prayd vs to pardon ye, 135

Ye had fryed for it, ye grizild heretike.

Harp. Sbloud, my lord Bishop, ye do me wrong. I am neither heretike nor puritane,

but of the old church: ilo sweare, drinke ale,

kisse a wench, go to masse, eate fish all Lent,

and fast fridaies with cakes and wine, fruite

and spicerie, shriue me of my old sinnes afore

Easter, and beginne new afore whitsontide.

Crom. A merie, mad, conceited knaue, my lord.

Harp. That knaue was simply put vpon the Bishop. 145

Bish. Wel, God forgiue him and I pardon him.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,

For I in charity wish his soule no hurt.

Oldca. God blesse my soule from such cold charitie!

Bish. Too'th Tower with him, and when my leisure serues, 150

I will examine him of Articles.

Looke, my lord Warden, as you haue in charge,

The Shriue performe his office.

L. Ward. Yes, my lord.

73 that .. God om. Q2, etc.

74 miles Q2, etc.

76 euer om. Q2, etc.

78 my om. Q2, etc.

S. D.

They both entreat for him Q2, etc.

115 S. D. om. Q2, etc.

ye wrong me Q2, etc.

Q2, Ff: Ay II, etc.

136 You .. you M 137-8

ye wrong me Q2, etc. 137 ye] you M 154 Yes] I

Q2, Ff: Ay II, etc.

Enter the Sumner with bookes.

Bish. Whatbringst thou there? what, bookes
of heresie? 155

Som. Yea, my lord, heres not a latine
booke, no, not so much as our ladies Psalter.
Heres the Bible, the testament, the Psalmes in
meter, the sickemans salue, the treasure of
gladnesse, and al in English, not so much but
the Almanack's English. 161

Bish. Away with them, to'th fire with them,
Clun!

Now fie vpon these vpstart heretikes.

Al English! burne them, burne them quickly,
Clun! 164

Harp. But doe not, Sumner, as youle
answere it, for I haue there English bookes,
mylord, that ile not part with for your Bishopp-
ricke: Beuis of Hampton, Owleglasse, the
Frier and the Boy, Ellenor Rumming, Robin
hood, and other such godly stories, which if ye
burne, by this flesh, ile make ye drink their
ashes in S(aint) Margets ale. [exeunt.]

(SCENE IV. *The entrance of the Tower.*)

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester with his men in
liuerie coates.*

1. *Ser.* Is it your honors pleasure we shal
stay,
Or come backe in the afternoone to fetch
you?

Bish. Now you haue brought me heere into
the Tower,

You may go backe vnto the Porters Lodge,
And send for drinke or such things as you
want, 5

Where if I haue occasion to imploy you,
Ile send some officer to cal you to me.

Into the cittie go not, I commaund you:
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vs
you.

2 We will attend your worship here without.

Bish. Do so, I pray you. 11

3 Come, we may haue a quart of wine at
the Rose at Barking, I warrant you, and come
backe an hower before he be ready to go.

1 We must hie vs then. 15

3 Let's away. [exeunt.]

Bish. Ho, M(aister) Lieftenant.

Lieften. Who calls there?

Bish. A Harde of yours.

Lieften. My lord of Rochester! your honor's
welcome. 20

Bish. Sir, heres my warrant from the Coun-
sell,

For conference with sir Iohn Old-castle,
Vpon some matter of great consequence.

Lieften. Ho, sir Iohn!

Harp. Who calls there? 25

Lieften. Harpoole, tel Sir Iohn, that my
lord of Rochester

Comes from the counsell to conferre with him.

Harp. I will, sir.

Lief. I thinke you may as safe without sus-
pition,

As any man in England, as I heare, 30
For it was you most labor'd his commitment.

Bish. I did, sir, and nothing repent it, I
assure you.

Enter sir Iohn Old-castle (and Harpoole).

M(aister) Lieftenant, I pray you giue vs leaue,
I must conferre here with sir Iohn a little.

Lief. With all my heart, my lord. 35

Harp (aside). My lord, be ruide by me: take
this occasion while tis offered, and on my life
your lordship shal escape.

Old-ca. No more, I say; peace, lest he should
suspect it. 39

Bish. Sir Iohn, I am come vnto you from
the lords of his highnesse most honorable
counsell, to know if yet you do recant your
errors, conforming you vnto the holy church.

Old-ca. My lord of Rochester, on good
aduiſe,

I see my error, but yet, vnderstand me, 45
I meane not error in the faith I hold,

But error in submitting to your pleasure;
Therefore, your lordship, without more to do,
Must be a meanes to help me to escape.

Bish. What meanes, thou heretike? 50

Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?
sir Iohn No, not to hurt you for a thousand
pound.

Harp. Nothing but to borrow your vpper
garments a little; not a word more, for if you
do, you die: peace, for waking the children.
There; put them on; dispatch, my lord. The
window that goes out into the leads is sure
enough, I told you that before: there, make

28 om. Q2, etc. S. D. and Harpool add. R 36-8
verse M 38 shal] wil Q2, etc. 40 vnto] to Q2,
etc. 41-2 of the Counsell Q2, etc. 42 yet om.
Q2, etc. 43 conforming church am. Q2, etc.
54-5 for if... die om. Q2, etc. 58-60 I told you...
roomes] and as for you, Ile bind you surely in the
inner roomes Q2: as for you, etc. ff, M, etc.: but
for you, etc. R, Pope

156-61 For a Qq 160 and om. Q2, etc. All English,
no not Q2, etc. 167 with] withal Q2, etc. 169
Ellen of Qq, ff: corr. M Scene IV, etc. add. M
Act V begins here in S 5 om. Q2, etc. 10 worship]
honor Q2, etc. 11 om. Q2, etc. 13 I warrant you
om. Q2, etc. 14 before he'll go Q2, etc.

you ready; ile conuay him after, and bind him
surely in the inner roomes. 60

*(Carries the bishop into the Tower, and
returns.)*

Old-ca. This is wel begun; God send vs
happie speed,
Hard shift you see men make in time of need.
Harpoole.

(Puts on the bishop's cloak.)

Harp. Heere my Lord; come, come away.

Enter seruing men againe.

1 I maruell that my lord should stay so
long.

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my
life. 65

3 We come in good time; see, where he is
comming.

Harp. I beseech you, good my lord of
Rochester, be fauorable to my lord and maister.

Old-ca. The inner roomes be very hot and
close,

I do not like this ayre here in the Tower. 70

Harp. His case is hard my lord.—You shall
safely get out of the Tower; but I will downe
vpon them, in which time get you away.

Old-ca. Fellow, thou troublest me. 74

Harp. Heare me, my Lord!—Hard vnder
Islington wait you my comming; I will bring my
Lady, ready with horses to conuay you hence.

Old-ca. Fellow, go back againe vnto thy
Lord and counsell him. 79

Harp. Nay, my good lord of Rochester, ile
bring you to S^t. Albons through the woods,
I warrant you.

Old-ca. Villaine, away. 83

Harp. Nay, since I am past the Towers
libertie, thou part'st not so. *[he drawes.]*

Old-ca. Clubbes, clubs, clubs!

1 Murther, murther, murther!

2 Downe with him! *[they fight.]*

3 A villaine traitor!

Harp. You cowardly rogues! 90

[sir Iohn escapes.]

Enter Lieftenant and his men.

Lief. Who is so bold as dare to draw a
sword,

So neare vnto the entrance of the Tower?

1 This ruffian, seruuant to sir Iohn Old-
castle,

60, 62 S. D. D. add. M 62-3 Harpoole... come away
om. Q2, etc. 72 safely] scarcely M 74 5 Old-ca.

.. my Lord om. Q2, etc. 77 to get hence Q2, etc.
65 you part Q2, etc. 86 Prefr. Bish. Qy. Fy:

Cob. R 89 om. Q2, etc. 90 You] Out you Q2,
etc. 91 as to dare Fy: to dare R. etc. 93-4

Prose Q1, Fy: corr. M

Was like to haue slaine my Lord.

Lief. Lay hold on him. 95

Harp. Stand off if you loue your puddings.
Rochester calls within.

Roch *(within)*. Help, help, help! M^aister
Lieftenant, help!

Lief. Who's that within? some treason in
the Tower

Vpon my life. Looke in; who's that which
calls? 100

enter Roch. bound.

Lief. Without your cloke, my lord of
Rochester?

Harp. There, now it workes, then let me
speed, for now

Is the fittest time for me to scape away. *[exit.]*

Lief. Why do you looke so ghastly and
affrighted?

Roch. Old-castle, that traitor, and his
man, 105

When you had left me to conferre with him,
Tooke, bound, and stript me, as you see,
And left me lying in his inner chamber,
And so departed, and I—

Lief. And you? ne're say that the Lord
Cobhams man 110

Did here set vpon you like to murther you.

1 And so he did.

Roch. It was vpon his master then he
did,

That in the brawle the traitor might escape.

Lief. Where is this Harpoole? 115

2 Here he was euen now.

Lief. Where? can you tell?

(2) They are both escap'd.

(Lief.) Since it so happens that he is
escap'd,

I am glad you are a witnesse of the same, 120
It might haue else beene laid vnto my
charge,

That I had beene consenting to the fact.

Roch. Come, search shal be made for him
with expedition,

The hauens laid that he shall not escape,
And hue and crie continue thorough Eng-
land, 125

To find this damned, dangerous heretike.

[exeunt.]

90-100 Prose Qy. Fy: corr. M 100 Vpon] on Q2

Fy 102-3 Prose Q1 102 now I see it M 103 for

me om. Q2, etc. 108 his] this Fy 109 and I given

to 1 Her. M 110 you? ne're] you now M 111

vpon] on Q2, etc. 117 Where fled, can M 118

They... escap'd given to 1 Lief. Qy. Fy: alteration conj.

S. 123-6 Prose Qy. Fy: corr. R 124 Haven's

Fy. etc. 125 through Q2, Fy: throughout M,

etc.

(ACT V.

SCENE I. A room in lord Cobham's house in Kent.)

Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a chamber, and set downe at a table, consulting about their treason: King Harry and Suffolke listening at the doore.

Camb. In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduise,

Poison will be the only aptest meane, And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray But yet there may be doubt in their deliuery.

Harry is wise; therefore, Earle of Cambridge, I Iudge that way not so conuenient.

Scroop What thinke ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,

And vnsuspected nightly sleepe with him. What if I venture in those silent houres, When sleepe hath sealed vp all mortall eies, 10 To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

Camb. Herein consistes no safetie for your selfe,

And, you discloset, what shall become of vs? But this day (as ye know) he will aboard— The winds so faire—and set away for France. 16 If, as he goes, or entring in the ship,

It might be done, then it were excellent.

Gray Why any of these, or, if you will, Ile cause

A present sitting of the Councell, wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight, 20 As needes must haue his royall company, And so dispatch him in the Councell chamber.

Camb. Tush, yet I heare not any thing to purpose.

I wonder that lord Cobham staies so long; His counsell in this case would much auaille vs.

[They rise from the table, and the King steps in to them, with his Lordes.

Scroop What, shal we rise thus, and determine nothing? 26

Har. That were a shame indeede; no, sit againe,

And you shall haue my counsell in this case. If you can find no way to kill this King,

Then you shall see how I can further ye: 30 Scroopes way by poison was indifferent, But yet, being bed-fellow vnto the King, And vnsuspected sleeping in his bosome, In mine opinion, that's the likelier way,

Act V. etc. add. M Act V, Sc. I. follows IV. II. 5 4 their] the M 5 and therefore R 15 wind Q 1 17 then were it Q 2, etc. 18, 19 Lines end will. Councell Qg. Fy: corr. M 22 so Q 2, etc.: to Q 1 the] his Q 2, etc. 29 this] the Q 2, etc. 30 further] furnish Fy: etc. ye] you M 32 vnto] to Q 2, etc.

For such false friends are able to do much, 35 And silent night is Treason's fittest friend. Now, Cambridge, in his setting hence for France,

Or by the way, or as he goes aboard, To do the deed, that was indifferent too, Yet somewhat doubtful, might I speake my mind, 40

For many reasons needelesse now to vrge. Mary, Lord Gray came something neare the point:

To haue the King at councell, and there murder him,

As Cæsar was, amongst his dearest friends: None like to that, if all were of his mind. 45

Tell me, oh tel me, you, bright honors staines,

For which of all my kindnesses to you, Are ye become thus traitors to your king, And France must haue the spoile of Harries life?

All. Oh pardon vs, dread lord. 50 [all kneeling.

Har. How, pardon ye? that were a sinne indeed.

Drag them to death, which iustly they deserue, [they leade them away.

And France shall dearly buy this villany, So soone as we set footing on her breast.

God haue the praise for our deliuerance; 55 And next, our thankes, Lord Cobham, is to thee,

True perfect mirror of nobilitie. [exeunt.

(SCENE II. A high road near St. Albans.)

Enter Priest and Doll.

sir Iohn Come, Dol, come; be mery, wench. Farewell, Kent, we are not for thee.

Be lusty, my lasse, come, for Lancashire, We must nip the Bough for these crownes.

Doll Why, is all the gold spent already that you had the other day? 6

sir Iohn Gone, Doll, gone; flowne, spent, vanished: the diuel, drinke and the dice has deuoured all.

Doll You might haue left me in Kent, that you might, vntil you had bin better provided, I could haue staied at Cobham. 12

sir Iohn No, Dol, no, ile none of that; Kent's too hot, Doll, Kent's too hot. Tho weathercocke of Wrotham will crow no longer:

40 Yet] But Q 2, etc. 40-1 might I. vrge om. Q 2, etc. 42 something] verio Q 2, etc. 45 om. Q 2, etc. 51 N. exeunt] The following scenes have been misplaced in Qq. Fy, the order being: 4-7, 2, 3, 8: corr. R Scene II, etc. add. M 10-11 Kent till Q 2, etc. 12 I. Cobham om. Q 2, etc. 13 Ile. that om. Q 2, etc.

we haue pluckt him, he has lost his feathers; I haue prunde him bare, left him thrice; is moulted, is moulted, wench.

Doll Faith, sir Iohn, I might haue gone to seruice againe; old maister Harpoole told me he would prouide me a mistris.

sir Iohn Peace, Doll, peace. Come, mad wench, Ile make thee an honest woman; weele into Lancashire to our friends: the troth is, Ile marry thee. We want but a little money to buy vs a horse, and to spend by the way; the next sheepe that comes shal loose his fleeces, weele haue these crownes, wench, I warrant thee.

Enter the Irish man with his master slaine.

Stay, who comes here? some Irish villaine, me thinkes, that has slaine a man, and drawes him out of the way to rife him. Stand close, Doll, weele see the end.

[The Irish man falls to rife his master.]

(Irishman.) Alas, poe mester, S(ir) Rishard Lee, be saint Patricke is rob and cut thy trote for dee shaine, and dy money, and dee gold ring be me truly: is lous thee wel, but now dow be kil, thee bee shitten kanaue.

sir Iohn. Stand, sirra; what art thou?

Irishman. Be saint Patricke, mester, is poe Irisman, is a leuftier.

sir Iohn Sirra, sirra, you are a damned rogue; you haue killed a man here, and rifed him of all that he has. Shloud, you rogue, deliuer, or ile not leaue you so much as an Irish haire about your shoulders, you whorson Irish dogge. Sirra, vntrusse presently; come, off and dispatch, or by this crosse ile fetch your head off as cleane as a barks.

Irishman. Wees me, saint Patrickel! Ise kill me mester for chaine and his ring, and nows be rob of all: mees vndoo.

[Priest robs him.]

sir Iohn Auant, you rascal! Go, sirra, be walking. Come, Doll, the diuel laughs, when one theefe robs another: come, madde wench, weele to saint Albons, and reuel in our bower; hey, my braue girl.

Doll. O thou art old sir Iohn when all's done, yfaith.

(Exeunt.)

17 prun'd him, left him bare thrice *rom.* *St.* 17-18 is... is] he is... he is *M* 19 Faith, sir Iohn *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 25-7 to buy... see *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 28 weele... wench] & money we will haue *Q 2, etc.* 31-2 and drawes... rife him] and nows is rifing on him *Q 2:* and now he is, *etc.* *Ff* 36 dee gold] dy golde *Q 2, etc.* 37 dee well *Q 2, etc.* 38 kil dee *Q 2, etc.* *Ff*: kill, dow *M* 46 Irish *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 47-9 Sirra... barke *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 50 by saint *M* 51 for his shain *M* 52 now I se *M* 57 hey *om.* *Q 2, etc.* *S. D. add. R*

(SCENE III. St. Albans. The entrance of a carrier's inn.)

Enter the hoste of the Bell with the Irish man.

Irishman Be me tro, mester, is poe Irisman, is want ludging, is haue no mony, is starue and cold: good mester, giue her some meate; is famise and tie.

Host Yfaith, my fellow, I haue no lodging, but what I keep for my guesse, that I may not disapoint; as for meate thou shalt haue such as there is, & if thou wilt lie in the barne, theres faire straw, and roomes enough.

Irishman Is thanke my mester hartily, de straw is good bed for me.

Host Ho, Robin!

Robin Who calls?

Host Shew this poore Irishman into the barne; go, sirra.

Enter carrier and Kate.

Club. Ho, who's within here? who lookes to the horses? Gods hattle! heres fine worke: the hens in the manger, and the hogs in the litter. A bota found you all; heres a house well lookt too, yvaith.

Kate Mas, goffe Club, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in, Kate, get in to fier and warme thee.

Club Ho! Iohn Hostler.

(Enter Hostler.)

Hostler What, gaffer Club? welcome to saint Albons. How does all our friends in Lancashire?

Club Well, God haue mercie, Iohn; how does Tom; wheres he?

Hostler O, Tom is gone from hence; hees at the three horse-loues at Stony-stratford. How does old Dick Dunne?

Club Gods hattle, old Dunne has bin moyerd in a slough in Brickhil-lane, a plague found it; yonder is such abomination weather as neuer was seene.

Hostler. Gods hat, thiefs, haue one half pecke of pease and oates more for that: as I am Iohn Ostler, hee has been euer as good a iade as euer traueled.

Club Faith, well said, old Iacke; thou art the old lad still.

Scene III, etc. add. M 5 Faith fellow *Q 2, etc.* 6 Guesta *F 2, etc.* 6-7 that... disapoint *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 7 such] as much *Q 2, etc.* 10-11 de straw... me *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 14 into] to *Q 2, etc.* 16 Ho *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 17 Vds hat *Q 2, Ff*: Vds heart *M* 24 Ho *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 28 God a merry *Q 2, etc.* 30 *om.* *Q 2, etc.* 33, 37 Vds hat *Q 2, Ff*: Vds heart *M* 35 as was uener *Q 2, etc.*

ACT V, SC. III. THE TRVE AND HONORABLE HISTORIE OF

Hostler Come, Gaffer Club, vnlode, vnlode,
and get to supper, and Ile rub dunne the while.
Come. [exeunt.]

(SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the carrier's inn.*)

Enter the hoste, sir John Old-castle, and Harpoole.

Hoste Sir, you are welcome to this house,
to such as heere is with all my heart, but, by
the masse, I feare your lodging wilbe the
woorst. I haue but two beds, and they are
both in a chamber, and the carier and his
daughter lies in the one, and you and your
wife must lie in the other. 7

L. Cobh. In faith, sir, for my selfe I doe not
greatly passe.

My wife is weary, and would be at rest,
For we haue traueled very far to day; 10
We must be content with such as you haue.

Hoste But I cannot tell how to doe with
your man.

Harpoole What, hast thou neuer an empty
room in thy house for me? 15

Hoste Not a bedde, by my troth: there came
a poore Irish man, and I lodgde him in the
barne, where he has faire straw, though he
haue nothing else.

Harp. Well, mine hoste, I pray thee helpe
mee to a payre of faire sheetes, and Ile go
lodge with him. 22

Hoste By the masse, that thou shalt; a good
payre of hempen sheetes, were neuer laine in:
Come. [exeunt.]

(SCENE V. *The same. A street.*)

Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch.

Maior What? haue you searcht the towne?

Const. All the towne, sir; we haue not left
a house vnsearcht that vses to lodge.

Maior Surely, my lord of Rochester was
then deceiude,

Or ill informe of sir John Old-castle, 5
Or if he came this way hees past the towne.
He could not else haue scapt you in the
search.

Const. The priuy watch hath beene abroad
all night,

And not a stranger lodgeth in the towne
But he is knowne: onely a lusty priest 10

We found in bed with a pretty wench,
That sayes she is his wife—yonder at the
sheeres:

But we haue charge the hoste with his forth
comming

To morow morning.

Maior What thinke you best to do? 15

Const. Faith, maister maior, heeres a few
stragling houses beyond the bridge, and a little
Inne where cariers vse to lodge, though I
thinke surely he would nere lodge there: but
weele go search, & the rather, because there
came notice to the towne the last night of an
Irish man, that had done a murder, whome
we are to make search for. 23

Maior Come, I pray you, and be circum-
spect. [exeunt.]

(SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Carrier's inn. Enter Watch.*)

1 *Watch.* First beset the house, before you
begin the search.

2 *Watch.* Content; euery man take a seuerall
place. [heere is heard a great noyse within.
Keepe, keepe, strike him downe there, downe
with him. 5

*Enter Constable with the Irish man in Har-
pooles apparell.*

Con. Come, you villainous heretique, con-
fesse where your maister is.

Irish man Vat mester?

Maior Vat mester, you counterfeit rebell?
this shall not serue your turne. 10

Irish man Be sent Patrike I ha no mester.

Con. Wheres the lord Cobham, sir John
Old-castle, that lately is escaped out of the
Tower.

Irish man. Vat lort Cobham? 15

Maior You counterfeit, this shal not serue
you; weele torture you, weele make you to
confesse where that arch-heretique, Lord Cob-
ham, is: come, binde him fast.

Irish man Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree! 20

Con. Ahone, you crafty rascal! [exeunt.]

(SCENE VII. *The same. The yard of the Inn.*)

Lord Cobham comes out in his gowne stealing.

Cobh. Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a mar-
velous noyse about the house; God warant vs,
I feare wee are pursued: what, Harpoole.

44-5 and Ile... Come om. Q², etc. Scene IV, etc.
add. M 1 Sir, y'are Q², Ff 2 is heere Q², etc.
2-3 by the masse om. Q², etc. 8 Faith Q², etc.
12 how] what M 16 in troth Q², etc. 18 al-
though Q², etc. 20 prythee Q²: prythee Ff, etc.
21 faire] cleane Q², etc. Scene V, etc. add. M

11 a young pretty M 18 although Q², etc. 24
Come] Come, then M Scene VI, etc. add. M 1
Prefz Const. Qq, Ff: altered M 3 Prefz Officer Qq,
Ff: altered M 6-7 confesse] tell vs, Q², etc. 13 is
om. Q², etc. 18-19 Lord Cobham om. Q², etc. Scene
VII, etc. add. M 1-3 Verse M, dir. after noyse, feare

Harp. within. Who calles there?

Cobh. Tis I; dost thou not heare a noyse about the house? 6

Harp. Yes, mary, doe I:—zwounds, I can not finde my horse; this Irish rascall that was lodgde with me all night hath stolne my apparell, and has left me nothing but a lowsie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the carier and his wench be asleep, change you with them as he hath done with me, and see if we can escape. (*Exit lord Cobham.*)

PA noyse againe heard about the house, a pretty while; then enter the Constable, meding Harpoole in the Irish mans apparrell.

Con. Stand close, heere comes the Irish man that didde the murther; by all tokens, this is he. 17

Maïor. And perceiuing the house beset, would get away. Stand, sirra.

Harp. What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man, such a villaine as thy selfe, that hast murthered a man this last night by the hie way. 24

Harp. Shloud, Constable, art thou madde? am I an Irish man?

Maïor. Sirra, weele finde you an Irish man before we part: lay hold vpon him.

Con. Make him fast. O thou bloudy rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wench'es apparrell.

Cobham. What, will these Ostlers sleepe all day? 30

Good morow, good morow. Come, wench, come.

Saddle! saddle! Now afore God too fair dayes, ha?

Con. Who comes there?

Maïor. Oh, tis Lankashire carier; let him passe. 35

Cobham. What, will no body open the gates here?

Come, lets int stable to lookes to our capons.

(*Exeunt Cobham and his Lady.*)

The carrier calling.

Club (calling). Hostel! why ostler! zwookes, heres such a bomination company of boies. A por of this pigstie at the house end; it filles all the house full of fleas. Ostler! ostler! 41

(*Enter Ostler.*)

Ostler. Who calles there? what would you haue?

Club. Zwookes, do you robbe your ghests? doe you lodge rogues and slaues, and scoon-drels, ha? they ha stolne our cloths here: why, ostler! 47

Ostler. A murrein choake you, what a bawling you keepe.

(*Enter Host.*)

Hoste. How now, what woulde the carrier haue? lookes vp there. 51

Ostler. They say that the man and woman that lay by them haue stolne their clothes.

Hoste. What, are the strange folkes vp yet that came in yester night?

Const. What, mine hoste, vp so early? 56

Hoste. What, maister Maïor, and maister Constable!

Maïor. We are come to seeke for some suspected persons,

And such as heere we found, haue apprehended. 60

Enter the Carrier and Kate in lord Cobham and ladies apparrell.

Con. Who comes heere?

Club. Who comes here? a plague found omel you bawle, quoth af ods hat, Ile forweare your house: you lodgde a fellow and his wife by vs that ha runne away with our parrel, and left vs such gew-gawes here!—Come Kate, come to mee, thowse dizeard, yfaith. 67

Maïor. Mine hoste, know you this man?

Hoste. Yes, maister Maïor, Ile giue my word for him. Why, neighbor Club, how comes this geare about? 71

Kate. Now, a fowle ont, I can not make this gew-gaw stand on my head: now the lads and the lasses won flowt me too too—

Const. How came this man and woman thus attired? 76

Hoste. Here came a man and woman hither this last night, which I did take for substantiall people, and lodgde all in one chamber by these folkes, mee thinkes, haue beene so bolde to change apparrell, and gone away this morning ere they rose. 82

Maïor. That was that villaine traitour, Old-castle, that thus escaped vs: make out huy and cry yet after him, keepe fast that traitorous

7-14 Verse M, dir. after find, me, and, mantle, and if, asleep, me 14 S. D. add, M Scene VIII. The same add, M 32 foord-dayes Q 1: farre-dayes Q 2: carr. Ff 33 comes] goes Q 2, etc. 34 him] them Ff, etc. 36 ope Q 2, etc. 37 capuls con]. Percy S. D. add, R

41, 49 S. D. D. add, M 44. 7 Verse Q 2, etc., dir. after guents, ha 52 that om. Ff and the woman Q 2, etc. 54 yet om. M 63 foreweare Q 2, Ff 73-4 now . . . too too om. Q 2, etc. 77-92 Verse M 80 haue] they have M 83 villaine om. Q 2, etc. 84 out om. Q 2, etc.

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rebell, his seruant, there: farewell, mine hoste.

Carier Come, Kate Owdham, thou and Ise trimly dizard. 89

Kate Ifaith, neame Club, Ise wot nere what to do, Ise be so flowted and so showed at: but byth messe Ise cry. [exeunt.]

(SCENE VIII. A wood near St. Albans.)

Enter sir Iohn Old-castle, and his Lady disguised.

Oldca. Come, Madam, happily escapt; here let vs sit.

This place is farre remote from any path, And here awhile our weary limbs may rest, To take refreshing, free from the pursuite Of enuious Rochester. 5

Lady But where, my Lord, Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds? There dwell vntamed thoughts that hardly stoupe,

To such abasement of disdained raga. We were not wont to trauell thus by night, 10 Especially on foote.

Oldca. No matter, loue; Extramities admit no better choice, And were it not for thee, say froward time Imposde a greater taske, I would esteeme it 15 As lightly as the wind that blowes vpon vs; But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt. Thou wast not wont to haue the earth thy stoole,

Nor the moist dewy grasse thy pillow, nor Thy chamber to be the wide horrison. 20

Lady How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you A partner with me in the worst I feelee? No, gentle Lord, your presence would giue ease

To death it selfe, should he now seaze vpon me. Behold what my foresight hath vndertane 25

[heres bread and cheese & a bottle. For feare we faint; they are but homely cates, Yet sauode with hunger, they may seeme as sweets

As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

Oldca. Praise be to him whose plentie sends both this

And all things else our mortall bodies need; 30 Nor scorne we this poore feeding, nor the state We now are in, for what is it on earth, Nay, vnder heauen, continues at a stay? Ebbes not the sea, when it hath ouerflowne? Followes not darknes when the day is gone? 35

Scene VIII. etc.] Scene IX. etc. M 5 Winchester Q1 35 Flowes Q1: corr. Q2

And see we not sometime the eie of heauen Dimmd with ouerflying clowdes: theres not that worke

Of carefull nature, or of cunning art, (How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)

But falls in time to ruine. Here, gentle Madame, 40

In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe. [drinkee.]

Lady And I, incoragde with your cheerefull speech,

Will do the like.

Oldca. Pray God poore Harpoole come. If he should fall into the Bishops hands, 45 Or not remember where we bade him meete vs, It were the thing of all things else, that now Could breede reuolt in this new peace of mind.

Lady Feare not, my Lord, hees witty to deuise,

And strong to execute a present shift. 50

Oldca. That power be stil his guide hath guided vs!

My drowsie eies waxe heauy: earely rising, Together with the trauell we haue had, Make me that I could gladly take a nap, Were I perswaded we might be secure. 55

Lady Let that depend on me: whilst you do sleepe,

Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs. Lay then your head vpon my lap, sweete Lord, And boldly take your rest.

Oldca. I shal, deare wife, 60 Be too much trouble to thee.

Lady Vrge not that; My duty binds me, and your loue commands.

I would I had the skil with tuned voyce To draw on sleep with some sweet melodie, 65 But imperfection, and vnaptnesse too,

Are both repugnant: feare inserts the one, The other nature hath denied me vse.

But what talke I of meanes to purchase that, Is freely hapned? sleepe with gentle hand 70 Hath shut his eie-liddes. Oh victorious labour, How soone thy power can charme the bodies sense?

And now thou likewise climbst vnto my braine, Making my heauy temples stoupe to thee. 74 Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free. [both sleepees.]

Enter sir Richard Lee, and his men.

Lee. A murder closely done, and in my ground?

Search carefully, if any where it were,

36 sometimes F2, etc. 54 Makes Q2, etc. 58-9
lay... rest om. Q2, etc. 66 imperfecton Q1

This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

servant. Sir, I haue found the body stiffe with cold,

And mangled cruelly with many wounds. 80

Lee Looke if thou knowest him, turne his body vp.—

Alacke, it is my son, my sonne and heire, Whom two yeares since I sent to Ireland, To practise there the discipline of warre,

And comming home (for so he wrote to me) 85

Some sauage hart, some bloody diuellish hand, Either irehate, or thirsting for his coyne,

Hath here slude out his bloud. Vnhappy

houre,

Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,

That hadst reserude him from the bullets fire,

And suffered him to scape the wood-karnes

fury, 91

Didst here ordaine the treasure of his life,

(Euen here within the armes of tender peace,

And where security gaue greatest hope)

To be consume by treasons wastefull hand!

And what is most afflicting to my soule, 96

That this his death and murther should be wrought

Without the knowledge by whose meanes twas done.

2 *seru.* Not so, sir; I haue found the authors

of it.

See where they sit, and in their bloody flates,

The fatal instruments of death and sinne. 101

Lee Iust iudgement of that power, whose

gracious eie,

Loathing the sight of such a hainous fact,

Dazeled their senses with benumming sleepe,

Till their vnhalloved treachery were knowen!

Awake, ye monsters; murderers, awake; 106

Tremble for horror; blush, you cannot chuse,

Beholding this inhumane deed of yours.

Old. What meane you, sir, to trouble weary

soules,

And interrupt vs of our quiet sleepe? 110

Lee Oh diuellish! can you boast vnto your

selues

Of quiet sleepe, hauing within your hearts

The guilt of murder waking, that with cries

Deafes the lowd thunder, and sollicites heauen

With more than Mandrakes shreekes for your

offence? 115

Lady Old. What murder? you vpbraide vs

wrongfully.

Lee Can you deny the fact? see you not

heere

The body of my sonne by you mis-done?

78 *M adds S. D.* Exit a servant.—Re-enter Servant

bearing a dead body 91 *om. Q 2, etc. gaue pr. etc. gate Q 1* 105 were] was Q 2, etc.

Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:

Do we not finde you where the deede was done?

Were not your kniues fast closed in your hands?

Is not this cloth an argument beside, 122

Thus staine and spotted with his innocent

blood?

These speaking characters, were nothing else

To pleade against ye, would conuict you both.

Bring them away, bereauers of my ioy. 126

At Hartford, where the Sises now are kept,

Their liues shall answere for my sonnes lost

life.

Old-castle As we are innocent, so may we

speede.

Lee As I am wrongd, so may the law pro-

ceede. | *exeunt.*

(SCENE IX. *St. Albans.*)

Enter bishop of Rochester, constable of S.

Albans, with sir John of Wrotham, Doll

his wench, and the Irishman in Harpooles

apparell.

Bishop What intricate confusion haue we

heere?

Not two houres since we apprehended one,

In habite Irish, but in speech not so:

And now you bring another, that in speech

Is altogether Irish, but in habite

Seemes to be English: yea and more than so, 5

The seruant of that heretike Lord Cobham.

Irishman Faint, me be no seruant of the

lord Cobhams,

Me be Mack Chane of Vlster.

Bishop Otherwise calld Harpoole of Kent;

go to, sir, 10

You cannot blinde vs with your broken Irish.

sir John Trust me, my Lord Bishop, whether

Irish,

Or English, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that

I leaue to be decided by the triall:

But sure I am this man by face and speech 15

Is he that murdred yong sir Richard Lee—

I met him presently vpon the fact—

And that he slew his maister for that gold;

Those iewells, and that chaine I tooke from

him.

Bishop Well, our affaires doe call vs backe

to London, 20

So that we cannot prosecute the cause,

124 were] were there Q 2, etc. 125 against you

M 126 *om. Q 2, etc.* 127 To Hartford with

them, where Q 2, etc. Scene IX. etc. Scene X. etc. M

4-6 *Two lines Q 2. Ff. do. after Irish* 5 altogether

om. Q 2, etc. 6 Seemes to be *om. Q 2, etc.* 7 he

me Q 2 12 my *om. Q 2, etc.* Lord said F 2. H

Page 12-14 *Two lines Q 2, etc. do. after English*

14 be decided by *om. Q 2, etc.* 20 *fairer Q 2*

As we desire to do; therefore we leaue
The charge with you, to see they be conuaid
To Hartford Sise: both this counterfaite
And you, sir Iohn of Wrotham, and your
wench, 25

For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But since you are the meanes to bring to light
This gracelesse murder, you shall beare with
you

Our letters to the Iudges of the bench, 30
To be your friendes in what they lawfull may.
sir Iohn I thanke your Lordship.

Bish. So, away with them. [exeunt.]

(SCENE X. Hertford. A Hall of Justice.)

Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth
Old castle.

Gaoler Bring forth the prisoners, see the
court preparede;

The Iustices are comming to the bench.

So, let him stand; away, and fetch the rest.

[exeunt.]

Old. Oh, giue me patience to indure this
scourge,

Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous
streame, 5

And though contempt, false witnes, and
reproch

Hang on these yron gyues, to presse my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirite about the cloudes.

Enter Gaoler, bringing in Lady Old-castle
and Harpoole.

Here comes my lady: sorrow, tis for her 10
Thy wound is greuous; else I scoffe at thee.
What, and poore Harpoole! art thou ith bryars
too?

Harp. Ifaith, my Lord, I am in, get out how
I can.

Lady Say, gentle Lord, for now we are
alone, 14

And may conferre, shall we confesse in briefe,
Of whence, and what we are, and so preuent
The accusation is commenede against vs?

Old. What will that helpe vs? being knowne,
sweete loue,

We shall for heresie be put to death,
For so they tearme the religion we professe. 20

No, if it be ordained we must die,
And at this instant, this our comfort be,
That of the guilt imponde, our soules are free.

24 'sires M 29 we shall Q 2: ye shall Ff 33
om. Q 2, etc. Scene X. etc. Scene XI. etc. M 5 of
this M 21-2 if.. instant) if we dye let Q 2, etc.

Harp. Yea, yea, my lord, Harpoole is
resolute.

I wreake of death the lesse, in that I die 25
Not by the sentence of that enuious priest

The Bishop of Rochester: oh, were't it he,
Or by his meanes that I should suffer here,

It would be double torment to my soule.

Lady Well, be it then according as heauen
please. 31

Enter lord Iudge, two Iustices, Maior of Saint
Albons, lord Powesse and his lady, and
old sir Richard Lee: the Iudge and Iustices
take their places.

Iudge Now, M(aister) Maior, what gentle-
man is that,

You bring with you before vs and the bench?
Maior The Lord Powes, if it like your
honor,

And this his lady, trauellling toward Wales,
Who, for they lodgde last night within my
house, 35

And my lord Bishop did lay search for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,

Least for their sakes suspition me might wrong.

Iudge We crie your honor mercy, good my
Lord,

Wilt please ye take your place. Madame, your
ladyship 40

May here or where you will repose your selfe,
Vntill this businesse now in hand be past.

Lady Po. I will withdraw into some other
roome,

So that your Lordship and the rest be pleasede.

Iudge With all our hearts: attend the Lady
there. 45

Lord Po. Wife, I haue eyde yond prisoners
all this while,

And my conceit doth tel me, tis our friend,
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.

Lady Po. I thinke no lesse: are they sus-
pected, trow ye, 50

For doing of this murder?
Lord Po. What it meanes

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.
Meane space as you passe by them, ask the
question,

But do it secretly, you be not scene,
And make some signe that I may know your
mind. 55

Lady Po. My Lord Cobham? madam?

[as she passeth ouer the stage by them.

24 I, I my Lord Q 2, etc. 27-9 om. Q 2, etc. 32
and) to Q 2, etc. 33 ff) an if M 38 search) waite
Q 2, etc. 38 me pr. ed.: we Qq, etc. 40 ye) you
Q 2, etc. 48 yon Q 2, etc. 49 trow ye om. Q 2, etc.
50 doing of om. Q 2, etc. 53 space) time Q 2, etc.
54 that you M

Old. No Cobham now, nor madam, as you
louse vs,
nt Iohn of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.

Lady Po. Oh tel, what is it that our louse
can do,

o pleasure you? for we are bound to you. 60

Oldca. Nothing but this, that you conceale
our names;

o, gentle lady, passe for being spied.

Lady Po. My heart I leaue, to beare part
of your griefe. [exit.]

Iudge 'Call the prisoners to the barre. Sir
Richard Lee,

What euidence can you bring against these
people, 65

To proue them guiltie of the murder done?

Lee. This bloody towell and these naked
kniues,

Beside we found them sitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay, within a bush.

Iudge What answer you why law should
not proceed, 70

According to this euidence giuen in,
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?

Old. That we are free from murders very
thought,

And know not how the gentleman was
slaine.

1 *Iust.* How came this linnen cloth so
bloudy then? 75

Lady Cob. My husband hot with trauellung,
my lord,

His nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.

2 *Iust.* But wherefore were your sharpe
edgde kniues vnusheathde?

Lady Cob. To cut such simple victuall as
we had.

Iudge Say we admit this answer to those
articles, 80

What made ye in so priuate a darke nooke,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thicke where the dead corpes was
throwne?

Old. Iournying, my lord, from London from
the terme,

Downe into Lancashire where we do dwell, 85
And what with age and trauell being faint,

We gladly sought a place where we might
rest,

Free from resort of other passengers,
And so we strayed into that secret corner.

Iudge These are but ambages to driue of
time, 90

And linger Iustice from her purpose end.
But who are these?

72 ye] you *N* 75 boundy *Q 1* 78 wherefore were]
how came *Q 2*, etc. 81 ye] you *Q 2*, etc.

*Enter the Constable, bringing in the Irishman,
sir Iohn of Wrotham, and Doll.*

Const. Stay Iudgement, and release those
innocents,

For here is hee, whose hand hath done the
deed,

For which they stand indited at the barre,—

This sauage villaine, this rude Irish slaue. 95

His tongue already hath confest the fact,

And here is witnes to confirme as much.

sir Iohn Yes, my good Lords, no sooner had
he slaine

His louing master for the wealth he had, 100

But I vpon the instant met with him,

And what he purchaode with the losse of
bloud:

With strokes I presently bereau'd him of;

Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining

I willingly surrender to the hands 105

Of old sir Richard Lee, as being his.

Beside, my Lord Iudge, I greet your honor

With letters from my Lord of Rochester.

[deliueres a letter.]

Lee Is this the wolfe whose thirsty throate
did drinke

My deare sonnes bloud? art thou the snake 110

He cherisht, yet with enuious piercing sting

Assaildst him mortally? foule stigmatike,

Thou venome of the country where thou
liuedst,

And pestilence of this: were it not that law

Stands ready to reuenge thy crueltie, 115

Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,

These hands should be thy exeoutioner.

Iudge Patience, sir Richard Lee, you shall
haue iustice,

And he the guerdon of his base desert.

The fact is odious; therefore, take him hence,

And being hangde vntill the wretch be dead, 120

His body after shall be hangd in chaines

Near to the place where he did act the murder.

Irish. Prethee, Lord shudge, let me haue
mine own clothes, my strouces there, and let

me be hangd in a with after my cuntry—the
Irish—fashion. [exit.]

Iudge Go to; away with him. And now,
sir Iohn,

Although by you this murther came to light,
And therein you haue well deseru'd, yet vpright

law, 130
So will not haue you be excusde and quit,

107 I do greet *N* 108 Winchester *Q 1*: corr. *Q 2*
110 the, cursed snake *N* 112-14 foule, of this om.

Q 2, etc. 119 om. *Q 2*, etc. 120 And, deseru'd
om. *Q 2*, etc. 120-1 One true *Q 2*, etc. 121 No..

quit] will not hold you excusde *Q 2*, etc.

For you did rob the Irishman, by which
You stand attainted here of felony.
Beside, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares
Led a lasciuious, vnbeseeing life. 135

sir Iohn Oh but, my Lord, he repents, sir
Iohn repents, and he will mend.

Iudge In hope thereof, together with the
fauour,

My Lord of Rochester intreats for you,
We are content you shall be proued. 140

sir Iohn I thanke your good Lordship.

Iudge These other falsly here accuse, and
brought

In perill wrongfully, we in like sort
Do set at liberty, paying their fees. c

Lord Po. That office, if it please ye, I will
do, 145

For countries sake, because I know them well.
They are my neighbours, therefore of my
cost

Their charges shall be paide.

Lee. And for amends, 149

Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,
There are a few crownes more for them to
drinke.

[glues them a purse.

133 attained Q 1 136 he repents om. Q 2, etc.

139 Winchester Q 1 140 contented that you M

141 good om. R 142-4 Two lines Q 2, Ff, div. after

brought: wrongly rearranged in three lines M 144

paying . . fees om. Q 2, etc. 145-8 om. Q 2, etc.

151 There . . drinke] I glue these few Crownes Q 2, etc.

Iudge. Your kindnes merites praise, si
Richard Lee:

So let vs hence.

[exeunt all but Lord Powesse and Oldcastle.

Lord Po. But Powesse still must stay.

There yet remaines a part of that true loue 155

He owes his noble friend vnsatisfide,

And vnperformed, which first of all doth bind me

To gratulate your lordships safe deliuey,

And then intreat, that since vnlookt for thus

We here are met, your honor would vouchsafe,

To ride with me to Wales, where to my power,

(Though not to quittance those great benefites,

I haue receiud of you) yet both my house,

My purse, my seruants, and what else I haue,

Are all at your command. Deny me not; 165

I know the Bishops hate pursues ye so,

As theres no safety in abiding here.

Old. Tis true, my Lord, and God forgieue

him for it.

Lord Po. Then, let vs hence: you shall be

straight prouided

Of lusty geldings, and once entred Wales, 170

Well may the Bishop hunt, but, spight his

face,

He neuer more shall haue the game in chace.

[exeunt.

FINIS.

161 to my M: though my Qq, Ff: through my

conj. Percy 162 May not acquittance conj. M

166 ye] you M

THE True Chronicle Hi

storie of the whole life and death
of *Thomas Lord Cromwell.*

As it hath beene fundrie times pub-
likely Acted by the Right Hono-
rable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.

Written by W. S.



Imprinted at London for *William Iones*, and are
to be solde at his house neere Holburne con-
duict, at the signe of the Gunne.

1602.

Q 1 = Quarto of 1602
Q 2 = „ „ 1613
F 1 = the (third) Folio Shakespeare, 1664
F 2 = „ (fourth) „ „ 1685
R = Rowe's Shakespeare, 1709
Pope = supplementary volume to Pope's Shakespeare, 1728
M = Malone, 1780
St. = Steevens, *ibid.*
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Haz. = Hazlitt, 1852
Molt. = Moltke, 1869
pr. ed. = present editor

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LORD CROMWELL

(THE ACTORS NAMES.

Old Cromwell, a Black-smith of Putney.
Young Thomas Cromwell his son.
Hodge, Will and Tom, old Cromwell's servants.
Earle of Bedford and his Host.
Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.
Sir Christopher Hales.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Gardiner Bishop of Winchester.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
M. Bouser a Merchant.
Banister, a broken Merchant and his wife.

Bagot, a cruel covetous Broker.
Friskiball a Florentine Merchant.
The Governours of the English house at Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Good-man Seely and his wife Joan.
(Chorus.
A Post.
Messengers.
Ushers and servants.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Two Citizens.
*Two Merchants.)*¹

(ACT I. SCENE I. Putney. The entrance of a smith's shop.)

Enter three Smithes, Hodge and two other, old Cromwells men.

Hodge. Come, masters, I thinke it be past fve a clock; is it not time we were at worke: my old Master heele be stirring anon. ³

1. I cannot tell whether my old master will be stirring or no: but I am sure I can hardly take my afternoones nap, for my young Maister Thomas, he keepest such a quile in his studie, with the Sunne, and the Moone, and the seaven starres, that I do verily thinke heele read out his wits. ¹⁰

Hodge. He skill of the starres! theres good-man Car of Fulham, he that carryed vs to the strong Ale, where goodie Trundell had her maide got with childe: O he knowes the Starres. Heele tickle you Charles Waine in nine degrees. That same man will tell you goodie Trundell when her Ale shall miscarie, onely by the starres. ¹⁸

2. I, thats a great vertue; indeed I thinke Thomas be no body in comparison to him.

1. Well, maisters, come, shall we to our hammers?

Hodge. I, content; first lets take our morning draught, and then to worke roundly. ²⁴

2. I, agreed; goe in, *Hodge.* [Exit omnes.

¹ Add. F1 Act I. etc. add. M 1-3 Verse Qq, F1, dir. after clock, worke 4 1.] Will M: so l. 21 1-25 Verse Qq 16 you om. Q 2, etc. 19, 25 2.] Tom M

(SCENE II. The same.)

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow, morne, I doe salute thy brightnesse.

The night seemes tedious to my troubled soule, Whose black obscuritie binds in my minde A thousand sundry cogitations:

And now Aurora, with a liuely dye, ⁵
 Addes comfort to my spirit that mountes on high—

Too high indeede, my state being so meane. My study, like a minerall of golde, Makes my hart proude, wherein my hopes inrowld:

My bookes is all the wealth I do possesse, ¹⁰
 [Here within they must beate with their hammers.

And vnto them I haue ingaged my hart. O learning, how deigne thou seemes to me: Within whose armes is all felicity. Peace with your hammers! leaue your knocking there:

You doe disturbe my study and my rest. ¹⁵
 Leau off, I say, you madde me with the noyse.

Enter Hodge and the two Men.

Hodge. Why, how now, Maister Thomas, how now? Will you not let vs worke for you? *Crom.* You fret my hart, with making of this noyse. ²⁰

Hod. How, fret your hart? I, but Thomas,

Scene II. etc. add. M 3 binds breeds S 6 on om. S 17-21 Verse Qq, Ff: corr. M

youle fret your fathers purse if you let vs from working.

2. I, this tis for him to make him a gentleman. Shal we leaue worke for your musing? thats well, I faith; But here comes my olde maister now. 27

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old Cro. You idle knaues, what, are you loytring now?

No hammers walking and my worke to do! What, not a heate among your worke to day?

Hod. Marrie, sir, your sonne *Thomas* will not let vs worke at all. 32

Old Cro. Why, knaue, I say, haue I thus carkde & car'd

And all to keepe thee like a gentleman; And dost thou let my seruants at their worke, Thatsweat for thee, knaue, labourthus for thee?

Cro. Father, their hammers doe offend my studie. 37

Old Cro. Out of my doores, knaue, if thou likest it not.

I orie you merciel is your eares so fine? I tell thee, knaue, these get when I doe sleepe; I will not haue my Anuill stand for thee. 41

Crom. Theres monie, father, I will pay your men. [*Hethrowes money amongthem.*]

Old Cro. Haue I thus brought thee vp vnto my cost,

In hope that one day thou wouldst releue my age,

And art thou now so lauish of thy coine, 45 To scatter it among these idle knaues.

Cro. Father, be patient, and content your selfe.

The time will come I shall hold golde as trash: And here I speake with a presaging soule, To build a pallace where now this cottage standes, 50

As fine as is King *Henries* house at *Sheene*.

Old Cro. You build a house! you knaue, youle be a begger.

Now, afore God, all is but cast away, That is bestowed vpon this thriftlesse lad. Well, had I bound him to some honest trade, This had not benee, but it was his mothers doing, 56

To send him to the Vniuersitie.

How? build a house where now this cottage standes,

As faire as that at *Sheene*!—(*aside*) He shall not here me.

A good boy *Tom*! I con thee thanke *Tom*! 60

24 *Profr* *Tom* *M* 29 working con: *M*: talking con: *M* 45 then) thee *Q* 50 I'll build this now oia. *M*

Well said *Tom*! gramarcies *Tom*!—

Into your worke, knaues; hence, you sausie boy. [*Exit all but young Cromwell.*]

Cro. Why should my birth keepe downe my mounting spirit?

Are not all creatures subiect vnto time: To time, who doth abuse the world, 65

And filles it full of hodge-podge bastardie? Theres legions now of beggars on the earth,

That their originall did spring from Kings: And manie Monarkes now whose fathers were

The riffe-raffe of their age: for Time and Fortune 70

Weares out a noble traine to beggerie, And from the dunghill minions doe aduance

To state and marke in this admiring world. This is but course, which in the name of Fate

Is seene as often as it whirles about: 75 The Riuer *Thames*, that by our doore doth passe,

His first beginning is but small and shallow: Yet keeping on his course, growes to a sea.

And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our age, His birth as meane as mine, a Butchers sonne,

Now who within this land a greater man? 81 Then, *Cromwell*, cheere thee vp, and tell thy soule,

That thou maist liue to flourish and controule.

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old Crom. *Tom Cromwell*! what, *Tom*, I say! 85

Crom. Do you call, sir. *Old Crom.* Here is maister *Bowser* come to

know if you haue dispatched his petition for the Lords of the counsell or no.

Crom. Father, I haue; please you to call him in. 91

Old Crom. Thats well said, *Tom*; a good lad, *Tom*.

Enter Maister Bowser.

Bow. Now, Maister *Cromwell*, haue you dispatched this petition? 95

Crom. I haue, sir; here it is: please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need; weele read it as we go by water:

And, Maister *Cromwell*, I haue made a motion May do you good, and if you like of it. 100

Our Secretarie at *Antwarpe*, sir, is dead, And the Marchants there hath sent to me,

For to prouide a man fit for the place: Now I do know none fitter then your selfe,

If with your liking it stand, maister *Cromwell*. 105

65 the cheated world *M* 100 an if *M* 105 If it stand with your liking *S*

Crom. With all my hart, sir, and I much
am bound, 106
In love and dutie for your kindnesse showne.
Old Cro. Body of me, *Tom*, make hast,
least some body get betweene thee and home,
Tom. I thanke you, good maister *Bowser*, I
thanke you for my boy; I thanke you alwayes,
I thanke you most hartely, sir. Hoe, a cup of
Beere there for maister *Bowser*. 113
Bow. It shall not need, sir. Maister *Crom-*
well, will you go?
Crom. I will attend you, sir. 116
Old Crom. Farewell, *Tom*; God blesse thee,
Tom; God speed thee, good *Tom*.

(SCENE III. *London. A street before Frescobald's house.*)

Enter Bagot, a Broker, solus.

Bag, I hope this day is fatal vnto some,
And by their losse must Bagot seeke to gaine.
This is the lodging of maister Fryskiball,
A liberrall Marchant, and a Florentine,
To whom Banister owes a thousand pound, 5
A Marchant Bankrout, whose Father was my
maister.

What do I care for pitie or regarde?
He once was wealthy, but he now is false,
And this morning haue I got him arrested,
At the sute of maister *Friskball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of coynne,
For dooing this same good to him vnknowne:
And in good time, see where the marchant
comes.

Enter Friskiball.

Bag. Go(o)d morrow to kind maister
Friskiball.

Fri. Go(o)d morrow to your selfe, good
maister Bagot, 15
And whats the newes, you are so early stirring:
It is for Paine. I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the loue, sir, that I beare to
you.

When did you see your debtor Banister?

Fri. I promise you, I have not seen the
man 20

**This two moneths day; his pouertie is such,
As I do thinke he shames to see his friends.**

Bag. Why, then, assure your self to see him straight.

For at your suite I have arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently. 25

Fry. Arrest him at my suite? you were to blame.

I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As hee not able for to pay the debt,
And were it knowne to some he were vndone.

Bag. This is your pittifull hart to thinke it
so. 30

But you are much deceaued in *Banister*.
Why such as he will breake for fashion sake,
And vnto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred. O, sir, beware of him.
The man is lowdly giuen to Dyce and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in harlots companies; 36
It is no mercy for to pittie him.

I speake the truth of him, for nothing els,
But for the kindnesse that I beare to you.

Fry. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deale strictly with such a one as he—
Better severe then too much lenitie. 42
But here is Maister *Banister* himselfe,
And with him, as I take, the officers.

Enter Banister, his wife, and two officers.

Ban. O maister *Friskiball*, you haue vndone
me. 45

My state was well nigh ouerthrowne before,
Now altogether downe-cast by your meanes.
Mist. Ba. O maister Friskiball, pity my
husbands case.

He is a man hath liued as well as any,
Till enuious fortune and the rauinous sea 50
Did rob, disrobe, and spoile vs of our owne.

Fri. Mistress Banister, I enule not your husband,

Nor willingly would I haue vsed him thus,
But that I here he is so lowdly giuen, 54

Haunts wicked company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be knowne thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that
same Bagot,

Whom I haue often from my Trencher fed.
Ingratefull Villaine for to vse me thus!

Bag. What I have said to him is naught
but truth. 60

Mt. Ban. What thou hast said springs
from an envious hart.

A Canniball that doth eate men aliue!
But here vpon my knee, beleeue me, sir,

And what I speake, so helpe me God, is true:
We scarce haue meate to feed our little babes.

Most of our Plate is in that Brokers hand, 66
Which had we money to dephray our debt,

...would not bide that penurie.
 ...Barnard, Walter ...

Butter secure] a better sure conf. M. 44 as 1

Engrateful (2 A) O 8 67 debts Q 2, etc.
Enlight — 7000 5 4 3

NOT EXCHANGEABLE AND

NOT SALABLE.

108-13 Verse Q₁. Ff 109 home] honour S Scene
 III. etc. add. M ; lodging] lodge S "I thin
 morning have M 10 At suit of this name M

162

NOT EXCHANGEABLE AND
NOT SALABLE.

Be mercifull, kinde maister *Friskiball*.
 My husband, children, and my selfe will eate
 But one meale a day, the other will 71
 We keepe and sell
 As part to pay the debt we owe to you:
 If euer teares did pierce a tender minde,
 Be pittifull, let me some fauour finde. 75
Bag. Be not you so mad, sir, to beleue hir
 teares.

Fri. Go to, I see thou art an enuious man.
 Good misteris *Banister*, kneele not to me;
 I pray rise vp, you shall haue your desire. 79
 Holde; officers, be gone, theres for your
 paines.—
 You know you owe to me a thousand pound:
 Here, take my hand; if eare God make you
 able,
 And place you in your former state againe,
 Pay me: but if still your fortune frowne,
 Vpon my faith Ile neuer aske you eowne: 85
 I neuer yet did wrong to men in thrall,
 For God doth know what to my selfe may
 fall.

Ban. This vnexpected fauour, vnderesued,
 Doth make my hart bleed inwardly with ioy.
 Nere may ought prosper with me is my owne,
 If I forget this kindnesse you haue shoune.

Ml. Ba. My children in their prayers, both
 night and day, 92
 For your good fortune and successe shall pray.

Fri. I thanke you both; I pray, goe dine
 with me.

Within these three dayes, if God giue me leaue,
 I will to *Florence*, to my natie home. 96

Bagot, holde; theres a Portague to drinke,
 Although you ill deserued it by your merit.
 Giue not such cruell scope vnto your hart;
 Be sure the ill you do will be requited. 100
 Remember what I say, *Bagot*; farewell.
 Come, Maister *Banister*; you shall with me.
 My fare is but simple, but welcome hartily.

[*Exit all but Bagot.*]

Bag. A plague goe with you; would you
 had eate your last! 104
 Is this the thanks I haue for all my paines?
 Confusion light vpon you all for me.
 Where he had wont to giue a score of crownes,
 Doth he now foyt me with a Portague?
 Well, I will be reuenged vpon this *Banister*.
 Ile to his creditors, buie all the debts he owes,
 As seeming that I do it for good will. 111
 I am sure to haue them at an easie rate,

And when tis done, in christendome he staires
 not,
 But ile make his hart to ake with sorrow:
 And if that *Banister* become my debtor, 115
 By heauen and earth ile make his plague the
 greater. [*Exit Bagot.*]

(ACT II.)

Enter Choruse.

Cho. Now, gentlemen, imagine that young
Cromwell (is)

In *Antwarpe* Ledger for the English Mar-
 chantes:

And *Banister*, to shunne this *Bagots* hate,
 Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
 Is fled to *Antwarpe*, with his wife and children;
 Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them: 6
 And thether sendes his billes of debt before,
 To be reuenged on wretched *Banister*.
 What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
 A iust requitall of false trecherie. [*Exit.*]

(SCENE I. *Antwerp.*)

Cromwell in his study with bagges of money
 before him casting of account.

Cro. Thus farre my reckoning doth go
 straight & euen,
 But, *Cromwell*, this same ployding fits not thee:
 Thy minde is altogether set on trauell,
 And not to liue thus cloystered like a Nunne.
 It is not this same trash that I regard, 5
 Experience is the iewell of my hart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I praie, sir, are you readie to dispatch
 me?

Cro. Yes; heres those summes of monie
 you must carie;

You goe so farre as Frankford, do you not?

Post. I doe, sir. 10

Cro. Well, prethie make all the hast thou
 canst,

For there be certaine English gentlemen
 Are bound for Venice, and may hapilie want,
 And if that you should linger by the way:
 But in hope that youle make good speed, 15
 Theres two Angels to buie you spurres and
 wandes.

Po. I thank you, sir; this will ad winges
 indeede. [*Exit Post.*]

Cro. Golde is of power would make an
 Eagles speed.

71-2 One line Qq. Ff 71-3 Two lines, dir. after keep
 M. etc. 73 to you) you M 73-5 om. Ff. R. Pope
 76 om. Ff. etc. 84 but yet if M 85 you) a M
 90 is] as S 97 Hold, Bagot R. etc. 97, 108 Por-
 tague] carduc conj. M 110 debt Q1

Act II. add. M 1 is add. Q2 Scene I. etc.
 M 2 plodding Q2, etc. 11 make then all M
 15 in the hope M S. D. add. M 18 would] to
 Q2, etc.

Enter Mistris Banister.

That gentlewoman is this that greeues so much?

seemes she doth adresse her selfe to me. 20

Mi. Ba. God saue you, sir; praie, is your name maister Cromwell?

Cro. My name is Thomas Cromwell, gentlewoman.

Mi. Ba. Know you not one *Bagot*, sir, thats come to *Antwarpe*?

Cro. No, trust me, I neuer saw the man, it here are billes of debt I haue receiued, 25
gainst one *Banister*, a Marchant fallen into decaie.

Mi. Ba. Into decaie, indeede, long of that wretch.

am the wife to wofull *Banister*:

nd by that bloudie villaine am persude rom London here to *Antwarpe*. 30

ly husband he is in the gouernours handes, and God of heauen knowes how heele deale with him.

ow, sir, your hart is framed of milder temper; be mercifull to a distressed soule, and God no doubt will trebell blesse your gaine. 35

Cro. Good mistris *Banister*, what I can, I will,

in any thing that lies within my power.

Mi. Ba. O speake to *Bagot*, that same wicked wretch,

An Angells voyce may moue a damned diuell.

Cro. Why, is he come to *Antwarpe*, as you here? 40

Mi. Ba. I hard he landed some two houres since.

Cro. Well, mistris *Banister*, assure your selfe.

He speake to *Bagot* in your owne behalfe, And winne him to all the pittie that I can. 44

Meane time, to comfort you in your distresse, Receiue these Angells to releuee your neede, And be assured that what I can effect To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mi. Ba. That mighty God, that knowes each mortalles hart,

Keepe you from trouble, sorrow, grieve, and smart. 50

[*Exit Mistris Banister.*]

Crom. Thankes, courteous woman, for thy hartie praier.

25, 26 *Begin* *Are*, One *M* 20 into) to *M* 31:2
Begin *He*, Of *M* 30-2 *Antwerp*, where my husband
Lies in the gouernor's hands; the God of Heauen He
only knows how he will etc. *S*, followed by *Moll*, with
rhyme and God 43 I will to *Bagot* speak *S* owne
own, *S*, *Moll*.

It greeues my soule to see her miserie,
But we that liue vnder the worke of fate,
Maie hope the best, yet knowes not to what state
Our starres and destinies hath vs assigned. 55
Fickle is fortune and her face is blinde. (*Exit*)

(SCENE II. *A street in Antwerp.*)

Enter Bagot solus.

Ba. So all goes well; it is as I would haue it.
Banister he is with the Gouernour
And shortlie shall haue giuees vpon his heeles.
It glads my hart to thinke vpon the slaue;
I hope to haue his bodie rot in prison, 5
And after here his wife to hang her selfe,
And all his children die for want of foodes.
The Iewels that I haue brought to *Antwarpe*
Are recond to be worth fise thousand pound,
Which scarcelie stooode me in three hundredth 10
pound.

I bought them at an easie kinde of rate;
I care not which way they came by them
That sould them me, it comes not neare my hart:
And least they should be stolne—as sure they 15
are—

I thought it meete to sell them here in *Antwarpe*, 20

And so haue left them in the Gouernours hand,
Who offers me within two hundredth pound
Of all my price. But now no more of that:
I must go see and if my billes be safe,
The which I sent to maister Cromwell, 25
That if the winde should keepe me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:

(*Enter Cromwell.*)

And in good time, see where he is. God saue you sir.

Cro. And you: pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, sir, but my name is *Bagot*. 25

The man that sent to you the billes of debt.

Cro. O, the man that persues *Banister*.

Here are the billes of debt you sent to me:

As for the man, you know best where he is.

It is reported you haue a flintie hart, 30

A minde that will not stoope to anie pittie,

An eye that knowes not how to shed a teare,

A hand thats alwaies open for reward;

But, maister *Bagot*, would you be ruled by me,

You should turne all these to the contrarie. 35

Your hart should still haue feeling of remorse,

54 know *F2*, etc. 55 haue *F2*, etc. *S. D.* *Exit*

add. *R* Scene II. etc. add. *M* 8 that om. *Q2*,

etc. haue with me brought *M* 12 not much which

M 20 sent before to *M* *S. D.* add. *R* 27 *O*,

you're the *M*

Your minde according to your state be liberal
To those that stand in neede and in distresse;
Your hand to helpe them that do stand in want,
Rather then with your payse to holde them
downe; 40

For euerie ill turne show your selfe more kinde:
Thus should I doe; pardon, I speake my minde.

Bag. I, sir, you speake to here what I would
say,

But you must liue, I know, as well as I:

I know this place to be extortion, 45
And tis not for a man to keepe him,
But he must lie, cog with his dearest friend,
And as for pittie, scorne it, hate all conscience.
But yet I doe commend your wit in this,
To make a show of what I hope you are not;
But I commend you and tis well done: 51
This is the onelie way to bring your gaine.

Cro. My gaine! I had rather chaine me to
an ore,

And like a slaue there toile out all my life,
Before ide liue so base a slaue as thou: 55
I, like an hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming vertue and a diuell within!
No, *Bagot*, would thy conscience were as
cleare:

Poore *Banister* nere had beene troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good maister *Cromwell*; be not
angrie, sir. 60

I know full well you are no such man;
But if your conscience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are other wise.

Cro. Will it be thought that I am other wise?

Let them that thinke so know they are
decei'de. 65

Shall *Cromwell* liue to haue his faith miscon-
stered?

Antwarpe, for all the wealth within thy Towne,
I will not stay here not two houres longer.

As good lucke serues, my accountes are all
made euen;

Therefore ile straight vnto the treasurer. 70

Bagot, I know youle to the gouernour;
Commend me to him, say I am bound to tra-
uaile,

To see the fruitfull partes of Italie,
And as you euer bore a Christian minde,

Let *Banister* some fauour of you finde. 75

Bag. For your sake, sir, ile helpe him all
I can—

To starue his hart out eare he gets a groate.
(*Aside.*)

So, maister *Cromwell*, doe I take my leaue,
For I must straight vnto the gouernour.

[*Exit Bagot.*]

Cro. Farewell, sir; pray you remember what
I said.— 80

No, *Cromwell*, no; thy hart was nere so bace,
To liue by falsshoode or by brokerie!
But 't falles out well, I little it repent;
Hereafter, time in trauell shalbe spent. 84

Enter Hodge, his fathers man.

Hod. Your sonne *Thomas*, quoth you: I
haue beene *Thomast*! I had thought it had
been no such matter to a gone by water: for
at Putnaie ile go you to Parish-garden for two
pence, sitte as still as may be, without any
wagging or iouling in my guttes, in a little
boate too: heere wee were scarce foure mile
in the great greene water, but I—thinking to
goe to my afternoones vnchines, as twas my
manner at home—but I felt a kinde of rising
in my guttes. At last one a the Sailer spying
of me, be a good cheere, sayes hee, set downe
thy victualles, and vppe with it, thou hast
nothing but an Eele in thy belly. Well toote
went I, to my victualles went the Sailer, and
thinking me to bee a man of better experience
then any in the shippe, asked mee what Woode
the shippe was made of: they all swore I tould
them as right as if I had beene acquainted with
the Carpenter that made it. At last wee grewe
neere lande, and I grewe villanous hungrie,
went to my bagge: the diuell a bittre there was.
The Sailer had tickled mee; yet I cannot
blame them: it was a parte of kindnesse, for
I in kindnesse toulde them what Woode the
shippe was made of, and they in kindnesse
eate vp my victualles, as indeede one good
turne asketh another. Well, would I could
finde my maister *Thomas* in this Dutch Towne;
he might put some English Beare into my
bellie. 115

Cro. What, *Hodge*, my fathers man? by my
hand, welcome!

How doth my father? whats the newes at
home? 117

Hod. Maister *Thomas*, O God, maister
Thomas, your hand, gloue and all. This is to
give you to vnderstanding that your father is
in health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent
you a Nutmeg, & *Besse Makewater* a race of
Ginger; my fellow *Will & Tom* hath between

39 stand] sink S 45 extortionous conj. M: ex-
tortionous Moll. 46 keep safe here Q2, etc. 52
your] you T 53 My own S 58 would] if Q2, etc.
60 good own S 61 well that you Q2, etc. 68 here
till two Q2, etc. S & D. *Aside add. M*

80 you own S 1] I've S 81 But falles Q1 91
scarce some four Ff miles R, etc. 93 vnchines]
Lunchines R: nunchcon M 94 but I own M 101
me Q2, etc.: I Q1 106 and went M 112 would
I, could I Q1 Ff: own M 123 Fellows R

them sent you a dozen of pointers, & good man
Tolle of the Goats a paire of mittens; my selfe
came in person: and this is all the newes. 126

Cro. Grammarie, good *Hodge*, and thou art
welcome to me,

But in as ill a time thou comest as may be:

For I am traueling into *Italie*.

What apist thou, *Hodge*? wilt thou beare me
companie? 130

Hodge. Will I beare thee companie, *Tom*?
What tell'st me of *Italie*? were it to the furthest
part of *Flanders*, I would goe with thee, *Tom*.
I am thine in all weale and woe, thy owne to
command. What, *Tom*! I haue passed the
rigorous waues of *Neptunes* blasties; I tell you,
Thomas, I haue bene in the danger of the
floods; and when I haue seene *Boreas* beginne
to plaie the *Ruffin* with vs, then would I downe
of my knees and call vpon *Vulcan*. 140

Cro. And why vpon him?

Hod. Because, as this same fellow *Neptune*
is God of the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord ouer the
Smithes, and therefore, I, being a Smith,
thought his Godhead would haue some care
yet of me. 146

Crom. A good conceit, but tell (me), hast
thou dined yet?

Hod. *Thomas*, to speake the truth, not a
bit yet I.

Crom. Come, go with me; thou shalt haue
cheere good store. 149

And farewell, *Antwarpe*, if I come no more.

Hodg. I follow thee, sweet *Tom*, I follow
thee. [Exit omnes.]

(SCENE III. Another street in the same.)

Enter the *Gouernour* of the *English* house,
Bagot, *Banister*, his wife, and two officers.

Genr. Is *Cromwell* gone then, say you,
maister *Bagot*?

What dislike, I pray? what was the cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wilde braine of his
owne;

Such youth as they cannot see when they are
well:

He is all bent to trauaile, thats his reason, 5
And doth not loue to eate his bread at home.

Gen. Well, good fortune with him, if the
man be gone.

We hardly shall finde such a one as he,
To fit our turnes; his dealings were so honest.

But now, sir, for your leuels that I haue, 10

What do you say? will you take my prise?

Bag. O, sir, you offer too much vnderfoote.

Gou. Tis but two hundred pound betweene
vs, man.

Whats that in payment of fise thousand pound?

Bag. Two hundred pound! birladie, sir, tis
great: 15

Before I got so much, it made me sweat.

Gou. Well, Maister *Bagot*, Ile proffer you
fairelie.

You see this Marchant, maister *Banister*,

Is going now to prison at your sute.

His substance all is gone; what would you
haue? 20

Yet in regarde I knew the man of wealth—

Neuer dishonest dealing, but such mishaps

Hath false on him, may light on me or you—

There is two hundred pound betweene vs; 24

We will deuide the same: Ile giue you one,

On that condition you will set him free:

His state is nothing, that you see your selfe,

And where naught is, the King must lose his
right.

Bag. Sir, sir, you speake out of your loue,
Tis foolish loue, sir, sure, to pittie him: 30

Therefore, content your selfe; this is my minde:

To do him good I will not bate a penie,

Ban. This is my comfort: though thou
doest no good,

A mighty ebbe followes a mighty floud.

Mi. Ba. O thou base wretch, whom we
haue fostered 35

Euen as a Serpent for to poyson vs,

If God did euer right a womans wrong,

To that same God I bend and bow my heart,

To let his heauy wrath fall on thy head.

By whome my hopes and loyes are butchered.

Bag. Alas, fond woman, I praise thee, praise
thy worst; 41

The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Maister Bowser, a Marchant.

Go. Maister Bowser! your welcome, sir,
from England.

Whats the best newes? how doth all our
friendes?

Bow. They are all well and do commend
them to you; 45

Theres letters from your brother and your
sonne:

So faire you well, sir; I must take my leaue.

My hast and business doth require such.

11 say? what. will Q2, etc. 24 us two M 29

Sir, sir, I know you M O Sir.. love, but know M

39 heany Q9 41 I prethee Q2, etc. 45 your

Q9: you're P2 44 and how M 47 faire Q1

48 such] no Q2, P9, M: it so M

137 in danger P9, etc. 140 of] a Q2, etc. 147
tell me Q2, etc.: tell Q1 Scene III, etc. add. M
2 in what dislike, I pray you M 4 as he can't M
6 such a man P9, R

Go. Before you dine, sir? What, go you out of towne?

Bow. I, faith, vnlesse I here some newes in towne, 50

I must away; there is no remedie.

Gou. Maister Bowser, what is your busines? may I know it?

Bow. You may, sir, and so shall all the Cittie. The King of late hath had his treasure rob'd, And of the choysest iewelless that he had: 55 The value of them was some seauen thousand pound.

The fellow that did steale these iewels, he is hanged,

And did confesse that for three hundred pound He sould them to one Bagot dwelling in London:

Now Bagots fled, and, as we here, to Antwarpe, And hether am I come to seeke him out; 61 And they that first can tell me of his newes Shall haue a hundred pound for their reward.

Ba(n). How iust is God to right the innocent.

Gou. Maister Bowser, you come in happie time: 65

Here is the villaine Bagot that you seeke, And all those iewels haue I in my handes.

Officers, looke to him, hould him fast.

Bag. The diuell ought me a shame, and now hath paide it.

Bow. Is this that Bagot? fellowes, beare him hence. 70

We will not now stand for his replie.

Lade him with Yrons; we will haue him tride In England, where his villanies are knowne.

Bag. Mischiefe, confusion, light vpon you all!

O hang me, drowne me, let me kill my selfe Let go my armes; let me run quick to hell. 76

Bow. Away, beare him away; stop the slaues mouth. [They carry him away.

Mi. Ba. Thy workes are infinite, great God of heauen.

Gou. I hard this Bagot was a wealthie fellow. Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were seized, 80

Of Iewels, coine, and Plate within his house, Was found the value of fise thousand pound;

His furniture fullie worth halfe so much, Which being all straine'd for, for the King,

He francklie gaue it to the Antwarpe marchants, 85

And they againe, out of their bountious minde, Hath to a brother of their companie,

53 Prefr Bow. before 54 Qq may so, sir M 54 some out. Q 2, etc. 57 he out. Q 2, etc. 68 Here, officers M 69 now he hath Ff. R 71 stand here for M 83 worth fully S 84 straine'd for the Q 2, Ff: distrained for the M 87 Have Ff. etc.

A man decade by fortune of the Seas, Giuen Bagots wealth, to set him vp againe, And keepe it for him: his name is Banister. 90

Gou. Maister Bowser, with this happie newes

You haue reuiued two from the gates of death: This is that Banister, and this his wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my fortune is so good, To bring such tidings as may comfort you. 95

Ban. You haue giuen life vnto a man deemed dead,

For by these newes, my life is newlie bred.

Mi. Ba. Thankes to my God, next to my Soueraigne King,

And last to you that these good hopes doth bring.

Gou. The hundred pound I must receiue as due 100

For finding Bagot, I freelie giue to you.

Bow. And, Maister Banister, if so you please,

Ile beare you companie, when you crosse the Seas.

Ban. If it please you, sir; my companie is but meane.

Stands with your liking, Ile waite on you. 105

Gou. I am glad that all things do accorde so well:

Come, Maister Bowser, let vs in to dinner: And, Misterisse Banister, be mery, woman!

Come, after sorrow now lets cheere your spirit; Knaues haue their due, and you but what you merit. [Exit omnes.

(ACT III. SCENE I. The principal bridge at Florence.)

Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their shirtes, and without Hattes.

Hod. Call yee this seeing of fashions? Marrie, would I had staide at Putnaie still.

O, Maister Thomas, we are spoiled, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, man, this is but fortune. 6

Hodg. Fortune; a plague of this Fortune makes me go wetshod; the roagues would not leaue me a shooe to my feete.

For my hoase, they scorned them with their heeles; but for my Dublet and Hatts, O Lord, they imbrased me, and vnslased me, and tooke away my cloathes, and so disgraced me. 13

91 Good Master S this most happy M 90 hopes doth] newes doe Q 2, etc. Act III. Scene I. etc. add. M 1-4 Verse Qq, Ff, dic. fashions, still 7 Fortune, it makes Ff, etc. 9-13 For my... disgraced me] Doggrel M, dic. hose. heels. hat, me. me. cleaths, me

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what remedie? What shift shall we make now? 15

Hodge. Naie, I know not. For begging I am naught, for stealing worse: by my troth, I must euen fall to my olde trade, to the Hammer and the Horse heeles againe: but now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humor of the horses in this countrie, whether they are not coultish, giuen much to kicking, or, no; for when I haue one legge in my hand, if he should vp and laie tother on my chops, I were gone: there laie I, there laie *Hodge*. 25

Crom. *Hodge*, I beleue thou must worke for vs both.

Hodge. O, Maister *Thomas*, haue not I tolde you of this? haue not I manie a time and often said, *Tom*, or Maister *Thomas*, learne to make a Horse-shoe, it will be your owne another day: this was not regarded. Harke you, *Thomas*, what doe you call the fellows that robd vs? 35

Crom. The *Bandetti*. 35

Hod. The *Bandetti*, doe you call them? I know not what they are called here, but I am sure wee call them plaine theeues in England. O *Thomas*, that we were now at Putnay, at the ale there. 40

Cro. Content thee, man; here set vp these two billes,

And let vs keepe our standing on the bridge: The fashion of this countrie is such, If any stranger be oppressed with want, To write the maner of his miserie, 45 And such as are disposed to succour him, Will doe it. What, hast thou set them vp?

Hod. I, their vp; God send some to reade them, and not onelie to reade them, but also to looke on vs; and not altogether to looke on vs, 51

[*One standes at one end, and one at tother.* But to releue vs. O colde, colde, colde.

Enter Friskiball, the Marchant, and reade the billes.

Fris. Whats here? two Englishmen rob'd by the *Bandetti*!

One of them seemes to be a gentleman. Tis pittie that his fortune was so hard, 55 To fall into the desperate handes of theeues. He question him of what estate he is.

God saue you, sir; are you an Englishman?

Cro. I am, sir, a distressed Englishman.

Fri. And what are you, my friend? 60

Hod. Who? I, sir? by my troth, I do not know my self what I am now, but, sir, I was a smith, sir, a poore Farrier of Putnay. Thats my maister, sir, yonder. I was robbed for his sake, sir. 65

Fri. I see you haue beene met by the *Bandetti*, And therefore needs not aske how you came thus.

But, *Friskiball*, why doost thou question them Of their estate and not releue their needs?

Sir, the coine I haue about me is not much: 70 Theres sixteene Duckets for to cloath your selues,

Theres sixteene more to buie your diet with, And thers sixteene to paie for your horse hire:

Tis all the wealth, you see, my purse possesses, But if you please for to enquire me out, 75 You shall not want for ought that I can doe. My name is *Friskiball*, a *Florence Marchant*, A man that alwayes loued your nation.

Crom. This vnexpected fauour at your hands,

Which God doth know if euer I shall requite it— 80

Necessitie makes me to take your bountie, And for your gold can yeeld you naught but thankses.

Your charitie hath helpt me from dispaire; Your name shall still be in my hartie praier.

Fri. It is not worth such thankses. Come to my house; 85

Your want shall better be releu'd then thus.

Crom. I pray, excuse me; this shall well suffice

To beare my charges to *Bononia*, Whereas a noble Earle is much distressed:

An Englishman, *Russell*, the Earle of *Bedford*, Is by the French King solde vnto his death: 91

It may fall out, that I may doe him good;

To saue his life, Ile hazard my hart blood.

Therefore, kinde sir, thankses for your liberrall gift;

I must be gone to aide him; ther's no shift.

Fri. He be no hinderer to so good an acte. Heauen prosper you in that you goe about!

If Fortune bring you this way backe againe,

Pray let me see you: so I take my leave; 99

All good a man can wish, I doe bequeath.

[*Exit Friskiball.*]

Crom. All good that God doth send light on your head;

Theres few such men within our climate bred. How say you now, *Hodge*? is not this good fortune? 103

66 *Bandetto* *Qy* 89 *it om. M* 103 *now om. M*

24 on] of *Q1* 35, 36 *Bandetto* *Qy* 39 *Tom* *Fy*,
etc. 47 *What. Hodge, hast M* 48-51 *Versu* *Qy*,
Fy: *corr. M* 50 to *om. Fy, etc.* 53 and robb'd *M*
Bandetto *Qy*

Hod. How say you? Ile tell you what, maister *Thomas*; if all men be of this Gentlemans minde, lets keepe our standings vpon this Bridge: we shall get more here with begging in one day, then I shall with making Horseshoes in a whole yeare. 109

Crom. No *Hodge*, we must begone vnto *Bononia*,

There to releuee the noble Earle of *Bedford*: Where, if I faile not in my policie, I shall deceiue their subtile treacherie.

Hodge. Naye, Ile follow you. God blesse vs from the theeuing Bandettoes againe. 115
[*Exit omnes.*]

(SCENE II. *Bononia.* A room in an hotel.)

Enter Bedforde and his Hoast.

Bed. Am I betraide? was *Bedforde* borne to die
By such base slaues in such a place as this?
Haue I escaped so many times in *France*,
So many battailes haue I ouer passed,
And made the French stirre when they hard my name; 5

And am I now betraide vnto my death?
Some of their harts bloud first shall pay for it.

Hoa. They do desire, my Lord, to speake with you.

Bed. The traitors doe desire to haue my bloud, 9
But by my birth, my honour, and my name,
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them deare.

Open the door; ile venter out vpon them,
And if I must die, then ile die with honour.

Hoa. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate course;
They haue begirt you round about the house: 15

Their meaning is to take you prisoner,
And so to send your bodie vnto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as drie as sand,

Before aliuie they send me vnto *France*:
Ile haue my bodie first bored like a Siue, 20
And die as *Hector*, gainst the *Mirmidons*,
Eare *France* shall boast *Bedfordes* their prisoner.

Trecherous *France*, that, gainst the law of armes,

Hath here betraide thyemie to death.
But be assured, my bloud shalbe reuenged 25
Vpon the best liues that remains in *France*.—

104-9 Verse Qq. Fy: corr. M 115 Bandetti Fy
Scene II. etc. add. M 5 skir conj. St.

Enter a Seruant.

Stand backe, or els thou run'st vpon thy death.

Mes. Pardon, my Lord; I come to tell your honour,

That they haue hired a *Neopolitan*,
Who by his Oratorie hath promised them, 30
Without the shedding of one drop of bloud,
Into their handes safe to deliuer you,
And therefore craues none but himselfe may enter

And a poore swaine that attendes on him.

[*Exit seruant.*]

Bed. A *Neopolitan*? bid him come in. 35
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence
As *Cicero*, the famous man of *Rome*,
His wordes would be as chaffe against the winde.

Sweete tong'd *Vlisses* that made *Aiaxe* mad,
Were he and his tounge in this speakers head,
Aliue he winnes me not; then, tis no conquest dead. 41

Enter Cromwell like a Neopolitan, and Hodge with him.

Cro. Sir, are you the maister of the house?
Hoa. I am, sir.

Cro. By this same token you must leaue this place,

And leaue none but the Earle and I together,
And this my Pessant here to tend on vs. 46

Hoa. With al my hart. God grant, you doe some good.

[*Exit Hoast.* Cromwell shuts the dore.

Bed. Now, sir, whats your will with me?

Cro. Intends your honour not to yeeld your selfe?

Bed. No, good man goose, not while my sword doth last. 50

Is this your eloquence for to perswade me?

Cro. My Lord, my eloquence is for to saue you.

I am not, as you iudge, a *Neopolitan*,
But *Cromwell*, your seruant, and an Englishman.

Bed. How? *Cromwell*? not my *Farriers sonne*?
Cro. The same, sir, and am come to succour you. 56

Hod. Yes, faith, sir; and I am *Hodge*, your poore Smith. Many a time and oft haue I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what auails it me that thou art here? 60

Cro. It may auail, if youle be rul'd by me.
My Lord, you know the men of *Mandua*

26 S. D. after 27 Qq. Fy: corr. M 57-9 Verse Qq.
Fy. du. Smith 59 dapple-grey M

And these *Bononians* are at deadlie strife,
And they, my Lord, both loue and honour you.
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* port, 65
Then were you safe dispite of all their force.

Bed. Tut, man, thou talkest of thinges
impossible.

Dost thou not see that we are round beset?
How, then, is it possible we should escape? 69

Crom. By force we cannot, but by pollicie.
Put on the apparell here that *Hodge* doth
weare,

And giue him yours—the States, they know you
not,

For, as I thinke, they neuer saw your face—
And at a watch-word must I call them in,

And will desire, that we safe may passe 75
To *Mantua*, where Ile say my businesse lies.
How doth your Honor like of this deuise?

Bed. O wondrous good! But wilt thou
venter, *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I?—
O noble Lord, I do accorde, 80

In anything I can,
And do agree, to set thee free,
Do fortune what she can.

Bed. Come, then, lets change our apparrell
straight.

Crom. Goe, *Hodge*; make hast, least they
chance to call. 85

Hod. I warrant you ile fit him with a sute.
[*Exit Earle & Hodge.*]

Crom. Heauens graunt this pollicie doth
take successe,

And that the Earle may safelie scape away.
And yet it grieues me for this simple wretch,

For feare they should offer him violence: 90
But of two euils, tis best to shun the greatest,

And better is it that he liues in thrall,
Then such a Noble Earle as he should fall.

Their stubborn hart, it may be, will relent,
Since he is gone to whom their hate is
bent.— 95

My Lord, haue you dispatched?

*Enter Bedford like the Clowne, and Hodge in
his cloake and his Hal.*

Bed. How doost thou like vs, *Cromwell*? is
it well?

Crom. O, my Lord, excellent; *Hodge*, how
doost feele thy selfe? 100

Hodg. How do I feele my selfe? why, as
a Noble man should do. O, how I feele honor
come creeping on! My Nobilitie is wonderfull

75 we two safe *Q 2, etc.* 79-83 *Two lines Qq. Ff.*
dir. after I can 84 and change we our *S* 85
should chance *M* 90 fear lest they *M* 92 line
Q 2, etc. 93 he! this *S* 99 my good Lord, *Ff.*
etc. 101-7 *Verse Qq. Ff*

melancholie: Is it not most Gentleman like to
be melancholie? 105

Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now goe sitte downe in
his studie, and take state vpon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord; let me
alone to take state vpon me: but harke you,

my Lord, do you feele nothing bite about you?
Bed. No, trust me, *Hodge.* 111

Hod. I, they know they want their pasture;
its a strange thing of this vermine, they dare
not meddle with Nobilitie.

Crom. Go, take thy place, *Hodge*; Ile call
them in.— 115

[*Hodge sits in the study, and Cromwell
calles in the States.*]

All is done, enter and if you please.

Enter the States and Officers, with Halberts.

Gou. What, haue you wone him? will he
yeelde himselfe?

Crom. I haue, an't please you, and the quiet
Earle

Doth yeeld himselfe to be disposed by you.
Gou. Giue him the monie that we promised
him; 120

So let him go, whether it please himselfe.
Crom. My businesse, sir, lies vnto *Mantua*,

Please you to giue me safe conduct thether.
Gou. Goe and conduct him to the *Mantua*
Port,

And see him safe deliuered presently. 125
[*Exit Cromwell and Bedford.*]

Goe draw the curtaines, let vs see the Earle.—
O, he is writing; stand apart awhile.

Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I haue
beene: I went from you a *Smith*, I write to you
as a Lord. I am, at this present writing, among
the *Polonyan Saiges*. I do commend my Lord-
ship to *Raphe & to Roger*, to *Bridget & to*
Doritte, & so to all the youth of *Putnay*.

Gou. Sure, these are the names of English
Noblemen, 134

Some of his speciall friends, to whom he writes:
But stay, he doth adresse himselfe to sing.

[*Here he singe a song.*]

My Lord, I am glad you are so frolicke and so
blithe:

Beleeue me, noble Lord, if you knew all,
Youde change your merrie vaine, to sudden
sorrow.

Hodg. I change my merrie vaine? no, thou
Bononian, no. 140

I am a Lord—and therefore let me goe—
106 go and sit *S* 107 his! the *Q 2, F1, M*:
thy *F 2, It. Pope* 112 their old pasture *Q 2, etc.*
116 Now all *M* 118 an't *Q 2*: ante *Q1* 121 it!
be *Ff* 123 a safe *M* 131 sauages *M*: *Saiges*
Qq. Ff: *cosacks com; Perry*

And doe defie thee and thy Sasigis;
Therefore stand off, and come not neere my honor.

Gou. My Lord, this iesting cannot serue your turne.

Hod. Doost thinke, thou blacke Bononyan beast, 145

That I doe floute, doe gibe, or iest,
No, no, thou Beare-pot, know that I,
A noble Earle, a Lord pardie—

A Trumpet soundes.

Gou. What meanes this Trumpets sound?

Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One come from the States of Mantua.

Gou. What would you with vs? speake, thou man of Mantua. 151

Mes. Men of Bononia, this my message is:
To let you know the Noble Earle of Bedford
Is safe within the towne of Mantua,
And willes you send the pessant that you haue,
Who hath deceiued your expectation; 156
Or els the States of Mantua haue vowed
They will recall the truce that they haue made,
And not a man shall stirre from forth your towne,
That shall returne, vnlesse you send him backe.

Go. O this misfortune, how it made my hart! 161

The Neopolltan hath beguiled vs all.
Hence with this foole! what shall we do with him,

The Earle being gone? a plague vpon it all.

Hod. No, ile assure you, I am no Earle, but a smith, sir; 165

One Hodge, a smith at Putnay, sir;
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, sir.

Gou. Away with him! take hence the foole you came for.

Hod. I, sir, and ile leaue the greater foole with you.

Mes. Farewell, Bononians. Come, friend, a long with me. 170

Hod. My friend, afore; my Lordship will follow thee. [Exit.]

Gou. Well, Mantua, since by thee the Earle is lost,

Within few dayes I hope to see thee crosd.

[Exit omnes.]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre you see how Cromwelles fortune passed.

142 I do M Casiges Fy 147-8 One liur Qq: corr.
S. D. after 149 Qq. Fy: corr. M 150 is come
165-7 Prose M

The Earle of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwells companie into France, 176
To make requitall for his courtesie:

But Cromwell doth denie the Earle his sute,
And telles him that those partes he meant tosee,
He had not yet set footing on the land, 180
And so directlie takes his way to Spaine:

The Earle to France, and so they both do part.
Now let your thoughtes, as swift as is the winde,
Skip some few yeares, that Cromwell spent in trauell,

And now imagine him to be in England, 185
Seruant vnto the maister of the Roules,
Where in short time he there beganne to flourish.
An houre shall show you what few yeares did cherish. [Exit.]

(SCENE III. London. A room in Sir Christopher Hales's house.)

The Musick playes, they bring out the banquet.
Enter Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell, and two seruants.

Hales. Come, sirs, be carefull of your maisters credit,

And as our bountie now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment: so do you
With lookes as free as is your maisters soule,
Giue formall welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receiue the Cardinals followers 6
And the attendants of the Lord Chancellor.
But all my care, Cromwell, depends on thee.
Thou art a man differing from vulgar forme,
And by how much thy spirit is ranckt boue these 10

In rules of Arte, by so much it shines brighter
By trauell whose obseruance pleades his merit,
In a most learned, yet vnaffected spirit.

Good Cromwell, cast an eye of faire regarde
Bout all my house, and what this ruder flesh,
Through ignorance, or wine, do miscreate, 16
Salue thou with curtesie: if welcome want,
Full bowles and ample banquets wil seeme scant.

Crom. Sir, what soeuer lies in me,
Assure (you), I will shew my vtmost dutie. 20
[Exit Crom.]

Hales. About it, then; the Lords will straight be here.—

Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sute

The seruice of the state, then of my house.

187 he there Q 2, etc.: where he Q 1 188 nourish
conj. S. Scene 111. etc. add. M 5 former Q 1
7 the great Lord Q 2, etc. 11 Ends trauell Qq. Fy:
corr. M 12 his) thy S 13 unaffected S 19 Sir,
as to M 20 you add. Q 2 21 straight Q 1

I looke vpon thee with a louing eye,
That one day will prefer thy destinie.

25

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, the Lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome; bid *Cromwell*
straight attend vs,
And looke you all things be in perfect readi-
nesse.

The Musicks layes. Enter Cardinall Wolsay,
Sir Thomas Moore and Gardiner.

Wol. O, sir *Christopher*,
You are too liberall. What, a banket to? 30
Hal. My Lordes, if wordes could show the
ample welcome,

That my free hart affordes you, I could then
Become a prater, but I now must deale
Like a feast *Polititian* with your Lordshippes:
Deferre your welcome till the banket end, 35
That it may then salue our defect of faire:
Yet Welcome now and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thankes to the kinde maister of the
Roules.

Come and sit downe; sit downe, sir *Thomas*
Moore.

Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ.
Their dinner is our banquet after dinner, 41
And they are men of actiue disposition.
This I gather: that by their sparing meate
Their bodie is more fitter for the warres,
And if that famine chance to pinch their mawes,
Being vsde to fast it breedes lesse paine. 46

Hal. Fill me some Wine: He answers Car-
dinall *Wolsay.*

My Lord, we English are of more freer soules
Then hungerstarued and ill complexioned
spaniardes.

They that are rich in Spaine spare bellie foode,
To deck their backes with an Italian hoode, 51
And Silkes of Ciuill: And the poorest Snake,
That feedes on Lemmons, Pilchers, and neare
heated

His pallet with sweete flesh, will beare a case
More fat and gallant then his starued face. 55
Pride, the Inquisition, and this bellie euill,
Are, in my iudgement, Spaines three headed
diuill.

Mo. Indeede it is a plague vnto their nation,
Who stagger after in blinde imitation.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your
Lordshippes 60

28 perfect om. S 29-30 One line Qq: corr. M 32-3
Three lines, dir. after prater, Polititian Qq. F1: Prov
F2, R: corr. M 38 Our thanks M 43 By this
Moll. 44 is om. Q2: bodie are Ff, etc. 46
breeds in them less M 48 English M: Spaniardes
Q1: Englishmen Q2, Ff 59 Who] And Q1

A solemne health.

Mo. I loue health well, but when (as)
healthes doe bring
Paine to the head and bodies surfeting,
Then cease I healthes.—

Nay, spill not, friend, for though the drops be
small, 65

Yet haue they force, to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your man?

Hal. And like your grace; he is a Scholler
and

A *Lingest*, one that hath trauelled manie partes
Of Christendome, my Lorde. 70

Wol. My friend, come nearer; haue you
beene a trauellder?

Cro. My Lord, I haue added to my know-
ledge the loe Countries,

France, Spaine, Germanie, and Italie:

And though small gaine of profit I did finde,
Yet did it please my eye, content my minde.

Wol. What doe you thinke of the seuerall
states 76

And princes Courtes as you haue trauelled?

Cro. My Lord, no Court with England may
compare,

Neither for state nor ciuill gouernement:

Lust dwelles in *France*, in *Italie*, and *Spaine*,
From the poore pesant to the Princes traine,
In *Germanie* and *Holland* riot seruies, 82

And he that most can drinke, most he deserves:
England I praise not, for I here was borne,
But that she laugheth the others vnto scorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwelles within that
spirite 86

More then can be discerned by outwarde eye.
Sir *Christopher*, will you part with your man?

Hal. I haue sought to proffer him to your
Lordship,

And now I see he hath preferred himselfe. 90

Wol. What is thy name?

Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lorde.

Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee
Solliciter of our causes, and nearest next our
selfe. Gardiner giue you kinde welcome to the
man. 96

Gardiner embraces him.

Mo. My Lorde, you are a royall Winer,
Haue got a man besides your bountious dinner.
Well, Knight, prais we come no more:

62 love healths M as add. Q2 64 Ends friend
Qq. Ff 68-70 Two lines Qq. Ff. dir. after Lingest
64 With France M 76 think then of M 85 that
she laughs M: more she laughs Hns. 86 Ends more
M 87 by] by the M 89 (to your) unto your M
93-5 Verse add.: dir. causes Qq. Ff: dir. sollicitor M
93-6 Verse Qq 97 My lord cardinal M 98 Have
M: Hath Qq 99 Well, my good knight M pray
that we M

If we come often, thou maist shut thy doore.
Wol. Sir *Christopher*, hadst thou giuen me
 halfe thy landes, 101
 Thou couldest not haue pleased me so much as
 with
 This man of thine. My infant thoughtes do
 spell:
 Shortlie his fortune shall be lifted higher;
 True industrie doth kindle honours fier. 105
 And so, kinde maister of the Roules, farewell.
Hal. *Cromwell*, farewell.
Cro. *Cromwell* takes his leaue of you,
 That neare will leaue to loue and honour you.
 [*Exit omnes. The Musicke playes, as they go in.*]

(ACT IV.)

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwells* highest fortunes doth
 begin.
Wolsay, that loued him as he did his life,
 Committed all his treasure to his hands.
Wolsay is dead, and *Gardiner*, his man,
 Is now created Bishop of *Winchester*: 5
 Pardon if we omit all *Wolsayes* life,
 Because our play dependes on *Cromwelles*
 death.
 Now sit and see his highest state of all;
 His haight of rysing and his sodaine fall.
 Pardon the errors is all readie past, 10
 And lue in hope the best doth come at last:
 My hope vpon your fauour doth depend,
 And looke to haue your liking ere the end.
 [*Exit.*]

(SCENE I. The same. A publick walk.)

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, The
 Dukes of Norfolkke, and of Suffolke, Sir
 Thomas Moore, Sir Christopher Halles,
 and Cromwell.*

Nor. Maister *Cromwell*, since Cardinall
Wolsayes death,
 His maiestie is giuen to vnderstand
 Theres certaine billes and writings in your
 hand,
 That much concernes the state of England.
 My Lord of *Winchester*, is it not so? 5

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolke*, we two weare
 whilom fellows;
 And, maister *Cromwell*, though our maisters
 loue

100 thou maist shut Q 2, etc.: or shut vp Q 1 101
 hadst Q 2, etc.: haddest hadst Q 1 101 f. End Q.
 fy me, me, thine, spell: corr. M S. D. The Musick...
 go in after Enter Chorus Qy. Fy Act IV. add. M
 I doth] do F 2 10 is] ar F 2 13 looks M Scene I.
 etc. add. M & concern F 2 the present state S

Did binde vs, while his loue was to the King,
 It is no boote now to denie these things,
 Which may be preiudittiall to the state: 10
 And though that God hath raise my fortune
 hyer
 Then any way I lookt for or deseru'de,
 Yet my life no longer with me dwell,
 Then I prouoe true vnto my Soueraigne:
 What say you, maister *Cromwell*? haue you
 those writings? 15
 I, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings, and vpon my
 knees,
 I giue them vp vnto the worthy Dukes
 Of *Suffolke* and of *Norfolke*: he was thy
 Maister,
 And each vertuous part, 20
 That liued in him, I tenderd with my hart;
 But what his head complotted gainst the state
 My countries loue commands me that to hate.
 His sudden death I greeue for, not his fall,
 Because hesought to worke my countries thrall.
Suff. *Cromwell*, the King shall here of this
 thy dutie, 26
 Whom I assure my selfe will well rewarde thee:
 My Lord lets go vnto his Maiestie,
 And show these writings which he longs to see.
 [*Exit Norfolkke and Suffolke.*]

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, whose this? 30
Cromwell, by my soule! welcome to England:
 Thou once didst saue my life, didst not
Cromwell?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glorie for me,
 That you remember it, then of my selfe
 Vainelie to report it. 35

Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time,
 I shall commend thee to my Soueraigne:
 Cheere vp thy selfe, for I will raise thy state.
 A *Russell* yet was neuer found ingrate. [*Exit.*]

Hales. O how vncertaine is the wheele of
 state. 40

Who latelie greater then the Cardinall,
 For feare, and loue? and now who lower lies?
 Gaye honours are but Fortunes flatteries,
 And whom this day pride and promotion
 swels,

To morrow enuie and ambition quells. 45
Mors. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the
 poore Fle,
 May boldlie say the wretches death is nigh.

13 Yet may my M 15-16 One line Qy: *Prose*, given
 to Suff. Fy 17-19 End writings, unto, Norfolk M
 17 vpon] on M 21 Who M 30 Ends *Cromwell*
 Qy. Fy: soul M 31 my] by Q 1 32-3 Two lines
 Qy. F. I. dir. after remember it 34 of] for Q 2, etc.
 46 tangle M

Gard. I knew his state and proud ambition
Was too too violent to last ouer-long.

Hales. Who soares too neare the sunne
with golden winges, 50
Meales them, to ruine his owne fortune
bringes.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suf. Cromwell, kneele downe in king
Henries name.—
*Arise sir Thomas Cromwell; thus beginnes thy
fallne.*

Enter the Duke of Norfolke.

Norf. Cromwell, the maiestie of England,
For the good liking he conceiues of thee, 55
Makes thee maister of the iewell house,
Chiefe Secretarie to himselfe, and with all,
Creates thee one of his highnesse priue
Counsell.

Enter the Earle of Bedforde.

Bed. Where is sir Thomas Cromwell? is he
knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lorde. 60

Bed. Then to adde honour to his name,
The King creates him Lord keeper of
His priue Seale, and maister of the Roules,
Which you sir Christopher do now enioy;
The King determines higher place for you. 65

Crom. My Lords,
These honors are too high for my desert.

More. O content thee, man; who would not
choose it?

Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it. 69

Gard. Heres honors, titles, and promotions:
I feare this climbing will haue a sudden fall.

Norff. Then come, my Lords; lets altoge-
ther bring

This new made Counsellor to Englands King.

[*Exit all but Gardiner.*

Gard. But Gardiner meanes his glorie shall
be dimde. 74

Shall Cromwell liue a greater man then I?

My enuie with his honour now is bred;

I hope to shorten Cromwell by the head. [*Exit.*

(SCENE II. London. A street before Cromwell's
house.)

Enter Friskiball very poore.

Fris. O Friskiball, what shall become of
thee?

48 know Qy. Ff 49 were M 54 the gracious
majesty M 56 thee the master M 61-2 End
honour to, keeper M 62 Ends Seale Qy. Ff 62
him] him the M 66-7 One line Qy. Ff Scene II.
etc. add. M

Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou
turne?

Fortune, that turnes her too vnconstant wheele,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the
Sea.

All parts abroad where euer I haue beene 5
Growes wearie of me, and denies me succour;
My debtors, they that should releue my want,
Forsweares my monie, saies they owe me none:
They know my state too meane to beare out
law, 9

And here in London, where I oft haue beene,
And haue done good to manie a wretched man,
(I) Am now most wretched here, dispid my
selfe.

In vaine it is, more of their hearts to trie; 13
Be patient, therefore, laye thee downe and die.
[*He lies downe.*

Enter good man Seely, and his wife Ioane.

Seely. Come, Ioane, come; lets see what
heeles doe for vs now. I wis we haue done for
him, when many a time and often he might
haue gone a hungrie to bed. 18

Wife. Alas, man, now he is made a Lord,
heeles neuer looke vpon vs; heele fullfill the
old Prouerbe: Set Beggars a horse-backe, and
theile ride.—A, welliday for my Cowe! such as
he hath made vs come behinde hand: we had
neuer pawnd our Cowe els to pay our rent. 24

Seely. Well, Ioane, heele come this waye:
and by Gods dickers, ile tell him roundlie of it,
and if hee were tenne Lordes: a shall knowe
that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for
nothing. 29

Wife. Doe you remember, husband, how
hee woulde mouch vp my Cheese cakes? he
hath forgot this now, but weeles remember him.

Seelie. I, we shall haue now three flappes
with a Foxe taile: but, I faith, ile gibber a
ioynte, but ile tell him his owne. Stays, who
comes heere? O stand vppe; heere hee
comes; stand vppe. 37

Enter Hodge verie fine with a Tipdajs:
Cromwell, the Mace caried before him:
Norfolke, and Suffolke, and attendants.

Hod. Come, away with these beggars here;
rise vp, sirra.

Come, out the good people: runne afore there,
ho! 39

[*Friskiball riseth, and stands a faire off.*

Seelie. I, wee are kicked awaye, now wee
come for our owne; the time hath beene he
woulde a looked more friendlie vpon vs. And

4 Hath drown'd S 12 Am Qy: And Ff: I am
N here) and S 32 but now weel Q 2, etc.

you, *Hodge*, we know you well inough, though you are so fine.

Cro. Come hether, sirrah.—Stay, what men are these? 45

My honest Host of Hounslow and his wife! I owe thee mony, father, do I not?

Seelia. I, by the bodie of mee, dooest thou. Wouldst thou wouldst paye me: good foure pound it is, I haue a the poste at home. 50

Cro. I know tis true. Sirra, giue him ten Angels:

And looke your wife and you do stay to dinner: And while you liue, I freele giue to you Foure pound a yeaere, for the foure pound I ought you. 54

Seelia. Art not changed, art ould *Tom* still! Now God blesse the good Lord *Tom*. Home, *Ioane*, home; ile dine with my Lorde *Tom* to day, and thou shalt come next weeke. Fetch my Cow; home, *Ioane*, home. 59

Wife. Now God blesse thee, my good Lorde *Tom*; Ile fetch my Cow presentlie. [*Exit Wife.*]

Enter Gardiner.

Cro. Sirra, goe to yon stranger; tell him I Desire him stay at dinner. I must speake With him.

Gar. My Lorde of *Norfolke*, see you this same bubble, 65 That same puffed but marke the end, my Lord, Marke the ende.

Nor. I promise you, I like not somthing he hath done, But let that passe; the King doth loue him well.

Cro. Go'o'd morrow to my Lord of *Winchester*. 70

I know you beare me hard about the Abbie landes.

Gar. Haue I not reason, when religion is wronged?

You had no colour for what you haue done.

Cro. Yes; the abolishing of Antichrist, And of this Popish order from our Realme. I am no enemy to religion, 76

But what is done, it is for Englands good. What did they serue for but to feede a sort Of lasie Abbotes and of full fed Fryers?

They neither plow, nor sowe, and yet they reape 80

The fat of all the Land, and sucke the poore: Look, what was theirs, is in King *Henries* handes;

His wealth before lay in the Abbie landes.

Gar. Indeeede these things you haue aledged, my Lord,

When God doth know the infant yet vnborne Will curse the time the Abbies were puld downe. 86

I pray, now where is hospitality?

Where now may poore distressed people go, For to releuee their needs, or rest their bones, When weary trauell doth oppresseth their limmes? And where religious men should take them in, Shall now be kept backe with a Mastiue dogge, And thousand thousand—

Nor. O, my Lord, no more: thinges past redresse

Tis bootlesse to complaine. 85

Cro. What, shall we to the Conuocation house?

Nor. Weele follow you, my Lord; praie, leade the way.

Enter Old Cromwell like a Farmer.

Old. Cro. How? one *Cromwell* made Lord Keeper since I left Putnay And dwelt in *Yorkshire*. I neuer hard better newes:

Ile see that *Cromwell*, or it shall goe hard. 100

Cro. My aged father! state set aside, Father, on my knee I craue your blessing: One of my seruantes go and haue him in; At better leasure will we talke with him.

Old. Cro. Now if I die, how happy were the day! 105

To see this comfort raines forth showes of ioy. [*Exit Olde Cromwell*]

Nor. This dutie in him shoues a kinde of grace.

Cro. Go on before, for time drawes on apace. [*Exit all but Friskiball.*]

Fris. I wonder what this Lord would haue with me, 109

His man so stricktlie gaue me charge to stay:

I neuer did offend him to my knowledge.

Well, good or bad, I meane to bide it all;

Worse then I am now neuer can befall.

Enter Banister and his wife.

Ba. Come, wife, I take it be almost dinner time, 114

For maister *Newton*, and maister *Crosbie* sent Tomelast night, they would come dine with me, And take their bond in: I pray thee, hie thee home,

And see that all things be in readinesse.

50 haue't M 55 ff. Veru Qq. Ff: corr. M 56 thee, good Ff, etc. 62-4 Two lines Qq, dir. after desire him: corr. M 63 at] to Q2, etc. 66-7 One line Q1 66 That same; That's a mere N 70 Ends know M

94 Ends more M 97 follow Q2, etc.: follow Q1 98-100 Prose M 101 state then set M 102 on] upon M 114 be] to be M Two lines M 115 Ends to me Qq, Ff: corr. M

Mi. Ba. They shalbe welcome, husband;
ile go before.—

But is not that man maister *Friskiball*? 120

[*She runnes and imbrases him.*

Ba. O heauens, it is kinde maister *Friskiball*!

Say sir, what hap hath brought you to this
passe?

Fris. The same that brought you to your
misery.

Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with
your state?

Is *Banister* your poore friend quite forgot? 125
Whose goods, whose loue, whose life and all is
yours?

Fri. I thought your vsage would be as the
rest,
That had more kindnesse at my handes then
you,

Yet looked asconce, when as they saw me
poore.

Mi. Ba. If *Banister* should beare so bace
a hart, 130

I neuer would looke my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ba. And well thou mightest, should *Banister*
deale so.

Since that I saw you, sir, my state is mended:
And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I haue it ready for you, sir, at home; 136
And though I greeue your fortune is so bad,
Yet that my hap's to helpe you makes me glad.
And now, sir, will it please you walke with
me?

Fris. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chan-
celour 140

Hath here commaunded me to waight on him,
For what I know not: pray God tis for my good.

Ba. Neuer make doubt of that; ile warrant
you,

He is as kinde a noble gentleman
As euer did possesse the place he hath. 145

Mi. Ba. Sir, my brother is his steward; if
you please,

Weale go along and beare you company:
I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Fris. With all my hart: but whats become
of *Bagot*?

Ba. He is hanged, for buying iewels of the
Kinges. 150

Fris. A iust reward for one so impious.

The time drawes on, sir; will you go along?

Ba. Ile follow you, kinde maister *Friskiball*.
[*Exit Omnes.*

125 quite om. Q2, Fy: then forgot M 130
should] would F2, etc. 142 tis... my] it be for Q2,
etc.

(SCENE III. *The same. Another street.*)

Enter two Marchants.

1. Now, maister *Crosbie*, I see you haue
a care,

To keepe your word, in paiment of your monie.

2. By my faith, I haue reason vpon a bond;
Three thousand pound is too much to forfeit.
Yet I doubt not Maister *Banister*. 5

1. By my faith, your summe is more then
mine,

And yet I am not much behinde you too,
Considering that to day I paid at court.

2. Masse, and well remembered,
Whats the reason the Lord *Cromwells* men 10
Weare such long skirts vpon their coates.
They reach almost downe to their verie ham.

1. I will resolute you, sir; and thus it is:
The Bishop of *Winchester*, that loues not
Cromwell,

As great men are enuied, as well as lesse— 15
A while agoe there was a iarre betwene them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwells* eare,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his skirt;
Vpon which word, he made his men long Blew
coates, 19

And in the Court wore one of them himselfe:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, 'My
Lord,
Here's skirt enough now for your Grace to sit
on;'

Which vexed the Bishop to the very hart.

This is the reason why they weare long coates.

2. Tis alwaies seene, and marke it for a rule,
That one great man will enuie still another: 26
But tis a thing that nothing concernes me.

What, shall we now to Maister *Banisters*?

1. I, come, wee'll pay him royally for our
dinner. [Exit.

(SCENE IV. *The same. A room in Cromwell's
house.*)

*Enter the Vaher and the Shower, the meale
goes ouer the Stage.*

Vaher. Vncouer there, Gentlemen.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolke, Old Crom-
well, Friskiball, Goodman Bealie, and
attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lordes of *Suffolke* and of
Bedford,

Scene III. etc. add. M S. D. Enter Newton and
Crosby M 2 vpon] on M 4 is far too M 5
And yet M 6 faith, sir, your M 9-12 These
lines M, dir. after reason, upon 10 the Lord]
Lord M 12 almost om. Q2, etc. 18 skirts Q2,
etc. 22 skirts Fy, etc. Scene IV. etc. add. M

Your honors welcome to poore *Cromwells* house.

Where is my father? nay, be couered, Father. Although that duty to these noble men 5 Doth challenge it, yet ile make bolde with them.

Your head doth beare the callender of care. What, *Cromwell* couered and his Father bare! It must not be. Now, sir, to you. Is not Your name *Friskiball* and a *Florentine*? 10

Fris. My name was *Friskiball*, till cruell fate

Did rob me of my name and of my state.

Crom. What fortune brought yqu to this countrie now?

Fri. Allothor parts hath left me succorlesse, Saue onelie this. Because of debts I haue, 15 I hope to gaine for to releese my want.

Crom. Did you not once, vpon your *Florence* bridge, Helpe two distressed men, robd by the Bandetti?—

His name was *Cromwell*.

Fri. I neuer made my braine a calender 20 Of any good I did;

I alwaies lou'd this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there releued.

Sixteene Duckets you gaue me for to cloath me,

Sixteene to beare my charges by the way, 25 And sixteene more I had for my horse hier:

There be those seuerall summes iustlie returnd, Yet with iniustice, serueng at my need, And to repay them without interest.

Therefore receiue of me these foure seuerall bags; 30

In each of them there is foure hundred marke; And bring me the names of all your debitors,

And if they will not see you paid, I will: O God forbid, that I should see him fall,

That helpt me in my greatest need of all. 35 Here stands my Father that first gaue me life,

Alas, what dutie is too much for him? This man in time of need did saue my life,

And therefore (I) cannot do too much for him. By this old man I often times was fed, 40

Els might I haue gone supperlesse to bed. Such kinnesse haue I had of these three men,

That *Cromwell* no way can repaie againe.

3 are welcome M 5 Ends challenge it Q. Fy: corr. M 9 Ends to you Q. Fy: corr. M 18 (two) a Q. etc. men] man Fy, etc. Bandetto Q. 20-1 One line Q. Fy: dir. after brain F. 38 with iniustice] it iniustice were that Q. 2, etc. 29 And to Q. 1: For to Q. 2, Fy: to M: And I cont. pr. ed. them] thee M 30 these om. M 31 me] to me Q. 2, etc. debitors Q. 2, etc. 39 And] I M 1 add. pr. ed.

Now in to dinner, for we stay too long, And to good stomachs is no greater wrong. 45 [Exit omnes.

(SCENE V. *The same. A room in the Bishop of Winchester's house.*)

Enter Gardiner in his studie, and his man.

Gard. Sirra, where be those men I causd to stay?

Ser. They do attend your pleasure, sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hether, and stay you without:—

For by those men, the Foze of this same land, That makes a Goose of better then himselfe, Weele worie him vnto his latest home, 6 Or *Gardiner* will faile in his intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norfolke*, Whom I haue sent for to come speake with me,

Howsoeuer outwardlie they shadow it, 10 Yet in their hearts I know they loue him not: As for the Earle of *Bedford*, he is but one, And dares not gaine-say what we do set downe.

Enter the two witnesses.

Now, my friends, you know I sau'd your liues, When by the law you had deserued death, 15 And then you promised me vpon your othes, To venture both your liues to do me good.

Both wit. We swore no more then that we will performe,

Gard. I take your words; and that which you must do

Is seruice for your God, and for your King: 20 To roote a rebell from this flourishing land, One thats an enemie vnto the Church:

And therefore must you take your solemne oathes,

That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chauncellor,

Did wish a dagger at King *Henries* hart. 25 Feare not to sweare it, for I hard him speake it;

Therefore weele shield you from insuing harmes.

2. *Wit.* If you will warrant vs the deed is good,

Weele vndertake it.

Gar. Kneele downe, and I wil here absolue you both. 30

This Crucifix I lay vpon your head, And sprinkle holy-water on your browes. The deed is meritorious that you do,

Scene V. etc. add. M 6 Must woried be Q. 2, etc. 14 my good friends M 20 you God Q. 1 31 heads Q. 2, etc.

And by it shall you purchase grace from heauen.

1. Now, sir, weeles vnder take it, by our soules. 35

2. For Cromwell neuer Ioued none of our sort.

Gar. I know he doth not, and for both of you,

I will preferre you to some place of worth:

Now get you in, vntill I call for you, 39

For presentlie the Dukes meanes to be here.

[Exit wil.

Cromwell, sit fast, thy time's not long to raigne.

The Abbies that were puld downe by thy meanes

Is now a meane for me to pull thee downe:

Thy pride also thy owne head lights vpon,

For thou art he hath changd religion:— 45

But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolke, Norfolke, and the Earle of Bedford.

Suff. Goodden to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what, are you all alone?

Gar. No, not alone, my Lords; my mind is troubled; 49

I know your honours muse wherefore I sent, And in such hast. What, came you from the King?

Norff. We did, and left none but Lord Cromwell with him.

Gard. O, what a dangerous time is this we liue in!

Theres Thomas Wolsey, hees already gone,

And Thomas Moore, he followed after him: 55

Another Thomas yet there doth remaine,

That is farre worse then either of those twaine,

And if with speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,

I feare the King and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another Thomas! pray God it be not Cromwell. 60

Gard. My Lord of Bedford, it is that traitor Cromwell.

Bed. Is Cromwell false? my hart will neuer thinke it.

Suff. My Lord of Winchester, what likelihood,

Or prooffe haue you of this his treacherie?

Gar. My Lord, too much.—Call in the men within. 65

Enter witnesses.

These men, my Lord, vpon their othes affirme, That they did here Lord Cromwell in his garden,

44 also Q2, etc.: vpon Q1 47 Good euen Q2, etc.

Wished a dagger sticking at the hart

Of our King Henrie. What is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my hart doth bleed with sorrow. 70

Suff. How say you friends? what, did you here these words?

1. wit. We did, and like your grace.

Norff. In what place was Lord Cromwell when he spake them?

2. wit. In his Garden, where we did attend a sute, 74

Which we had waited for two yeare and more.

Suff. How long ist since you heard him speake these words?

2. wit. Some halfe yeare since.

Bed. How chance that you conceald it all this time?

1. wit. His greatnease made vs feare, that was the cause.

Gard. I, I, his greatnesse; thats the cause indeed; 80

And to make his treason here more manifest,

He calles his seruants to him round about,

Telles them of Wolseyes life, and of his fall,

Saies that himselfe hath manie enemies,

And giues to some of them a Parke or Manor,

To others Leases, Lands to other some: 86

What need he doe thus in his prime of life,

And if he were not fearfull of his death?

Suff. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart; 90

Their prooffes are great, but greater is my heart. [Exit Bedford.

Norff. My friends, take heed of that which you haue said.

Your soules must answer what your tongues reports:

Therefore, take heed, be warie what you doe.

2. wit. My Lord, we speake no more but truth. 95

Norff. Let them

Depart.—My Lord of Winchester, let these men Be close kept vntill the day of triall.

Gar. They shall, my Lord: hee, take in these two men. [Exit witnesses.

My Lords, if Cromwell haue a publike triall,

That which we do is voyde by his demaill: 100

You know the king will credit none but him.

Nor. Tis true, he rules the King euen as he pleases.

Suff. How shall we do for to attache him, then?

88 Wishing M 87 thus) this N 96-8 And truth, Winchester, kept, trial Qq, Ff; corr. M 96 them; him conf. M 97 let) and let N

Gard. Marie, my Lords, thus: by an Acte
he made himselfe, ¹⁰⁵
With an intent to intrap some of our liues,
And this it is: If any Councellor
Be conuicted of high treason, he shall
Be executed without a publike triall.
This Act, my Lords, he caused the King to
make. ¹¹⁰

Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall vpon himselfe.

Nor. Let vs not slack it, tis for Englands
good.

We must be warie, els heele go beyond vs.

Gar. Well hath your Grace said; my Lord
of *Norfolke*; ¹¹⁵

Therefore let vs presently to *Lambeth*.

Thether comes *Cromwell* from the Court to
night.

Let vs arrest him, send him to the Tower,
And in the morning, cut off the traitors
head.

Nor. Come, then, about it, let vs guard the
towne. ¹²⁰

This is the day that *Cromwell* must go downe.

Gard. Along, my Lords.—Well, *Cromwell*
is halfe dead;

He shaked my hart, but I will shaue his head.
[*Exeunt.*]

(ACT V. SCENE I. A street in London.)

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My soule is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it so.
O, *Cromwell*, I do feare thy end is neare:
Yet Ile preuent their malice if I can.
And in good time, see where the man doth
come, ⁵
Who little knowes how neares his day of
dome.

*Enter Cromwell with his traine. Bedford makes
as though he would speake to him: he
goes on.*

Cro. Your well encountered, my good Lord
of *Bedford*.

I see your honour is adressed to talke;
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the king,
And do not know the businesse yet my
selfe. ¹⁰

So fare you well, for I must needes be gone.

[*Exit all the traine.*]

Bed. You must; well, what remedie?
I feare too soone you must be gone indeed.

¹⁰⁸ Ends treason Qq. Ff: corr. M ¹¹⁵ my good
lord M ¹¹⁶ vs) us go M ¹²³ shaue) shake conj.
M Act V. etc. add. M 8 om. Ff, R

The king hath businesse, but little doest thou
know, ¹⁴
Whose busie for thy life: thou thinkest not so.

Enter Cromwell and the traine agayne.

Crom. The second time wel met, my Lord of
Bedford;

I am very sorry that my hast is such.

Lord *Marques Dorset* beeing sicke to death,
I must recease of him the priule seale. ¹⁹

At *Lambeth*, soone, my Lord, weele talke our
all. [*Exit the traine.*]

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to
death!

Enter a seruant.

Mes. My Lord, the dukes of *Norfolke* and
of *Suffolke*,

Accompanied with the Bishop of Winchester,
Intreates you to come presently to *Lambeth*,
On earnest matters that concernes the state.

Bed. To *Lambeth*! so: goe fetch me pen
and inke. ²⁶

I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talke enough;
I, and our last, I feare, and if he come.

[*He writes a letter.*]

Heare, take this letter, and beare it to Lord
Cromwell.

Bid him read it; say it concernes him neare:
Away, begone, make all the hast you can. ³¹
To *Lambeth* do I goe a woefull man. [*Exit.*]

(SCENE II. A street near the Thames.)

Enter Cromwell and his traine.

Crom. Is the Barge readie? I will straight
to *Lambeth*,
And if this one dayes businesse once were past,
I'de take my ease to morrow after trouble.—
How now, my friend, wouldst thou speake with
me?

[*The Messenger brings him the letter; he
puts it in his pockel.*]

Mes. Sir, heares a letter from my Lord of
Bedford. ⁵

Crom. O good, my friend, commend me to
thy Lord.

Hould, take those Angels; drinke them for thy
paynes.

Mes. He doth desire your grace to reade it,
Because he sayes it doth concerne you neare.

Crom. Bid him assure himselfe of that.
Farewell. ¹⁰

To morrow, tell him, shall he heare from me.—
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scene II. etc. add. M

(SCENE III. Lambeth.)

Enter Winchester, Suffolke, Norfolke, Bedford, Sargiant at armes, the Harrauld, and halberts.

Gar. Halberts, stand close vnto the water-side;

Sargiant at armes, be bould in your office; *Harrauld,* deliuer your proclamation.

Ha. This is to giue notice to all the kings subjects: The late Lord Cromwell, Lord Chancellor of England, Vicor generall ouer the realme, him to hould and esteeme as a traytor agaynst the Crowne and dignitie of England: So God saue the king.

Gar. Amen. 10

Bed. Amen,—and roots thee from the land, For whilst thou liuest truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitors at hand.

Keepe backe Cromwells men;
Drowne them if they come on.—*Sargiant,* your office. 15

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halbertes.

Cro. What meanes my Lord of Norfolke by these wordes?

Sirs, come along.

Gar. Kill them, if they come on.

Sar. Lord Cromwell, in king *Henries* name, I do arrest your honour of high treason. 20

Crom. Sargiant, me of treason?
[*Cromwells men offer to drawe.*]

Suf. Kill them, if they draw a sword.

Crom. Hould; I charge you, as you loue me, draw not a sword.

Who dares accuse Cromwell of treason now?

Gar. This is no place to reckon vp your crime; 25

Your Douse-like lookes were viewed with serpents eyes.

Crom. With serpents eyes, indeed, by thine they were;

But *Gardiner* do thy woorst, I feare thee not.

My fayth, compared with thine, as much shall passe,

As doth the Diamond excell the glasse. 30

Attached of treason, no accusers by!
Indeed, what tongue dares speake so foule a lie?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well knowne,

And it is time the king had note thereof.

Scene III. etc. add. M 2 be you bold *M* 4-9
Verse in Qy. Ff: corr. N 12 the truth *N* 14
Ends come on M 19 Lord Thomas Cromwell *N*

Crom. The king! let me goe to him face to face; 35

No better triall I desire then that:

Let him but say that Cromwells sayth was fayned,

Then let my honour and my name be stayned.

If euer my hart agaynst my king was set,

O let my soule in Iudgement aunswere it: 40

Then, if my saythes confirmed with his reason, Gaynst whom hath Cromwell, then, committed treason?

Suf. My Lord, your matter shall be tried; Meane time, with patience content your selfe.

Cro. Perforce I must with patience be content. 45

O deare friend *Bedford*, doest thou stand so neare?

Cromwell reioyceth one friend sheds a teare. And whether ist? which way must Cromwell now?

Gar. My Lord, you must vnto the tower. Lieutenant,

Take him to your charge. 50

Cro. Well, where you please; yet before I part,

Let me conferre a little with my men.

Gar. As you goe by water, so you shall.

Cro. I haue some businesse present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay. Lieutenant, take your charge. 55

Cro. Well, well, my Lord, you second *Gardiners* text.

Norfolke, farewell; thy turne wilbe the next.

[*Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.*]
Gar. His guiltie conscience makes him raue, my Lord.

Nor. I, let him talke; his time is short enough.

Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come; you weepe for him, 60

That would not shed halfe a teare for you.

Bed. It grieues me for to see his sudden fall.

Gar. Such successe wish I to traitours still.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE IV. London. A street.)

Enter two Citizens.

1. Why, can this newes be true? let possible? The great Lord Cromwell arrested vpon treason!

40 *Ends tower Qy. Ff: corr. N* 50 to] unto *N*
51 yet] but yet *N* 55 Ay, as *N* 61 halfe on. *Ff*
R: even half *N* 63 to] unto *Q2*, etc. *Scene IV.*
etc. add. M

I hardly will beleue it can be so.

2. It is too true, sir; would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent halfe the wealth I had. 5
I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1. What, wast for treason that he was committed?

2. Kinde, noble Gentleman! I may rue the time.

All that I haue, I did inloy by him, 10
And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1. It may be doubted that he shall not die,
Because the King did fauour him so much.

2. O sir, you are deceiued in thinking so.
The grace and fauour he had with the king
Hath causde him haue so manie enemies: 16
He that in court secure will keepe himselfe,
Must not be great, for then he is enuied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes;
For where the King doth loue aboute compare,
Of others they as much more enuied are. 21

1. Tis pittie that this noble man should fall,
He did so much charitable deeds.

2. Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
Theres none so good, but some one doth him hate. 25

And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the formost to do him disgrace:
What, will you go along vnto the Court?

1. I care not if I do, and here the newes,
How men will iudge what shall become of him.

2. Some will speake hardly, some will
speake in pittie. 31

Go you to the Court, Ile vnto the Citie;
There I am sure to here more newes then you.

1. Why, then, soone will we meet againe.
[Exit.]

(SCENE V. A room in the Tower.)

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to
meditate,

And thinke vpon thy state, and of the time.
Thy honours came vnought, I, and vnlooked
for;

Thy fall as sudden, and vnlooked for to.
What glorie was in England that I had not? 5

Who in this land commanded more then
Cromwell?

Except the King who greater then my selfe?

But now I see, what after ages shall:

The greater men, more sudden is their fall.

And now I do remember the Earle of *Bedford*

5 had I haue Q2, etc. 12 doubted I hoped Q2,
etc. 32 vnto go into Q2, etc. 34 again: adieu
St. Scene V, etc. mld. M 9 men Fy: man Q7

Was very desirous for to speake to me, 11
And afterward sent to me a letter,
The which I thinke I haue still in my pocket.
Now may I read it; for I now haue leasure,
And this I take it is. [He reads the Letter.
My Lord, come not this night to *Lambeth*, 16
For if you do, your state is overthrowne.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you loue your selfe, stay where you
are.

O God! had I but read this letter, 20
Then had I beene free from the Lions paw;
Deferring this to read vntill to morrow,
I spurnd at ioy, and did imbrace my sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and
officers.

Now, maister Lieutenant, when's this day of
death?

Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might neuer
see it. 25

Here are the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norfolke*,
Winchester, *Bedford*, and sir *Richard Radcliffe*,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is
prepard; 29

For *Gardiner* has my state and life insnard.
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
For here stands he, whom some thinkes liues
too long.

Learning killes learning, and instead of Inck
To dip his Pen, *Cromwells* heart blood doth
drinke.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good morrow, *Cromwell*. What,
alone, so sad? 35

Crom. One good among you, none of you
are bad.—

For my part, it best fits me be alone;
Sadnesse with me, not I with any one.

What, is the king acquainted with my cause?

Nor. We haue, and he hath answered vs,
my Lord. 40

Cro. How, shall I come to speake with him
my selfe?

Gard. The King is so aduertised of your
guilt,

He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.

Cro. No way admit me? am I so soone
forgot?

Did he but yesterday imbrace my neck, 45
And said that *Cromwell* was euen halfe him-
selfe,

And is his Princely cares so much bewitched

12 to vnto Q2, etc. 20 O God, O God! M 28
others] others still S 40 We haue] He is M

With scandalous ignomie, and slanderous speeches,

That now he dooth denie to looks on me?
Well, my Lord of Winchester, no doubt but you
Are much in fauour with his Maiestie: 51
Will you beare a letter from me to his grace?

Gard. Pardon me, ile beare no traitors letters.

Crom. Ha! Will you do this kindnesse then? Tell him

By word of mouth, what I shall say to you? 55

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But, on your honour, will you?

Gard. I, on my honor.

Crom. Beare witnesse, Lords.—Tell him when he hath knowne you, 59

And tried your faith but halfe so much as mine,
Heele finde you to be the falsest harted man
In England. Pray, tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in these extreames.

Crom. My kinde and honorable Lord of Bedford,

I know your honor alwaies loued me well; 65

But, pardon me, this still shall be my theame;
Gardiner is the cause makes Cromwell so
extreame.

Sir Ralphe Sadler, pray, a word with you:

You were my man, and all that you possesse
Came by my meanes; to requite all this, 70
Will you take this letter here of me,
And giue it with your owne hands to the king?

Sad. I kisse your hand, and neuer will I rest,
Eare to the king this be deliuered. [Exit Sadler.

Crom. Why yet Cromwell hath one friend in store. 75

Gard. But all the hast he makes shall be but vaine.—

Heres a discharge for your prisoner,

To see him executed presentlie.—

My Lord, you here the tenor of your life.

Crom. I doe imbrace it, welcome my last date, 80

And of this glistering world I take last leaue:
And, noble Lords, I take my leaue of you.—

As willinglie I goe to meete with death,
As Gardiner did pronounce it with his breath:
From treason is my hart as white as Snowe,
My death onlie procured by my foe. 86

I pray, commend me to my Soueraigne king,
And tell him in what sort his Cromwell died,
To loose his head before his cause were tride:

But let his Grace, when he shall here my name,
Say onely this: Gardiner procured the same. 91

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your sonne, come to take his leaue.

Crom. To take his leaue! Come hether, Harry Cromwell.

Marke, boye, the last words that I speake to thee. 94

Flatter not Fortune, neither fawne vpon her;
Gape not for state, yet loose no sparke of honor;

Ambition, like the plague see thou eschew it;
I die for treason, boy, and neuer knew it.

Yet let thy faith as spotlesse be as mine, 99
And Cromwells vertues in thy face shall shine.

Come, goe along and see me leaue my breath,
And Ile leaue thee vpon the floure of death.

Son. O, father, I shall die to see that wound;
Your blood being spilt will make my hart to sound. 104

Cro. How, boy, not looke vpon the Axe!
How shall I do then to haue my head stroke off?

Come on, my childe, and see the end of all,
And after say that Gardiner was my fall.

Gard. My Lord, you speake it of an enuious hart; 109

I haue done no more then lawe and equitie.

Bed. O, good my Lord of Winchester, forbear;

It would a better seemed you to beene absent,
Then with your wordes disturbe a dying man.

Cro. Who me, my Lord? no, he disturbes not me.

My minde he stirres not, though his mightie shocks 115

Hath brought mo peeres heads downe to the blocke.

Farewell, my boy! all Cromwell can bequeath,
My hartie blessing; so I take my leaue.

Hang. I am your deaths man; pray, my Lord, forgiue me.

Crom. Euen with my soule. Why, man, thou art my Doctor, 120

And bringes me precious Phisicke for my soule.—

My Lord of Bedford, I desire of you,
Before my death, a corporall imbrace.

[Bedford comes to him, Cromwell imbraces him.
Farewell, great Lord; my loue I do commend,
My hart to you; my soule to heauen I send.

This is my loy that, eare my bodie fleete, 126

54 Ends then Qq. Ff: corr. M 59 Two times Qq. Ff.
din. after Lords 68 I pray M 70 to] sir, to M
71 Say will M 75 Why then yet M 77 for] sir,
for S 86 procured only M

92 son, sir, come M 105 not dare to look M
112 a] haue M: om. Q2, Ff beene] have been M
116 to] unto M

Act V, Sc. V. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LORD CROMWELL

Your honourd armes is my true winding sheet.
Farewell, deare *Bedford*; my peace is made in heauen.

Thus fallcs great *Cromwell* a poore ell in length,

To rise to vnmeasured height, winged with new strength, 130

The land of Wormes, which dying men discover,

My soule is shrinde with heauens celestiaall couer.

[*Exit Cromwell and the officers, and others.*]

Bed. Well, farewell, *Cromwell*, the trewest friend, 133

That euer *Bedford* shall possesse agayne.—

Well, Lordes, I feare, when this man is deade, Youle wish in vayne that *Cromwell* had a head.

Enter one with Cromwells head.

Offl. Heare is the head of the deceased *Cromwell*.

131 The *Og*, etc.: Hail conj. *St.*
the *M* 135 that when *M*

133 the] sure

Bed. Pray thee, goe hence, and beare his heade away
Vnto his bodie; inter them both in clay.

Enter sir Raulphe Sadler.

Sad. Ho now, my Lordes: what, is Lord *Cromwell* dead? 140

Bed. Lord *Cromwells* body now doth want a heade.

Sad. O God! a little speede had saued his life.

Here is a kinde repriue come from the king,
To bring him straight vnto his maiestie.

Suf. I, I, sir *Raulph*, repriues comes now too late. 145

Gar. My conscience now telles me this deede was ill:

Would Christ that *Cromwell* were alieue againe.
Nor. Come, let vs to the king, whom well I know,

Will grieue for *Cromwell*, that his death was so. [Exeunt omnes.]

FINIS.

148 whom] who *M*

THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
sties seruants.

By *William Shakespeare,*



LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and
are to be sold neere *S. Austins gate*,
at the signe of the pyde Bull.

1605.

- Q** = Quarto of 1605
F 1 = (Third) Folio Shakespeare, 1664
F 2 = (Fourth) „ „ 1685
R = Rowe, 1700
Pope = supplementary volume to Pope's Shakespeare, 1728
M = Malone, 1780
St. = Steevens, *ibid.*
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Haz. = Hazlitt, 1852
Moll. = Moltke, 1869
pr. ed. = present editor

THE LONDON PRODIGALL

The Actors Names in the London Prodigal.

M. Flowerdale (Senior),¹ a Merchant trading at Venice.
 Matth. Flowerdale, his Prodigal Son.
 M. Flowerdale, (Junior),² Brother to the Merchant.
 Sir Lancelot Spurcock, of Lewsome in Kent.
 Frances.
 Luce. • Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.
 Delia.
 Davidill.
 Hartichook. } Servants to Sir Lance. Spurcock.

The Scene London (and the Parts adjacent).³

Sir Arthur Greenhood, a Com-mander.
 Oliver a Devonshire Clothier.
 Weathercock, a Parasite to Sir Lance. Spurcock.
 Tom Civet, in love with Frances.
 Dick and Raph, two cheating Gamsters.
 Ruffin, a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.
 Sheriff and Officers.
 A Citizen and his wife.
 Drawers.⁴

(ACT I. SCENE I. London. A room in Flowerdale Junior's house.)

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Fath. Brother, from Venice, being thus disguise,

I come to proue the humours of my sonne.
 How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,

I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vnck. Faith, brother, so, as you will grieue to heare,

And I almost ashamde to report it. 6

Fath. Why, how ist, brother? what, doth he spend beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnck. How! beyond that? and farre more: why, your exhibition is nothing. Hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed; protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from me,—by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since his bond, his friend and friends bond. Altho I knowe that hee spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wilddnes that raiues ouer him. 19

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the name of his offences? If they do not reliish altogether of damnation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe ranne an vnbridled course till thirtie, nay, almost till fortie;—well, you see how I am: for vice, once looked into with the eyes of discretion, and well balanced with the waies of reason, the course past seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of himselfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather

intombe himself in the earth, or seek a new Tenant to remaine in him:—which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices, and left it, then those that knewe little, and in their age runnes into it? Beleeue me, brother, they that dye most vertuous hath in their youth liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire more then he that failes into it. But say, how is the course of his life? lets heare his particulars. 47

Vnck. Why, Ile tell you, brother; hee is a continual swearer, and a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to sweare is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better: for who will set by a bad thing? Nay, by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice. Well, I pray, proceede.

Vnck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst. 51

Fath. By my faith, this is none of the worst neither, for if he brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings man or child more to vertue then correction? What raignes ouer him else? 56

Vnck. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himselfe.

Fath. O best of all! vice should be forgotten: let him drink on, so he drinke not churches. Nay, and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him, then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Vnck. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man. 65

Fath. Why, you see, so doth the sea: it borrowes of all the small currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

¹ and . . adjacent add. R. ², ³ Add. M. ⁴ Cornish Q. Fy: corr. M. ⁵ Dram. Pers. add. F1 Act 1. str. add. M. ⁶ 22 damnation Q.

35 it] 'em R. 36 run F2, str. it] 'em R. 45 Prefz Vnck. Q. 46 not in] in not conj. M; the not has. 47-70 Nay . . non Teria Q. F1 62 a om. Fy

Vnck. I, but the sea paies it againe, and so will neuer your son. 70

Fath. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my sonne.

Vnck. Then, brother, I see you rather like these vices in your sonne, then any way condemne them. 75

Fath. Nay, mistake me not, brother, for tho I slur them ouer now, as things alight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, it would gall my heart, they should euer raigne in him. 80

Flow. Hol! whoes within? hol!

[*Flowerdale knocks within.*]

Vnck. That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

Fath. For Godsake giue it out I am dead; see how hele take it. Say I haue brought you newes from his father. I haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe, which Ile deliuer him. 88

Vnck. Goe too, brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Vnckle, where are you, Vnckle? [within.]

Vnck. Let my cousen in there.

Fath. I am a Sayler come from *Venice*, and my name is *Christopher*.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Vnckle— 94

Vnck. In truth would a seru'd, cousen, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leaue, Vnckle, the Lord is the Lord of truth. A couple of rascalles at the gate set vpon me for my purse. 99

Vnck. You neuer come, but you bring a brawle in your mouth.

Flow. By my truth, Vnckle, you must needs lend me tenne pound.

Vnck. Giue my cousen some small beere here. 105

Flow. Nay, looke you, you turne it to a iest now: by this light, I should ryde to *Croydon* layre, to meete syr *Lancelot Spurrock*. I should haue his daughter *Luce*, and for scuruy tenne pound, a man shal loose nine hundred three-score and odde pounds, and a dailly friend beside. By this hande, Vnckle, tis true.

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know. 115

Flow. To see now! why, you shall haue my bond, Vnckle, or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brocks*, or *Nick Halls*: as good rappyer and dagger men, as any be in *England*. Lets be damnb'd

78-80 *Verns Q. F. 1* 84-8 *Verns Q. F. 1* 97-9, 106-10
Nay... scuruy *Verns Q. F. 1*

if wee doe not pay you: the worst of vs all will not damne our selues for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound! 122

Vnck. Cousen, this is not the first time I haue beleeu'd you.

Flow. Why, trust me now, you know not what may fall. If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I should not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleued, —ther's it.

Vnck. Why, what is it, cousen? 130

Flow. Mary, this, Vnckle: can you tell me if the *Katern-hue* be come home or no?

Vnck. I, mary, ist.

Flow. By God I thanke you for that newes. What, ist in the poole, can you tell? 135

Vnck. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I haue sixe peeces of vellet sent me; Ile giue you a peece, Vnckle: for thus said the letter,—a peece of *Ashcolour*, a three pilde black, a colour de roy, a crimson, a sad greene, and a purple: yes, yfaith. 141

Vnck. From whom should you receiue this?

Flow. From who? why, from my father; with commendations to you, Vnckle, and thus he writes: I know, saith he, thou hast much troubled thy kinde Vnckle, whom God-willing at my returne I will see amply satisfied. Amply, I remember was the very word, so God helpe me. 150

Vnck. Haue you the letter here?

Flow. Yes, I haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no;—let me see, what breechs wore I a *Satterday*? let me see: a *Tuesday* my *Calymanka*; a *Wednesday* my peach colour *Sattin*; a *Thursday* my *Vellure*; a *Friday* my *Callymanka* againe; a *Satterday*—let me see—a *Satterday*,—for in those breeches I wore a *Satterday* is the letter: O, my ryding breeches, Vnckle, those that you thought had bene vellet; in those very breeches is the letter. 163

Vnck. When should it be dated?

Flow. Mary, *Decimo tertio septembris*—no, no—*decimo tertio Octobris*; I, *Octobris*, so it is.

Vnck. *Decimo tertio Octobris*! and here receiue I a letter that your father dyed in *Iune*: how say you, *Kester*? 168

Fath. Yes, truly, syr, your father is dead, these hands of mine holpe to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. I, syr, dead.

125-7 Why... care *Verns Q. F. 1* 132 Catherine
and Hugh M 140 colourde deroy Q: corr. M
144 whom M 164-5 Diddicimo tersios... trydissimo
tersios Q: corr. M 166 Didditimo tersios Q

Flow. Shblood, how should my father come dead?

Fath. Yfaith, syr, according to the old Prouerbe: 175

The childe was borne and cryed, became man,

After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck. Nay, cousen, doe not take it so heauily. 179

Flow. Nay, I cahnnot weepe you extempory: mary, some two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stinced. But I hope he dyed in good memory. 183

Fath. Very well, syr, and set downe euery thing in good order; and the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came ouer in: and I saw all the billes of lading, and the vellet that you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

Flow. By God, I assure you, then, there is knauery abroad. 190

Fath. Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,

Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in Venice.

Flow. I hope he dyed in good estate.

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his will,

Of which I am an vnworthy bearer. 195

Flow. His will haue you his will?

Fath. Yes, syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle

I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck. I hope, cousen, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me. 201

Flow. Ile doe reason, Vnckle, yet, yfaith, I take the deniall of this tenne pound very hardly.

Vnck. Nay, I denyde you not. 205

Flow. By God, you denide me directly.

Vnck. Ile be iudge(d) by this good fellowe. 209

Fath. Not directly, syr.

Flow. Why, he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holde. Well, Vnckle, come, weeke fall to the Legacies: (reads) 'In the name of God, Amen. Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale* three hundred pounds, to pay such triu(i)all debts as I owe in London. Item, to my sonne *Mat Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bayle of false dyce; *Videlicet*, high men and loe men, fullomes, stop cater traies, and other bones of function.' 220

180 cannon Q 207 judg'd Ff: iudge Q good-fellows Q S. D. reads add. N 218 Videlliced Q

Shblood, what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Proceede, cousen.

Flow. "These precepts I leaue him: let him borrow of his oath, for of his word no body will trust him. Let him by no meanes marry an honest woman, for the other will keepe her selfe. Let him steale as much as he can, that a guilty conscience may bring him to his destinate repentance."—I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his last will and Testament, the Diuell stood laughing at his beddes feete while he made it. Shblood, what, doth hee thinke to top of his posteritie with Paradoxes? 234

Fath. This he made, syr, with his owne hands.

Flow. I, well; nay, come, good Vnckle, let me haue this ten pound. Imagine you haue lost it, or (been) robd of it, or misreckond your selfe so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Vnckle. 241

Vnck. Not a penny.

Fath. Yfaith, lend it him, syr. I my selfe haue an estate in the Citle worth twenty pound: all that ile ingage for him; he saith it concernes him in a marriage. 246

Flow. I, marry, doth it. This is a fellow of some sense, this: Come, good Vnckle.

Vnck. Will you giue your word for it, *Kester*? 250

Fath. I will, syr, willingly.

Vnck. Well, cousen, come to me some hower hence, you shall haue it readie.

Flow. Shall I not faile?

Vnck. You shall not, come or send. 255

Flow. Nay, ile come my selfe.

Fath. By my troath, would I were your worships man.

Flow. What, wouldst thou serue?

Fath. Very willingly, syr. 260

Flow. Why, ile tell thee what thou shalt doe: thou saith thou hast twentie pound; goe into *Burghin Lane*, put thy selfe into cloathes; thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden fayre*. 264

Fath. I thanke you, syr; I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck. I will not, cousen.

Flow. Whats thy name? *Kester*?

Fath. I, syr. 270

Flow. Well, prouide thy selfe: Vnckle, farewell till anon. [Exit *Flowerdale*.]

221 Prefz *Flow.* repeated before this line Q. Ff 223-9 These...repentance Verre Q. Ff 1 225 50b N: 10p Walker 229 been robd gr. ed.: robd Q, Ff: were robb'd N 232 name| an N 233 misl Ff, etc.

Vnck. Brother, how doe you like your sonne?

Fath. Yfaith, brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,

Or as a Hawke, that neuer stoop'd to lure:
The one must be tamde with an yron byt, 276
The other must be watched, or still she is wilde.
Such is my sonne; awhile let him be so:
For counsell still is follies deadly foe.

He serue his youth, for youth must haue his course, 280

For being restrainde, it makes him ten times worse:

His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,
Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed.

(Exeunt.)

(SCENE II. The high street in Croydon. An inn appearing, with an open drinking booth before it.)

Enter syr Launcelot, Maister Weathercocke, Daffidill, Artichoake, Luce, and Francke.

Lance. Syrrha Artichoake, get you home before,

And as you proued your selfe a calfe in bying,
Drine home your fellow calves that you haue bought.

Arti. Yes, forsooth; shall not my fellow Daffidill goe along with me?

Lance. No, syr, no; I must haue one to waite on me. 5

Arti. Daffidill, farewell, good fellow Daffidill.

You may see, mistresse, I am set vp by the halues:

In steed of waiting on you, I am sent to drine home calues.

Lance. Yfaith, Francke, I must turne away this Daffidill,

Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow. 10

Fran. Indeed law, father, he was so since I had him:

Before he was wise enough for a foolish seruing-man.

Wea. But what say you to me, syr Lancelot?

Lance. O, about my daughters? wel, I will goe forward.

Heers two of them, God saue them: but the third, 15

O shees a stranger in her course of life.

Shee hath refused you, Maister Weathercocke.

Wea. I, by the Rood, syr Lancelot, that she hath,

But had she tride me,

She should a found a man of me indeed. 20

S. D. Exeunt add. R Scene II. etc. add. M 19-20 One line Q. ff

Lance. Nay be not angry, syr, at her deniall.
Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfull
And worthiest hous-keepers this day in Kent:
Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

Wea. The more foole she. 25

Lance. What, is it folly to loue Chastitie?

Wea. No, mistake me not, syr Lancelot,
But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,
That women dying maides lead apes in hell.

Lance. Thats a foolish prouerbe, and a false. 30

Wea. By the masse I thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:

But who shall marry with mistresse Frances?

Fran. By my troath, they are talking of marrying me, sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talke:

Fooles may haue leaueto prattle as they walke.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet mistresse; 36

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaste.

Luce. Yfaith, and thy tongue trips trenchmore.

Lance. No, of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:

Alas, God helpe her, sillie girle, a foole, a verie foole: 40

But thers the other black-browes, a shroad girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and shuters two or three:

Syr Arthur Greene-sheld one, a gallant knight,

A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers yong Oliuer, the Deuen-shyre lad,

A wary fellow, marry, full of wit, 46

And rich by the rood; but thers a third all aire,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind:

Young Flowerdale.

Wea. O hee, syr, hees a desperate dick indeed. 50

Barre him your house.

Lance. Fye, not so, hees of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I, proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I, marrie, thers the point, syr Lancelot, 55

For thers an old saying:

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe:

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all. 60

Lance. You are in the right, maister

Weathercocke.

22-3 Fress Q: corr. M 16 Charite Q: corr. R
27 No, no M 36 Sentences R, etc. 48-9 One
line Q: corr. F 2 52 Fie, sir M 57 poore] pos
con; M

Enter Mounsier Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, I thinke I am sure crossed, or witcht with an owle. I haue hanted them, Inne after Inne, booth after booth, yet cannot finde them: ha, yonder they are; thats she. I hope to God tis sheel nay, I know tis shee now, for she treades her shooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne? we are past it,
Daffidill. 69

Daffidill. The good signe is heere, syr, but the back gate is before.

Ciuet. Saue you, syr. I pray, may I borrow a peece of a word with you?

Daff. No peeeces, syr.

Ciu. Why, then, the whole. I pray, syr, what may yonder gentewomen be? 76

Daff. They may be Ladies, syr, if the destinies and mortalitie worke.

Ciu. Whats her name, syr?

Daff. Mistresse Frances Spurcocke, syr
Lancelots Spurcockes daughter. 81

Ciu. Is she a maid, syr?

Daff. You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that: I would be loth to be ridelled, syr. 85

Ciu. Is she married, I meane, syr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what shoe-maker shall make her wedding shooes.

Ciu. I pray, where Inne you syr? I would be very glad to bestowe the wine of that gentlewoman. 91

Daff. At the *George*, syr.

Ciu. God saue you, syr.

Daff. I pray your name, syr?

Ciu. My name is maister *Ciuet*, syr. 95

Daff. A sweet name. God be with you, good maister *Ciuet*. [*Exit Ciuet*].

Lance. A, haue we spide you, stout *S. George*?

For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine,

That needs no yuie-bush: well, weele not sit by it, 100

As you do on your horse. This roome shall serue:—

Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:

For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

A pinte of sacke, no more. 104

Draw. A quart of sack in the three Tunnes.

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte.—*Daffidill*, call for wine to make your selues drinke.

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake, good *Daffidill*. 109

Enter yong Flowerdale.

Flow. How now? fye, sit in the open roome? now, good syr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*! What, at your pinte? a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay, Royster, by your leaue we will away. 115

Flow. Come, giues some Musicke, weele goe dance. Begone, syr *Lancelot*? what, and fayre day too?

Luce. Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre. 120

Flow. Nay, if you say so, fairest of all faire, then ile not dance. A poxe vpon my tayler, he hath spoyled me a peach colour satten shute, cut vpon cloath of siluer, but if euer the *Rascall* serue me such an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue, yfaith, to put me in the calender of fooles: and you, and you, syr *Lancelot* and Maister *Weathercock*. My gold-smyth too, on tother side—I bespoke thee, *Luce*, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldst a had it for a fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for *Oryant Pearle*: but thou shalt haue it by sunday night, wench. 133

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rennish wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, syr, to the knight; and desires his more acquaintance. 139

Lance. To me? whats he that proues so kind?

Daff. I haue a tricke to know his name, syr. He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse Frances, his name is maister *Ciuet*.

Lance. Call him in, *Daffidill*. 145

Flow. O I know him, syr, he is a foole, But reasonable rich; his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corne-mongers, these mony-mongers, but he neuer had the wit to be a whore-monger. 150

Enter maister Ciuet.

Lance. I promise you, syr, you are at too much charge.

Ciuet. The charge is small charge, syr; I thanks God my father left me wherewithall: if it please you, syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlemoan here, in the way of marriage. 156

Lance. I thanks you, syr: please you come to *Lewesme*

66 linne Q 71 black gate Ff. R 100-7 Verse Q: corr. M

119 Prefx Lance Q. Ff: corr. M 121-4 Kay.. shute Verse Q. Ff 148 corne-monger- Q 151-60 Prom Q: corr. M

To my poore house, you shall be kindly welcome:

I knewe your father, he was a wary husband.—

To paie here, Drawer. 160

Draw. All is paid, syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Yfaith, you do vs wrong, But we shall liue to make amends ere long:

Maister Flowerdale, is that your man?

Flow. Yes, faith, a good old knaue. 165

Lance. Nay, then I thinke

You will turne wise, now you take such a seruant:

Come, youle ride with vs to Lewesme; lets away.

Tis scarce two howres to the end of day. [Exit Omnes.

(ACT II. SCENE I. A road near Sir Lancelot Spurcock's house, in Kent.)

Enter syr Arthur Green-shood, Olyuer, Lieutenant and Souldiers.

Aur. Lieutenant, leade your Souldiers to the ships.

There let them haue their coates, at their arriuall

They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake with our friends. 5

Oly. No, man; what, ere you vsed a sutch a fashion, thicke you cannot take your leaue of your vreens?

Aur. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant, lead them off. 10

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes, Ile venture a running away tho I hang fort.

Aur. Away, surrha, charme your tongue. [Exit Souldiers.

Oly. Bin you a preaser, syr? 15

Aur. I am a commander, syr, vnder the King.

Oly. Stoot, man, and you bee nere sutch a commander, shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud. 20

Aur. Content your selfe, man, my authority will stretch to presse so good a man as you.

Oly. Presse me? I deuye (ye), presse scoundrells, and thy meensels: Presse mel chee scornes thee, yfaith: For seest thee, heres a

worshipfull knight knowes cham not to be pressed by thee. 28

Enter syr Lancelot, Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.

Lance. Syr Arthur, welcome to Lewesme, welcome by my troath. Whats the matter, man? why are you vext? 31

Oly. Why, man, he would presse me.

Lance. O Fie, syr Arthur, presse him? he is (a) man of reckoning.

Wea. I, that he is, syr Arthur, he hath the nobles, 35

The golden ruddockes he.

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and wer^d he not

In fauour with your worships, he should see, That I haue power to presse so good as he.

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill. 40

Flow. I, marry, shall he, presse-cloath and karsie, white pot and drowsen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oly. Well, syr, tho you see viouten cloath and karsie, chee a zeene sutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken lacket, as thicke a one you weare. 47

Flow. Well sed, vltan vltattan.

Oly. A, and well sed, cocknell, and boe-bell too: what, doest thincke cham a vearde of thy zilken coate? nefer vere thee. 51

Lance. Nay, come, no more, be all louers and friends.

Wea. I, tis best so, good maister Olyuer.

Flow. Is your name maister Olyuer, I pray you? 56

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a foolish plot out of maister Olyuer to worke vpon. 60

Oly. Worke thy plots vpon mel stand a side:—worke thy foolish plots vpon mel chill so vse thee, thou weart neuer so vsed since thy dame bound thy head. Worke vpon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come. 65

Oly. Zyrtha, syrrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a giuen thee sutch a whisterpoope vnder the eare, chee would a made thee a vanged an other at my feete: stand a side, let me loose, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aside. 71

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your friends sake.

Oly. A vig for all my vreens! doest thou tell me of my vreens? 75

166 Ends wise Q: corr. M Act II. etc. add. M
S. D. Greenshield M 6-8 No man what ere...
vreens Q 11-13 Verse Q, Fy 15 Bin and you
Q: corr. Fy 24 deuye ye pr. ed.: deuye Q, c.c.

34 a add. F1 37 Ends fauour Q: corr. M 41-3
Verse Q: corr. M 51 coate, Q nefer pr. ed.: no fer
Q, Fy no vear vor thee M 68 whister poope Q, Fy

Lance. No more, good maister *Oliner*; no more,

37r Arthur. And, maiden, here in the sight
Of all your shutters, every man of worth,
He tell you whom I faintest would preferre
To the hard bargain of your marriage bed.—
Shall I be plaine among you, gentlemen? *81*

Arth. I, syr, tis best.

Lance. Then, syr, first to you:—
I doe confesse you a most gallant knight,
A worthy souldier, and an honest man: *85*
But honestie maintaines (not) a french-hood,
Goes very seldome in a chain of gold,
Keepes a small traine of seruants: hath fewe
friendes.—

And for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*,

I will not iudge: God can worke myracles, *90*
But hee were better make a hundred new,
Then thees a thrifty and an honest one.

Wea. Beleeue me, he hath byt you there,
he hath touched you to the quicke, that hath
he. *95*

Flow. Woodcocke a my side! why, maister
Weathercocke, you know I am honest, how-
souer trifles—

Wea. Now, by my troath, I knowe no other-
wise.

O your old mother was a dame indeed: *100*
Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too, I
trust:

And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney, as I heare, far hence.

Flow. I, God be praised, he is far enough.
He is gone a pygimage to Paradise, *105*
And left me to cut a caper against care.

Luce, looke on me that am as light as ayre.

Luce. Yfaith, I like not shadowes, bubbles,
breath,

I hate a light a louse, as I hate death.

Lance. Gyrlie, hold thee there: looke on this

Dyuen-ahyre lad: *110*

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and
person.

Oly. Well syr, cham as the Lord hath
made me. You know me well, yuine: cha
haue three-score packe a karsay, and black-
em hal, and chiefe credit beside, and my
fortunes may be so good as an others, zoe it
may.

Luce. (aside to *Ar.*) Tis you I loue, what-
souer others say.

Ar. Thanks, fayrest. *120*

Flow. (aside to *Fath.*) What, wouldst thou
haue me quarrell with him?

Fath. Doe but say he shall heare from you.

Lance. Yet, gentlemen, howsoever I pre-
ferre

This *Deuen-ahyre* shuter, He enforce no louse;
My daughter shall haue liberty to choose *126*
Whom she likes best; in your louse shute pro-
ceed:

Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

Wea. You haue sed well: indeed, right well.
[Enter *Artychoak.*

Arty. Mistress, heeres one would speake
with youe My fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the
seller already: he knowes him; he met him
at *Croyden* fayre.

Lance. O, I remember, a little man.

Arty. I, a very little man. *135*

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounsier *Ciuel.*

Arty. The same, syr.

Lance. Come, Gentlemen, if other shuters
come, *140*

My foolish daughter will be fitted too:

But *Della* my saint, no man dare moue.

[Exeunt all but young *Flowerdale* and
Olyuer, and old *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Harke you, syr, a word.

Oly. What haan you to say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall heare from me, and that
very shortly. *146*

Oly. Is that all? vare thee well, chee vere
thee not a vig. [Exit *Olyuer.*

Flow. What if (he) should come now? I
am fairly drest. *150*

Fath. I doe not meane that you shall meete
with him,

But presently weelee goe and draw a will:

Where weelee set downe land that we neuer
sawe,

And we will haue it of so large a summe,

Syr Lancelot shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, giue it maister *Weather-*

cocke, *156*

And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:

And make him sweare neuer to shew the will
To any one, vntill that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocks*
Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot* *161*

The forme and tenor of your Testament.

Nor stand to pause of it, be ruide by mee:

What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.

78-92 *Prose Q:* corr. *M* 82 *Prefix Arty.* *Q* 80
not add. *M* 98 byt hit *Ff.* etc. 94-5 that he
hath *Ff.* etc. 108 breath *M*: breath *Q* 114-15 at
Blackem-Hall *M* 118 *Prefix Lance.* *Q:* corr. *M*

124-6 *Two lines Q.* dic. shuter: corr. *M* 126
gentleman *Q.* *Ff* 124 *H. D. Exeunt* Exit at *Q* 144
ha an *Q.* *Ff* you say *Ff* 146 he add. *Ff* now
R: more *Q.* *Ff* 163 *Not* Ne'er *M*

Flow. Come, lets about it: if that a will,
sweet *Kyt*,¹⁶⁵
Can get the wench, I shall renowne thy wit.
[*Exit omnes.*]

(SCENE II. A room in sir Lancelot's house.)

Enter Dafidill.

Daff. Mistresse, still froward? No kind
lookes

Vnto your *Daffidill*? now by the Gods—

Luce. Away, you foolish knaue, let my
hand goe.

Daff. There is your hand, but this shall
goe with me:

My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.

Luce. Ile haue your coate stript ore your
eares for this,
You sawcie rascall.

[*Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke*]

Lance. How now, maid, what is the newes
with you?

Luce. Your man is something sawcie.

[*Exit Luce.*]

Lance. Goe too, syrrha, Ile talke with you
anon.

Daff. Syr, I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse, I tro:

I know my strength, then no more then so.

Wea. A, by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*,
I saw him the other day hold vp the bucklers,
like an *Hercules*. Ifaith, God a marcie, lad,
I like thee well.

Lance. I, I like him well: go, syrrha, fetch
me a cup of wine,

That ere I part with maister *Weathercocke*,
We may drinke downe our farewell in French
wine.

Wea. I thanke you, syr, I thanke you,
friendly knight.

Ile come and visit you, by the mouse-foot I
will:

In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flower-
dale*.

He is a desperate dyck, I warrant you.

Lance. He is, he is: fill, *Daffidill*, fill me
some wine. Ha, what weares he on his
arme? My daughter *Luces* bracelet. I, tis
the same.—Ha to you, maister *Weathercocke*.

Wea. I thanke you, syr: Here, *Daffidill*, an
honest fellow and a tall thou art. Well, ile take
my leaue, good knight, and hope to haue you
and all your daughters at my poore house; in
good sooth I must.

Scene II, etc. add. M 1 Ends froward Q. Ff
1-2 Prose M 11-13 Prose M 14 A) Ay R. etc.
makins M 18 1, I. like Q. Ff: Ay, Ay, like R. etc.

Lance. Thankes, maister *Weathercocke*, I
shall be bold to trouble you, be sure.

Wea. And welcome hartily; farewell.

[*Exit Weathercocke.*]

Lance. Syrrha, I saw my daughters wrong,
and withall her bracelet on your arme: off
with it, and with it my liuery too. Haue I
care to see my daughter matched with men
of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe,
syrrha, from my house, or ile whip you hence.

Daff. Ile not be whipped, syr, theres your
liuery.

This is a seruingsmans reward: what care I?
I haue meanes to trust too: I scorne seruice, I.

[*Exit Dafidill.*]

Lance. I, a lusty knaue, but I must let him
goe,

Our seruants must be taught what they
should know.

(*Exit.*)

(SCENE III. The same.)

Enter syr Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Syr, as I am a maid, I doe affect
You about any shuter that I haue,
Altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. I am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall
right:

What woman loues me, I am her faithfull
knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valour, nor
your loue,

But there be some that bares a souldiers forme,
That sweares by him they neuer thinke vpon,
Goes swaggering vp and downe from house to
house,

Crying God payes: and—

Ar. Ifaith, Lady, ile discry you such a man.
Of them there be many which you haue spoke
off,

That beare the name and shape of souldiers, 15
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:

That haunt your Tauerns, and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like

To vphold the brutish humour of their mindes,
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of
dispare:

Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in
blood,

Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are
mud.

S D. Exit Daffidill follows 43 Q S. D. Exit add.
Scene III. Another room in the same M
1-3 Prose Q. Ff: corr. M 8-12 Prose Q. Ff: corr.
M 12 and all M

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen
souldiers.

Ar. No, they are wretched slaues,
Whose desperate liues doth bring them time-
lesse graues. 25

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your
forme of life,

If I may choose, ile be a souldiers wife.

(*Exeunt.*)

(SCENE IV. *The same.*)

Enter syr Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oli. And tyt trust to it, so then.

Lance. Ashure your selfe,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vaine know the time,
for prouiding wedding rayments. 6

Lance. Why, no more but this: first get
your ashurance made, touching my daughters
ioynter; that dispatched, we wil in two daies
make prouision. 10

Oli. Why, man, chil haue the writings made
by to-morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then: lets meet at
the kings head in fish street.

Oli. No, fie, man, no, lets meet at the Rose
at *Temple-bar*. 15

That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose be it then, the hower
nine:

He that comes last forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no payment, let it be a
whole quart or nothing. 19

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Maister, here is a man would speake
with maister *Oliuer*: he comes from young
maister *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why, chillspeake with him, chill speake
with him. 24

Lance. Nay, sonne *Oliuer*, ile shurely see
what young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you. I
pray God it be no quarrell.

Oly. Why, man, if he quarrell with me,
chill giue him his hands full.

(*Enter old Flowerdale.*)

Fath. God saue you, good syr *Lancelot*. 30

Lance. Welcome, honest friend.

Fath. To you and yours my maister
wisheth health,

But vnto you, syr, this, and this he sendes:

There is the length, syr, of his rapier, 34
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

S. D. add. M Scene IV. Another room in the
same *M* 25-7 Verse Q

Oly. Here, chill meet him, my vrend,
chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him! you shall not meet the
Ruffin, fye.

Oly. And I doe not meete him, chill giue
you leaue to call me cut; where ist, syrrha?
where ist? where ist? 42

Fath. The letter shewes both the time and
place,

And if you be a man, then keepe your word,

Lance. Syr, he shal not keepe his word, he
shal not meet.

Fath. Why, let him choose, heele be the
better knowne

For a base rascall, and reputed so. 47

Oly. *Zyrrha*, *zyrrha*: and tware not an
old fellow, and sent after an arrant, chid giue
thee something, but chud be no mony: But
holde thee, for I see thou art somewhat testorne;
holde thee, theres vortie shillings: bring thy
maister a veeld, chil giue thee vortie more;
looke thou bring him: chil mall him, tell him,
chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him,
he was nere so vsed since his dam bound his
head; chill make him for capyryng any more,
chy vor thee.

Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, what ere befall. 60

Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister
this,

Ile make him fye the land, or vse him worse.

Fath. My maister, syr, deserues not this of
you,

And that youle shortly finde.

Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a
knaue, 65

And ile attache you first, next clap him vp
Or haue him bound vnto his good behauiour.

Oly. I wood you were a sprite, if you do
him any harme for this. And you doe, chill
nere see you, nor any of yours, while chill
haue eyes open: what, doe you thinke, chil
be abafelled vp and downe the towne for
a messell and a scoundrel? no, chy vor you:
zyrrha, chil come; say no more, chil come,
tell him. 75

Fath. Well, sir, my Maister deserues not
this of you,

And that youle shortly finde. [*Exit.*]

Lance. No matter, he's an vnthrift; I desle
him.

Now, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oly. No, chy vore you. 80

57 make] mar *M* 50 man] man, sir *M* 78 vor]
bor *Q*, *Ff* 78 Prefz *Oly. Q. etc.*: corr. pr. ed. 79
Prefz *Lance. before this line Q. etc.* Now *Pope*: No
Q. Ff 80 No *Pope*: Now *Q. Ff*

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oly. Nay, chill watch you for zutch a trickes. But if che meet him, zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse. ⁸⁵

Lanc. What, will you then neglect my daughters loue?

Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oly. Why, man, chill not kill him; marry, chill veze him too, and againe; and zoe God be with you, vather. What, man, we shall me(e)t to morrow. ^[Exit.]

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate. ⁹²

Come forth, my honest seruant *Artichoake*.

Enter Artic.

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I warrant you. ⁹⁵

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler mended. O for that knaue, that *Vyllaine Daffidill* would haue done good seruice. But to thee. ⁹⁹

Art. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a strawe, then: out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate ouer his eares. This is the humour of you all. ¹⁰⁶

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*!

Art. Why, there tis now: our yeares wages and our valles will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side, that's flat. ¹¹³

Lanc. Tis no such matter, man. Get weapons ready, and bee at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging of the *Deuon-shire Youth*, but be vnseen: and as he goes out, as he willgoe out, and that very earely without doubt— ¹¹⁹

Art. What, would you haue me draw vpon him, as he goes in the streete?

Lanc. Not for a world, man: into the fields; for to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*. Take thou the part of *Olyuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son, and marry *Luce*. Doest vnderstand me, knaue?

Art. I, syr, I doe vnderstand you, but my young mistresse might be better provided in matching with my fellowe *Daffidill*. ¹³⁰

114-10 *Verse M. dir. after ready, day, youth, out.*
doubt 120-1 *Verse Q* 122-7 *Verse Q. etc.*

Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue: That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knaue.

^[Exit (Arti.).]

Enter Weathercocke.

Maister Weathercocke, you come in happy time. The desperat *Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you must answer it, but the *Deuenshyre* man, my sonne *Oliuer*? ¹³⁷

Wea. Mary, I am sory for it, good syr *Lancelot*,

But if you will be ruled by me, weelee stay the furie.

Lance. As how, I pray?

Wea. Marry, ile tell you: by promising yong *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce*. ¹⁴²

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wea. I, syr *Lancelot*, I would haue thought so too, but you and I haue bene deceiued in him: come read this will, or deed, or what you call it, I know not. Come, come, your spectacles I pray. ¹⁴⁹

Lance. Nay, I thanke God, I see very well. *Wea.* Marry, God blesse your eyes, mine hath bene dim almost this thirtie yeares.

Lance. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay, there is true loue, indeede: He gaue it to me but this very morne, ¹⁵⁵ And bid me keepe it vnseene from any one. Good youth, to see how men may be deceiued!

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I To hate this louing youth: he hath made me, Together with my *Luce* hee loues so deare, Executors of all his wealth. ¹⁶¹

Wea. All, all, good man; he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three ships now in the straits & homeward bound, Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yeare, The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shyre*: Debts and accounts are thirtie thousand pound; Plate, mony, Iewels, 16. thousand more; ¹⁶⁷ Two houses furnished well in *Cole-man* street: Beside whatsoever his Vnckle leaues to him, Being of great demeanes and wealth at *Peck-ham*. ¹⁷⁰

Wea. How like you this, good knight? how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends.

The *Deuen-shyre* man shall whistle for a wife:

132 S.D. *Arti. add. R* 139 the] their *M* 145-9
Verse M 152 haue *P. v. etc.* 154-61 *Prose Q. Py:*
corr. M 170 domains *M*

He marrie *Lucel* *Luce* shall be *Flowerdales*.

Wea. Why, that is friendly said. 175
Let's ride to *London* and prevent their match,
By promising your daughter to that lovely
lad.

Lance. Weele ride to *London*:—or it shall
not need,
Weele crosse to *Dedfort-strand*, and take a
boat.

Where be these knaues? what, *Artichoake*?
what, *Fop*? 180

Enter *Artichoake*.

Arty. Heere be the very knaues, but not the
merry knaues.

Lance. Here, take my cloake, ile haue
a walke to *Dedford*.

Arty. Syr, wee haue bin scouring of our
swords and bucklers for your defence. 184

Lance. Defence me no defence! let your
swords rust, ile haue no fighting: I, let blowes
alone; bid *Delia* see all things be in readinesse
against the wedding. Weele haue two at
once, and that will saue charges, maister
Weathercocke. 190

Arty. Well, we will doe it, syr.

[Exit Omnes.]

(ACT III. SCENE I. A walk before sir
Lancelot's house.)

Enter *Citiz*, *Francke*, and *Delia*.

Cit. By my truth, this is good lucke, I
thanke God for this. In goodsooth, I haue euen
my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I may boldly
call you so, for your father hath franck and
freely giuen me his daughter *Francke*. 5

Fran. I, by my troth, *Tom*; thou hast my
good will too, for I thanke God I longed for
a husband, and, would I might neuer stir, for
one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why, sister, now you haue your
wish. 11

Cit. You say very true, sister *Delia*: and
I prethee call me nothing but *Tom* and ile call
thee sweetheart, and *Franck*: will it not doe
well, sister *Delia*? 15

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you.

Fran. But, *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now
when I am married?

Cit. No, *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like
a Citizen

In a garded gowne, and a French-hood. 20

175 7 *Prout Q. Ff.* dir. after *London*, promising M
176 And straight prevent M 179 In *Dedford-strand*
M 182 *Deptford* M Act III. etc. add. M
his] whose M

Fran. By my troth, that will be excellent
indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to
your estate:

Apparell you your selfe like to your father,
And let her goe like to your ancient mother.
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you; 25
Brother, take heed of pride, (it) soone bids
thrift adue.

Cit. So as my father and my mother went!
thats a iest indeed: why she went in a fringed
gowne, a single ruffe, and a white cap; and my
father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten
sleeues, and a canuis backe. 31

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much
as yours.

Cit. My estate, my estate, I thank God, is
fortie pound a yere, in good leases and tene-
ments, besides twenty marke a yere at
cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by
inheritance. 37

Delia. That may, indeed, tis very fitly plyed.
I know not how it comes, but so it fallies out,
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous
rich, 40

And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leaue behind
For them, they hope, will be of their like
minde,—

But (it) fallies out contrary: forty yeares
sparing

Is scarce three seuen yeares spending,—neuer
caring 45

What will inshue, when all their coyne is
gone,

And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
Oft haue I heard, that pride and ryot kist,
And then repentance cryes, 'for had I wist.'

Cit. You say well, sister *Delia*, you say
well: but I meane to liue within my boundes:
for looke you, I haue set downe my rest thus
farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french-
hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of gold-
ings, and a brace of gray hounds, and this is
all ile doe. 56

Delia. And youle do this with fortie pound
a yere?

Cit. I, and a better penny, sister.

Fran. Sister, you forget that at cuckoldes-
hauen. 60

Cit. By my troath, well remembred,
Francke;

Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

Delia. Keepe you the rest for points:—alas
the day,

25 it soon M; some Q. Ff take heed: pride soon
fluz. 44 it odd. M

Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world
say nay:

Come, brother, will you in? dinner staies for
vs. 65

Ciu. I, good sister, with all my heart.

Fran. I, by my troath, *Tom*, for I haue a
good stomacke.

Ciu. And I the like, sweet *Francke*. No,
sister, doe not thinke ile goe beyond my
boundes. 71

Delia. God grant you may not.

[Exit *Omnes*.]

(SCENE II. *London. The street before young
Flowerdale's house.*)

*Enter young Flowerdale and his father,
with ioyles in their handes.*

Flow. Syrrha *Kyt*, tarrie thou there, I haue
spied syr *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercocke* com-
ming this way; they are hard at hand. I will
by no meanes be spoken withall.

Fath. Ile warrant you; goe, get you in. 5

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. Now, my honest friend, thou doest
belong to maister *Flowerdale*?

Fath. I doe, syr.

Lance. Is he within, my good fellow?

Fath. No, syr, he is not within. 10

Lance. I prethee, if he be within, let me
speake with him.

Fath. Syr, to tell you true, my maister is
within, but indeed would not be spoke withall:
there be some tearmes that stands vpon his
reputation, therefore he will not admit any
conference till he hath shooke them off. 17

Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good
friend, syr *Lancelot Spurcocke*, intreates to
speake with him. 20

Fath. By my troath, syr, if you come to
take vp the matter betwene my maister and
the *Deuen-shyre* man, you doe but beguile
your hopes, and loose your labour. 24

Lance. Honest friend, I haue not any such
thing to him; I come to speake with him about
other matters.

Fath. For my maister, syr, hath set down
his resolution, either to redeeme his honour,
or leaue his life behind him. 30

Lance. My friend, I doe not know any
quarrell, touching thy maister or any other
person: my businesse is of a different nature
to him, and I prethee so tell him. 34

Fath. For howsoeuer the *Deuenshire* man

is, my maisters mind is bloody: thats a round O,
And therefore, syr, intreatie is but vaine:

Lance. I haue no such thing to him, I tell
thee once againe.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him.

[Exit *Father*.]

Lance. A, syrrha, I see this matter is hotly
carried, 40

But ile labour to dissuade him from it.—

Enter Flowerdale.

Good morrow, maister *Flowerdale*.

Flow. Good morrow, good syr *Lancelot*;
good morrowe, maister *Weathercocke*. By my
troath, gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer
Nick Matchiull; I find him good to be known,
not to be followed: a pestilent humane fellow.
I haue made certaine anations of him such
as they be.—And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha?
how ist? A mad world, men cannot liue quiet
in it. 51

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, I doe vnder-
stand there is

Some iarre betwene the *Deuen-shyre* man
and you.

Fath. They, syr? they are good friends as
can be.

Flow. Who? maister *Oliuer* and I? as good
friends as can be. 55

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie
it, and a generous silence, which too few are
indued withall: But, syr, such a thing I heare,
and I could wish it otherwise. 59

Flow. No such thing, syr *Lancelot*, a my
reputation, as I am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe beleue you, then, if you
doe

Ingage your reputation there is none. 63

Flow. Nay, I doe not ingage my reputation
there is not. You shall not bind me to any
condition of hardnesse: but if there be any
thing betwene vs, then there is; if there be
not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lance. I doe perceiue by this, that there is
something betwene you, and I am very sorie
for it. 71

Flow. You may be deceiued, syr *Lancelot*.
The *Italian* hath a pretie saying, *Questo*—
I haue forgot it too, tis out of my head, but
in my translation, ift hold, thus: (If) thou hast
a friend, keepe him; if a foe, trip him. 76

Lance. Come, I doe see by this there is
somewhat betwene you, and, before God, I
could wish it other wise. 79

37 intreaties is *F 1*: intreaties are *F 2* 43-51
Verse *Q*, *Ff* 52-3 *Die*, after iarre *Q*, *F 1*: Prove *F 2*
36-122 brawle Verse *Q*, *F 1* 60 a) at *R*: on *M* 64-8
Verse *Q*, *Ff* 65 is none *Moll*. 75 11 add. *M*

Flow. Well what is betweene vs can hardly be altered. *Syr Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow. That way which I must ride, no man must denie me the Sunne; I would not by any particular man be denied common and generall passage. If any one saith, *Flowerdale, thou passest not this way*: my answer is, I must either on or returne, but returne is not my word, I must on: if I cannot, then, make my way, nature hath done the last for me, and thers the fine. 90

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, euery man hath one tongue, and two eares: nature, in her building, is a most curious worke-maister.

Flow. That is as much (as) to say, a man should heare more then he should speake. 95

Lance. You say true, and indeed I haue heard more then at this time I will speake.

Flow. You say well.

Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes, maister *Flowerdale*: but prooue is the rule for both. 101

Flow. You say true; what doe you call him hath it there in his third canton.

Lance. I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleued it. 105

Flow. Twas fit, twas necessarie.

Lance. But I haue seene somewhat of late in you, that hath confirmed in me an opinion of goodnesse toward you. 109

Flow. Yfaith, syr, I am shure I neuer did you harme: some good I haue done, either to you or yours, I am shure you know not; neither is it my will you should.

Lance. I, your will, syr. 114

Flow. I, my will, syr? sfoot, doe you know ought of my will? Begod, and you doe, syr, I am abused.

Lance. Goe, maister *Flowerdale*; what I know, I know; and know you thus much out of my knowledge, that I truly loue you. For my daughter, she's yours. And if you like a marriage better then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you shall be married to a lovely Ladie. 125

Flow. Nay but, syr *Lancelot*—

Lance. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self thus much, I will haue order to hinder your encounter. 129

Flow. Nay, but heare me, syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay, stand not you vpon imputatiue honour. Tis merely vnsound, vnprofitable, and idle inferences: your busines is to wedde my daughter, therefore giue me your present

word to doe it. He goe and prouide the maid, therefore giue mee your present resolution, either now or neuer. 137

Flow. Will you so put me too it?

Lance. I, afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer. Else what I thought should be our match, shal be our parting; so fare you well for euer. 143

Flow. Stay: fall out what may fall, my loue is about all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and so fare you well.

[Exit syr *Lancelot*.]

Fath. Now, syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell? 146

Flow. By the masse, thats true: now helpe, Kyt;

The marriage ended, wee le make amendes for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your bride,

We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide. 150

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,

In mirth wee le spend full many a merry hower:

As for this wench I not regard a pin,

It is her gold must bring my pleasures in. 154

[Exit.]

Fath. Ist possible, he hath his second liuing, Forsaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing? But that I knew his mother firme and chaat, My heart would say my hed she had disgrast: Else would I sweare he neuer was my sonne, But her faire mind so fowle a deed did shun.

Enter *Vnckle*.

Vnck. How now, brother, how doe you find your sonne? 161

Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine, Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,

One that doth nothing but inuent descent:

For all the day he humours vp and downe, 165

How he the next day might deceiue his friend.

He thinks of nothing but the present time: For one groat readie downe, heele pay a shilling,

But then the lender must needes stay for it.

When I was young, I had the scope of youth,

Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate: 171

But such mad straines as hee's possent withall, I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.

139 *Pr* *Fl* *Lance* *Q*, *F* 149 *Well*, *well* *M* 150
whate'er *M* *S*, *D*, *add*, *M* 159, 160 *tr*, *S*
166 *may* *Haz*.

94 *as add*, *F* 2 121 *She's* *Pf*: *She* *Q* 133 *idle*:
Inferences *Q*

Vnck. I told you so, but you would not beleue it.

Fath. Well, I haue found it, but one thing comforts me: 175

Brother, to morrow hee's to be married
To beaustious *Luce*, syr *Lancelot Spurecocks*
daughter.

Vnck. Ist possible?

Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him. 179

This day, brother, I will you shall arrest him:
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is ranck in mischiefe, chained to a life,
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

Vnck. What, arrest him on his wedding day? 184

That were vnchristian, and an vnhumane part:
How many couple euen for that very day
Hath purchast 7 yeares sorrow afterward?
Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his ioy with sorrow.

Fath. Brother, ile haue it done this very day, 190

And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:

Doe but obserue the course that he will take.
Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:
And for weeles haue the summe shall not be slight,

Say that he owes you neere three thousand pound: 195

Good brother, let (it) be done immediately.

Vnck. Well, seeing you will haue it so,
Brother, ile doot, and strait prouide the Sheriffe.

Fath. So, brother, by this meanes shall we perceiue

What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do: 200

And how his wife doth stand affected too him—
Her loue will then be tried to the vttermost—
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will doo,

Shall harme him much, and much auaille him too. [Exit.

(SCENE III. A high road near London.

Enter Oliver; afterwards sir Arthur Greenshield.)

Oly. Cham ashured thicke be the place, that the secondrell appointed to meet me: if a come, so: if a come not, so. And che war awise, he should make a coystrell an vs, ched

177 *Lancelots Spurecocks Q* 180 This] That *Haz.*
brother, that day *Moll.* 185 were] were an *M*
and an] and *M* 188 him] it *R* 189 this] that
Haz. 190 this] the *Haz.* 190 it add. *F1* Scene
111. etc. add. *M* 1-8 Verse *Q, Fy*

vase him, and che vang him in hand; che would hoyst him, and giue it him too and againe, 20 chud: Who bin a there? syr *Arthur*! chil staie aside. 8

Ar. I haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,

For feare of any harme that should befall him:

I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:

Tho, of my soule, *Oliuer* teares him not,
Yet for ide see faire play on either side, 14
Made me to come, to see their valours tride.
God morrow to maister *Oliuer*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Ar. What, maister *Oliuer*, are you angry?

Oli. Why an it be, tyt and greeuen you?

Ar. Not me at all, syr, but I imagine by Your being here thus armed, you stay for some 21

That you should fight withall.

Oli. Why, and he doe, che would not deziue you to take his part.

Ar. No, by my troath, I thinke you need it not,

For he you looke for, I thinke meanes not to come. 25

Oli. No, & che war ashure a that, ched averse him in another place.

[Enter *Daffidill*.

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, maister *Oliuer*, aye mel

Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet mistressse *Luce*,

This morne is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*! tis impossible.

Oli. Married, man, che hope thou doest but iest, 31

To make an a volowten meryment of it.

Daf. O, tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.

Enter Flowerdale (Junior), Sheriffe, Officers.

Vncle. God morrow, sir *Arthur*, good morrow, M(aister) *Oliuer*.

Oly. God and good morne, M(aister) *Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen vs, 35
Is your secondrell kinsman married?

Vncle. M(aister) *Oliuer*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed to sir *Lanncelots* daughter here.

Arth. Vnto her? 40

5 ched vang *M* 20-2 Dir. after imagine armed
Q, Fy 32 make a vlowten *M* 37 *Prfsr* Vncle *M*:
Arth. Q, Fy 40 *Prfsr* *Arth. M*: Vncle *Q, Fy* Vnto
M: Sir *Arthur*. vnto *Q, Fy*

Oly. I, ha the olde yellow sarued me thick
tricke?

*Why, man, he was a promise, chil chud a had
her.*

*Is a sitch a voxe? chill looke to his water, che
vor him.*

Vncle. The musicke playes, they are com-
ming from the Church. Sheriffe, doe your
Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it. • 46

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oly. • God giue you ioy, as the old zaid
Prouerbe is, and some zorrow among. You
met vs well, did you not? 49

Lance. Nay, be not angry, sir, the fault is in
me. I haue done all the wrong, kept him
from comming to the field to you, as I might,
sir, for I am a Iustice, and sworne to keepe
the peace. 54

Wea. I, marry, is he, sir, a very Iustice, and
sworne to keepe the peace: you must not
disturbe the weddings.

Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme, sir;
if you doe,

He haue an order taken for you.

Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet. 60

Wea. M(aister) *Flowerdale*! sir *Lancelot*,
looke you who here is. M(aister) *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. M(aister) *Flowerdale*, welcome with
all my heart.

Flow. *Vncle*, this is she, yfaith: Maister
Vnder-sheriffe, 65

Arrest me? at whose sute? draw, Kill.

Vnc. At my sute, sir.

Lance. Why, whats the matter M(aister)
Flowerdale? 69

Vnc. This is the matter, sir: this vnthrif
here hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
in seuerall summes, three thousand pound.

Flow. Why, *Vncle*, *Vncle*.

Vnck. Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled
me, and if you be not staid, youle proue a
cousoffer vnto all that know you. 76

Lance. Why, syr, suppose he be to you in
debt

Ten thousand pound, his state to me ap-
peare(s),

To be at least three thousand by the years.

Vnck. O syr, I was too late informed of that
plot, 80

How that he went about to cousen you:

And formd a will, and sent it

To your good friend there, maister *Weather-
cocke*,

In which was nothing true, but brags and
lyes.

Lance. Ha, hath he not such Lordships,
landes, and shippes? 86

Vnck. Not worth a groat, not worth a
halfepenie, he.

Lance. I pray, tell vs true, be plaine, young
Flowerdale? 90

Flow. My vnckle here's mad, and dis-
posed to do me wrong, but heer's my man, an
honest fellow, by the lord, and of good credit,
knowes all is true.

Fath. Not I, syr. 95

I am too old to lye, I rather know

You forgd a will, where euery line you writ,
You studied where to coate your landes
might lye.

Wea. And I prethee, where be they,
honest friend? 100

Fath. Yfaith, no where, syr, for he hath
none at all,

Wea. *Benedicite*, we are ore wretched, I
beleeue.

Lance. I am cousend, and my hopefult
child vndone. 106

Flow. You are not cousend, nor is she
vndone. They slaunder me, by this light
they slander me: Looke you, my vnckle heres
an vaurer, and would vndoe me, but ile stand
in law; do you but baile me, you shal do no
more: you, brother *Ciud*, and maister *Weather-
cocke*, doe but baile me, and let me haue my
marriage mony paid me, and weele ride downe,
and there your owne eyes shall see, how my
poore tenants there wil welcome me. You
shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,
and, you greedy gnat, their baile will serue.

Vnck. I, syr, ile aske no better baile. 119

Lance. No, syr, you shall not take my baile,
nor his,

Nor my sonne *Ciuds*; ile not be cheated, I.
Shreue, take your prisoner, ile not deale with
him:

Let's *Vncle* make false dice with his false
bones,

I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld,
& wrongd! 124

Come, Girle, though it be late, it falls out well,
Thou shalt not lue with him in buggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & his heauen doth
know,

With what vnwillignease I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:

91 here's] here Q 91-4 Vnck Q. Ff 98 quote
F 2, etc. 99 they M: thy Q. Ff 100 friends Q. Ff
103 ore reached Ff 107-18 Vnck Q. etc. 118 you]
you, ore conj. St. 124 let's] Let him M

42 chill? che 55, 61 Wea. Ff: Wbe. Q 70-2
Vnck Q. Ff 78 appeare Q: appears Ff 82, 83
End good, was Q. Ff

The holy Church-man pronounced these words
but now: 130

I must not leaue my husband in distresse.
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse,
forsake him.

Luce. This day you caused me on your
curse to take him: 134

Doe not, I pray, my greiued soule oppresse,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his
distresse.

Lanc. O M(aister) *Weathercock*,
I must confesse I forced her to this match,
Led with opinion his false will was true. 139

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too.

Lanc. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in
a happie Virgins state.

Delia. Father, be patient, sorrow comes
too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did
entreat,

If she must needes taste a sad marriage life,
She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-sheilds*
wife. 145

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater
wrong.

Lanc. O, take her yet.

Arthur. Not I.

Lanc. Or, M(aister) *Oliuer*, accept my
child, 150

And halfe my wealth is yours.

Oly. No, sir, chile breake no Lawes.

Luce. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet, sister, in this passion,
Doe not runne headlong to confusion. 155

You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Doe, sister; hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe, faith, Mistrasse *Luce*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me
alone. 159

I sweare ile liue with him in all (his) mone.

Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,
Cham auerd hee will neuer liue with you.

Art. I, but hee is now in hucksters handling
for running away.

Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and
I am wrongd,

And if you will redresse it yet you may: 165

But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,

Neuer come neere my sight nor looke on
me,

Call me not father, looke not for a groat,

For all thy portion I wil this day giue

Vnto thy syster *Frances*. 170

130 Church-man] church *Haz.* 137-8 *One line*
Q. F. I 150 except Q 154-6 *Prose Q. Fy* 159
let] pray let M 160 his add. R 164 am] are R

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*, I shall
haue a good deale. Besides ile be a good
wife: and a good wife is a good thing, I can
tell. 174

Ciu. Peace *Franck*, I would be sorry to see
thy sister cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lance. What, are you yet resolu'd?

Luc. Yes, I am resolu'd.

Lanc. Come then, away; or now, or neuer,
come.

Luc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your
feast, 180

And I to weepe, that am with grieve oppress.

Lanc. For euer flie my sight: come, gentle-
men,

Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wiues then
her.

Delia, vpon my blessing talke not too her.

Bace Baggage, in such hast to beggery? 185

Vnc. Sheriffe, take your prisoner to your
chARGE.

Flo. Vncle, be-god you haue vad me very
hardly,

By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

[Exit all (but *Luce*, yong *Flowerdale*, his
father, Vncle, Sheriffe, and Officers.

Luc. O M(aister) *Flowerdale*, but heare me
speake; 189

Stay but a little while, good M(aister) Sheriffe,
If not for him, for my sake pittie him:

Good syr, stop not your eares at my complaint,
My voyce growes weake, for womens words
are faint.

Flow. Looke you, Vncle, she kneeles to you.

Vnc. Faire maid, for you, I loue you with
my heart, 195

And greeue, sweet soule, thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldst match with such a grace-
leasse Youth.

Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him,
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of
shame.

Luc. Impute his wildnesse, syr, vnto his
youth, 200

And thinke that now is the time he doth
repent:

Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?

And where nought is, the king doth lose his
due:

O, pittie him, as God shall pittie you. 205

Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too
well,

And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with.

171-8 *Verse Q. Fy* 187-8 *Prose M* S. D. all:
yong Q. Fy: all but *Luce*, yong R

Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Vnc. I, virgin, that being answered, I haue done, 210

But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the hye Piramydies.

Sheriffe, take your prisoner: Maiden, fare thee well.

Luc. O goe not yet, good M(aister) Flowerdale:

Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond. 215

Flow. I, by God, *Vncle*, and my bond too.

Luc. Alas, I nere ought nothing but I paid it,

And I can worke; alas, he can doe nothing:
I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,
His chiefeest friends doe seeke his miserie. 220

All that I can or beg, get, or receiue,
Shall be for you: O doe not turne away;
Me thinkes, within, a face so reuerent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should haue some feeling of a maidens griefe:
For my sake, his fathers, and your brothers sake, 226

I, for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,
Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.

Vnc. Faire maid, stand vp; not in regard of him,

But in pittie of thy haplesse choise, 230
I doe release him. M(aister) *Sheriffe*, I thanke you:

And, officers, there is for you to drinke.
Here, maide, take this monie; there is a 100
Angels:

And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,
Here, *Kester*, take it you, and vse it sparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all. 236
Dry your eyes, Neece, doe not too much lament

For him, whose life hath beene in ryot spent:

If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shamefull end on him depends. 240
[Exit *Vncle*.

Flow. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator. Come, *Kyl*, the monie; come, honest *Kyl*.

Fath. Nay, by my faith, sir, you shall pardon me. 245

Flow. And why, sir, pardon you? giue me the mony, you old Rascall, or I shall make you.

Luc. Pray, hold your hands: giue it him, honest friend. 250

Fath. If you be so content, with all my heart.

Flow. Content, syr: sblood, shee shall be content, whether she will or no. A rattle baby come to follow me! Goe, get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father, bring me your dowie, or neuer looke on me. 257

Fath. Syr, she hath forsooke her father and all her friends for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to prouide her lodging. 263

Flow. Yes, I meane to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throwe them at a cast at Dice, as I haue done a thousand of their fellowes. 268

Fath. Nay, then, I will be plaine, degenerate boy.

Thou hadst a Father would haue beene a shamed. 270

Flow. My father was an Asse, an old Asse.

Fath. Thy father? proud, lycentious villain!

What, are you at your foyles? ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me, 275

Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father: Goe! hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone,

Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.

Luc. O, doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine; 280

It grieues me that he beares his fathers name.

Flow. Well, you old rascall, I shall meet with you. Syrrha, get you gone; I will not strip the liuery ouer your eares, because you paid for it: but do not vse my name, syrrha, doe you heare? looke you doe not vse my name, you were best. 287

Fath. Pay me the twentie pound, then, that I lent you,

Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it.

Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee none. Minckins, looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not: If you doe, begger, I shall slit your nose. 293
Luc. Alas, what shall I doe?

209 debt *N* 223 within a *Q. Ff*: that one with
reuerend *R*, etc. 225 haue] live conj. *ST*.
238 royot *Q* 241-3, 246-8 Versus *Q. Ff* 247 shall]
will *R*

253-7 Versus *Q. Ff* 266 rant of *F2*, etc. 272
proud] thou proud *N* 281 Fathers *Ff*: father *Q*
282-7 Versus *Q. Ff* 290-3 Versus *Q*, etc.

Flow. Why, turne whore, thats a good trade, 295
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

[Exit Flowerdale.]

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.

Fath. Sweete mistresse, doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.

Luce. Alas, my friend, I know not what to do.

My father and my friends, they haue despised me: 300

And I, a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares

Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes.—
Lady, take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine.

I haue a little liuing in this towne, 306

The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose.

Ile straitte goe helpe you to some strange disguise,

And place you in a seruice in this towne, 310
Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne:

Come, greeue no more, where no helpe can be had,

Weepe not for him that is more worse then bad.

Luce. I thanke you, syr. (Exeunt.)

(ACT IV. SCENE I. A room in Sir Lancelot Spurcock's house in Kent.)

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke and them.

Ol. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke, but such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.

Lance. Son *Ciuel*, daughter *Frances*, beare with me,

You see how I am pressed downe with inward grieffe, 5

About that lucklesse gyrlie, your sister *Luce*:

But tis fallen out with me,

As with many families beside,

They are most vnhappy, that are most beloued. 9

Ciu. Father, tis so, tis euen fallen out so, but what remedie? set hand to your heart, and let it passe. Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weelee not say, weelee bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie children as euer she was: tho she had the pricke and

praise for a prettie wench. But, father, done is the mouse: youle come? 17

Lance. I, sonne *Ciuel*, ile come.

Ciu. And you, maister *Oliuer*?

Ol. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan make a better veast there. 21

Ciu. And you, syr *Arthur*?

Ar. I, syr, although my heart be full, Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.

Ciu. And welcome all indeed, and welcome: come, *Francke* are you readie? 26

Fran. Ieshue, how hastie these husbands

are. I pray, father, pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee wise,

Send you both ioy: I wish it with wet eyes. 30

Fran. But, Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with vs? She is excellent good at cookery and such things.

Lance. Yes, mary, shall she: *Delia*, make you ready. 35

Del. I am ready, syr. I will first goe to *Greene-witch*, from thence to my cousen *Chesterfelds*, and so to *London*.

Ciu. It shall suffice, good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice, but faile vs not, good sister: giue order to cookes, and others, for I would not haue my sweet *Francke* to soyle her fingers.

Fran. No, by my troath, not I: a gentlewoman, and a married gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes and kitchin-boyes! not I, yfaith: I scorne that. 46

Ciu. Why, I doe not meane thou shalt, sweete heart; thou seest I doe not goe about it: well farewell too you. Gods pittie, M(aister) *Weathercocke*, we shal haue your company too? 51

Wea. With all my heart, for I loue good cheare.

Ciu. Well, God be with you all. Come, *Francke*. 54

Fran. God be with you, father, God be with you, syr *Arthur*, Maister *Oliuer*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with you all: God be with you, father, God be with you euery one. 59

(Exeunt *Ciuel* and *Frances*.)

Wea. Why, how now, syr *Arthur*? all a mort? maister *Oliuer*, how now man?

Cheerely, syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,
Who can hold that will away?

Lance. I, shes is gone indeed, poore girle, vndone,

But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.

302 Know M S. D. add. R Act IV. etc. add.
M 7-8 One line Q. Ff: dir. after out M 10 17
Verse Q. etc., wren lines Q. Ff: eight lines M

31 51 Verse Q. Ff 45 companion F2. etc. 49
too: You Q. Ff S. D. add. M

Ar. But, syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefeſt cauſe,

Therefore tis reaſon, you redreſſe her wrong.

Wea. Indeed you muſt, syr *Lancelot*, you muſt.

Lance. Muſt? who can compell me, maiſter *Weathercock*?

I hope I may doe what I liſt.

Wea. I grant you may, you may doe what you liſt.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well euſen, it were not good by this vrapmoineſſe, and vrowardneſſe, to caſt away as prettily a dow-
labell, as ani chould chance to ſee in a *Softmers* day. Chil tell you what chall doe. Chil goe ſpye vp and downe the towne, and ſee if I can heare any tale or tydings of her, and take her away from thicke a meſſell, vor cham aſhured, heele but bring her to the ſpoile. And ſo var you well; we ſhall mee-
at your ſonne *Ciudeſ*.

Lance. I thanke you, syr, I take it very kindly.

Arth. To find her out, ile ſpend my deareſt blood:

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

[Exit both.]

Lance. O maiſter *Weathercocke*,
What hap had I, to force my daughter
From maiſter *Oliuer*, and this good knight
To one that hath no goodneſſe in his thought?

Wea. Ill lucke, but what remedie?

Lance. Yes, I haue almoſt deuised a
remedy:

Young *Flowerdale* is ſhure a priſoner.

Wea. Shure, nothing more ſhure.

Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath
released him.

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he
hath.

Lance. Well, if he be in priſon, ile haue
warrants

To tacke my daughter till the lawe be tried,
For I will ſhue him vpon couzonage.

Wea. Mary, may you, and ouerthrow him
too.

Lance. Nay, thats not ſo, I may chance
be ſcoff,

And ſentence paſt with him.

Wea. Beleeue me, ſo he may, therefore
take heede.

Lance. Well howſoeuer, yet I will haue
warrants;

In priſon, or at libertie, alls one:

You will helpe to ſerue them, maiſter *Weather-
cocke*?

[Exit Omnes.]

(SCENE II. A ſtreet in London.)

Enter *Flowerdale*.

Flow. A plague of the diuell! the diuell
take the dyce! The dyce, and the diuell, and
his damme goe together. Of all my hundred
golden angels, I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fue, what ſhall I doe? I can
borrow no more of my credit: there's not any
of my acquaintance, man, nor boy, but I haue
borrowed more or leaſe off: I would I knewe
where to take a good purſe, and goe cleare
away; by this light, ile venture for it. Gods
lid, my ſiſter *Delia*! Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter *Delia*, and *Artichoake*.

Deli. I prethee, *Artichoake*, goe not ſo faſt:
The weather is hot, and I am ſomething
wearie.

Arti. Nay, I warrant you, miſtreſſe *Delia*,
ile not tire you with leading; weelee goe an
extreame moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliuer your purſe.

Arti. O lord, theſeues, theſeues!

[Exit *Artichoake*.]

Flow. Come, come, your purſe, ladie, your
purſe.

Deli. That voice I haue heard often before
this time.

What, brother *Flowerdale* become a theefe?

Flow. I, a plague ont, I thanke your father.
But, ſiſter, come, your mony, come! What,
The world muſt find me, I am borne to liue,
Tis not a ſinne to ſteale, when none will giue.

Deli. O God, is all grace baniſht from thy
heart?

Thinke of the ſhame that doth attend this
fact.

Flow. Shame me no ſhames; come, giue me
your purſe.

Ile bind you, ſiſter, leaſt I faire the worſe.

Deli. No, bind me not: hold, there is all I
haue,

And would that mony would redeeme thy
ſhame.

Enter *Oliuer*, syr *Arthur*, and *Artichoake*.

Arti. Theſeues, theſeues, theſeues!

Oli. Theſeues? where, man? why, how now
miſtreſſe *Delia*?

Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

71 ariſen M 71-81 Verſe Q, Ff 74 and pr. ed.:
an Q, Ff: an M 77 dydings Q: tidings Ff, etc.
83 Prefr Arty Q: Arti Ff 84 N. D. follows 85 Q, Ff
85-8 thr. I, Oliver, goodneſſe M 101 he! it M

Delia. No, maister *Oliuer*; tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but iest with me. 36

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? sirrha, you meten vs well: vang thee that.

Flow. Well, sir, ile not meddle with you, because I haue a charge. 40

Del. Here, brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this same money.

Flow. I thanke you, sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell haue a penny. But since you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my selfe. 46

Ar. Tis pittie to releuee him in this sort, Who makes a triumphant life his daily sport.

Delia. Brother, you see how all men censure you,

Farewell, and I pray God amend your life. 50

Oly. Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough from twentie such scoundrells as thiek a one is. Farewell and be hanged, syrrha, as I thinke so thou wilt be shortly. Come, syr *Arthur*. 55

[Exit all but *Flowerdale*.]

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karsie rascall.

This Deuenshyre man, I think, is made all of porke,

His hands made onely for to heaue vp packs: His hart as fat and big as his face;

As differing far from all braue gallant minds As I to serue the hogges, and drinke with hindes, 61

As I am very neere now. Well, what remedie? When mony, meanes, and friends doe growe so small,

Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all.

[Exit.]

⟨SCENE III. Another street. Before *Civet's* house.⟩

Enter *Father*, *Luce* like a Dutch Frow, *Ciuet*, and his wife *mistresse Frances*.

Ciu. By my troath, god a mercie for this, good *Christopher*, I thanke thee for my maide, I like her very well. How doest thou like her, *Frances*? 4

Fran. In good sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well; she speakes so prettily.—I pray whats your name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin*. 9

Fran. By my troath, a fine name. O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing ones head a newe fashion.

48 *trompant conj. M* 49 *conure Q* 64 *S. D.*
Exit omnes Q. Scene III. etc. add. M 1-7 *Vire*
Q. F. I 11 one Q. F. I

Luce. Me sall doe euery ting about da head. *Ciu.* What countriwoman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A dutch woman, sir. 15

Ciu. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fath. I, Syr, she is.

Fran. O, then, thou canst tell how to helpe mee to cheekes and eares? 20

Luce. Yes, *mistresse*, verio vell.

Fath. Cheekes and eares! why, *mistresse Frances*, want you cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed. *Tom*, thou knowest what I meane. 26

Ciu. I, I, *Kester*, tis such as they wear a their heads. I prethee, *Kil*, haue her in, and shewe her my house.

Fath. I will, sir. Come, *Tanikin*. 30

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not bussed me to day, *Tom*.

Ciu. No, *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes. God saue me, *Francke*,

Enter *Delia*, and *Artichoake*.

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come. Welcome, good sister. 36

Fran. Welcome, good sister, how do you like the tier of my head?

Delia. Very well, sister.

Ciu. I am glad you're come, sister *Delia*, to giue order for supper; they will be here soone. 42

Arty. I, but if good luck had not serued, she had not bin here now: flitching *Flowerdale* had like to peppord vs; but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed. 46

Del. Peace, syrrha, no more.

Fath. Robbed! by whom?

Arty. Marry, by none but by *Flowerdale*; he is turned theefe. 50

Ciu. By my faith, but that is not well; but God be praised for your escape. Will you draw neere, sister?

Fath. Syrrha, come hither. Would *Flowerdale*, hee that was my maister, a robbed you? I prethee, tell me true. 56

Arty. Yes, yfaith, euen that *Flowerdale*, that was thy maister.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no more of this. 60

Arty. Not I, not a word.—Now do I smell knauerie:

In euery purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe: And giues me this to keepe counsell.—No, not a word I.

34 save my Ff 40-6 *Vire* Q, Ff 45 to haue
pepper'd M 63 No om. Ff, etc.

Fath. Why, God a mercy.

Fran. Sister, looke here, I haue a new Dutch maid, and she speakes so fine, it would doe your heart good. 67

Ciu. How doe you like her, sister?

Del. I like your maide well.

Ciu. Well, deare sister, will you draw neere, and giue directions for supper? guests will be here presently. 72

Delia. Yes, brother; leade the way; ile follow you.

[*Exit all but Delia and Luce.*]

Harke you, Dutch frowe, a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language, 76

Nor this same habit, can disguise your face From I that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me; yet he secret.

This borrowed shape, that I haue tane vpon me, 80

Is but to keepe my selfe a space vnknowne, Both from my father, and my nearest friendes, Vntill I see how time will bring to passe The desperate course of maister *Flowerdale*.

Del. O hee is worse then bad, I prethee leaue him, 85

And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me once to such a thought.

Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught: Yet one houers time may all that ill vndo, That all his former life did run into. 90 Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate:

If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late.

Dely. Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your mind,

Ile not disclose you that art wilfull blinde.

Luc. *Delia*, I thank you. I now must please her eies, 95

My sister *Frances*, neither faire nor wise.

[*Exit Omnes.*]

(ACT V. SCENE I. Scene before *Civell's* house.)

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flo. On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney. I haue passed the very vtmost bounds of shifting, I haue no course now but to hang my selfe: I haue liued since yesterday

two a clocke of a spice-cake I had at a buriall: and for drinke, I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed—I meane out of their companyes, for they are men of good carriage. Who comes heere? The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of me. Ile trie if thayle lend me any. 12

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

What, M(aister) *Richard*, how doe you? How doest thou, *Rafe*? By God, gentlemen, the world growes bare with me: will you do as much as lend me an Angel betweene you both. You know you won a hundred of me the other day. 18

Rafe. How, an Angel? God damb vs, if we lost not euery peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper. Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. I faith, we haue not a farthing, not a myte: 25

I wonder at it, M(aister) *Flowerdale*,

You will so carelesly vndo your selfe.

Why, you will loose more mony in an houre, Then any honest man spend in a yeare.

For shame, betake you to some honest Trade, And liue not thus so like a Vagabond. 31

[*Exit both.*]

Flow. A Vagabond, indeed! more villaines you:

They gaue me counsell that first cozened me: Those Diuels first brought me to this I am, And being thus, the first that doe me wrong. Well, yet I haue one friend left in store: 36 Not farre from hence there dwels a Cokatryce, One that I first put in a satten gowne, And not a tooth that dwells within her head, But stands me at the least in 20. pound: 40 Her will I visite now my coyne is gone, And, as I take it, heere dwelles the Gentlewoman.

What ho, is Mist(r)esse *Apricocke* within?

Enter Ruffyn.

Ruff. What sawtie Rascall is that which knocks so bold?

O, is it you? old spend-thrift, are you here? 45 One that is turned Cozoner about the towne: My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me:

Either be packing quickly from the doore,

71 guests *F 2*, etc.: guesse *Q. F 1* 89 hour's *M*:
louers *Q. F 3*: good *R* Act V, etc. add. *M* 1-24
Verse *Q. F 3*

5 of] on *M* 25 haue] haue haue *Q* 29 spends
F 1, etc. 36 friend *Q* left me in *M* 39 dwell *Q*
42 Gentlewomen *Q*

Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you
strait, 49

As you will little like on: you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be: being
poore,

Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore.
Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,
He try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

Enter an auuncient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take compassion of a man,
one whose Fortunes haue beene better then at
this instant they seeme to bee: but if I might
craue of you some such little portion, as
would bring mee to my friends, I should rest
thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a
curtesie. 61

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is
very bad,

'Too many such haue wee about this Cittie,
Yet for I haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger: 65
Hold, theres an Angel, to beare your charges
downe.

Goe to your freinds, do not on this depend:
Such bad beginnings oft haue worse ends. 68

Flow. Worsen endes: nay, if it fall out no
worse then in old angels I care not. Nay, now
I haue had such a fortunate beginning, He not
let a sixepennie-purse escape me. By the
Masse, here comes another. 73

*Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before
her.*

God blesse you, faire Mistresse. Now would
it please you, gentlewoman, to looke into the
wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger
brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore
it backe againe: one that neuer before this
time demanded pennie, halpennie, nor farthing.

Cittz. Wife. Stay, *Alexander.* Now, by
my troth, a very proper man, and tis great
pittie: hold, my friend, theres all the monie
I haue about me, a couple of shillings, and
God blesse thee. 84

Flow. Now God thanke you, sweete Lady:
if you haue any friend, or Garden-house, where
you may employ a poore gentleman as your
friend, I am yours to command in all secret
seruice. 89

Cittz. I thanke you, good friend. I prethy
let me see that againe I gaue thee: there is
one of them a brasse shilling; giue me them,

and here is halfe a crowne in gold. [*He giues
it her.*] Nowe, out vpon thee, Rascall! secret
seruice! what doest thou make of mee? it
were a good deede to haue thee whipt. Now
I haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged
before I giue thee a pennie. Secret seruice!
On, good *Alexander.* [*Exit both.*]

Flow. This is villanous lucke. I perceiue
dishonestie will not thriue: here comes more.
God forgieue mee, Sir *Arthur*, and M(aister)
Oliuer: afore God, He speake to them. 103

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer.

God saue you, Sir *Arthur*: God saue you,
M(aister) *Oliuer.*

Oli. Byn you there, zyrpha? come, will you
ytaken your selfe to your tooles, Coystrell?

Flow. Nay, M(aister) *Oliuer*, He not fight
with you.

Alas, sir, you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots*
daughter: 110

By God, I neuer meant you harme.

Oli. And whore is the Gentle-woman thy
wife, Mezell? Whore is shee, Zyrpha, ha?

Flow. By my troth, M(aister) *Oliuer*, sicke,
very sicke; and God is my Iudge, I know not
what meanes to make for her, good Gentle-
woman. 117

Oli. Tell me true, is she sicke? tell me true,
itch vise thee.

Flow. Yes, faith, I tell you true: M(aister)
Oliuer, if you would doe mee the small kind-
nesse, but to lend me fortie shillings: so God
helpe me, I will pay you so soone as my
abilitie shall make me able, as I am a gentle-
man. 125

Oli. Well, thou zaist thy wife is zicke:
hold, thers vortie shillings; giue it to thy wife.
Looke thou giue it her, or I shall so vexe thee,
thou wert not so vexed this zeuen yeare;
looke too it. 130

Art. Yfaith, M(aister) *Oliuer*, it is in vaine
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yuind it.

Flow. I tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as I am a
gentleman. 135

Oli. Well fare you well, zyrrah: come, sir
Arthur. [*Exit both.*]

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent.
Fieue golden Angels compast in an houre!
If this trade hold, ile neuer seeke a new. 140
Welcome, sweete Gold; and beggary, adue.

Enter Vnckle and Father.

Vnc. See, *Kester*, if you can find the house.

127 giued Q 136 farewell *Ff.* etc.

53 thee] me R 58 some such pr. ed.: so much
Q. *Ff.*: some R 66 Ends charges Q. *Ff.* 68 end M
69 end M

Flow. Whose here? my Vnckle, and my man *Kester*? By the masse, tis they. How doe you, Vnckle, how dost thou, *Kester*? By my troath, Vnckle, you must needes lend me some mony: the poore gentlewoman my wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke. I was robde of the hundred angels you gaue me; they are gone. 150

Vnc. I, they are gone indeed; come, *Kester*, away.

Flow. Nay, Vnckle, do you heare? good Vnckle.

Vnc. Out, hypocrite, I will not heare thee speake; 155

Come, leaue him, *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Syr, I haue nought to say to you. Open the doore, Tanikin: thou hadst best lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

Flow. You are an old lying Rascall, so you are. [Exit both.]

Enter *Luce*.

Luce. Vat is de matter? Vat be you, yonker? 164

Flow. By this light, a Dutch Froe: they say they are calde kind. By this light, ile try her.

Luce. Vat bin you, yonker? why doe you not speake? 169

Flow. By my troath, sweet heart, a poore gentleman that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of your purse. 173

Enter *father*.

Luce. O here, God, so young an armine.

Flow. Armine, sweet-heart? I know not what you meane by that, but I am almost a begger.

Luce. Are you not a married man? vere bin your wife? Here is all I haue: take dis. 179

Flow. What, gold, young Froe? this is braue.

Fath.—If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

Luce. Why speake you not? were be your wife? 185

Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead; tis she hath vndone me: spent me all I had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to braue me.

Luce. Did you vse her vell? 189

Flow. Vse her? theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England* could be better vsed then I did her. I could but Coatch her; her diet

143-50. 158-62 *Vnc. Q. Ff* 159 *Tanikin pr. ed.*: to my kin *Q. Ff*: to me. *Kin M*

stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead and in her graue my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed, dat vas not scone. 195

Fath.—He is turned more diuell then he was before.

Flow. Thou dost belong to maister *Ciuct* here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes me doe. 200

Flow. Why, theres it: theres not a handfull of plate but belongs to me, Gods my Iudge: if I had but such a wench as thou art, theres neuer a man in *England* would make more of her, then I would doe, so she had any stocke. They call within: O, why, *Tanikin*. 206

Luce. Stay, one doth call; I shall come by and by againe.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in loue with me. Were it not admirall to make her steale all *Ciucts* Plate, and runne away.

Fath. Twere beastly. O maister *Flowdale*, 212

Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience? What doe you meane by this vilde course you take?

Flow. What doe I meane? why, to liue, that I meane. 216

Fath. To liue in this sort? He vpon the course:

Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.

Flow. A coward? I pray, in what?

Fath. Why, you will borrow sixpence of a boy. 221

Flow. Snailles, is there such cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a man, I, and of the tallest man in *England*, if he will lend it me. Let me borroweit how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well knowne, I might a rid out a hundred times if I would: so I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice.

There is none that lends to you, but know they gaine: 230

And what is that but onely stealth in you?

Delia might hang you now, did not her heart

Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.

Goe, get you hence, least, lingering where you stay, 234

You fall into their hands you looke not for.

Flow. Ile tarie here, till the Dutch Froe comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

[Exit *Father*.]

195 shoed *Haz.* 201-5 *Vnc. Q. Ff* 203 but *om.*
Ff, etc. 210 admirable *H, etc.* 209-11. 220-8
Vnc. Q. Ff 226 knowne *Q* 234 where *pr. ed.*: hate
Q. Ff, etc. your stay *M*

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and Artichoake.

Lance. Where is the doore? are we not past it, *Artichoake*? 239

Arty. Bith masse, heres one; ile aske him. Doe you heare, sir? What, are you so proud? doe you heare? which is the way to maister *Ciuds* house? what will you not speake? O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here? 245

O you cheating Roague, you cut-purse conicatcher, What ditch, you villaine, is my daughters graue?

A cozening rascall, that must make a will, Take on him that strict habit—very that, 249 When he should turne to angell—a dying grace. Ile father in lawe you, syr, ile make a will! Speake, villaine, wheres my daughter? Poysoned, I warrant you, or knocked a the head And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, With his forged will, and maister *Weathercocke* 255

To make my grounded resolution, Then to abuse the *Deuenshyre* gentleman: Goe, away with him to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? syr, I will not goe. 260

Enter maister Ciuet, his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthur, Father, and Vnckle, Delia.

Lance. O heeres his Vnckle! welcome, gentlemen, welcome all. Such a cozoner, gentlemen, a murderer too, for any thing I know: my daughter is missing: hath bin looked for, cannot be found. A vild vpon thee. 265

Vnc. He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde;

Therefore, in Gods name, doe with him what you will.

Lance. Marrie, to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? snick vp, I owe you nothing. 270

Lance. Bring forth my daughter then: away with him.

Flow. Goe seeke your daughter; what doe you lay to my charge.

Lance. Suspicion of murder: goe, away with him. 276

Flow. Murder, you dogs? I murder your daughter!

238 *Prefix* *Luce* Q 240 *Bith* *By th' Fy* 245 lowde *Fy* 249 a strict habit, feigning that *Haz.* 256 make shake *conj.* M 257 gentlemen Q, F I 261 *Prefix* *Luce* Q 261-3 *Vncs* Q 277 you dogs *pr. ed.*: your dogs Q, etc.

Come, Vnckle, I know youle baile me.

Vnc. Not I, were there no more, then I the taylor, thou the prisoner. 280

Lance. Goe; away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frowe.

Luce. O my life, here; where will you ha de man?

Vat ha de younker done?

Wea. Woman, he hath kild his wife.

Luce. His wife: dat is not good, dat is not seene. 286

Lance. Hang not vpon him, huswife; if you doe, ile lay you by him.

Luce. Hauē me no oder way dan you haue him:

He tell me dat he loue me hartily. 290

Fran. Lead away my maide to prison! why, *Tom*, will you suffer that?

Ciu. No, by your leaue, father, she is no vagrant: she is my wiues chamber maid, & as true as the skin between any mans browes here. 296

Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles:

Sonne *Ciuet*, of my life, this is a plot, Some stragling counterfait preferd to you, No doubt to rob you of your plate and Jewels. Ile haue you led away to prison, trull. 301

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe.

Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe: Know you me now? nay, neuer stand amazed.

Father, I know I haue offended you, 305 And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees To you in dutie and obedience:

Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld

My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.

Lanc. Bastard in nature! kneele to such a slaue? 310

Luce. O M(aister) *Flowerdale*, if too much griele

Hauē not stopt vp the organs of your voyce, Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife:

Or doth contempt of me thus tye thy tongue? Turne not away, I am no *Aethyope*, 315

No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*: But rather one made wretched by thy losse.

What, turnst thou still from me? O then I gesse thee wofulst among haplesse men.

Flow. I am, indeed, wife, wonder among wiues! 320

Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused Another soule in mee, red with defame,

282 here om. *Fy*: hear M 286 shoen *Haz.* 289 oder, dan M: and or, doe Q, *Fy* kave him R 297 Ends *Ciuet* Q, *Fy* 308 way M

For in my blushing cheekes is seene my shame.

Lanc. Out, Hypocrite. I charge thee, trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him? by (the) hopes (of) after blisse, 325

I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, since thou weart ordain'd to beggery,

Follow thy fortune; I defie thee, I.

Oly. Ywood che were so well ydousd as was euef white cloth in a tocking mill, and che ha not made me weepe. 331

Fath. If he hath any grace, heele now repent.

Art. It moues my heart.

Wea. By my troth, I must weepe, I can not chuse. 335

Vncle. None but a beast would such a maide misuse.

Flow. Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,

And to redeeme my reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, belesue me, I beseech you:

I hope your eyes shall behold such change, As shall deceiue your expectation. 341

Oly. I would che were ysplitt now, but che belesue him.

Lance. How, belesue him?

Wea. By the mackins, I doe. 345

Lance. What, doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

Wea. By my faith, it will goe hard.

Oly. Well, che vor ye, he is changed: and M aister, *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold, theres vortie pound toward your setting vp: what, bee not ashamed; vang it, man, vang it: bee a good husband, louen your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, I che vor thee. 355

Art. My meanes are litle, but if youle follow me,

I will instruct you in my ablest power:

But to your wife I giue this Diamond,

And proue true Dimond faire in all your life.

Flow. Thanks, good sir *Arthur*, M(aister) *Oliuer*, 360

You being my enemie, and growne so kind,

Bindee mee in all indeuour to restore—

Oly. What! restore me no restorings, man. I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*; here, vang it: Zouth, chil deue *London* els. What, do not thinke me a Mezel or a Scoundrell to throw away my money: che haue a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation:

325 the add. *Fy* of add. *R*
353 louen to your *Fy*, etc.

331 che] chea *Q*

I hope your vader and your vncle here will vollow my zamples. 370

Vncle. You haue geat right of me; if he leaue of this course of life, he shall be mine heire.

Lanc. But he shall neuer get a groat of me: A Cozoner, a deceiuer, one that kild 375

His painefull father, honest Gentleman

That passed the fearefull danger of the sea,

To get him liuing and maintaine him braue.

Wea. What, hath he kild his father?

Lance. I, sir, with conceit of his vild courses. 380

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed.

Lanc. Why, thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy selfe.

Fa. I wrong'd him then: and toward my M(aisters) stock,

Thers 20 Nobles for to make amends.

Flo. No, *Kester*, I haue troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more. 385

What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore.

Fra. Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with *Tom*. What shall I giue her toward household? Sister *Delta*, shall I giue her my Fanne? 390

Del. You were best aske your husband.

Fran. Shal I, *Tom*?

Cluel. I, do, *Franck*; ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Franck. A russet one, *Tom*. 395

Cluel. I, with russet feathers.

Fran. Here, sister, theres my Fanne toward household, to keepe you warme.

Luce. I thanke you, sister. 399

Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, ile giue her, marrie. Come, sir *Lancelot*, I must haue your friends.

Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit; He will consume it, were it a Million. 405

Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?

Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,

It had bene better then a thousand pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond, 409

To make her ioynter better worth then thee.

Lance. Your bond, sir? why, what are you?

Fath. One whose word in *London*, tho I say it,

Will passe there for as much as yours.

399 vader *Ferry*: vnder *Q*, *Fy* 385 wrong *Q*
387-88) Verse *Q*: corr. *M* 385 *Tom*] *Franck* *Q*
400-3 Verse *M*: dir. after stock. more. *Lancelot* 409
him] to him *M*

Lanc. Weart not thou late that vnthrifts
seruing-man?

Fath. Looke on me better, now my scarre
is off. 415

Nere muse, man, at this metamorphosie.

Lanc. M(aister) *Flowerdale*!

Flow. My father! O, I shame to looke on
him.

Pardon, deare father, the follyes that are past.

Fa. Sonne, sonne, I doe, and ioy at this
thy change, 420

And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous
maide,

Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy
soule.

Luc. This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be
prais'd.

Wea. M(aister) *Flowerdale*!

Welcome from death, good M(aister) *Flower-*
dale. 425

Twas sed so here, twas sed so here, good faith.

Fath. I caused that rumour to be spred
my selfe,

Because ide see the humours of my sonne,
Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:

And, sirra, see you runne no more into 430
That same disease:

For he thats once cured of that maladie,
Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,

And falles againe into the like distresse,
That feur is deadly, doth till death indure:

Such men die mad as of a callenture. 436

Flow. Heauen helping me, ile hate the
course as hell.

Vnc. Say it and do it, Cozen, all is well.

Lanc. Wel, being in hope youle proue an
honest man,

I take you to my fauour. Brother *Flower-*
dale, 440

Welcome with all my heart: I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,

424-5 One line Q. etc. 430-1 One line Q. Ff: dir.
after see M 440 fauour brother Q: corr. Ff

And I am glad of it: come, lets in and feast.

Oly. Nay, zoft you awhile: you promised
to make Sir *Arthur* and me amends. Here is
your wisest daughter; see which ans sheele
haue. 447

Lanc. A Gods name, you haue my good
will, get hers.

Oly. Howsay you then, Damsell, tyters hate?

Delia. I, sir, am yours. 450

Oly. Why, then, send for a Vicar, and chil
haue it dispatched in a trice, so chill.

Delia. Pardon me, sir, I meane I am yours,
In loue, in dutie, and affection,

But not to loue as wife: shall neere be said,
Delya was buried married, but a mayd. 456

Arth. Doe not condemne yourselfe for euer,
Vertuous faire, you were borne to loue.

Oly. Why, you say true, sir *Arthur*, she
was ybere to it so well as her mother: but

I pray you shew vs some zamples or reasons
why you will not marry? 462

Delia. Not that I doe condemne a married
life,

For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a wife, 465

The trouble in this world that children bring;
My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,

Husbands, howsoeuer good, I will haue none.

Oly. Why, then che will liue Batcheller too.
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not

a vig by me. Come, shalls go to dinner? 471

Fa. To morrow I craue your companies in
Mark-lane:

To night weelee frolike in M(aister) *Ciuites*
house,

And to each health drinke downe a full
carouse.

FINIS.

444-7 Verse Q. Ff 448 ans] on us M 440
tyters hate om. R, etc. 453 I] that I M 455 it
shall M 457-8 Prone M 459-62 Verse Q. Ff
460 ybere Ff. etc. 467 on earth M 469-71 Verse
Q. Ff 469 che will M chil will Q: chill Ff a
Batchelor Ff, etc.

THE PVRITAINE

Or

THE VVIDDOVV of Watling-streete.

Acted by the Children of Paules.

Written by W. S.



Imprinted at London by G. E. L. B.
1607.

Q = Quarto of 1607
F 1 = (Third) Folio Shakespeare, 1664
F 2 = (Fourth) „ „ 1685
R = Rowe, 1703
Pope = Supplement to Pope's Shakespeare, 1728
M = Malone, 1780
St. = Steevens, *ibid.*
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Haz. = Hazlitt, 1852
pr. ed. = present editor

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW

(THE
ACTORS
NAMES

In the Play Intituled
The PURITAN WIDDOW.

The Scene London.

Lady Plus, a Citizens Widdow.

Frances } her two Daughters.

Moll

Sir Godfrey, Brother-in-Law to the Widdow Plus.

Master Edmond, Son to the Widdow Plus.

George Pye-board, a Schollar and a Citizen.

Peter Skirmish, an old Soldier.

Captain Idle, a Highway-man.

Corporall Oath, a vain-glorious Fellow.

*Nicholas St. Anflinge } Serving-men to
Simon St. Mary Overies } the Lady Plus.*

Fraillty

Sir Oliver Muck-hill, a Suitor to the Lady Plus.

Sir Iohn Penny-Dub, a Suitor to Moll.

Sir Andrew Tipslaffe, a Suitor to Frances.

The Sheriffe of London.

Puttock

Ravenshaw } Two of the Sheriffs Serjeants.

Dogson, a Yeoman.

A Noble-man.

A Gentleman Citizen.

Officers.)

ACTVS PRIMVS.

(SCENE I. A Garden behind the widdow's house.)

Enter the Lady Widdow-Plus, her two Daughters Franke and Moll, her husbands Brother an old Knight Sir Godfrey, with her Sonne and heyre Maister Edmond, all in moorning apparell, Edmond in a Cypress Halfe. The Widdow wringing her hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the Buriall of her husband.

Widdow. Oh, that euer I was borne, that euer I was borne!

Sir Godfrey. Nay, good Sister, deare sister, sweete sister, bee of good comfort; shew your selfe a woman, now or neuer.

Wid. Oh, I haue lost the deereest man, I haue buried the sweetest husband that euer lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay, giue him his due, hee was indeed an honest, vertuous, discreet, wise man,—hee was my Brother, as right as right.

Wid. O, I shall neuer forget him, neuer forget him; hee was a man so well giuen to a woman—oh!

Sir Godf. Nay, but, kinde Sister, I could weepe as much as any woman, but, alas, our teares cannot call him againe: me thinkes you are well read, Sister, and know that death is as common as *Homo*, a common name to all men:—a man shall bee taken when hee's making water.—Nay, did not the learned Parson, Maister Pigman, tell vs een now, that all Flesh is fraile, wee are borne to dye, Man ha's but a time: with such like deepe and pro-

found perswasions, as hee is a rare fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for example, (as there are examples abundance,) did not Sir Humfrey Bubble dye tother day? There's a lustie Widdow; why, shee cryed not aboute halfe an houre—for shame, for shame! then followed him old Maister Fulsome, the Vsurer: there's a wise Widdow; why, shee cryed nere a whitte at all.

Wid. O, rancke not mee with those wicked women: I had a Husband out-shinde 'em all.

Syr Godf. I, that he did, Ifaith: he out-shinde 'em all.

Widd. Doost thou stand there and see vs all weepe, and not once shed a teare for thy fathers death? oh, thou vngratious sonne and heyre, thou!

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weepe, I'me sure; I am past a childe, I hope, to make all my old Schoole fellowes laughe at me; I should bee mockt, so I should. Pray, let or e of my Sisters weepe for mee. He laughe as much for her another time.

Widd. Oh, thou past-Grace, thou! out of my sight, thou gracelesse impe, thou grieuest mee more then the death of thy Father! oh, thou stubborne onely sonne! hadst thou such an honest man to thy Father—that would deceaue all the world to get riches for thee—and canst thou not afforde a little salt water? he that so wisely did quite ouer-throw the right heyre of those lands, which now you respect not: vp euery morning betwixt foure and fife; so duely at Westminster Hall euery Terme-Time, with all his Cardes and writings, for thee, thou wicked Abecolon—oh, deare husband!

¹ *Drum. Perc. add. Fl* Scene I. etc. add. M
Wise-man Q

50 [arden] charts row. M

Edm. Weep, quotha? I protest I am glad hee's Church'd; for now hee's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Fran. Deere mother, pray cease; halfe your Teares suffice. 65

Tis time for you to take truce with youre eyes;

Let me weepe now.

Widd. Oh, such a deere knight! such a sweete husband haue I lost, haue I lost!—If Blessed bee the coarso the raine raynes vpon, he had it powring downe. 71

Syr Godf. Sister, be of good cheere, wee are all mortall our selues. I come vpon you freshly. I neare speake without comfort, heere me what I shall say:—my brother ha's left you wellthy, y'are rich. 76

Widd. Oh!

Syr Godf. I say y'ar rich: you are also faire.

Widd. Oh! 79

Sir Godf. Goe too, y'are faire, you cannot smother it; beauty will come to light; nor are your yeares so farre enter'd with you, but that you will bee sought after, and may very well answere another husband; the world is full of fine Gallants, choyse enow, Sister,—for what should wee doe with all our Knights, I pray, but to marry riche widdowes, wealthy Cittizens widdowes, lusty faire-brow'd Ladies? go too, bee of good comfort, I say: leaue snobbing and weeping—Yet my Brother was a kinde hearted man—I would not haue the Elfe see mee now! —Come, pluck vp a womans heart—here stands your Daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also be enquir'd after with good husbands, so all these teares shall bee soone dried vp and a better world then euer—What, Woman? you must not weepe still; hee's dead, hee's buried—yet I cannot chuse but weepe for him!

Wid. Marry againe! no! let me be buried quick then! 100

And that same part of Quire whereon I tread To such intent, O may it be my graue; And that the Priest may turne his wedding praiers,

E'en with a breath, to funerall dust and ashes! Oh, out of a million of millions, I should nere finde such a husband; hee was vnmatchable,—vnmatchable! nothing was to hot, nor to deere for mee, I could not speake of that one thing, that I had not: beside I had keyes of all, kept all, resolu'd all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would.

75 has *Ff*, etc. 101 o' the choir *M* 107 too hot
M: so hot *Q*, *Ff*: too good conj. *S*

Oh, my sweete husband! I shall neuer haue the like. 114

Sir Godf. Sister, nere say so; hee was an honest brother of mine, and so, and you may light vpon one as honest againe, or one as honest againe may light vpon you: that's the properer phrase, indeed. 119

Wid. Neuer! oh, if you loue me, vrge it not.

(*Kneels.*)

Oh may I be the by-word of the world, The common talks at Table in the mouth Of euery Groome and Wayter, if e're more

I entertaine the carnall suite of Man! 124

Mol. I must kneele downe for fashion too.

Franck. And I, whom neuer man as, yet hath scalde,

Ee'n in this depth of generall sorrow, vowe Neuer to marry, to sustaine such losse 128 As a deere husband seemes to be, once dead.

Mol. I lou'd my father well, too; but to say, Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death—Sure, I should speake false Lattin, should I not? Ide as soone vow neuer to come in Bed. 133 Tut! Women must liue by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Deare Copie of my husband, oh let me kisse thee. 135

How like him is this Model! this brieue Picture [Drawing out her husbands Picture.

Quickens my teares: my sorrowes are renew'd At this fresh sight.

Sir Godf. Sister—

Wid. Away, 140

All honesty with him is turn'd to clay.

Oh my sweete husband, oh—

Franck. My deere father!

[*Exeunt mother and daughters.*

Mol. Heres a puling, indeede! I thinke my Mother weepes for all the women that euer buried husbands; for if from time to time all the Widdowes teares in England had beene bottled vp, I do not thinke all would haue fild a three-halfe-penny Bottle. Alasse, a small matter bucks a hand-kercher,—and sometimes the spittlo stands to nie Saint Thomas a Watrings. Well, I can mourne in good sober sort as well as another; but where I spend one teare for a dead Father, I could giue twenty kisses for a quick husband. [Exit *Mol.* 155

Sir Godf. Well, go thy waies, old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou maist be proud on't, thou hast a kinde louing sister-in-lawe; how constant! how passionat! how full of Aprill the poore

S. D. Kneels add. R after 124 131 vow... his *Ff*,
etc.: now... her *Q* 136 this... this *M*: their... their
Q, *Ff* 138 this *M*: their *Q*, *Ff* 147 widows'
conj. *St.*

soules eyes are! Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know what a kinde wife hee had left behinde him: truth, and twere not for shame that the Neighbours at th' next garden should heare me, betweene ioye and grieve I should e'en cry out-right! 165

[Exit Sir Godfrey.]

Edmond. So, a faire riddance! My fathers layde in dust; his Coffin and he is like a whole-meate-pye, and the wormes will cut him vp shortlie. Farewell, old Dad, farewell. Ile be curb'd in, no more. I perceiue a sonne and heire may quickly be made a foole, and he will be one, but Ile take another order.—Now she would haue me weepe for him, for-sooth, and why? because he cozn'd the right heire, beeing a foole, and bestow'd those Lands vpon me his eldest Son; and therefore I must weepe for him, ha, ha. Why, al the world knowes, as long as twas his pleasure to get me, twas his duty to get for me: I know the law in that point; no Attorney can gull me. Well, my Vncle is an olde Asse, and an Admirable Cockscombe. Ile rule the Roast my selfe. Ile be kept vnder no more; I know what I may do well inough by my Fathers Copy: the Lawe's in mine owne hands now: nay, now I know my strength, Ile be strong inough for my Mother, I warrant you. [Exit. 187]

(SCENE II. A street.)

Enter George Py-bord, a scholler and a Cittizen, and vnto him an old souldier, Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War? thou that wert wont to be as hot as a turn-spit, as nimble as a fencer, & as lowzy as a schoole-maister; now thou art put to silence like a Sectarie.—War sits now like a Iustice of peace, and does nothing. Where be your Muskets, Calieuiers and Hotshots? in Long-lape, at Pawne, at Pawne.—Now keies are your onely Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, & Bawdes the Gunners, who are your centinells in peace, and stand ready charg'd to giue warning, with hems, hums, & pockey-coffs; only your Chambers are licenc'd to play vpon you, and Drabs enow to giue fire to 'em. 14

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the cessure of the wars, I haue spent aboue a hundred crownes out a purse. I haue bene a souldier any time this forty yeares, and now I perceiue an olde souldier and an olde Courtier haue both

one destinie, and in the end turne both into hob-nayles.

Pie. Pretty mistery for a begger, for indeed a hob-nayle is the true embleme of a beggers shoo-soale. 25

Skir. I will not say but that warre is a bloud-sucker, and so; but, in my conscience, (as there is no souldier but has a peice of one, tho it bee full of holes like a shot Antient; no matter, twill serue to sweare by) in my conscience, I thinke some kinde of Peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady sinnes, (tho looking of a gentle nature) then a protest warre. 34

Pye. Troth, and for mine owne part, I am a poore Gentleman, & a Scholler: I haue bene matriculated in the Vniuersitie, wore out sixe Gownes there, seene some fooles, and some Schollers, some of the Citty, and some of the Countrey, kept order, went bare-headed ouer the Quadrangle, ate my Commons with a good stomacke, and Battled with Discretion; at last, hauing done many slights and trickes to maintaine my witte in vse (as my braine would neuer endure mee to bee idle,) I was expeld of the Vniuersitie, onely for stealing a Cheese out of Iesus Colledge.

Skir. Ist possible? 48

Pye. Oh! there was one Welshman (God forgiue him) pursued it hard; and neuer left, till I turnde my staffe toward London, where when I came, all my friends were pitt-hold, gone to Graues, (as indeed there was but a few left before.) Then was I turnde to my wittes, to shift in the world, to towne among Sonnes and Heyres, and Fooles, and Gulls, and Ladyes eldest Sonnes, to worke vpon nothing, to feede out of Flint, and euer since has my belly bene much beholding to my braine. But, now, to returne to you, old Skirmish: I say as you say, and for my part wish a Turbulency in the world, for I haue nothing to loose but my wittes, and I thinke they are as mad as they will be: and to strengthen your Argument the more, I say an honest warre is better then a bawdy peace, as touching my profession. The multiplicite of Schollers, hatcht and nourisht in the idle Calmes of peace, makes 'em like Fishes one deuoure another; and the communite of Learning has so plaid vpon affections, and thereby almost Religion is come about to Phantasie, and discredit by being too much spoken off—in so many & meane mouths, I my selfe, being a Scholler and a Graduate, haue no other comfort by

164 betwixt Fy Scene II. etc. add. M 18 of
purse Fy

31 ha's Q 62 nothing in the world but Fy 70
ha's Q 71 that thereby M

my learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholler-like to name what I want, & can call my selfe a Begger both in Greeke and Latine: and therefore, not to cogg with Peace, Ile not be afraide to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a barren Nourisher: a great getter of Children, which must either be Theeues or Rich-men, Knaues or Beggars. 83

Skirmish. Well, would I had bene borne a Knaue then, when I was borne a Begger; for if the truth were knowne, I thinke I was begot when my Father had neuer a penny in his purse. 88

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmish*; let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Auerni*, 'tis an easie Iourney to a Knaue; thou maist bee a Knaue when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other professions, and an arrant Drabbe to vs, let vs handle her accordingly, and by our wittes thrue in despite of her; for since the lawe liues by quarrells, the Courtier by smooth God-morrowes; and euery profession makes it selfe greater by imperfections, why not wee then by shiftes, wiles, and forgeries? and seeing our braines are our onely Patrimonyes, let's spend with iudgment, not like a desperate sonne and heire, but like a sober and discrete Templer,—one that will neuer marche beyond the bounds of his allowance. And for our thriving meanes, thus: I my selfe will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller. 107

Skirm. A Fortune-teller? Very proper.

Pye. And you of a figure-caster, or a Coniurer.

Skir. A Coniurer? 111

Pye. Let me alone; Ile instruct you, and teach you to deceiue all eyes, but the Diuels.

Skir. Oh I, for I would not deceiue him, and I could choose, of all others. 115

Pye. Feare not, I warrant you; and so by those meanes wee shall helpe one another to Patients, as the condition of the age affords creatures enow for cunning to worke vpon.

Skir. Oh wondrous! new fooles and fresh Ases. 121

Pye. Oh, fit, fit! excellent.

Skir. What, in the name of Coniuring?

Pye-board. My memorie greetes mee happily with an admirable subject to graze vpon: The Lady-Widdow, who of late I sawe weeping in her Garden for the death of her Husband; sure she's as but a watrish soule, and halfe on't

by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: deuice well managde may doe good vpon her: it stands firme, my first practise shall bee there.

Skir. You haue my voyce, *George*. 132

Pye-board. Sh'as a gray Gull to her Brother, a foole to her onely sonne, and an Ape to her youngest Daughter.—I ouerheard 'em seuerally, and from their words Ile deriue my deuice; and thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, shall be my second in all slights.

Skir. Nere doubt mee, *George Pye-board*,—onely you must teach me to coniure. 140

Enter Capitaine Idle, pinioned, & with a garde of Officers passeth ouer the Stage.

Pye. Puh, Ile perfect thee, *Peter*.—How now? what's hee?

Skir. Oh *George*! this sight kills me. Tis my sworne Brother, Capitaine *Idle*.

Pye. Capitaine *Idle*! 145

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious act or other. Hee has started out, h'as made a Night on't, lackt siluer. I cannot but commend his resolution; he would not pawne his Buffe-larkin. I would eyther some of vs were employde, or might pitch our Tents at Vsurers doores, to kill the slaues as they peepe out at the Wicket. 153

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient Enimies; they keepe our money in their hands, and make vs to bee handg for robbing of 'em. But, come, let's follow after to the Prison, and know the Nature of his offence; and what we can steed him in, hee shall be sure of; and Ile vphold it still, that a charitable Knaue is better then a soothing Puritaine. [Exeunt. 161

(SCENE III. A street.)

Enter at one doore Corporall Oth, a Vain-glorious fellow; and at the other, three of the Widdow Puritaines Seruingmen, Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint-Mary-Oueries, and Fraillie, in black scurrie mourning coates, and Bookes at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meete.

Nich. What, Corporall *Oth*? I am sorry we haue met with you, next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keepe company withall. Wee must not sweare I can tell you, and you haue the name for swearing. 5

Sim. I, Corporall *Oth*, I would you would do so much as forsake vs, sir; we cannot abide you, wee must not be seene in your company.

70 Affliction Q 94 us. Let M 100 the onely Pye
108 A Fortune-teller add. to line 107 Q, Pye: corr. M
109 of om. Pye, etc. 117 those these Pye 128 she's as
she's Pye: she has M on't of t M

Frail. There is none of vs, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing. 10

Corp. Why, how now, we three? Puritanicall Scrape-shoes, Flesh a good Fridayes! a hand.

All. Oh!

Corp. Why, *Nicholas Saint-Tandlings*, *Simon Saint Mary Oueris*, ha's the De'ele possesst you, that you sweare no better? you halfe-Christned *Katomites*, you vngod-motherd Varlets, do's the first lesson teach you to bee proud, and the second to bee Cocks-combes? proud Cocks-combes! not once to doe dutie to a man of Marke! 21

Frail. A man of Marke, quatha! I doe not thinke he can shew a Beggars Noble.

Corpo. A Corporall, a Commander, one of spirit, that is able to blowe you vp all drye with your Bookes at your Girdles. 26

Simon. Wee are not taught to beleue that, sir, for we know the breath of man is weake.

[*Corporall breaths vpon Frailtie.*]

Frail. Foh, you lie, *Nicholas*; for here's one strong inough. Blowe vs vp, quatha: hee may well blow me aboute twelue-score off an him. I warrant, if the winde stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate, to the Leades of Ludgate. 34

Corp. Sirrah, thou Hollow-Booke of Waxecandle—

Nicho. I, you may say what you will, so you sweare not.

Corp. I sweare by the— 39

Nicho. Hold, hold, good Corporall *Oth*; for if you sweare once, wee shall all fall downe in a sowne presently.

Corp. I must and will sweare: you quiuering Cocks-combes, my Capitaine is imprisoned, and by *Vulcans* Lether Cod-piece point—

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oth was there. 46

Frail. If hee should chance to breake it, the poore mans Breeches would fall downe about his heeles, for *Venus* allowes him but one point to his hose. 50

Corpor. With these my Bullye-Feete I will thumpe ope the Prison doores, and braine the Keeper with the begging Boxe, but Ile see my honest sweete Capitaine *Idle* at libertie.

Nich. How, Capitaine *Ydle*? my olde Aunts sonne, my deere Kinsman, in *Capadochio*? 56

Corp. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, religious outside, thou! if thou hadst any grace in thee, thou would'st visit him, releue him, sweare to get him out. 60

Nicho. Assure you, Corporall, indeed-ia, tis the first time I heard on't.

25 drye) three M 42 swoon F2, etc. 51
-Feete]-Fleet F2

T. B.

Cor. Why do't now, then, *Marmasse*: bring forth thy yearly-wages, let not a Commander perish! 65

Simon. But, if hee bee one of the wicked, hee shall perish.

Nich. Well, Corporall, Ile e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman: if I can do him any good, I will,—but I haue nothing for him. *Simon Saint Mary Oueris* and *Fraylty*, pray make a lie for me to the Knight my Maister, old *Sir Godfrey*.

Cor. A lie? may you lie then? 74

Fray. O, I, we may lie, but we must not sweare.

Sim. True, wee may lie with our Neighbors wife, but wee must not sweare we did so.

Cor. Oh, an excellent Tag of religion! 79

Nic. Oh *Simon*, I haue thought vpon a sound excuse; it will go currant: say that I am gon to a Fast.

Sim. To a Fast? very good.

Nic. I, to a Fast, say, with Maister *Fulbellie* the Minister. 85

Sim. Maister *Fulbellie*? an honest man: he feedes the flock well, for he's an excellent feeder. [*Exit Corporal, Nicholas.*]

Fray. O, I, I haue seene him eate vp a whole Pigge, and afterward falle to the petticoates. 90

[*Exit Simon and Fraylty.*]

(SCENE IV.)

The Prison, Marshalsea.

Enter Capitaine Ydle at one dore, and (later Pyeboard and old souldier at the other.

George Py-board, speaking within.

Pye. Pray turne the key.

Sker. Turne the key, I pray.

Cap. Who should those be? I almost know their voyces.— 4

O my friends! [*Entring.*]
Ya're welcome to a smelling Roome here. You newly tooke leaue of the ayre; ist not a strange sauour?

Pie. As all prisons haue: smells of sundry wretches,

Who, tho departed, leaue their sents behind 'em. 10

By Gold, Capitaine, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Cap. By my troth, *George*, I thanke thee; but pish,—what must be, must bee.

Skr. Capitaine, what doe you lie in for? ist great? what's your offence? 15

Cap. Faith, my offence is ordinarie,—com-

75 me must Q 80 vp om. F2, etc. 80 falls Q:
fall Ff, etc. Scene IV. add. M 7 let) has it M

mon: A Hie-way; and I feare mee my penal-
tie will be ordinarie and common too: a halter.

Pie. Nay, prophecy not so ill; it shall go
heard,

But Ile shift for thy life.

Cap. Whether I live or die, thou'art an
honest *George*. Ile tell you—siluer flou'd not
with mee, as it had done, (for now the tide
runnes to Bawdes and flatterers.) I had a
start out, and by chaunce set vpon a fat
steward, thinking his purse had bene as
pursey as his bodie; and the slaue had about
him but the poore purchase of tenne groates:
notwithstanding, beeing descryed, pursued,
and taken, I know the Law is so grim, in
respect of many desprate, vnsetled souldiours,
that I feare mee I shall daunce after their pipe
for't.

Skir. I am twice sory for you, *Captaine*:
first that your purchase was so small, and now
that your danger is so great.

Cap. Push, the worst is but death,—ha
you a pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I thinke I haue there abouts about me.

[*Cap. blowes a pipe.*]

Cap. Her's a cleane Gentleman too, to
receiue.

Pie. Well, I must cast about some happy
slight.

Worke braine, that euer didst thy Maister
right!

Cor. Keeper! let the key be turn'd!

[*Corporall and Nicholas within.*]

Nic. I, I pray, Maister keeper, giues a cast
of your office.

Cap. How now? more Visitants?—what,
Corporal Oth?

Pie. Skir. -Corporal?

Cor. In prison, honest *Captaine*? this must
not be.

Nic. How do you, *Captaine Kinsman*?

Cap. Good Cocks-combe! what makes that
pore, starch'd foole here?

Nic. You see, *Kinsman*, I am som-what
bould to call in, and see how you do. I heard
you were safe inough, and I was very glad on't
that it was no worse.

Cap. This is a double torture now,—this
foole by'th booke

Do's vex me more then my imprisonment.

What meant you, Corporall, to hooke him
hither?

Cor. Who, he? he shall releiue thee, and
supply thee;

Ile make him doo't.

37 *Pish M* 59-61 *Prose Ff, etc.* 60 Do's] doth
Ff, etc.

Cap. (aside, to Oath) Fie, what vaine breath
you spend! hee supply? Ile sooner expect
mercy from a Vsurer when my bonds forfeited,
sooner kindnesse from a Lawier when my
mony's spent: nay, sooner charity from the
deuill, then good from a Puritaine! Ile looke
for releife from him, when Lucifer is restor'd
to his bloud, and in Heauen againe!

Nic. I warrant, my *Kinsman's* talking of
me, for my left eare burnes most tyrannically.

Pie. *Captaine Ydle*, what's he there? hee
lookes like a Monkey vpward, and, a Crane
downe-ward.

Cap. Pshaw, a foolish Cozen of mine; I
must thanke God for him.

Pie. Why, the better subiect to worke a
scape vpon; thou shalt e'en change clothes
with him, and leaue him here, and so—

Cap. Push, I publish't him e'en now to my
Corporall: hee will be damn'd, ere hee do me
so much good; why, I know a more proper,
a more handsome deuice then that, if the
slaue would be sociable. Now, goodman
Fleere-face?

Nic. Oh, my Cozen begins to speake to me
now: I shall bee acquainted with him againe,
I hope.

Skirmish. Looke what ridiculous Raptures
take hold of his wrinkles.

Pye. Then, what say you to this deuice?
a happy one, *Captaine*?

Capl. Speake lowe, *George*; Prison Rattles
haue wider eares then those in Malt-lofts.

Nic. Cozen, if it lay in my power, as they
say—to—do—

Cap. Twould do me an exceeding pleasure,
indeed, that, but nere talke forder on't: the
foole will be hang'd, ere he do't.

(*To the Corporal.*)

Cor. Pax, Ile thump 'im to't.

Pie. Why, doe but trie the Fopster, and
breake it to him bluntly.

Cap. And so my disgrace will dwell in his
lawes, and the slaue slaue out our purpose
to his Maister, for would I were but as sure
on't as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would bee heartily glad, Cozen, if
any of my friendships, as they say, might—
stand—ah—

Pie. Why, you see he offers his friend-ship
foolishly to you already.

Captain. I, that's the hell on't, I would hee
would offer it wisely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Couzen—

Cap. I haue tooke note of thy fleeres a good
while: if thou art minded to do mee good—as
100 but om. *Ff* 101 *S. D. add. M* 102 'im] 'em *Q*

thou gapst vpon me comfortably, and giu'st me charitable faces, which indeede is but a fashion in you all that are Puritaines—wilt soone at night steale me thy Maisters chaine?

Nich. Oh, I shall sowne!

Pie. Corporal, he starts already. 124

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crownes, & with the halfe of that I can buy my life at a Brokers, at second hand, which now lies in pawne to th' Lawe: if this thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy Maister, why tis a palpable Argument thou holdst my life at no price, and these thy broken & vnioynted offers are but only created in thy lip, now borne, and now buried, foolish breath onlie. What, wouldst thou? shall I looke for happiness in thy answers? 136

Nic. Steale my Maisters chaine, quoth'st thou, it shal nere bee sayd, that *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, I told you as much; did I not? tho he be a Puritaine, yet he will be a true man.

Nich. Why, Couzen, you know tis written, *thou shalt not steale.* 144

Cap. Why, and foole, *thou shalt loue thy Neighbour*, and helpe him in extremities.

Nich. Masse, I thinke it bee, indeede: in what Chapter's that, Couzen?

Cap. Why, in the first of Charity, the 2. verse. 150

Nich. The first of Charity, quathal that's a good iest; there's no such Chapter in my booke!

Cap. No, I knew twas torne out of thy Booke, & that makes so little in thy heart. 155

Pie. Come, let me tell you, ya're too vnkinde a Kinsman, yfaith; the Captaine louing you so deerely, I, like the Pomwater of his eye, and you to be so vncomfortable: fie, fie. 160

Nic. Pray, do not wish me to bee hand: any thing else that I can do, had it beene to rob, I would ha don't; but I must not steale: that's the word, the littell, *thou shalt not steale*; and would you wish me to steale, then?

Pie. No, faith, that were to much, to speake truth: why, wouldst thou nim it from him? 167

Nich. That I will!

Pie. Why, ynough, bullie; hee shall bee content with that, or he shall ha none; let mee alone with him now! Captaine, I ha dealt with your Kins-man in a Corner; a good, kinde-natured fellow, mee thinkes: goe too,

154 know *Ff* 155 makes it so *ll*, etc. 169 shall *ll* will *Ff*, etc.

you shall not haue all your owne asking, you shall bate somewhat on't: he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steale the chaine from him,—but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him. 178

Nich. I, that I will, Couzen.

Cap. Well, seeing he will doe no more, as far as I see, I must bee contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gullery! 182

Pie. Nay, Ile come neerer to you, Gentleman: because wee haue onely but a helpe and a mirth on't, the knight shall not loose his chaine neither, but (it shall) be only laide out of the way some one or two daies.

Nich. I, that would be good indeed, Kinsman. 189

Pie. For I haue a farder reach to profit vs better by the missing on't onellie, then if wee had it out-right, as my discourse shall make it knowne too you.—When thou hast the chaine, do but conuay it out at back-dore into the Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary banck but for a small season; and by that harmlesse deuise, I know how to winde Captaine Ydle out of prison: the Knight thy Maister shall get his pardon and release him, & he satisfie thy Maister with his own chaine, & wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed, la: pray, let me know how. 203

Pie. Nay, tis very necessary thou shouldst know, because thou must be imploide as an Actor.

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Plaier; and our Parson railes againe Plaiers mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunck vpp'oth Stage once,—as hee will bee horribly druncke. 211

Cor. Masse, I cannot blame him then, poore Church-spout.

Pie. Why, as an Intermedler, then?

Nich. I, that, that. 215

Pie. Giue me Audience, then: when the old Knight thy Maister has ragde his fill for the losse of the chaine, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in prison, of such exquisit Art, that the diuill himselfe is french Lackey to him, and runnes bare-headed by his horse-bellie (when hee has one) whome hee will cause with most *Yrish* Dexterity to fetch his chaine, tho twere hid vnder a mine of sea-cole, and nere make Spade or Pickaxe his instruments: tell him but this, with farder instruc-

186 it shall odd. *N* 191 on't) of *N* 194 at) at a *Ff*, etc. 208 against *Ff*, etc. 210 upo'th *Ff* 217 ragde *Q*: rag'd *Ff*

tions thou shalt receiue from mee, and thou
shoust thy selfe a Kinsman indeed.

Cor. A dainty Bullie.

Skir. An honest Booke-keeper. 230

Cap. And my three times thrice hunnie
Couzen.

Nich. Nay, grace of God, He robbe him on't
suddainlie, and hang it in the Rosemary banck;
but I beare that minde, Couzen, I would not
steale any thing, mee thinkes, for mine owne
Father. 237

Skir. He Beares a good minde in that,
Captaine!

Pie. Why, well sayde; he begins to be an
honest fellow, faith.

Cor. In troth, he does. 242

Nich. You see, Couzen, I am willing to do
you any kindnesse, alwaies sauing my selfe
harmlesse. [Exit Nicholas.

Captaine. Why, I thanke thee; fare thee
well, I shall requite it.

Cor. Twill bee good for thee, Captaine, that
thou hast such an egregious Asse to thy
Coozen. 250

Cap. I, is hee not a fine foole, Corporall?
But, *George*, thou talkst of Art and Coniuring;
How shall that bee?

Pib. Puh, bee't not in your care:
Leaue that to me and my directions. 255

Well, Captaine, doubt not thy deliuerie now,
E'en with the vantage, man, to gaine by
prison,

As my thoughts prompt me: hold on, braine
and plot!

I ayme at many cunning far euents,
All which I doubt not but to hit at length. 260

He to the Widdow with a quaint assault.

Captaine, be merry.

Cap. Who, I? Kerrie, merry, Buffe-
Ierkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more slights, and
one will knit strong in another.—Corporall
Oth. 266

Corp. Hoh, Bully?

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmish*; I haue
a necessary taske for you both.

Skir. Lay't vpon, *George Pye-boord*. 270

Corp. What ere it bee, weele manage it.

Pye. I would haue you two maintaine a
quarrell before the Lady Widdowes doore, and
drawe your swords i'th edge of the Euening;
clash a little, clash, clash. 275

Corp. Fuh!

Let vs alone to make our Blades ring noone,
Tho it be after Supper.

247 S. D. Exit Nich. repeated Q 254 Prefix Feb Q
270 it upon us M

Pye. (I) Know you can. And out of that
false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange
beleefe—And, Captaine, to countenance my
deuice the better, and grace my words to the
Widdow, I haue a good plaine Sattin sute,
that I had of a yong Reueller t'other night:
for words passe not regarded now a dayes,
vnlesse they come from a good suite of
cloaths, which the Fates and my wittes haue
bestowed vpon me. Well, Captaine *Idle*, if
I did not highly loue thee, I would nere bee
seene within twelue score of a prison, for I
protest at this instant, I walke in great danger
of small debts; I owe money to seuerall
Hostiasses, and you know such Ills will quickly
be vpon a mans lack.

Cap. True, *George*. 295

Pye. Fare thee well, Captaine. Come, Cor-
porall and Ancient! thou shalt heare more
newes next time we greete thee.

Corp. More newes! I, by yon Beare at
Bridge-Foote in heauen shalt thou. 300

[Exeunt (Pyeboord, Skirmish, and Oath.)

Cap. Inough: my friends, farewell.
This prison shewes as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

(ACT II.)

(SCENE I. A room in the widow's house.)

Enter Moll youngest Daughter to the Widdow;
alone.

Moll. Not Marry? forswear Marriage?
why, all women know 'tis as honorable a thing
as to lye with a man; and I to spight my Sisters
vowe the more, haue entertainde a suter
already, a fine gallant Knight of the last
Fether: hee sayes he will Coach mee too, and
well appoint mee, allow mee money to Dice
with-all, and many such pleasing protestations
hee sticks vpon my lips; indeed, his short-
winded Father ith' Countrie is wondrous
wealthy, a most abhominable Farmer, and
therefore hee may doote in time: tæth, He
venture vpon him. Women are not without
wayes enow to helpe them-selues: if he proue
wise and good as his word, why, I shall loue
him, and vse him kindly: and if hee prooue an
Asse, why, in a quarter of an houres warning
I can transforme him into an Oxe;—there
comes in my Reliefe again. 19

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O, Mistresse Moll, Mistresse Moll.

Moll. How now? what's the newes?

279 I add. F1 300 in heauen] in the even conj.
M 302 If om. M Act II. add. R Scene I. etc.
add. M 12 doote] doote Fy: do it M

Frail. The Knight your suter, sir *John Penny-Dub*—

Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. Hee's walking in the Gallerie.

Moll. Has my Mother seene him yet? 25

Frail. O no, shee's—spitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hether softly, good

Frailtie,—

He meets him halfe way.

Frail. That's iust like running a Tilt; but I hope hee'll breake nothing this time. (*Exit.*)

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happinesse my Mother saw him not: 31

O welcome, good Sir *John*.

Penny-dub. I thanke you, faith.—Nay, you must stand mee, till I kisse you: 'tis the fashion euery where, I-faith, and I came from Court enow. 36

Moll. Nay, the Fates forfend that I should anger the fashion!

Penny. Then, not forgetting the sweete of new ceremonies, I first fall back, then recouering my selfe, make my honour to your lip thus: and then accost it. 42

Moll. Trust me, very pritty, and mouing; y'are worthy on't, sir.

Kissing: Enter Widdow and Sir Godf.

O, my Mother, my Mother! now shee's here, wee'll steale into the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*] 46

Sir Godf. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, doe not play the foole; stand not in your owne light. You haue wealthy offers, largetendrings; doe not with-stand your good fortune: who comes a wooing to you, I pray? no small foole; a rich Knight ath Citty, Sir *Oliuer Muck-hill*—no small foole I can tell you: and furthermore, as I heard late by your Maide-seruants, (as your Maide-seruants will say to mee any thing, I thanke 'em) both your Daughters are not without Suters, I, and worthy ones too! one a Briske Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tip-staffe*, suter a farre off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge-welthie Farmers sonne, a fine young Countrie Knight, they call him Sir *John Penny-Dub*: a good name, marry; hee may haue it coynde when hee lackes money. What blessings are these, Sister! 64

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir Godf. Satan? doe I looke like Satan? I hope the Deuill's not so old as I, I tro.

Wid. You wound my sences, Brother, when you name

25 Ha's Q
even now M
62 Penny-Dub Q

S. D. Exit add. M
39 of] in conj. St.

36 e'now F2:
44 on't] of it M

A suter to me:—oh, I cannot abide it, I take in poison, when I heare one nam'd. 70

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my sonne *Edmund*? *Sim.* Verily Madame, hee is at vaine Exercise, dripping in the Tennis-court.

Wid. At Tennis-court? oh, now his father's gon, I shall haue no rule with him; oh, wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecie in the Chronicle, the farre inferior: as *Harry of Monmouth* woome all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all; so *Edmund of Bristol*, that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond of London*, that's his sonne now, will spend all.

Sir Godf. Peace, Sister, wee'll haue him reformed, there's hope on him yet, tho it be but a little. 84

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. Forsooth, Madam, there are two or three Archers at doore would very gladly speake with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir Godf. Your husbands Fletcher, I warrant. 90

Wid. Oh!

Let them come neere, they bring home things of his.

Troth, I should ha forgot 'em. How now, Villaine?

Which be those Archers? 94

Enter the suters Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, and Penny-dub.

Frail. Why, do you not see 'em before you? are not these Archers? what do you call 'em? Shooters: Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out, ignorant slaue.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient, Lady, 100 We come in way of honorable loue.

Tipst. Penny. Wee doe.

Muck. To you.

Tipst. Penny. And to your Daughters. 104

Widdow. O, why will you offer mee this Gentlemen? indeed I will not looke vpon you —when the Teares are scarce out of mine Eyes, not yet washt off from my Cheekes, and my deere husbands body scarce so colde as the Coffin, what reason haue you to offer it? I am not like some of your Widdowes that will burie one in the Euening, and bee sure to another ere morning. Pray, away; pray, take your answeres, good Knights, and you

82 him] hem Q 83 on] of M 93 Ends now Q,
Ff: corr. M 112 sure to haue M

bee sweete Knights. I haue vow'd neuer to marry;—and so haue my daughters too! 116

Penny. I, two of you haue, but the thirds a good wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewde answer, marry; the best is, tis but the first, and hee's a blunt wooer, that will leaue for one sharpe answer.

Tip. Where bee your daughters, Lady? I hope thelle giue vs better encouragements. 123

Wid. Indeed, theyle answer you so; tak't a my word, thelle giue you the very same answer *Verbatim*, truly la.

Penny. Mum: *Moll's* a good wench still, I know what shee'le doo.

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time wee'll take our leaues, hoping for better comfort. 130

Wid. O neuer, neuer! and I liue these thousand yeares! and you bee good Knights, doe not hope; twill bee all Vaine, Vayne,—looke you, put off all your suites, and you come to me againe. 135

(*Exeunt Sir John and Sir Andrew.*)

Fray. Put off all their suites, quatha? I, that's the best wooing of a Widdow, indeed, when a man's Nonsuted; that is, when he's a bed with her. [*Going out, Muckhill and sir Godfrey.*]

Muck. Sir Godfrey, here's twenty Angells more: worke hard for me; there's life int yet.

(*Exit Muckhill.*)

Sir Godf. Feare not, Sir *Oltuer Muckhill*, Ile stick close for you; leaue all with me. 143

Enter George Py-boord, the scholler.

Pye. By your leaue, Ladie Widdow.

Wid. What, another suiter now?

Pye. A suiter! no, I protest, Ladie, if you'de giue me your selfe, Ide not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, Sir? then you're the better welcome, sir. 150

Pie. Nay, Heauen blesse mee from a Widdow, vnlesse I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntnesse: well, your businesse, sir?

Pie. Very needfull; if you were in priuate once.

Wid. Needfull? brother, pray leaue vs; and you, sir. 158

Fray. I should laugh now, if this blunt fellow should put 'em all by side the stirrop, and vault into the saddle himselfe. I haue seene as mad a triek. [*Exit Frailtie.*]

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now Sir?—here's none but we—Daughters, forbear. 164

134 your] yours Q 135 S. D. add. M

Pyb. O no, pray, let 'em stay, for what I haue to speake importeth equally to them as to you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pyb. I pray bestow on me a serious eare, For what I speake is full of weight and feare.

Wid. Feare? 171

Pyb. I, ift passe vnregarded, and vneffected; Else peace and ioy:—I pray, Attention. Widdowe, I haue beene a meere stranger for these parts that you liue in, nor did I euer know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certaine spirituall Intelligence, that he is in Purgatorie. 178

Wid. Purgatorie? tuh; that word deserues to bee spit vpon. I wonder that a man of sober tounge, as you seeme to be, should haue the folly to beleue there's such a place. 182

Pyb. Well, Lady, in cold bloud I speake it; I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your husband to recide, and wherein he is like to remaine, till the dissolution of the world, till the last generall Bon-fire, when all the earth shall melt into nothing and the Seas scalde their finnie labourers: so long is his abidance, vnlesse you alter the proprietie of your purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs; that is, the purpose of single life in your selfe and your eldest Daughter, and the speedie determination of marriage in your youngest. 195

Moll. How knowes hee that? what, has some Deuill told him?

Wid. Strange he should know our thoughts:—Why, but, Daughter, haue you purpose speedy Marriage? 200

Pyb. You see she tels you I, for shee sayes nothing. Nay, giue me credit as you please. I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come to mee Metaphisically, and by a super-naturall intelligence. 206

Wid. This puts Amasement on me.

Franck. Know our seacrets!

Mol. Ide thought to steale a marriage: would his tongue

Had dropt out when he blabt it! 210

Wid. But, sir, my husband was too honest a dealing man to be now in any purgatorie—

Pie. O, Do not load your conscience with vntruths;

Tis but meere folly now to guild him ore, 214 That has past but for Copper. Praises here Cannot vnbinde him there: confesse but truth.

166-7 as you Py 198 ha's Q 201 for om. Py
208 and and Q 209-10 Prose M 214 him M:
hem Q: 'em Py

I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is most strange of all: how
knowes he that?

Pie. He would eate fooles and ignorant
heires cleane vp; 220

And had his drinck from many a poore mans
browe,

E'en as their labour brewde it.

He would scrape ritches to him most vn-
iustly;

The very durt betweene his nailles was Il-got,
And not his owne,—oh, I groane to speake
on't, 225

The thought makes me shudder—shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I thinke on't.

—Sir, I am much grieu'd, that you, a stranger,
should so deeply wrong my dead husband!

Pie. Oh! 230

Wid. A man that would keepe Church go
duly; rise early, before his seruants, and e'en
for Religious haat, go vngarterd, vnbuttond,
nay, sir Reuerence, vntrust, to Morning Prayer.

Pie. Oh, vñ. 235

Wid. Dine quickly vpon hie-dayes, and
when I had great guests, would e'en shame
me and rise from the Table, to get a good
seate at an after-noone Sermon. 239

Pie. There's the diuill, there's the diuill!
true, hee thought it Sanctity ynough, if he
had kild a man, so tad beene done in a Pue, or
vndon his Neigh(b)our, so ta'd beene nere
ynough to'th Preacher. Oh,—a Sermon's a
fine short cloake of an houre long, and wil
hide the vpper-part of a dissembler.—Church!
I, he seem'd al Church, & his conscience was
as hard as the Pulpit!

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pie. Nor I, widdow, endure to flatter. 250

Wid. Is this all your businesse with me?

Pie. No, Lady, tis but the induction too'te.
You may belieue my straines, I strike all true,
And if your conscience would leap vp to your
tongue, your selfe would affirme it: and that
you shall perceiue I knowe of things to come
as well as I doe of what is present, a Brother
of your husbands shall shortly haue a losse.

Wid. A losse; marry, heauen for-fend!
Sir Godfrey, my brother? 260

Pie. Nay, keepe in your wonders, till I haue
told you the fortunes of you all; which are
more fearefull, if not happily prevented:—for
your part & your daughters, if there be not
once this day some blood-shed before your

dore, wheerof the humaine creature dies, two
of you—the elder—shall run mad. 267

Mother and Franck. Oh!

Mol. That's not I yet!

Pie. And with most impudent prostitution
show your naked bodies to the vew of all
beholders.

Wid. Our naked bodies? fie, for shame!

Pie. Attend mee: and your yonger daughter
bee strooken dumbe. 275

Mol. Dumbe? out, alas: tis the worst
paine of all for a Woman. Ide rather bee
madde, or runne naked, or any thing: dumbe?

Pie. Giue eare: ere the euening fall vpon
Hill, Bogge, and Meadow, this my speech shal
haue past probation, and then shal I be
belieued accordingly. 282

Widdow. If this bee true, wee are all
sham'de, all vndon.

Mol. Dumbe? He speake as much as euer
I can possible before euening! 286

Pie. But if it so come to passe (as for your
faire sakes I wish it may) that this presage of
your strange fortunes be preuented by that
accident of death and bloud-shedding which
I before told you off: take heed vpon your liues
that two of you, which haue vow'd neuer to
marry, seeke you out husbands with all present
speede, and you, the third, that haue such a
desire to out-strip chastitie, looke you meddle
not with a husband. 296

Moll. A double torment.

Pyb. The breach of this keepees your father
in Purgatorie, and the punishments that shall
follow you in this world would with horror
kill the Eare should heare 'em related. 301

Wid. Marry? why I vowd neuer to marry.

Franke. And so did I.

Moll. And I vowde neuer to be such an
Asse, but to marry: what a crosse Fortune's
this! 306

Pyb. Ladies, tho I bee a Fortune-teller,
I cannot better Fortunes; you haue 'em from
me as they are reueald to me: I would they
were to your tempers, and fellowes with your
blouds, that's all the bitterness I would you.

Widdow. Oh, 'tis a iust vengeance for my
husbands hard purchases. 313

Pyb. I wish you to be-thinke your selues,
and leaue 'em.

Wid. Ile to Sir Godfrey, my Brother, and
acquaint him with these fearefull presages.

Franck. For, Mother, they portend losses
to him.

Wid. Oh, I, they doe, they doe. 320

222-4 End scrape, dirt, own, me, shudder M 225
Ends oh, Q, Ff 231 guests F2: guess Q, Ff
242 tad] it had M

266-7 of you two the elder Ff eldest E 266
possibly M 293 you em. Ff, etc. 315 leaue M Q

If any happy issue crowne thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pyb. 'Tis enough Lady; I wish no higher.

[Exit (Wid. and Fran.)]

Mol. Dumbel and not marry, worse! 324
Neither to speake, nor kisse, a double curse.

[Exit.]

Pyb. So all this comes well about yet. I play the Fortune-teller as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happinesse, being in my Hostisses Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widdow, I laid the hole of mine eare to a hole in the wall, and heard 'em make these voves, & speake those words vpon which I wrought these aduantages; and to encourage my forgerie the more, I may now perceiue in 'em a naturall simplicitie which will easily swallow an abuse, if any couering be ouer it: and to confirme my former presage to the Widdow, I haue aduizde old *Peter Skirmish*, the Souldier, to hurt Corporall *Oth* vpon the Leg; and in that hurly he rush amongst 'em, and in stead of giuing the Corporall some Cordiall to comfort him, he power into his mouth a potion of a sleepey Nature, to make him seeme as dead; for the which the old souldier beeing apprehended, and ready to bee borne to execution, he step in, & take vpon me the cure of the dead man, vpon paine of dying the condemneds death: the Corporall will wake at his minute, when the sleepey force has wrought it selfe, and so shall I get my selfe into a most admired opinion, and vnder the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* keepe true time with the chaine, my plot will be sound, the Capitaine deliuered, and my wits applauded among schollers and souldiers for euer. 357

[Exit Py-boord.]

(SCENE II. A Garden.)

Enter *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* with the chaine.

Nic. Oh, I haue found an excellent aduantage to take away the chaine: my Maister put it off e'en now to say on a new Doublet, and I sneak't it away by little & little most Puritanically. Wee shal haue good sport anon when ha's mist it about my Cousen the Coniurer. The world shall see I'me an honest man of my word, for now I'me going to hang it betweene Heauen & Earth among the Rosemary branches. [Exit Nich.]

323 S. D. Wid. etc. add. R 357 amongst F 2, etc.
Scene II. etc. add. M 6 ha's Q: has F 1: he has F 2, etc.

Actus 3.

(SCENE I. The street before the Widdow's house.)

Enter *Simon Saint Mary-Oueries* and *Frailty*.

Frai. Sirrah *Simon Saint Mary-Oueries*, my Mistris sends away all her suiters and puts fleas in their eares.

Sim. Frailty, shee doe like an honest, chaste, and vertuous woman; for widdowes ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity. 6

Fra. Yet, *Simon*, many widdowes will do't, what so comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailtie*, their filthy flesh desires a Coniunction Copulatiue. What strangers are within, *Frailty*? 11

Frai. Ther's none, *Simon*, but Maister *Pilfer* the Tailor: he's about with *Sir Godfreie* grayeing of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Maister *Suds*, the Barber. 15

Simon. Maister *Suds*,—a good man; he washes the sinns of the Beard cleane.

Enter old *Skirmish* the souldier.

Skir. How now, creatures? whats a clock? *Frai.* Why, do you take vs to be Lacke ath' Clock-house? 20

Skir. I say agen to you what's a clocke?

Sim. Truly la, wee goe by the clocke of our conscience: all worldly Clockes, we know, goe false, and are set by drunken Sextons. 24

Skir. Then what's a clock in your consciences?—oh, I must breake off, here comes the corporall—hum, hum!—what's a clock?

Enter Corporall.

Corp. A clock? why, past seauenteene.

Frai. Past seauenteene? nay, ha's met with his match now, Corporall *Oth* will fit him. 30

Skir. Thou doost not hawke or baffle me, doost thou? I am a Souldier—past seauenteenel 31

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prouee it vnto thee: 12. and 1. is thirteene, I hope, 2. foureteene, 3. fifteene, 4. sixteene, and 5. seauenteene; then past seauenteene: I will take the *Dyals* part in a iust cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past fise, then. 40

Corp. He sweare 'tis past seauenteene, then: doost thou not know numbers? canst thou not cast?

Scene I. etc. add. M 16 Sud's h Ff S. D.
follows 18 Q. Ff souldiers Q: corr. F 2 19-20 at
'h Q: at th' Ff Jacks o' the M 21, 25, 27 what
is't o'clock M

Skir. Cast? dost thou speake of my casting
ith' street? [Draw.]

Corp. I, and in the Market place. 46

Sim. Clubs, clubs, clubs!

[Simon runs in.

Frail. I, I knew by their shuffling, Clubs
would be Trumpe; masse, here's the Knaue,
and hee can doe any good vpon 'em: Clubs,
clubs, clubs! 51

Enter Py-board.

Corp. O villaine, thou hast opend a vaine
in my leg.

Pyb. How now! for shame, for shame; put
v'n, put vp. 55

Corp. By yon blew Welkin, 'twas out of
my part, *George*, to bee hurt on the leg.

Enter Officers.

Pyb. Oh peace now—I haue a Cordiall here
to comfort thee.

Off. Downe with 'em, downe with em; lay
hands vpon the villaine. 61

Skir. Lay hands on me?

Pyb. He not be seene among em now.

[Exit Pyeboard.]

Corp. Ime hurt, and had more need haue
Surgeons

Lay hands vpon me then rough Officers.

Off. Goe, carry him to be drest then. 66

[Exeunt some of the Sheriffs Officers
with Corporal Oath.]

This mutinous Souldier shall along with me to
prison.

Skir. To prison? where's *George*?

Off. Away with him. [Exeunt with Skir.]

[Re-enter Pyeboard.]

Pyb. So. 71

All lights as I would wish. The amazd
widdow

Will plant me strongly now in her beleefe,

And wonder at the vertue of my words:

For the euent turnes those presages from
em 75

Of being mad and dumbe, and begets
ioy

Mingled with admiration. These emptie crea-
tures,

Souldier and Corporall, were but ordaind

As instruments for me to worke vpon.

Now to my patient; here's his potion. 80

[Exit Pyeboard.]

52, 56, 64 *Brooks Cap. Q. Py* 63 *S. D. add. M*
66 *S. D. add. M* after 68 70 *hem Q* 8. *D.*
Scene II. the same. Re-enter Pyeboard *M* 75
em] them *M*

(SCENE II. An apartment in the Widow's
house.)

*Enter the Widow with her two
Daughters.*

Wid. O wondrous happinesse, beyond our
thoughts:

O luckie faire euent! I thinke our fortunes,
Were blest een in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all those shamefull violent presages
By this rash bleeding chance. Goe, *Frailtie*,
run, and know, 5

Whether he be yet liuing, or yet dead,
That here before my doore receiu'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, hee was carryed to the
superiour, but if he had no money when hee
came there, I warrant hee's dead by this time.

[Exit Frailtie.]

Franck. Sure, that man is a rare fortune-
teller; neuer lookt vpon our hands, nor vpon
any marke about vs: a wondrous fellow, surelie,

Moll. I am glad, I haue the vse of my
tongue yet: tho of nothing else. I shall finde
the way to marry too, I hope, shortly. 16

Wid. O where's my Brother, sir *Godfrey*?
I would hee were here, that I might relate to
him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman
spoke in all things. 20

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir Godf. O my Chaine, my Chaine! I haue
lost my Chaine. Where be these Villains,
Variets?

Wid. Oh! has lost his Chaine.

Sir Godf. My Chaine, my chaine! 25

Widdow. Brother, bee patient, heare mee
speake: you know I told you that a cunning
man told me that you should haue a losse, and
he has prophicied so true. 29

Sir Godf. Out, he's a villaine, to prophecy
of the losse of my chaine: twas worth about
three hundred Crownes,—besides, twas my
Fathers, my fathers fathers, my Grand-fathers
huge grand-fathers. I had as liue he lost my
Neck, as the chaine that hung about it. O, my
chaine, my chaine! 36

Wid. Oh, brother, who can be against a
misfortune! tis happy twas no more.

Sir Godf. No, more! O goodly gedly sister,
would you had me lost more? my best gowne,
too, with the cloth of gold-lace? my holiday
Gascoines, and my Ierkin set with pearle? no
more! 43

Wid. Oh, Brother! you can read—

Scene II. etc.] Scene III. etc. *M* 9 *superiour*
surgeon row. 82. 24 has *Q*: h'as *Py*: he has *M*
34 liue *Py*: liue *Q* 40 had *J* (?) have had

Sir Godf. But I cannot reade where my chaine is.—What strangers haue bene here? you let in strangers, Theeues, and Catch-poles; how comes it gonne? there was none about with mee but my Taylor; and my Taylor will not—steale, I hope? 50

Mol. No, he's afraide of a chaine!

Enter Frayly.

Wid. How now, sirrah? the newes?

Fray. O Mistres, he may well be cald a Corporall now, for his corpes are as dead as a cold Capons. 55

Wid. More happinesse.

Sir Godf. Sirrah, what's this to my chaine? where's my chaine, knaue?

Fray. Your chaine, sir?

Sir Godf. My chaine is lost, villaine. 60

Fray. I would hee were hang'd in chaines that has it then for me. Alasse, sir, I saw none of your chaine, since you were hung with it your selfe.

Sir Godf. Out, varlet! it had full three thousand Lincks. 65

I haue oft told it ouer at my praiers:

Ouer and ouer, full three thousand Lincks.

Frayl. Had it so, sir: sure, it cannot be lost then; He put you in that comfort.

Sir Godf. Why, why? 70

Frayl. Why, if your chaine had so many Lincks, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir Godf. Delusion! now, long Nicholas, wheres my chaine?

Nich. Why, about your Neck, ist not, sir?

Sir Godf. About my neck, Varlet! My chaine is lost. 75

Tis stole away, Ime robd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your selfe a man.

Nic. I, if it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mistres, I could bring him to a Cunning Kinsman of mine that would fetcht againe with a Sesarara. 81

Sir Godf. Canst thou? I will be patient: say, where dwells he?

Nic. Marry, he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell, and he could choose: in the Marshalsea, sir; but hee's an extient fellow if he were out; has trauid all the world ore, he, and bene in the seauen and twenty Prouinces: why, he would make it be fetcht, Sir, if twere rid a thousand mile out of towne. 90

Sir Godf. An admirable fellow: what lies he for?

Nic. Why, hee did but rob a Steward of ten
54 are] is M 87 has] ha's Fy

groats tother Night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies fort. 95

Sir Godf. He make his peace: a Trifle! He get his pardon,

Beside a bountifull reward. He about it.

But see the Clearkes, the Iustice will doe much.

I will about it straight: good sister, pardon me.

All will be well, I hope, and turne to good, 100

The name of Coniurer has laid my blood.

[Exeunt.

(SCENE III. A street.)

Enter two serlants (with Yeoman Dogson) to arrest the Scholer, George Pyeboard.

Put. His Hostesse where he lies will tust him no longer: she has feed me to arrest him; and if you will accompany me, because I know not of what Nature the Scholler is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Seriant *Rauen-shaw*. I haue the good Angell to arrest him. 7

Rauen. Troth, He take part with thee, then, Seriant, not for the sake of the mony so much, as for the hate I beare to a Scholler: why, Seriant, tis Naturall in vs, you know, to hate Schollers, naturall: besides, they will publish our imperfections, Knaueries, and Conuayances vpon Scaffolds and Stages. 14

Put. I, and spightfully, to; troth, I haue wonderd how the slaues could see into our brests so much, when our doublets are buttond with Pewter. 18

Rauen. I, and so close without yeelding; oh, their parlous fellows, they will search more with their wits then a Cunstable with all his officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist! Yeoman Dogson Yeoman Dogson.

Dog. Ha, what saies Seriant? 25

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries shop stil?

Dog. I, I.

Put. Haue an eye, (haue an) eye.

Rauen. The best is, Seriant, if he be a true Scholler, he weares no weapon, I thinke. 30

Put. No, no, he weares no weapon.

Rauen. Masse, I am right glad of that: 'tas put me in better heart. Nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drage him if he be stiff-necked. I haue bene one of the sixe my selfe, that has dragd as tall men of their hands, when their weapons haue bin gone, as euer bastinadoed a Seriant—I haue done, I can tel you. 39

97 Besides Fy, etc. Scene III, etc.] Scene IV.
etc. M S. D. with, etc. add. Fy 3 and om. Fy
12 besides] because cony. M 17 doubters Q 28
haue an add. F1

Dog. Sariant *Puttocks*, Sariant *Puttocke*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. Hees comming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, bee not to greedy; let him play a little, let him play a little: weele ierke him vp of a sudaine. I ha fight in my time. 46

Rauen. I, and caught many a foole, Sariant.

Enter Pyeboard.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the chagnes coucht.

And the old Knight has spent his rage vpon; The widdowe holds me in great Admiration For cunning Art: mongst ioyes I am 'een lost, For my deuice can no way now be crost. 52 And now I must go prison to the captaine, And there—

Put. I arrest you, sir. 55

Pye. Oh—I spoke truer then I was a wape, I must to prison indeed.

Put. They say your a scholler: nay, sir—Yeoman *Dogson*, haue care to his armes—youle rayle againe Sariants, and stage 'eml you tickle their vices! 61

Pye. Nay, vse me like a Gentleman, I'me little lesse.

Put. You a Gentleman? thats a good Iest, ifaith; can a Scholler be a Gentleman,—when a Gentleman will not be a Scholler? looks vpon your welthy Citizenenes sonnes, whether they be Schollers or no, that are Gentlemen by their fathers trades: a Scholler a Gentleman! 69

Pye. Nay, let Fortune driue all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me: a Gentleman is *Accidens Inseperabile* to my bloud.

Rauen. A rablement, nay, you shall haue a bloudy rablement vpon you, I warrant you.

Put. Goe, Yeoman *Dogson*, before, and Enter the Action 'ith Counter. 76

Pte. Pray do not hand me Cruelly, Ile goe, [*Exit Dogson.*]

Whether you please to haue me.

Put. Oh, hees tame; let him loose, sariant.

Pte. Pray, at whose sute is this? 80

Put. Why at your Hostesses suite where you lie, Mistres *Cunnyburrow*, for bed and boord, the somme foure pound fve shillings and fve pence.

Pte. I know the somme to true, yet I presume 85

Vpon a farder daie; well, tis my starres And I must beare it now, the neuer harder. I sweare now, my deuice is crost indeed.

Captaine must lie bite: this is *Decoytes seed*.

Put. Come, come away. 90

Pye. Pray, giue me so much time as to knit my garter, and Ile a way with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting vpon you, this is no paynes to attend thus. 94

[(*Pyboard*) *Making to tie his garter.*]

Pye. I am now wretched, and miserable. I shall nere recouer of this disease: hot Yron gnaw their fistal they haue strucke a Feuer into my shoulder, which I shall nere shake out agen, I feare me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remouue me. Oh, if I take prison once, I shall bee preest to death with Actions, but not so happy as speedilie; perhaps I may bee forty yeare a pressing, till I be a thin old man; that, looking through the grates, men may looke through me. All my meanes is confounded: what shall I doe? has my wits serued me so long, and now giue me the alippe (like a Traynd seruant) when I haue most need of 'em? no deuice to keepe my poore carcase for these *Puttocks*?—yes, happines! haue I a paper about me now? yes, too! Ile trie it, it may hit: *Exremity is Touch-stone vnto wit.* I, I. 113

Put. Sfoot, how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tying on them? come away, sir.

Pyb. Troth, Sariant, I protest, you could neuer ha tooke me at a worse time; for now at this instant I haue no lawfull picture about me. 120

Put. Slid, how shall we come by our fees then?

Rau. We must haue fees, Sirra.

Pib. I could ha wisht, ifaith, that you had tooke me halfe an hower hence for your owne sake; for I protest, if you had not crost me, I was going in great ioy to receiue fve pound of a Gentleman, for the Deuice of a Maske here, drawne in this paper. But now, come, I must be contented: tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes. 131

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rau. I, well said, sariant, tis good to cast about for mony. 135

Put. Speake; if it be not far—

Pyb. We are but a little past it, the next street behind vs. 138

Put. Slid, we haue waited vpon you grievously already: if youle say youle be liberrall when you hate, giue vs double fees, and spend

53 Ends there Q. Ff 61 you'll M 72 is om.
Ff 77-8 Press M 82 Mistres Q 88 sweare]
fear conj. M

89 bite] by't Ff, etc. 106 haue M wit Q. Ff
110 fro] from Ff, etc. 112 the touchstone M 121
we] me Q 141 hate] ha't Ff: haue it M

vpon's, why wee show you that kindnes, and goe along with you to the Gentleman.

Rau. I, well said still, seriant, vrge that. 144

Pyb. Troth, if it will suffice, it shall be all among you; for my part Ile not pocket a penny: my hostiase shall haue her foure pound fise shillings, and bate me the fise pence, and the other fiftene shillings Ile spend vpon you. 149

Rauish. Why, now thou art a good Scholler.

Put. An excellent Scholler, Ifaith; has proceeded very well alate; come, wee along with you. 154

[*Exeunt with him: passing in they knock at the doore with a Knocker withinside.*]

(SCENE IV. A gallery in a gentleman's house.

Enter a Servant.)

Ser. Who knocks? whose at doore? we had need of a Porter.

Pyb. A few friends here:—pray, is the Gentleman your maister within?

Ser. Yes, is your businesse to him? 5

Pyb. I, he knows it, when he see's me: I pray you, haue you forgot mee?

Ser. I, by my troth, sir. Pray come neere; Ile in and tell him of you: please you to walke here in the Gallery till he comes. 10

Pyb. Wee will attend his worship.—Worship, I thinke, for so much the Posts at his doore should signifie, and the faire comming in, and the wicket; else I neither knew him nor his worship, but 'tis happinesse he is within doores, what so ere he bee: if he be not too much a formall Citizen, hee may doe me good.—Seriant and Yeoman, how doe you like this house? ist not most wholsomly plotted?

Rauen. Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house. 21

Pyb. Yet I wonder how hee should forget me,—for hee nere knew mee.—No matter, what is forgot in you will bee remembered in your Maister. A pritty comfortable roome this, me thinkes: You haue no such roomes in prison now?

Put. Oh, dog-holes toote. 28

Pyb. Dog-holes, indeed. I can tell you, I haue great hope to haue my Chamber here shortly, nay, and dyet too, for hee's the most free-bartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little thinke it! and what a fine Gallery were here for mee to walke and study, and make verses. 35

Scene IV. etc.] Scene V. etc. M 24 you . . your] him . . his com.] M

Put. O, it stands very pleasantly for a Scholler.

Enter Gentleman.

Pyb. Looke what maps, and pictures, and deuices, and things: neatly, delicately—masse, here he comes: he should be a Gentleman; I like his Beard well.—All happinesse to your worship.. 42

Gentle. You're kindly welcome, sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rauen. Masse, it seemes the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Pyb. I haue the thing here for you, sir. 47

Pyb. I beseech you conceale me, sir, I'me vndone else,—I haue the Maske here for you, sir, Looke you, sir.—I beseech your worship first to pardon my rudenesse, for my extreames makes mee boulder then I would bee. I am a poore Gentleman and a Scholler, and now most vnfortunately faine into the Fangs of vnmercifull officers, arrested for debt, which tho small, I am not able to compasse, by reason I'me destitute of lands, money, and friends; so that if I fall into the hungrie swallow of the prison, I am like vterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pincht cleane to the bone. Now, if euer pity had interest in the blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to fauour that meanes of my escape, which I haue already thought vpon.

Gent. Goe forward. 65

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pyb. In the plundge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtfull what to doe, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make happy vse of this paper; and to bleare their vnlettered eyes, I told them there was a Deuice for a Maske drawne int', and that (but for their interception,) I was going to a Gentleman to receiue my reward for't: they, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance, to goe along with mee. My hap was to make bolde with your doore, Sir, which my thoughts showde mee the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I haue happened right vpon vnderstanding and pity: may it please your good Worship, then, but to vphold my Deuice, which is to let one of your men put me out at back-doores, and I shall bee bound to your worship for euer. 85

Gent. By my troth, an excellent deuice.

Puttock. An excellent deuice, hee sayes; hee likes it wonderfull.

47 Prefix Gent. Fy 54 Fangs Q: hands Fy 60- 70 make a happy Fy, etc. 84 at] at a Fy, etc.

Gent. A my faith, I neuer heard a better.
Rauenshaw. Hark, hee swears hee neuer
 heard a better, Serieant. 91

Put. O, there's no talke on't, hees an
 excellent Scholler, and especially for a Maske.

Gent. Giue me your Paper, your Deuice;
 I was neuer better please in all my life: good
 witte, braue witte, finely rought! come in, sir,
 and receiue your money, sir. 97

Pyb. Ile follow your good Worship.—
 You heard how he likte it now?

Put. *Puh, we know hee could not choose
 but like it: goe thy wayes; thou art a witty
 fine fellow, ifaith, thou shalt discourse it to vs
 at Tauerne anon, wilt thou? 103

Pyb. I, I, that I will. Look, Seriants, here
 are Maps, and prittie toyes: be dooing in the
 meane time. I shall quickly haue told out the
 money, you know. 107

Put. Goe, goe, little villaine, fetch thy
 chineck. I begin to loue thee; Ile be drunke to
 night in thy company.

Pyb. (*Aside*) This Gentleman I may well
 call a part

Of my saluation, in these earthly euils, 112
 For hee has sau'd mee from three hungrie
 Deuils. [*Exit George.*]

Puttock. Sirrah Seriant, these Mappes are
 prittie painted things, but I could nere fancie
 em yet: mee thinks they're too busie, and
 full of Circles and Coniurations; they say all
 the world's in one of them, but I could nere
 finde the Counter in the Poultry. 119

Rauen. I thinke so: how could you finde it?
 for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dogson. Masse, thats true; then we must
 looke ath' back-side fort. Sfoote, here's
 nothing, all's bare.

Rauen. I warrant thee, that stands for the
 Counter, for you know theres a company of
 bare fellows there. 127

Put. Faith, like enough, Seriant; I neuer
 markt so much before. Sirrah Seriant, and
 Yeoman, I should loue these Maps out a crye
 now, if wee could see men peepe out of doore
 in em: oh, wee might haue em in a morning
 to our Breake-fast so finely, and nere knocke
 our heeles to the ground a whole day for em.

Rauen. I, marry, sir, Ide buye one then my
 selfe. But this talke is by the way: where
 shall's sup to night? Fieue pound receiud!
 let's talke of that. I haue a trick worth all:
 you two shall heare him to 'th Tauerne, whilst
 I goe close with his Hostiess, and worke out
 of her. I know shee would bee glad of the

summe to finger money, because shee knowes
 tis but a desperat debt, and full of hazard.
 What will you say, if I bring it to passe that
 the Hostiess shall bee contented with one halfe
 for all; and wee to share tother fifty-shillings,
 bullies? 147

Put. Why, I would call thee King of
Seriants, and thou shouldst be Chronicled in
 the Counter booke for euer.

Ra. Well, put it to me, weele make a Night
 on't, yfaith.

Dog. Sfoote, I thinke he receiues more
 money, he staies so long. 154

Put. Hee tarries long, indeed: may be, I
 can tell you, vpon the good liking ont the
 Gentleman may proue more bountifull.

Ra. That would be rare; weele search him.

Put. Nay, be sure of it, weele search him!
 and make him light ynough. 160

Enter the Gentleman.

Ra. Oh, here comes the Gentleman. By
 your leaue, sir.

Gen. God you god den, sirs,—would you
 speake with me? 164

Put. No, not with your worship, sir; only
 wee are bould to stay for a friend of ours that
 went in with your worship.

Gen. Who? not the scholler?

Put. Yes, e'en he, and it please your wor-
 ship. 170

Gen. Did he make you stay for him? hee
 did you wrong, then: why, I can assure you
 hees gon aboue an houre agoe.

Ra. How, sir?

Gen. I payd him his money, and my man
 told me he went out at back-dore. 176

Put. Back-dore?

Gen. Why, whats the matter?

Put. He was our prisoner, sir; we did arrest
 him. 180

Gen. What! he was not! you the Sherifes
 Officers! You were to blame then. Why did
 you not make knowne to me as much? I
 could haue kept him for you: I protest he
 receiude all of me in Britains Gold of the
 last coynng. 186

Ra. Vengeance dog him with't!

Put. Sfoote, has hee guld vs so?

Dog. Where shall wee sup now Seriants?

Put. Sup, *Stimon*, now! eate Porridge for
 a month. Well, wee cannot impute it to any
 lacke of good-will in your Worship,—you did
 but as another would haue done: twas our
 hard fortunes to mase the purchase, but if

111 Gentlemen Q 130 out of cry M 125 then
 om. Py 135-8 I.. that Verso Q, Py

146 8th-shillings Q S. D. Gentlemen Q 163
 God! Give S 182-6 Verso Q

ere wee clutch him againe, the Counter shall
charme him. 196

Rauen. The hole shall rotte him.

Dog. Amen. [Exeunt.]

Genl. So,

Vex out your Lungs without doores. I am
proud, 200

It was my hap to helpe him; it fell fit.

He went not emptie neither for his wit.

Alasse, poore wretch, I could not blame his
braine

To labour his deliuerie, to be free

From their vnpytting fangs—Ime glad it
stood 205

Within my power to doe a Scholler good. [Exit.]

(SCENE V. A room in the Marshalsea
prison.)

Enter in the Prison, meeting, George and Cap-
taine, George coming in muffled.

Cap. How now, whose that? what are you?

Pyb. The same that I should be, Capitaine.

Capl. George Pye-boord, honest George?
why camst thou in halfe fac'd, muffled so? 4

Pyb. Oh, Capitaine, I thought we should
nere ha laught agen, neuer spent frolick houre
agen.

Capl. Why? why?

Pyb. I comming to prepare thee, and with
newes

As happy as thy quick deliuerie, 10
Was trac'd out by the sent, arrested, Capitaine.

Capl. Arrested, George!

Pyb. Arrested: gesse, gesse; how many
Dogges doe you thinke Ide vpon me?

Capl. Dogs? I say? I know not. 15

Pyb. Almost as many as George Stone the
Beare:

Three at once, three at once.

Capl. How didst thou shake 'em of, then?

Pyb. The time is busie, and calls vpon our
wits.

Let it suffice, 20
Here I stand safe, and scapt by miracle.

Some other houre shall tell thee, when weeles
steepe

Our eyes in laughter. Capitaine, my deuice
Leanes to thy happiness, for ere the day

Be spent toth' Girdle, thou shalt be set free. 25
The Corporal's in his first sleepe, the Chaine

is mist,

Thy Kinsman has exprest thee, and the old
Knight

Scene V. etc.] Scene VI. etc. M 19-20 One line Q, Fy
25 set om. Fy, etc. shalt sure be free S

With Palsey-hams now labours thy release:

What rests is all in thee, to Coniure, Capitaine.

Capl. Coniure! scoote, George, you know
the deuill a coniuring I can coniure. 31

Pib. The Deuill of coniuring? nay, by my
fay, Ide not haue thee do so much, Capitaine,
as the Deuill a coniuring: looke here, I ha
brought thee a circle ready characterd and all.

Capl. 3foote, George, art in thy right wittes?
doost know what thou saist? why doost talke
to a Capitaine a coniuring? didst thou euer
heare of a Capitaine coniure in thy life? doost
cal't a Circle? tis too wide a thing, me thinkes:
had it beene a lesser Circle, then I knew what
to haue done. 34

Pib. Why, euery foole knowes that, Cap-
taine: nay, then, Ile not cogge with you,
Capitaine; if youle stay and hang the next
Sessions, you may.

Capl. No, by my faith, George: come, come,
lets to coniuring, lets to coniuring. 48

Pib. But if you looke to be releasd—as my
wittes haue tooke paine to worke it, and all
meanes wrought to farther it—besides to put
crownes in your purse, to make you a man of
better hopes, and whereas before you were
a Capitaine or poore Souldier, to make you now
a Commander of rich fooles, (which is truly
the onely best purchase peace can allow you)
safer then High-wayes, Heath, or Cunny-
groues, and yet a farre better bootie; for your
greatest thesues are neuer hand, neuer
hand, for, why, they're wise, and cheate
within doores: and wee geld fooles of more
money in one night, then your false tailde
Gelding will purchase in a twelue-moneths run-
ning; which confirms the olde Beldamssaying,
hee's wisest, that keepses himselfe warmest;
that is, hee that robs by a good fire— 66

Capl. Well opened, yfaith, George; thou
hast puld that saying out of the huske.

Pib. Capitaine Idle, tis no time now to
delude or delay: the old Knight will be here
suddenly. Ile perfect you, direct you, tell you
the trick on't: tis nothing. 72

Capl. Scoote, George, I know not what to
say toot: coniure? I shall be hand ere I
coniure. 75

Pyb. Nay, tell not me of that, Capitaine;
youle nere coniure after your hand, I warrant
you. Looke you, sir, a parlous matter, sure!
first, to spread your circle vpon the ground,
then, with a little coniuring ceremonie, as Ile

32 of) a M 38 captain of M 40 me] my Q
47-8 let's to conjuring ones Fy, etc. 54 of poor
soldiers conj; M 57 Hig-wayes Q 64 for why?
Fy, etc. 68 a on. M 71 tell] till Q

haue an Hackney-mans wand siluerd ore
a purpose for you,—then arriuing in the circle,
with a huge word, and a great trample, as for
instance:—haue you neuer seene a stalking-
stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with
his tounge, and thunder with his heeles? 86

Cap. O yes, yes, yes: often, often.

Pyb. Why, be like such a one, for any
thing will bleare the old Knights eyes: for you
must note that heele nere dare to venture into
the roome, onely perhaps peepe fearefully
through the Key hole, to see how the Play
goes forward. 93

Cap. Well, I may goe about it when I will,
but marke the end ont: I shall but shame my
selfe, ifaith, George. Speake big words, and
stampe and stare, and he looke in at Key-hole!
why, the very thought of that would make me
laugh out-right, and spoile all: nay, Ile tell
thee, George, when I apprehend a thing onoe,
I am of such a laxatiue laughter, that if the
Deuill him-selfe stood by, I should laugh in
his face. 103

Pyb. Puh, thats but the babe of a man,
and may easily bee husht; as to thinke vpon
some disaster, some sad misfortune, as the
death of thy Father ithe Country! 103

Cap. Sfoote, that would be the more to
drue me into such an extasie, that I should
nere lin laughing. 110

Pib. Why, then, thinke vpon going to hang-
ing else.

Cap. Masse, that's well remembred; now
ile do well, I warrant thee, nere feare me now:
but how shall I do, George, for boysterous
words, and horrible names? 116

Pyb. Puh, any fustian inuocations, Cap-
taine, will serue as well as the best, so you
rant them out well; or you may goe to a
Pothecaries shop, and take all the words from
the Boxes. 121

Cap. Troth, and you say true, George;
there's strange words enow to raise a hundred
Quack-saluers, tho they be nere so poore when
they begin. But here lyes the feare on't, how
(if) in this false coniuration, a true Deuill
should pop vp indeed? 127

Pyb. A true Deuill, Capitaine? why there
was nere such a one: nay, ifaith, hee that has
this place is as false a Knaue as our last
Church-warden. 131

Cap. Then hees false inough a conscience,
ifaith, George.

The Crie at Marshalsea.

Crie prisoners. Good Gentlemen ouer the

112 else om. *P. 2*, etc. 126 if add. *P. 2*

way, send your reliefe. Good Gentlemen ouer
the way,—Good sir Godfrey! 136

Pyb. Hees come, hees come.

Nich. Maister, thats my Kinsman yonder
in the Buff-Ierkin—Kinsman, thats my Maister
yonder ith' Taffetie Hatt—pray salute him
intirely! [They salute: and Py-boord salutes
Maister Edmond.

Sir God. Now, my friend.

Pib. May I pertaine your name, sir?

Edm. My name is Maister Edmond.

Pyb. Maister Edmond?—are you not a
Welchman, sir? 146

Edm. A Welchman? why?

Pyb. Because Maister is your Christen
name, and Edmond your sir name.

Edm. O no; I haue more names at home:
Maister Edmond Plus is my full name at
length. 152

Pyb. O, erie you mercy, sir. (*Whispering.*)

Cap. I vnderstand that you are my Kins-
mans good Maister, and in regard of that, the
best of my skill is at your seruice: but had
you fortune a meere stranger, and made no
meanes to me by acquaintance, I should haue
vtterly denyed to haue beene the man; both
by reason of the Act past in Parliament
against Coniurers and Witches, as also, be-
cause I would not haue my Arte vulgar, trite,
and common. 163

Sir Godf. I much commend your care
therein, good Capitaine Coniurer, and that I
will be sure to haue it priuate enough, you
shall doote in my Sisters house,—mine owne
house, I may call it, for both our charges
therein are proportiond.

Cap. Very good, sir—what may I call your
losse, sir? 171

Sir Godf. O you may call't a great losse,
sir, a griseuous losse, sir; as goodly a Chaine of
gold, tho I say it, that wore it: how saiest thou,
Nicholas? 175

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chaine a Gold!
Kinsman, you know,—

Sir Godf. You know? did you know't, Cap-
taine? 179

Cap. Trust a foole with secrets!—Sir, hee
may say I know: his meaning is, because my
Arte is such, that by it I may gather a know-
ledge of all things.

Sir Godf. I, very true. 184

Cap. A pax of all foolles—the excuse stukes
vpon my tounge like Ship-pitch vpon a Mari-
ners gowne, not to come off in hast—Ber-lady,

100 past in Q: of *Pf.*, etc. 185 there *Pf.*, etc.
173 sir om. *Pf.*, etc. 176 of Gold *P. 2*, etc.

Knight, to loose such a faire Chaine a gold were a foule losse. Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't: if it bee betweene Heauen and Earth, Knight, Ile ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderfull Coniurer!—O, I, tis betweene heauen and earth, I warrant you; it cannot goe out of the realme.—I know tis some-where aboute the earth. 195

Capt. I, nigher the earth then thou wotst on.

Sir Godf. For, first, my Chaine was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heauen, you know. 200

Nich. And as for the Deuill, Maister, he has no need on't, for you know he ha's a great chaine of his owne.

Sir Godf. Thou saiest true, *Nicholas*, but hee has put off that now; that lyes by him. 205

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few wordes, I presume so much vpon the power of my Art; that I could warrant your Chaine againe.

Sir Godf. O daintie Captaine! 209

Capt. Marry, it will cost me much sweate; I were better goe to sixteene whot-houses.

Sir Godf. I, good man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great vexation of Kidney and Liuer. 214

Nich. O, twill tickle you here-about, Coozen, because you haue not beene vsde toot.

Sir Godf. No? haue you not beene vsd too't, Captaine? 218

Capt. Plague of all fooles still!—Indeed, Knight, I haue not vsde it a good while, and therefore twill straine me so much the more, you know.

Sir Godf. Oh, it will, it will. 223

Capt. What plunges hee puts me to were not this Knight a foole, I had beene twice spoyld now; that Captaynes worse then accurst that has an asse to his Kinsman. *Stoote*, I feare hee will driuell't out before I come toote.—Now, sir—to come to the poynt in deede—you see I sticke here in the iawe of the *Marshalsea*, and cannot doo't. 231

Sir Godf. Tut, tut, I (k)now thy meaning; thou wouldest say thou'rt a prisoner. I tell thee thou'rt none.

Capt. How none? why, is not this the *Marshalsea*? 236

Sir Godf. Wouldest heare me speake? I hard of thy rare cuniuring;

My chayne was lost; I sweate for thy release, As thou shalt doe the like at home for me.

Keeper. [Enter *Keeper*. 241

Keep. Sir.

Sir Godf. Speake, is not this man free?

188 of Gold F2, etc. 195 about] about Fy

Keep. Yes, at his pleasure, sir, the fees discharged.

Sir Godf. Goe, goe, Ile discharge them I. 244

Keep. I thanke your worship. [Exit *Keeper*.

Capt. Now, trust me, yar a deere Knight. Kindnes vnexpected! oh theirs nothing to a free Gentle man.—I will cuniure for you, sir, till Froath come through my Buffe-ierkin! 249

Sir Godf. Nay, then thou shalt not passe with so little a bounty, for at the first sight of my chaine agen, Forty fine Angells shall appeare vnto thee. 253

Capt. Twil be a glorious shoue, ifaith, Knight, a very fine show; but are all these of your owne house? are you sure of that, sir?

Sir Godf. I, I—no, no, whats he younder, talking with my wild Nephew? pray heauen, he giue him good counsell.

Capt. Who, he? hee's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow, Knight, the finest fortune-teller. 262

Sir Godf. Oh, tis he indeed that came to my Lady sister, & foretold the losse of my chaine. I am not angry with him now, for I see twas my fortune to loose it.—By your leaue, *M(aister)* Fortune-teller, I had a glimps on you at home at my Sisters the Widdowes, there you promised of the losse of a chaine:—simply tho I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pie. Was it you, sir? 271

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, hee's the rarest fellow: has told me my fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir Godf. What ist? God send it a good one!

Edm. O, tis a passing good one, Nuncle: for he sayes I shall proue such an excelent gamster in my time, that I shall spend al faster then my father got it.

Sir Godf. There's a fortune, in deed! 280

Edm. Nay, it hits my humour so pat.

Sir Godf. I, that will be the end ont: will the Curse of the beggar preuaile so much, that the sonne shall consume that foolishlie, which the father got craftilie? I, I, I; twill, twill. 286

Pie. Stay, stay, stay.

[Pyeboord with an Almanack and the Captaine.

Capt. Turne ouer, *George*.

Pie. Iune—Iulie: here, *Iulie*; thats this month. Sunday thirteene, yester day fouteene, to day fiftene. 291

Capt. Looke quickly for the fiftene day:—if within the compasse of these two dayes there would be some Boystrous storme or other, it would be the best, Ide defer him'off till then: some tempest, and it be thy will. 296

243 fee's Q 252 forty five Fy 292 fifteenth M, etc.

Pte. Heres the fiftene day—hot and fayre.

Cap. Puh, would t'ad beene hot and foule.

Pte. The sixteene day; thats to morrow:
the morning for the most part faire and pleasant— 301

Cap. No lucke.

Pte. But about hye-none, lighning and thunder.

Cap. Lighning and thunder! admirable,
best of all: Ile coniure to morrow iust at hie none, *George.* 307

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack,
and ile giue thee leaue to lie all the yeare after.

Cap. Sir, I must craue your patience, to bestowe this day vpon me, that I may furnish my selfe strongly. I sent a spirit into Lanckshire tother day, to fetch backe a knaue Drouer, and I looke for his returne this euening. To morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breake-fast with you. 316

Sir Godf. Oh, you shall be both most welcome.

Cap. And about Noone, without fayle, I purpose to coniure. 320

Sir Godf. Mid noone will be a fine time for you.

Edm. Coniuring! do you meane to coniure at our house to morrow, sir? 324

Cap. Marry, do I, sir: tis my intent, yong Gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, Ile loue you while I liue fort. O rare, *Nicholas*, we shall haue coniuring to morrowe. 329

Nic. Puh! I, I could ha tould you of that.

Cap. Law, hee could ha tould him of that! foole, cockscombe, could yee?

Edm. Do you heare me, sir? I desire more acquaintance on you: you shall earne some money of me, now I knowe you can coniure; but can you fetch any that is lost? 336

Capt. Oh, any thing thats lost.

Edm. Why, looke you, sir, I tel't you as a frend and a Coniurer, I should marry a Poticaries daughter, and twas told me she lost her maidenhead at Stonie-stratford; now if youle do but so much as coniure fort, and make all whole agen—

Cap. That I will, sir.

Edm. By my troth, I thanke you, la. 345

Cap. A little merry with your sisters sonne, sir.

Sir Godf. Oh, a simple yong man, very simple: come, Captaine, and you, sir, wee'll een part with a gallon of wine till to morrow breake-fast. 351

Pte. *Cap.* Troth, agreed, sir.

352 *Prefix Tip.* *Cap.* *Q*

Nic. Kinsman—Scholler?

Pye. Why, now thou art a good Knaue, worth a hundred Brownists. 355

Nic. Am I indeed, la? I thanke you truly, la. [Exit.]

Actus. 4.

(SCENE I. An apartment in the Widow's house.)

Enter Moll, and Sir Iohn Penny-dub.

Penne. But I hope you will not serue a Knight so, Gentlewoman, will you? to casheere him, and cast him off at your pleasure? what, do you thinke I was duld for nothing? no, by my faith, Ladies daughter. 3

Moll. Pray, Sir Iohn Pennydub, let it be deferd awhile. I haue as bigge a heart to marry as you can haue; but as the Fortune-teller toll'd me— 9

Penny. Pax a'th Fortune-teller! would *Derecke* had beene his fortune seauen yeare agoe, to crosse my loue thus! did hee know what case I was in? why, this is able to make a man drowne himselfe in's Fathers fish-pond.

Moll. And then hee told mee moreouer, Sir Iohn, that the breach of it kept my Father in Purgatorie. 17

Penny. In Purgatorie? why let him purge out his heart there, what haue we to do with that? there's Phisitions enow there to cast his water: is that any matter to vs? how can hee hinder our loue? why, let him bee hangd now hee's dead!—Well, haue I rid poste day and night, to bring you merry newes of my fathers death, and now— 25

Moll. Thy Fathers death? is the old Farmer dead?

Penny. As dead as his Barne doore, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 31

Penny. I, faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Fethers to draw it? 35

Penny. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and pyed lueries to come trashing after't.

Penny. Thou shalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me haue money in my purse to go whether I will. 40

Penny. All this.

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 45

Penny. All this.

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 50

Penny. All this.

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 55

Penny. All this.

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 60

Penny. All this.

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 65

Penny. All this.

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir Iohn, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man? 70

Penny. All this.

(SCENE II. A room in the Widow's house, with a door at the side, leading to another apartment.)

Enter Widow, with her eldest Daughter
Franck and Frailltie.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother, Sir Godfrey? went hee forth this morning?

Fraill. O no, Madame, hee's aboue at breake-fast, with, sir reuerence, a Coniurer.

Wid. A Coniurer? what manner a fellow is he?

Fraill. Oh, a wondrous rare fellow, Mistris, very strongly made vpward, for he goes in a Buff-ierkin: he sayes hee will fetch Sir God-freys Chaine agen, if it hang betwene heauen and earth.

Wid. What, he will not? then hee's an extlent fellow, I warrant. How happy were that woman to be blest with such a Husband! a man a cunning! how do's hee looke, Frailltie? very swartlie, I warrant, with black beard, scorcht cheekes, and smokie eyebrowes.

Fraill. Foooh, hee's neither smoake-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing. I tell you, Madame, hee lookes as faire to see to, as one of vs; I do not thinke but if you saw him once, youde take him to be a Christian.

Frank. So faire, and yet so cunning: that's to bee wonderd at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, and Sir
Andrew Tip-staffe.

Muck. Blesse you, sweete Lady.

Tip. And you, faire Mistrisse.

[Exit Frailltie.

Wid. Coades? what doe you meane, Gentlemen? fie, did I not giue you your answeres?

Muck. Sweete Lady.

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you now for a kisse.

Daughter, kisse the Gentleman for once.

Frank. Yes, forsooth.

Tip. I me proud of such a fauour.

Wid. Truly la, sir Oliuer, y're much to blame to come agen, when you know my minde, so well deliuerd as a Widdow could deliuer a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your sute quite & cleane, when you came to me againe? how say you? did I not?

Scene II. etc. add. M
cunning man M
30 now om. Fy, etc.

15 a man cunning Fy: a
S. D. Sir Andrew Muck-hill Fy

Muc. But the sincere loue which my heart beares you—

Wid. Go to, ile cut you off: & Sir Oliuer, to put you in comfort a farre off, my fortune is read me: I must marry againe.

Muck. O blest fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can choose;—nay, Ile hold out well.

Muc. Yet are my hopes now fairer.

Enter Frailltie.

Fraill. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now, what's the hast?

[In her eare.

Tipst. Faith, Mistrisse Francis, Ile main-taine you gallantly. Ile bring you to Court, weane you among the faire society of ladies, poore Kinswomen of mine, in cloth of siluer: beside, you shal haue your Monckie, your Parrat, your Muskat, & your pisse, pisse, pisse.

Frank. It will do very well.

Wid. What, dos he meane to coniure here then? how shal I do to bee rid of these Knights?—Please you, Gentlemen, to walke a while ith Garden: go gather a pinck, or a lilly-flower.

Both. With all our hearts, Lady, and count vs fauourd.

[Exit. Within Sir Go.

St. Go. Step in, Nicholas; looke, is the coast cleare.

Nic. Oh, as cleare as a Cattes eye, sir.

Sir Go. Then enter, Capitaine Coniurer:—now—how like you your Roome, sir?

Enter Sir Godf. Capt. Pyb. Edm. Nick.

Cap. O, wonderfull convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Capitaine, simplie tho it lies here, tis the fayrest Roome in my Mothers house: as dainty a Roome to Coniure in, mee thinkes—why, you may bidde, I cannot tell how many diuills welcome in't; my Father has had twentie here at once!

Pie. What, diuills?

Edm. Diuills? no, Deputies, & the wealthiest men he could get.

Sir Godf. Nay, put by your chattes now, fall to your business roundly: the feskewe of the Diall is vpon the Chrissie-crosse of Noone, but oh, heare mee, Capitaine, a qualme comes ore my stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the matter, sir?

Sir Godf. Oh, how if the diuill should proue a knaue, and teare the hangings?

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, Sir Godfrey.

Edm. I, Nuncle, or spit fire vpp'oth seeling!

Sir Godf. Very true, too, for tis but thin

45 beare to you Fy 52 am. Fy 65 go Q: to Fy,
70 Cattes Q: Carter's Fy 72 your! our
Fy 79 here Q: In't Fy, etc.

laysterd, and twill quickly take hold a the
aths, and if hee chance to spit downward too,
he will burne all the boords. 96

Cap. My life for yours, Sir Godfrey.

Sir Godf. My Sister is very curious & dainty
re this Roome, I can tell, and therefore if he
must needes spit, I pray desire him to spit ith
himney. 101

Pie. Why, assure you, Sir Godfrey, he shall
not be brought vp with so little manners to
spit and spaule a'th flower. 104

Sir Godf. Why, I thanke you, good Cap-
taine; pray haue a care. I, fall to your Circle;
weele not trouble you, I warrant you: come,
weele in to the next Roome, & be cause weele
be sure to keepe him out there, weele bar vp the
lore with some of the Godlies zealous workes.

Edm. That will bee a fine deuice, Nuncle,
and because the ground shall be as holy as the
doore, Ile teare two or three rosaries in peices,
and strew the leaues about the Chamber. 114

[Thunders.

Oh, the deuill already.

[runs in.

Py. Sfoote, Captaine, speake somwhat for
shame; it lightens & thunders before thou wilt
begin: why, when?

Cap. Pray, peace, George,—thou'lt make
mee laugh anon and spoile all. 120

Pie. Oh, now it begins agen: now, now,
now, Captaine.

Cap. Rumbos—ragdayon, pur, pur, colu-
cundrion, Hols-Plois.

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Coniurer! has
fetched Thunder already: 126

[Sir Godfrey through the
keyhole; within.

Pie. Harko, harkel agen, Captainel

Cap. Benlamino,—gaspols—kay—goggo-
thoteron—ymbrois. 129

Sir Godf. Oh, I would the deuill would
come away quicklie, he has no conscience to
put a man to such paine.

Pie. Agen!

Cap. Flowate — Kakumpus — dragone—
Leloomenos—hodge—podge. 135

Pie. Well sayd, Captaine.

Sir Godf. So long a comming? oh, would I
had nere begun't now, for I feare mee these
roaring tempests will destroy all the fruites of
the earth, and tread vpon my corne—oh!—ith
Country. 141

Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, houns-
low, hockley te coome parke.

Wid. (at the door). O brother, brother, what

a tempests ith Garden: sure there's some
coniuuration abroad. 146

Sir Godf. 'Tis at home, sister!

Pie. By and by, Ile step in, Captaine.

Cap. Nunck—Nunck—Rip—Gascoynes,
Ipis, Drip—Dropite. 150

Sir God. Hee drippes and droppes, poore
man! alassee, alassee.

Pie. Now I come.

Cap. O Sulphure Sooteface—

Pie. Arch-coniurer, what wouldst thou
with mee? 156

Sir Godf. O the diuill, sister, ith dnyng
Chamber! sing, Sister, I warrant you that will
keepe him out: quickly, quickly, quickly.

[goes in.

Pie. So, so, so, Ile release thee: ynough,
Captaine, ynough; allowe vs some time to
laughe a little: they're shuddering and shaking
by this time, as if an Earth-quake were in
their kidneyes. 164

Cap. Sirrah George, how wast, how wast?
did I doo't well ynough?

Pie. Woul't beleuee mee, Captaine? better
then any Coniurer, for here was no harme in
this, and yet their horrible expectation satisfied
well. You were much beholding to thunder
& lightning at this time: it gracet you well I
can tell you. 172

Cap. I must needes say so, George. Sirrah,
if wee could ha conuicide hether cleanly
a cracker or a fire-wheele t'ad beene admir-
able. 176

Pie. Blurt, blurt! theirs nothing remaines
to put thee to paine now, Captaine.

Cap. Paine? I protest, George, my beeles
are sorer, then a Whitson Morris-dancer. 180

Pie. All's past now,—onely to reueale that
the chaines ith Garden where thou knowst it
has laine these two daies.

Cap. But I feare that fox Nicholas has
reucaled it already. 185

Pie. Feare not, Captaine, you must put it
to'th venture now. Nay, tis time: call vpon
e'm, take pittie on e'm, for I beleuee some off
em are in a pittifull case by this time.

Cap. Sir Godfrey? Nicholas, Kinsman—
stoot, they'r fast at it still, George. Sir Godfrey!

Sir Godf. Oh, is that the diuils voyce? how
comes he to know my name? 193

Cap. Feare not, Sir Godfrey, all's quieted.

Sir Godf. What, is he layd?

Cap. Layde; and has newly dropt your
chaine ith Garden. 197

99 ore] of M tell] tell you Ff, etc. 104 flower]
floor Qq, etc. 114 leaues] pierces M S. D. runs in
part of Edmond's speech Q 144 at . . door add. M

174 convey'd M 180 dancer's Ff, etc. 184-5
S. D. Enter Sir Godfrey, The Widow, Frances, and
Nicholas M

Sir Godf. Ith Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir Godf. O sweete Coniurer! whereabouts there? 201

Cap. Looke well about a banck of Rosemary.

Sir Godf. Sister, the Rosemary banck! come, come, ther's my chaine, he saies.

Wid. Oh happinesse! run, run. 206

[supposed to goe.

Edm. Captaine Coniurer?

[*Edm.* at keyhoole.

Cap. Who? Maister Edmond?

Edm. I, Maister Edmond: may I come in safely, without danger, thinke you? 210

Cap. Fuh, long agoe: tis allas twas at first. Feare nothing, pray come neere—how now, man?

Edm. Oh this Roomes mightily hot, ifaith: slid, my shirt sticks to my Belly already. What a steame the Rogue has left behind him! foh, this roomes must be ayrd, Gentlemen; it smells horribly of Brimatoone—lets open the windowes.

Pye. Faith, maister Edmond, tis but your conceits. 220

Edm. I would you could make me beleue that, ifaith. Why, do you thinke I cannot smell his sauour from another? yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a feare, ifaith; a my troth, I shal loue you for this the longest day of my life. 226

Cap. Puh, tis nothing, sir: loue me when you see more.

Edm. Masse, now I remember, Ile looke whether he has singed the hangings or no.

Pye. Captaine, to entertaine a little sport till they come, make him beleue youle charme him inuisible: hes apt to admire any thing, you see. Let me alone to giue force too'te.

Cap. Goe, retire to yonder end then. 235

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellowe, are you not?

Cap. O maister Edmond, you know but the least part of me yet: why, now at this instant I could but florish my wand thrice ore your head, and charme you inuisible. 241

Edm. What, you could not? make me walke inuisible, man! I should laugh at that, ifaith; troth, Ile requite your kindnes and youle doo't, good Captaine coniurer. 245

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindnesse, Master Edmond Plus: why, looke you, sir, tis no more but this and thus and agen, and now yar inuisible! 249

Edm. Am I, ifaith? who would thinke it?

212-13 S. D. Enter Edmond M 248-9 thus agen Ff

Cap. You see the fortune-teller yonder at farder end ath chamber: goe toward him, do what you will with him; he shall nere finde you. 254

Edm. Say you so? Ile trie that, ifaith, 254

[*Iustles him.*

Pie. How now? Captaine, whose that iustled me?

Cap. Iustled you? I saw no body. 258

Edm. Ha, ha, ha!—say twas a spirit.

Cap. Shall I?—may be some spirit that haunts the circle.

[*(Edmond) Puls him by the Nose.*

Pye. O my nose agen! pray coniuere then, Captaine. 263

Edm. Troth, this is xelint; I may do any knauery now and neuer be seene,—and now I remember mee, Sir Godfrey my Vncle abuse me tother day, & told tales of me to my Mother—Troth, now Ime inuisible, Ile hit him a sound wherrit ath' eare, when he comes out ath' garden.—I may be reuengd on him now finely. 271

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widdow, Franck, Nicholas with the Chaine.

Sir God. I haue my Chaine againe, my Chaine's found againe. O sweete Captaine, O admirable Coniurer. [*Edm. strikes him.* Oh! what meane you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know mee, Vncle? 277

Wid. Why did you strike your Vncle, sir?

Edm. Why, Captaine, am I not inuisible?

Cap. A good iest, George!—not now you are not, Sir.

Why, did you not see me when I did vncharme you? 281

Edm. Not I by my troth, Captaine. Then pray you pardon mee, Vncle; I thought Ide beene inuisible when I struck you.

Sir Godf. So, you would doo't? go,—y'are a foolish Boy, 285

And were I not ore-come with greater ioy, Ide make you taste correction.

Edm. Correction, push!—no, neither you nor my Mother shall thinke to whip me as you haue done. 290

Sir Godf. Captaine, my ioy is such, I know not how to thanke you: let me embrace you, hug you. O my sweete Chaine! Gladnesse 'een makes mee giddy. Rare man! twas as iust ith' Rosemarie banck, as if one should ha laide it there—oh cunning, cunning! 296

Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tels mee

256 How! Hoe Ff 261 S. D. Puls . . Nose after

263 Q 293 hug you em. Ff, etc.

I must marry, let me marry a man of witte,
a man of parts. Here's a worthy Captaine,
and 'tis a fine Title truly la to bee a Capitaines
Wife. A Capitaines Wife, it goes very finely;
beside all the world knows that a worthy
Captaine is a fitt Companion to any Lord,
then why not a sweete bed-fellow for any Lady,
—He haue it so— 305

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O Mistris, Gentlemen, there's the
brauest sight comming along this way.

Wid. What braue sight?

Frail. Oh, one going to burying, & another
going to hanging. 310

Wid. A ruefull sight.

Pyb. Sfoot, Capitaine, He pawne my life the
Corporals coffind, and old *Skirmish* the sould-
dier going to execution, & 'tis now full about
the time of his waking; hold out a little longer,
sleepie potion, and we shall haue extlent admi-
ration; for He take vpon me the cure of him.

(SCENE III. *The street before the
Widow's house.*)

*Enter the Coffin of the Corporall, the souldier
bound, and lead by Officers, the Sheriffe
there. (From the house, Sir Godfrey, the
Widow, Idle, Pyeboard, Edmond, Frailty,
and Nicholas.)*

Frail. Oh here they come, here they come!

Pyb. Now must I close secretly with the
Souldier, preuent his impatience, or else all's
discouered. 4

Wid. O lamentable seeing! these were
those Brothers, that fought and bled before
our doore.

Sir Godf. What, they were not, Sister?

Skirm. George, looke toote, He peach at
Tyburne else. 10

Pyb. Mum,—Gentles all, vouchsafe mee
audience, and you especially, Maister Shiriffe:
Yon man is bound to execution,
Because he wounded this that now lyes coffind?

Shir. True, true; he shall haue the law,—
and I know the law. 16

Pyb. But vnder fauour, Maister Sheriffe, if
this man had beene cured and safe agen, he
should haue beene releasde then?

Shir. Why make you question of that, Sir?

Pyb. Then I release him freely, and will
take vpon mee the death that he should dye,
if within a little season, I do not cure him to
his proper health agen.

Shir. How Sir? recouer a dead man? 25
That were most strange of all.

[*Frankie comes to him.*]

Frank. Sweete Sir, I loue you dearely, and
could wish my best part yours,—oh do not
vndertake such an impossible venture.

Pyb. Loue you me? then for your sweet
sake He doo't: 30

Let me entreate the corpe to be set downe.

Shir. Bearers, set downe the Coffin.—This
were wonderfull, and worthy *Stoos* Chronicle.

Pyb. I pray bestow the freedome of the
ayre vpon our wholesome Airie.—Masse, his
cheekes begin to receiue naturall warmth: nay,
good Corporall, wake betime, or I shall haue
a longer sleepe then you.—Sfoote, if he should
proue dead indeed now, he were fully reuengd
vpon me for making a property on him, yet I
had rather run vpon the Ropes, then haue the
Rope like a Tetter run vpon mee. Oh—he
stirs—hee stirs agen—looke, Gentlemen, he
recouers, he startis, he rises.

Shir. Oh, oh, defend vs!—out, alasse. 45

Pyb. Nay, pray be still; youle make him
more giddy else:—he knowes no body yet.

Corp. Zounes: where am I? couerd with
Snow? I marualle. 49

Pyb. Nay, I knew hee would sweare the
first thing hee did, as soone as euer he came
to his life agen.

Corp. Sfoote, Hostesse, some hotte Por-
ridge,—oh, oh, lay on a dozen of Fagots in the
Moone parler, there. 55

Pyb. Lady, you must needs take a little
pitty of him, yfaith, and send him in to your
Kitchin fire.

Wid. Oh, with all my heart, sir. *Nicholas*
and *Frailtie*, helpe to beare him in. 60

Nich. Beare him in, quatha? pray call out
the Maides, I shall nere haue the heart to doo't,
indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to
handle a-Ghost of all men. 65

Cor. Shloud, let me see: where was I drunke
last night, heh—

Wid. Oh, shall I bid you once agen take
him away?

Frail. Why, we're as fearefull as you, I
warrant you—oh— 71

Wid. Away, villaines; bid the Maides make
him a Cawdle presently to settle his braine,—
or a Posset of Sack; quickly, quickly.

[*Exeunt (Frailty and Nicholas) pushing in
the corpe.*]

314 full om.^o *Ff.*, etc.

315 waking *Ff.*, etc.: walk-
ing Q Scene III. etc. add. M. No change of scene
intended by author S. D. From .. Nicholas add. M

33 were] is *Ff.* 40 on] of M
who Q 51, 52 euer, his om. *Ff.*
etc. add. M

48 where *Ff.*, etc.:
74 S. D. Frailty,

Shir. Sir, what so ere you are, I do more then admire you. 76

Wid. O, I, if you knew all, Maister Shiriffe, as you shall doe, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendome. 80

Shir. Two of 'em? O wonderfull. Officers, I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir Godf. I, and a banquet ready by this time, Maister Sheriffe, to which I most cheerefully enuite you, and your late prisoner there. See you this goodly chaine, sir? mun, no more words, was lost, and is found againe; come, my inestimable bullies, wee le talke of your noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and in stead of a Iester, wee le ha the ghost ith white sheete sit at vpper end a'th Table. 91

Sheriff. Exlent merry, man, yfaith.
(*Exeunt all but Frances.*)

Franck Well, seeing I am enioynd to loue and marry, My foolish vow thus I casheere to Ayre Which first begot it.—Now, loue, playthy part; The scholler reads his lecture in my heart. 96
(*Exit.*)

Actus 5.

SCEN. I. (*The street before the Widow's house.*)
Enter in hast Maister Edmund and Frayltie.

Ed. This is the marriage morning for my mother & my sister.

Frail. O me, Maister Edmund; we shall ha rare doings. 4

Ed. Nay, go, Frayltie, runne to the Sexton; you know my mother wilbe married at Saint Antlings. Hie thee, tis past flue; bid them open the Church dore; my sister is almost ready.

Fra. What, al ready, Maister Edmund? 9

Ed. Nay, go, hie thee: first run to the Sexton, and runne to the Clarke, and then run to Maister Pigman the Parson, and then run to the Millanor, and then run home agen.

Frail. Heer's run, run, run—

Ed. But harke, Frailty. 15

Fra. What, more yet?

Edm. Has the maides remembered to strow the way to the Church.

Frail. Fagh, an houre ago; I helpt 'om my selfe. 20

Ed. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away then.
(*Exit Frailty.*)

75 *Prefix Skir. Q* 91 at the upper M S. D.
Exeunt . . Frances M: Exit Q N. D. *Exit add. M*
N. D. *The street . . house add. M* 19 help Q 22
then Q: away then P, etc.

Edm. I shall haue a simple Father inlawe, a braue Captaine able to beate all our streets: Captaine *Idle*. Now my Ladie Mother wilbe fitted for a delicate name: my Ladie *Idle*, my Ladie *Idle*, the finest name that can be for a woman; and then the Scholler, Maister *Pie-boord*, for my sister *Francis*, that wilbe Mistris *Francis Pie-boord*.—Mistris *Francis Pie-boord*! theill keepe a good table I warrant you. Now all the knights noses are put out of ioynt; they may go to a bone setters now. 33

Enter Captaine and Pie-boord.

Harke, harke! oh who comes here with two Torches before 'em? my sweete Captaine, and my fine Scholler! oh, how brauely they are shot vp in one night; they looke like fine Brittaines now, me thinkes. Heres a gallant change, ifaith: slid, they haue hir'd men and all by the clock. 40

Cap. Maister Edmund, kinde, honest, dainty Maister Edmund.

Edm. Fogh, sweete Captaine Father inlaw, a rare perfume, ifayth. 44

Pie. What, are the Brides stirring? may wee steall vpon 'em, thinkst thou, Maister Edmund?

Edm. Faw, there e'en vpon reddines, I can assure you, for they were at there Torch e'en now: by the same token I tumbled downe the staires. 51

Pie. Alas, poore Maister Edmund.

Enter musitians.

Cap. O, the musitians! I pree the, Maister Edmund, call 'em in and liequour 'em a little.

Ed. That I will, sweete Captaine father in law, and make ech of them as drunck as a common fiddeler. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

(SCENE II. *The same.*)

Enter Sir Iohn Penidub, and Moll aboute lacing of her clothes.

Pen. Whewh, Mistris Mol, Mistris Mol.

Mol. Who's there?

Pen. 'Tis I.

Mol. Who? Sir Iohn Penidub? O you'r an early cocke, ifayth: who would haue thought you to be so rare a stirrer? 6

Pen. Preethe, Mol, let me come vp.

Mol. No, by my faith, Sir Iohn, Ile keepe you downe, for you Knights are very dangerous if once you get aboute. 10

Pen. Ile not stay, ifaith.

Mol. Ifaith, you shall staine, for, Sir Iohn,

Scene II. etc. add. M

you must note the nature of the Climates: your Northern wench in her owne Countrie may well hold out till shes bee fiftene, but if she touch the South once, and come vp to London, here the Chimes go presently after twelue.

Pen. O th'art a mad wench, *Moll*, but I pree thee make hast, for the Priest is gone before. 20

Moll. Do you follow him, He no^t be long after. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE III. A room in Sir Oliver Muckhill's house.)

Enter Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous, vn-heard of forgerie.

Tip. Knight, I neuer heard of such villany in our owne countrie in my life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impossible; dare you maintaine your words? 5

Skir. Dare wee? een to their wezen pipés. We know all their plots, they cannot squander with vs; they haue knaushly abusd vs, made onely properties on's to aduance their selues vpon our shoulders, but they shall rue their abuses. This morning they are to bee married.

Muck. Tis too true; yet if the Widdow be not too much besotted on slights and forgeries, the reuelation of their villanies will make 'em loathsome: and to that end, be it in priuate to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindnesse, as he is to me, and therefore presume vpon the paiment of his tongue, and that hee will lay out good words for me: and to speake truth, for such needfull occasions, I onely preserue him in bond, and some-times he may doe mee more good here in the Cittie by a free word of his mouth, then if hee had paid one halfe in hand, and tooke Doomesday for t'other. 26

Tip. In troth, Sir, without soothing bee it spoken, you haue publiast much iudgement in these few words.

Muck. For you know, what such a man vtters will be thought effectuell and to waighty purpose, and therefore into his mouth weel put the approoued theame of their forgeries.

Skir. And He maintaine it, Knight, if yeels be true. 35

Enter a seruant.

Muck. How now, fellow?

Seru. May it please you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Scene III. *etc. add. M* 9 on's) of us *M* 35
yeels *pr. ed.*: sheels *Q*, *Ff*: you'll *Haz.*

Muc. Is my Lord come already? his honours early.

You see he loues me well: vp before seauen! 40

Trust me, I haue found him night capt at eleuen.

Ther's good hope yet; come, He relate all to him. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE IV. A street; a church appearing.)

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Capitaine and Scholler; after them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widdow change in apparell, mistris Francis led betweene two Knights, Sir Iohn Penny-dub and Moll: there meetes them a Noble man, Sir Oliuer Muckil, and Sir Andrew Tip-staffe.

Nob. By your leaue, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your honour is most chastly welcome.

Nob. Madam, tho I came now from court, I come not to flatter you: vpon whom can I iustly cast this blot, but vpon your owne forehead, that know not inke from milke? such is the blind besotting in the state of an vnheaded woman thats a widdow. For it is the property of all you that are widdowes (a hand full excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully loue you, to the maintenance of credit, state, and posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only loue you to vndo you: who regard you least are best regarded, who hate you most are best beloued. And if there be but one man amongst tenne thousand millions of men that is accurat, disastrous, and euilly planeted, whome Fortune beates most, whome God hates most, and all Societies esteeme least, that man is suere to be a husband.—Such is the peeuish Moone that rules your bloods. An Impudent fellow beat woes you, a flattering lip best wins you, or in a mirth who talkes roughest is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish truth from forgerie, mistes from Simplicity: witnes those two deceitfull monsters that you haue entertaind for bride-groomes. 39

Wid. Deceitfull!

Ple. All will out.

Cap. Sfoote, who has bladd, George? that foolish Nicholas?

Nob. For what they haue besotted your easie blood withall weare nought but forgerie: the fortune telling for husbands, the con-

40 seauen *Q*: heauen *Ff* 41 at a cleuen *Q* 42
11c) lee *Q* scene IV. *etc. add. M* 11 handfull
Ff 23 you bloods *Q* 25 a ow. *Ff*

juring for the chaine *Sir Godfrey* heard the
falshod of: al nothing but meere knaury,
deceit, and coozenage. 39

Wid. O wonderfull! indeed I wondred that
my husband with all his craft could not keepe
himselfe out of purgatory.

Sir Godf. And I more wonder that my
chaine should be gon and my Taylor had none
of it. 45

Mol. And I wondred most of all that I
should be tyed from marriage, hauing such
a mind too't. Come, *(Sir)* *Iohn Pennydub*,
faire wether on our side; the moone has
chaingd since yester night. 50

Pte. The Sting of euey euill is with-in mee.

Nob. And that you may perceauie I faine
not with you, behold their fellow actor in
those forgeries; who, full of Spleene and enuy
at their so suddaine aduancements, reueled
all there plot in anger. 56

Pte. Base Souldier, to reueall vs.

Wid. Ist possible wee should be blinded so,
and our eys open?

Nob. Widdow, wil you now beleuee that
false, which to soone you beleueed true? 61

Wid. O, to my shame I doe.

Sir Godf. But vnder fauour, my Lord, my
chaine was truly lost and strainingly found
againie. 65

Nob. Resolue him of that, Souldier.

S(k)r. In few words, Knight, then, thou
wert the arch-gull of all.

Sir Godf. How, Sir? 69

Skir. Nay, ile proue it: for the chayne was
but hid in the rosemary bancke all this while,
and thou gotst him out of pryson to Coniure
for it, who did it admirably fustianly; for
indeed what neede any others when he knew
where it was? 75

Sir Godf. O villainy of vilanies! but how
came my chaine there?

Skir. Wheres truly *la*, in deed *la*, he that
will not sweare, but lie, he that will not steale,
But rob: pure *Nicholas Saint Arlings?* 80

Sir Godf. O Villaine! one of our society,
Deemd alwaies holy, pure, religious.
A Puritan a theefe, when wast euer hard?
Sooner wee'll kill a man then Steale, thou
knowst.

Out, aloue! Ile rend my lyon from thy back 85

37 heare S 43 wonder'd M 74 needed Ff, etc.
other M 70 vilanies] villains Ff

With mine owne hands.

Nich. Deare Maister, oh.

Nob. Nay, Knight, dwell in patience. And
now, widdow, being so neere the Church,
twer great pittie, nay vncharity, to send you
home againe without a husband: drawe nerer
you of true worship, state and credit, that
should not stand so farre of from a widdow,
and suffer forged shapes to come betweene
you. Not that in these I blemish the true Title
of a Captaine, or blot the faire margent of
a Scholler; For I honnor worthy and deseruing
parts in the one, and cherriish fruitfull Vertues
in the other. Come Lady, and you, Virgin;
bestowe your eys and your purest affectiones
vpon men of estimation both in Court and
Citty, that hath long wooed you, and both with
there hearts and wealth sincearly loue you. 103

Sir Godf. Good Sister, doe: Sweet little
Franke, these are men of reputation; you
shalbe welcome at Court: a great credit for
a Cittizen, sweet Sister.

Nob. Come, her scilence does consent too't.

Wid. I know not with what face— 109

Nob. Pah, pah! why, with your owne face;
they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs; I and my
daughter haue wrongd your loues.

Muck. Tis easily pardon'd, Lady,

If you vouchsafe it now. 115

Wid. With all my soule.

Fran. And I with all my heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *Iohn*, with soule, heart,
lights and all.

Sir Ioh. They are all mine, *Moll.* 120

Nob. Now, Lady,

What honest Spirit but will applaud your
choyce,

And gladly furnish you with hand and voyce?
A happy change which makes een heauen
reioyce.

Come, enter into your Ioyes, you shall not
want 125

For fathers now; I doubt it not, beleuee me,
But that you shall haue hands inough to giue
(ye). [Exeunt omnes.

Deus dedit his quoque) finem.

FINIS

91 near Ff 102 hath Q: have Ff, etc. 130
Prff: Sir Godf. Ff 125 into] in Ff 127 give ye
R: giue Q: give me Ff 128 Deus, etc. om. Ff, etc.

A YORKSHIRE Tragedy

*Not so New as Lamentable
and true.*

*Acted by his Maiessties Players at
the Globe.*

Written by VV. Shakspeare.



AT LONDON

Printed by R. B. for Thomas Panier and are to bee sold at his
shop on Cornhill, neere to the exchange.

1608,

Q 1 = Quarto of 1608
Q 2 = „ „ 1619
F 1 = (Third) Folio Shakespeare, 1664
F 2 = (Fourth) „ „ 1685
R = Rowe, 1709
M = Malone, 1780
St. = Steevens, *ibid.*
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
Kn. = Knight, 1839-41
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Haz. = Hazlitt, 1852
Moll. = Mollke, 1869
Col. = Collier, 1878
pr. ed. = present editor

ALL'S ONE,

OR, ONE OF THE FOURE PLAIES IN ONE, CALLED

A YORK-SHIRE TRAGEDY

AS IT WAS PLAID BY THE KINGS MAIESTIES PLAIIERS.

(Dramatis Personae.

Husband.
Master of a College.
Knight, a Justice of Peace.
Oliver, }
Ralph, } Serving-men.
Samuel }

Other Servants, and Officers.
Wife.
Maid-servant.
A little Boy.)¹

(SCENE I. A room in Calverly Hall.)

Enter Oliuer and Ralph, two seruimgmen.

Oliu. Sirrah Ralph, my yong Mistrisse is in such a pittifull passionate humor for the long absence of her loue—

Raph. Why, can you blame her? why, apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe makes so many fallings; viz., Madde wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of them selues, and then tis Common you know for euery man to take em vp.

Oliu. Mass, thou saiest true, Tis common indeede: but, sirah, is neither our young maister returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawdesaies. Slidd, I heare Sam: Sam's come, her's! Tarry! come, yfaith, now my nose itches for news.

Oliue. And so doe's mine elbowe.

[Sam calls within. Where are you there?] so

Sam. Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion; I haue rid him simply. I warrand his skin sticks to his back with very heate: if a should catch cold & get the Cough of the Lunges I were well serued, were I not?

(Enter Sam.) Furnisht with things from London.

What, Raph and Oliuer.

Am(bo). Honest fellow Sam, welcome, yfaith! what tricks hast thou brought from London?

¹ Add. R. Scene I. etc. add. M S. D. and Raphe Q 2 6 viz.] so Hux. 8 drop off M 10 em] them Q 2, etc. 17 heere tarry Q 2, Ff: here he is: tarry M 25 S. D. Enter Sam add. M Furnisht, etc. follows 28 Qq, Ff

Sa. You see I am hangd after the truest fashion: three hats, and two glasses, bobbing vpon em, two rebato wyers vpon my breast, a capcase by my side, a brush at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, & three ballats in my Codpeece: naie, I am the true picture of a Common seruimgman.

Oliuer He sweare thou art. Thou maist set vp when thou wilt. Ther's many a one begins with lesse, I can tel thee, that proues a rich man ere he dyes. But whate the news from London, Sam?

Ralph. I, thats well sed; whate the newes from London, Sirrah? My young mistresse keeps such a puling for hir loue.

Sam. Why, the more foole shee; I, the more ninny hammer shee.

Oli. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, hees married to another Long agoe.

Ambo. Ifaith, ye leest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? why, hees married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you must note that any woman beares the more when she is beaten.

Raph. I, thats true, for shee beares the blowes.

Oliu. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years wages, my yong mistres knew sq much; sheed run vpon the lefts hand of her wit, and nere be her owne woman agen.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he neuer came in her bed: why, hee has consumed al, pawnd his lands, and made his vniuersitie brother stand in wax

61 her] here Q 1 62-3 was... that... came] were .. had... come conj. Perry

for him—Thers a fine phrase for a scriuener!
puh, he owes more then his skins worth. 67

Off. Is't possible?

Sa. Nay, Ile tell you moreouer, he calls
his wife whore as familiarly as one would cal
Mal & Dol, and his children bastards as
naturally as can bee.—But what haue we
heere? I thought twas somewhat puld downe
my breeches: I quite forgot my two poting-
sticks. These came from London; now any
thing is good heer that comes from London.

Off. I, farre fetcht you know. 77

Sam. But speak in your conscience, yfaith,
haue not we as good potingaticks ith Cuntry
as need to be put ith fire. The mind of a
thing is all. The mind of a thing's all, and
as thou saidst eene now, farre fetcht is the
best thinges for Ladies. 83

Offu. I, and for waiting gentle women to.

Sam. But, Ralph, what, is our beer sower
this thunder?

Off. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why, then, follow me; Ile teach you
the finest humor to be drunk in. I leard it
at London last week. 90

Am(bo). I faith, lets heare it, lets heare it.

Sam. The brauest humor! twold do a man
good to bee drunck in't; they call it knighting
in London, when they drink vpon their knees.

Am(bo). Faith, that's excellent. Come,
follow me: Ile giue you all the degrees ont in
order. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE II. Another apartment in the
same.)

Enter wife.

Wife. What will become of vs? all will
awaie.

My husband neuer ceases in expence,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And tis set downe by heauens iust decree,
That Ryotts child must needs be beggery. 5
Are these the vertues that his youth did pro-
mise?

Dice, and voluptuous meetings, midnight
Reuels,
Taking his bed with surfetts: Ill beseeeming
The auncient honor of his howse and name!
And this not all: but that which killes me
most, 10
When he recounts his Losses and false for-
tunes,

73 somewhat Q 1: something Q 2, etc. 74. 79
poking sticks R 78-80 Sam. But speak . . fire add.
to Oliver's speech M, etc. 91 Faith Q 2 96 ont
Q 1: of it Q 2, etc. Scene II. etc. add. M.

The weaknes of his state soe much deieted,
Not as a man repentant but halfe madd,
His fortunes cannot answere his expence:
He sits and sullenly lockes vp his Armes, 15
Forgetting heauen looks downward, which
makes him

Appeare soe dreadfull that he frights my heart,
Walks heuily, as if his soule were earth:
Not penitent for those his sinnes are past,
But vert his mony cannot make them last:—
A fearefull melancholie, vngodly sorrow. 21
Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of ill
Ile speake to him, and I will heare him speake,
And do my best to driue it from his heart.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Poxe oth Last throw! it made 25
Fieue hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
Ime damnd, Ime damnd: the Angels haue
forsook me.

Nay, tis certainly true: for he that has
No coyne is damnd in this world: hee's gon,
hee's gon.

Wi. Deere husband. 30

Hus. Oh! most punishment of all, I haue
a wife.

Wi. I doe intreat you as you loue your
soule,

Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked! thou
art cause,

Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou! 35
[Exit.]

Wife. Bad, turnd to worse! both beggery
of the soule,

As of the bodie. And so much vnlike
Him selfe at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form vpon him.—

[Enter Husband againe.]

He comes agen. 40

He saies I am the cause; I neuer yet
Spoke lesse then wordes of duty, and of loue.

Hus. If marriage be honourable, then
Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be
made without marriage. Foole! what meant
I to marry to get beggars? now must my
eldest sonne be a knaue or nothing; he can-
not liue vppot'h foole, for he wil haue no land
to maintaine him: that morgage sits like a
snaffle vpon mine inheritance, and makes me
chaw vpon Iron. My second sonne must be
a promooter, and my third a theefe, or an
vnderputter, a slaue pander. 53

14 Placed after 9 Hus. 25-7 End angels, damnd,
Nay it is M 28 Ends coyne Qy, etc.: corr. pr. ed.
36-40 Six lines Qy, ending worse, bodie, first, spirit,
him, agen 37 As] And M

Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vses dost thou put a man! I think the Deuill scornes to be a bawde. He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on's credit. Base, slauish, abiect, filthie pouertie! 58

Wi. Good sir, by all our vowes I doe beseech you,

Show me the true cause of your discontent.

Hus. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me. 61

Wi. Alas, I am the lest cause of your discontent,

Yet what is mine, either in rings or Iewels, Vse to your own desire, but I beseech you, As y^e are a gentleman by many bloods, Though I my selfe be out of your respect, 66 Thinke on the state of these three louely boies

You haue bin father to.

Hu. Puhl! Bastards, bastards, bastardq; begot in tricks, begot in tricks. 70

Wi. Heauen knowes how those words wrong me, but I maie

Endure these griefes among a thousand more. Oh, call to mind your lands already morgadge, Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother

At the vniuersitie in bonds for you, 75 Like to be ceasd vpon; And—

Hu. Ha done, thou harlot, Whome, though for fashion sake I married, I neuer could abide; thinkst thou thy wordes Shall kill my pleasures? Fal of to thy friends, Thou and thy bastards begg: I will not bate A whit in humor! midnight, still I loue you, And reuel in your Company. Curbd in, Shall it be said in all societies, 84 That I broke custome, that I flagd in monie? No, those thy iewels I will play as freely As when my state was fullest.

Wi. Be it so.

H. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest, [spurns her

I will for euer hould thee in contempt, 90 And neuer touch the sheets that couer thee, But be diuorst in bed till thou consent, Thy dowry shall be sold to giue new life Vnto those pleasures which I most affect. 94

Wi. Sir, doe but turne a gentle eye on me, And what the law shall giue me leaue to do You shall command.

Hu. Look it be done: shal I want dust & like a slau

57 on's Q 1: on his Q 2, Fy: of his M 65 you are Q 2, etc. 71 I maie Q 1: I'll Q 2, Fy 73 morgadge Qy: morgag'd Fy, etc. 96, 99 End dust, pockets M

Weare nothing in my pockets but my hands To fil them vp with nailes? 100

[holding his hands in his pockets] Oh much against my blood! Let it be done.

I was neuer made to be a looker on,

A bawde to dice; He shake the drabba my selfe

And made em yeeld. I saie, look it be done.

Wi. I take my leaue: it shall. [Exit.]

Hu. Speedily, speedily. I hate the very howre I chose a wife: a trouble, trouble! three children like three euils hang vpon me. Fie, fie, fie, strumpet & bastards, strumpet and bastards! 110

Enter three Gentlemen heering him.

1 Gen. Still doe those loathsome thoughts Iare on your tongue?

Your selfe to staine the honour of your wife, Nobly descended! Those whom men call mad

Endanger others; but hee's more then mad That wounds himselfe, whose owne wordes do proclaym 115

Scandalls vniust, to soile his better name:

It is not fit: I pray, forsake it.

2 Gen. Good sir, let modestie reprove you.

3 Gen. Let honest kindnes away so much with you.

Hu. God den, I thanke you, sir, how do you? adeiue! Ime glad to see you. Farewel Instructions, Admonitions. [Exeunt 3 Gen.]

Enter a seruant.

Hu. How now, sirra; what wud you? 123 Ser. Only to certifie you, sir, that my mistris was met by the way, by them who were sent for her vp to London by her honorable vnkle, your worships late gardian. 127

Hus. So, sir, then she is gon and so may you be: But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of: or hel wil stand more pleasant then her house at home. 131

[Exit seruant.]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gen. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hu. Who? me? 135 Chide me? Doo't finely then: let it not moue me,

For if thou chidst me angry, I shall strike.

99 my bare hands M 106-10 Tru M 108 v[er] on] on M 128-31 Tru M 129 that on, Fy, etc. R. H. Exit seruant add, Q 2 135-7 Tru Qy: curr. M

Gen. Strike thine owne follies, for it is they deserue

To be wel beaten. We are now in priuate: Ther's none but thou and I. Thou'rt fond & peeuish, 140

An vncleane ryoter: thy landes and Credit Lie now both sick of a consumption.

I am sorry for thee: that man spends with shame

That with his ritches does consume his name: And such art thou. 145

Hus. Peace.

Genl. No, thou shalt heare me further: Thy fathers and forefathers worthy honors, Which were our country monuments, our grace,

Follies in thee begin now to deface. 150

The spring time of thy youth did fairely promise

Such a most fruitfull summer to thy friends It scarce can enter into mens beliefs, Such dearth should hang on thee. Wee that see it,

Are sorry to beleue it: in thy change, 155 This voice into all places will be hurld:

Thou and the deuill has deceaued the world.

Hus. Ile not indure thee.

Genl. But of all the worst:

Thy vertuous wife, right honourably allied, Thou hast proclaimed a strumpet. 161

Hus. Nay, then, I know thee.

Thou art her champion, thou, her priuat friend, The partie you wot on.

Genl. Oh ignoble thought.

I am past my patient blood: shall I stand idle 166

And see my reputation toucht to death?

Hu. Ta's galde you, this, has it?

Genl. No, monster, I will proue

My thoughts did only tend to vertuous loue.

(*Hus.*) Loue of her vertues? there it goes.

Genl. Base spirit, 172

To laie thy hate vpon the fruitfull Honor Of thine own bed.

[*They fight and the Husbands hurt.*

Hu. Oh!

Ge. Would thou yeeld it yet? 176

Hu. Sir, Sir, I haue not done with you.

Genl. I hope nor nere shall doe.

[*Fight agen.*

Hu. Haue you got tricks? are you in cunning with me?

Genl. No, plaine and right. 180

He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight. [*Husband falls downe.*

Hu. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?

Genl. Now, sir, you lie at mercy.

Hu. I, you slaue.

Ge. Alas, that hate should bring vs to our graue. 185

You see my sword's not thirsty for your life, I am sorrier for your woonde then your selfe, Y'are of a vertuous house, show vertuous deeds;

Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleedess; Much good has bin expected in your life, 190 Cancell not all mens hopes: you haue a wife Kind and obedient: heape not wrongfull shame

On her (and) your posterity, (nor blame Your overthrow;) let only sin be sore, And by this fall, rise neuer to fall more. 195 And so I leaue you. [*Exit.*

Hu. Has the dogg left me, then, After his tooth hath left me? oh, my hart Would faine leape after him. Reuenge, I saye,

I me mad to be reueng'd. My strumpet wife, It is thy quarrel that ripe thus my flesh, 201 And makes my breast spit blood, but thou shalt bleed.

Vanquisht? got downe? vnable eene to speak? Surely tis want of mony makes men weake. I, twas that orethrew me; Id'e nere bin downe els. [*Exit.*

(SCENE III. *The same.*)

Enter wife in a riding suite with a seruimgman.

Seru. Faith, mistris, If it might not bee presumption

In me to tell you so, for his excuse You had smal reason, knowing his abuse.

Wi. I grant I had; but, alas, While should our faults at home be spread abroad? 5

Tis griefe enough within dores. At first sight

Myne Vncle could run ore his prodigall life As perfectly, as if his serious eye

Had nombred all his follies:

Knew of his morgadg'd lands, his friends in bonds, 10

192-3 The compositors appear to have corrupted two lines into one and add. Q² 193-4 nbr. overthrow conj. pr. ed. 198 left] gor'd conj. St. Scene III. Another room in the same M 1 might Q¹: may Q², Ff

138 Ends they Q¹: corr. M follies Q², etc.: follie Q¹ 144 does Q¹: doth Q², etc. 149 county's *Hus.* 154 on] upon M 169 will om. Q², Ff 171 Prefr om. Q¹ 173 Ends fruitfull Q¹

Himselfe withered with debts: And in that minute

Had I added his vsage and vnkindnes,
Twould haue confounded euery thought of good:

Where now, fathering his ryots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,

Gessing his kindnes to me (as I smoothd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in forme vglie then an vnabapte Bear,
Hee's reddey to prefer him to some office
And place at Court, A good and sure reliefe
To al his stooping fortunes: twil be a meanes,
I hope,

To make new league between vs, and redeeme
His vertues with his landes.

Ser. I should think so, mistris. If he should
not now be kinde to you and loue you, and
cherish you vp, I should thinke the deuill
himselfe kept open house in him.

Wf. I doubt not but he will now: prethe,
leau me; I think I heare him comming.

Ser. I am gone.

Wife. By this good meanes I shal pre-
serue my lands,

And free my husband out of vsurers hands:
Now ther is no neede of sale, my Vncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his minde.—
Here comes my husband.

Hu. Now, are you come? wher's the mony?
lets see the mony Is the rubbish sold, those
wiseakers your lands? why, when? the mony!
where ist? powr't down, down with it, downe
with it: I say powr't oth ground! lets see't.

Wf. Good sir, keep but in patience and I
hope

My words shall like you well: I bring you
better

Comfort then the sale of my Dowrie.

Hu. Hah, whats that?

Wf. Pray, do not fright me, sir, but vouch-
safe me hearing: my Vncle, glad of your kind-
nes to mee & milde vsage—for see I made it to
him—has in pittie of your declining fortunes,
prouided a place for you at Court of worth &
credit, which so much ouerloyd me—

Hu. Out on thee, filth! ouer and ouer-
loyd, [spurns her] when Ime in torments?
Thou polittick whore, subtiler then nine
Deuils, was this thy iourney to Nuncke, to set
downe the historie of me, of my state and

fortunes? Shall I that Dedicated my selfe to
pleasure, be nowe confinid in seruice to crouch
and stand like an old man ith hams, my hat
off? I that neuer could abide to vncouer my
head ith Church? base alut! this fruits beares
thy complaints.

Wife. Oh, heauen knowes
That my complaints were praises, and best
wordes

Of you and your estate: onely my friends
Knew of our morgage Landes, and were
possest

Of euery accident before I came.
If thou suspect it but a plot in me
To keepe my dowrie, or for mine owne good
Or my poore childrens: (though it sutes a
mother

To show a naturall care in their reliefa)
Yet ile forget my selfe to calme your blood:
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you,
And all I wishe eene Clemency affords:
Giue mee but comely looks and modest wordes.

Hu. Money, whore, money, or Ile—
(Draws his dagger.)

Enters a seruant very hastily.

What the deuil? how now? thy hasty news?
(to his man.

Se. Maie it please you, sir—

[Seruant in a feare.
Hu. What? maie I not looke vpon my
dagger? Speake villaine, or I will execute the
points on thee: quick, short.

Ser. Why, sir, a gentleman from the
Vniuersity staies below to speake with you.

Hu. From the Vniuersity? sol Vniuersity—
That long word runs through mee.

Wf. Was euer wife so wretchedlie beset?
(Wif. alone.

Had not this newes stept in between, the
point

Had offered violence vnto my breast.

That which some women call greate misery
Would show but little heere: would scarce be
scene

Amongst my miseries. I maie Compare
For wretched fortunes with all wiues that are.
Nothing will please him, vntill all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferd,
A place of credit a base seruitude.

What shall become of me, and my poore
children,

Two here, and one at nurse, my prettie
beggery?

14 on Q 2, etc. a one Q 1 17 had) Parenthesis
continued to Bear M 40 oth Q 1: on the Q 2, etc.
42-4 Prove M 49 has Q 1: hath Q 2, etc. 53
torment Q 2, etc. 56 of my Q 1: my Q 2, etc.

75 comely Q 1: pleasant Q 2, etc. 76 H. D. add.
Q 2 85 H. D. Exit Q 2, etc.: Exeunt Q 1 88
vnto Q 2, ff: to Q 1 91 Among Q 2, etc.

I see how ruine with a palsie hand
Begins to shake the auncient seat to dust:
The heauy weight of sorrow drawes my liddes
ouer my dankishe eies: I can scarce see: nor
Thus griefe will laste; it wakes and sleeps with
mee. (Exit.)

(SCENE IV. Another apartment in the same.)

Enter the Husband with the master of the Colledge.

Hu. Please you draw neer, sir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Ma. Thats my doubt; I fear, I come not to be welcome.

Hus. Yes, howsoever.

Ma. Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain, and effectually; therefore, to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was pittious and lamentable: that hopefull young gentleman, your brother, whose vertues we all loue deerelie, through your default and vnaturall negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his hope strook dead, and the pride of his youth muffed in these dark cloudes of oppression.

Hus. Hum, vm, vm.

Mr. Oh, you haue kild the towardest hope of all our vniuersities: wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect pondorus and suddain Iudgements to fall grievously vpon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his diuine Employments, might haue made ten thousand soules fit for heauen, now by your carelesse courses caste in prison, which you must answer for, and assure your spirit it wil come home at length.

Hu. Oh god! oh!

Mr. Wise men think ill of you, others speake ill of you, no man loues you, nay, euen those whome honesty condemnes, condemne you: and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother; neuer looke for prosperous hower, good thought, quiet sleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect til you redeem him. What is your answer? how will you bestow him? vpon desperate miserie, or better hopes? I suffer, till I heare your answer.

Hu. Sir, you haue much wrought with mee.

I feele you in my soule, you are your artes master. I neuer had sence til now; your sillabes haue cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous wronges done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.—Within therel

Enter a seruingman.

Hu. Sir, Fil me a bowle of wine. Alas, poore brother, Brus'd with an execution for my sake.

[Exit seruant for wine.

Mr. A bruse indeed makes many a mortall sore
Till the graue cure em.

Enter with wine.

Hu. Sir, I begin to you, y'ause chid your welcome.

Mr. I could haue wisht it better for your sake.

I pledge you, sir, to the kind man in prison.

Hu. Let it be soe. Now, Sir, if you so please
[Drink both.

To spend but a few minutes in a walke
About my grounds below, my man heere shall Attend you.

I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht
Of a sufficient answers, and therein
My brother fully satisfied.

Mr. Good sir, in that the Angells would be pleas'd,
And the worlds murmures calmd, and I should saye

I set forth then vpon a lucky daie. [Exit.

Hu. Oh thou confused man! thy pleasant sins haue vndone thee, thy damnation has beggerd thee! That heauen should say we must not sin, and yet made women! giues our senses waie to finde pleasure, which being found confounds vs. Why shold we know those things so much misuse vs?—oh, would vertue had been forbidden! wee should then haue prooued all vertuous, for tis our bloude to loue what were forbidden. Had not drunkennes byn forbidden, what man wold haue been foole to a beast, and Zany to a swine, to show tricks in the mire? what is there in three dice to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compasse of a round little table, & with the gentlemen

98 palsied M 99 the] this conj. Percy 102
Thus] This conj. M Exit add. M Scene IV. etc.
add. M 11 Umph, umph, umph! M 23 and
might Q 2, etc. 24 now] is now M 34 thoughts
F 2, etc. sleep F 2, etc.

48 mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, Fy, etc. S. D.
seruingman Q 1 48 Sir (rom.) Hu. (id.) Fil (rom.)
Q 1: Sir om. Q 2, etc. 50 Ends mortall Q 1: corr.
Q 2 57-61 Prose all add. 68 give M 74 were
Q 2: we are Q 2, etc. 80 little round Q 2, etc.

palsy in the hand shake out his posteritie
thieues or beggars? Tis done! I ha dont,
yfaith: terrible, horrible misery.—How well
was I left very well, very wel. My Lands
shewed like a full moone about mee, but
nowe the moon's ith last quarter, wayning,
waining: And I am mad to think that moone
was mine; Mine and my fathers, and my
forefathers—generations, generations: downe
goes the howse of vs, down, downe it sincks.
Now is the name a beggar, begs in me! that
name, which hundreds of yeeres has made
this shiere famous, in me, and my posterity,
runs out. 94

In my seede flue are made miserable
besides my selfe: my ryot is now my brothers
iaylor, my wiues sighing, my three boyes
penurie, and mine own confusion.

[Tearcs his haire.

Why sit my haire vpon my cursed head?
Will not this poyson scatter them? oh my
brother's 100

In execution among deuells that
Stretch him & make him giue. And I in
want,

Not able for to lyue, nor to redeeme him.
Divines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart her seuerall torments dwell.
Slauery and mysery! Who in this case 106
Would not take vp mony vpon his soule,
Pawn his saluation, liue at interest?
I, that did euer in abundance dwell, 109
For me to want, exceeds the throwes of hel.

*Enters his little sonne with a top and
a scourge.*

Son. What, aile you father? are you not
well? I cannot scourge my top as long as you
stand so: you take vp all the roome with your
wide legs. Puh, you cannot make mee
afeard with this; I feare no vizards, nor bug-
beares. 116

Hus. takes vp the childe by the skirts of his
lofty coate in one hand and drawes his
dagger with th' other.

Hu. Vp, sir, for heer thou hast no in-
heritance left.

Sonne. Oh, what will you do, father? I am
your white boie. 120

Hu. Thou shalt be my red boie: take that.
[strikes him.

Son. Oh, you hurt me, father.

Hu. My eldest beggar! thou shalt not liue

101-2 Lines end make, lyue Q 1: stretch him. want
Q 2. Fy 100 for to lyue] to relieve S 106-7
And mysery, vpon his Q 1: corr. Q 2 111 What aile
Q 1, etc. 115 afraid Q 2, etc. 123-7 Verse M, dir.
after beggar, bread, follow, brother

to aske an vaurer bread, to crie at a great
mans gate, or followe, good your honour,
by a Couch; no, nor your brother; tis charity
to braine you. 127

Son. How shall I learne now my heads
broke?

Hu. Bleed, bleed rather then beg, beg!
[stabs him.

Be not thy names disgrace: 131
Spurne thou thy fortunes first if they be base:
Come view thy second brother.—Fates,
My childrens bloud
Shall spin into your faces, you shall see
How Confidently we scorne beggery! 136
[Exit with his Sonne.

(SCENE V. A bed-room in the same.)

*Enter a maide with a child in her armes, the
mother by her a sleepe.*

M(aide). Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes
thy mother sleep:

It boades small good when heauines falls so
deepe.

Hush, prettie boy, thy hopes might haue been
better.

Tis lost at Dice what ancient honour won:
Hard when the father plaies awaie the Sonne!
No thing but misery serues in this house. 6
Ruine and desolation, oh!

Enter husband with the boie bleeding.

Hu. Whore, giue me that boy.
[Strikes with her for the child.

M(aide). Oh help, help! out alas, murder
murder!

Hus. Are you gossiping, prating, sturdy
queane? 10

He breake your clamor with your neck: down
staires!

Tumble, tumble, headlong! [Throws her down.]
Sol

The surest waie to charme a womans tongue
Is break hir neck: a pollitician did it.

Son. Mother, mother; I am kild, mother.

W(ife) wakes. Ha, whose that cride? oh
me, my children! 16

Both, both, both; bloody, bloody.
[catches vp the yongest.

Hu. Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the
beggars.

Wf. Oh my sweet husband! 20

126 coach Q 2, etc. 130 Ends bleed M beg once M
133 brother's M 133-5 Int. after fallen, facin, see Qy
133-4 One line M Scene V. add. M A... same add.
pr. ed. 6 seruen] survives con. S 10 you prating
M Ends the Q 1 11 Ends rock Q 2, Fy 12 Ends
headlong Q 1 S. D. W. wakes after 16 Q 1

Hus. Filth, harlot.

Wi. Oh what will you doe, deare husband?

Hus. Giue me the bastard.

Wi. Your owne sweet boy!

Hu. There are too many beggars. 25

Wi. Good my hus-band—

Hu. Doest thou preuent me still?

Wi. Oh god!

Hus. Haue at his hart! 29

[Stabs at the child in htr armes.

Wi. Oh my deare boy! [gets it from htr.

Hu. Brat, thou shalt not liue to shame thy howse!

Wi. Oh heauen!

[shee's hurt and sinks downe.

Hu. And perish! now begon:

Thers whores enow, and want wold make thee one. 35

Enter a lusty seruant.

Ser. Oh Sir, what deeds are these?

Hus. Base slaue, my vassail:

Comst thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Deuil, I would hold you, sir. 40

Hu. Would me? presumption! Ile vndoe thee for't.

Ser. Shloud, you haue vndone vs all, sir.

Hu. Tug at thy master!

Ser. Tug at a Monster. 45

Hus. Haue I no power? shall my slaue fetter me?

Ser. Nay, then, the Deuil wrestles, I am thowne.

Hu. Oh, villane, now Ile tug thee, [ouer-comes him] now Ile teare thee; 51

Set quick spurres to my vassaile, bruize him, trample him.

So! I think thou wilt not folow me in hast.

My horse stands redde sadled. Away, away;

Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking begger.

Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample on. 56

(SCENE VI. Court before the house.)

The Master meets him.

Ma. How ist with you, sir? me thinks you looke

Of a distracted colour.

Hu. Who? I, sir? tis but your fancie.

Please you walke in, Sir, and Ile soone resolute you:

I want one small parte to make vp the som, 5

35 enough M 52-3 Prose Qy 56 trample one Qy Scene VI. etc. add. M S. D. Enter Husband; to him the Master of the College M 1-2 Prose Qy, Fy: dir. after sir M

And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mr. I shall be glad to see it: sir, Ile attend you. [Exeu(n).]

(SCENE VII. The same as Scene V.)

Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heaue vp my selfe:

Ha's so bruizd me with his diuelish waight,

And torne my flesh with his bloud-hastyspurre.

A man before of easie constitution

Till now hells power supplied, to his soules wrong. 5

Oh, how damnation can make weak men strong.

Enter Master, and two seruants.

Ser. Oh, the most pitteous deed, sir, since you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting! has he somde vp theis

To satisfie his brother? heer's an other: 9

And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wi. Oh, oh.

Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons! she recouers life. One of his men al faint and bloudied!

1 Seru. Follow, our murderous master has took horse 14

To kill his child at nurse: oh, follow quickly.

Mr. I am the readiest, it shal be my charge To raise the towne vpon him.

[Exit Mr. and seruants.

1 Ser. Good sir, do follow him.

Wi. Oh my children.

1 Ser. How is it with my most afflicted Mistris? 20

Wi. Why do I now recouer? why half liue?

To see my children bleede before mine eies?

A sight able to kill a mothers breast

Without an executioner! what, art thou

Mangled too? 25

1 Ser. I, thinking to preuent what his quicke mischiefes

Had so soone acted, came and rusht vpon him.

We strugled, but a fowler strength then his Ore threw me with his armes; then did he

bruize me

And rent my flesh, and robd me of my haire, Like a man mad in execution; 31

Made me vnfit to rise and follow him.

Wi. What is it has beguild him of all grace And stole awaie humanity from his breast?

To slaie his children, purpose to kill his wife,

And spoile his seruants. 36

Scene VII. add. M The same, etc. pr. ed. 5 Hell M 8 hath Q 2, etc. 23 Ends without M 24-5 One line Qy 26-7 Prose Qy 35 purpose M: purpose'd Qy, Fy

Enters two servants.

Ambo Sir, please you leaue this most
accursed place,

A surgeon waites within.

Wi. Willing to leaue it!

This guiltie of sweets bloud, innocent bloud: 40
Murder has tooke this chamber with ful hands,
And wil nere out as long as the house stands.
[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE VIII. A high road.)

*Enter Husband as being thrown off his horse,
And falls.*

Hu. Oh stumbling Iade, the spauin ouer-
take thee,

The fiftie diseases stop thee!

Oh, I am sorely bruisde; plague founder thee:
Thou runst at ease and pleasure. Hart of
chance!

To Throw me now within a flight oth Towne,
In such plaine euen ground, spot, a man 6
May dice vp on't, and throw awaie the
Medowes.

Filthy beast.

Crie within. Follow, follow, follow.

Hus. Ha! I hear sounds of men, like hew
and crie: 10

Vp, vp, and struggle to thy horse, make on;
Dispatch that little begger and all's done.

Kni. Heere, this waie, this waie!

Hus. At my backe? oh,
What fate haue I? my limbes deny mee go, 15
My will is bated: beggery claimes a parte.
Oh, could I here reach to the infants heart.

*Enter M. of the Colledge, 3. Gentlemen, and
others with Holberds.*

[*Finde him.*]

All. Heere, heere: yonder, yonder.

Mr. Vnnaturall, flintie, more then bar-
barous:

The Scithians or the marble hearted fates 20
Could not haue acted more remorselesse deeds
In their relentlesse natures, then these of
thine:

Was this the answear I long waited on,
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?

Hus. Why, he can haue no more on's then
our skins, 25

And some of em want but fleeing.

S. D. Enter a Servant *M* 37 *Ambo* sir (*ital.*) *Q 1*:
Ambo Q 2: Both *Ff*: *Serv. M* you (*q. Ff*: you to *M*
Scene VIII. *etc. add. M* 4 hart, of *Q 1* 13 *Kni.*
Q 1: Cry Within *Q 2*, *etc.* Here, here *M* 16
bated) barred conf. *Sl.* 20 or the conf. *Sl.*: in their
Q. Ff: even the *M* fates) feats conf. *Percy* 25
Why on. *Q 2. Ff* on's *Q 1*: of vs *Q 2*, *etc.*

1. *Gen.* Great sinnes haue made him im-
pudent.

Mr. H's shed so much bloud that he
cannot blush.

2. *Ge.* Away with him, bear him a long to
the Iustices;

A gentleman of woorship dwels at hand; 30
There shall his deeds be bland.

Hus. Why, all the better.

My glory tis to haue my action knowne:

I grieue for nothing, but I mist of one. 34

Mr. Ther's little of a father in that grieue:
Beare him away. [*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE IX. A room in the house of a Magis-
trate.)

*Enters a knight with two or three Gentle-
men.*

Kni. Endangered so his wife? murdered
his children?

1. *Gen.* So the Cry comes.

Kni. I am sorry I ere knew him,
That euer he took life and naturall being 5
From such an honoured stock, and fair
discent;

Til this black minut without staine or blemish.

1. *Genl.* Here come the men.

*Enter the master of the colledge and the rest,
with the prisoner.*

Kni. The serpent of his house! Ime sorry
For this time that I am in place of iustice. 10

Mr. Please you, Sir.

Kni. Doe not repeate it twice I know too
muche,

Would it had nere byn thought on:

Sir, I bleede for you.

1. *Genl.* Your fathers sorrows are alius in
me: 15

What made you shew such monstrous crueltie?

Hu. In a worde, Sir, I haue consumed all,
plaid awaie long acre, and I thought it the
charitablist deed I could doe to cussen beggery
and knock my house oth head. 20

Kni. Oh, in a cooler bloud you will repent
it.

Hus. I repent now, that ones left vnkild,
My brat at nurse. Oh, I would ful fain haue
weand him.

Kni. Well, I doe not think but in to
morrowes iudgement

The terror will sit closer to your soule, 25

29 a long on. *Q 2*, *etc.* Scene IX. *etc. add. M*
3 *Prefz* 1. *Genl.* *Q 2*, *etc.*: 4 *Gen.* *Q 1* comes *Q 1*:
goes *Q 2*, *etc.* 8, 15 *Prefz* 4 *Genl.* *Q 1* 9, 10
Prefz *Q 2*: corr. *M* 17-20 *Verse* *Q 2. Ff*

When the dread thought of death remembers
you;

To further which, take this sad voice from me:
Neuer was act plaide more vnnaturally.

Hus. I thank you, Sir.

Knt. Goe, leade him to the layle: 30
Where iustice claimes all, there must pittie
faile.

Hus. Come, come, awaile with me.

[*Exit prisoner.*]

Mr. Sir, you deserue the worship of your
place.

Would all did so: in you the law is grace.

Knt. It is my wish it should be so.—

Ruinous man, 35

The desolation of his howse, the blot
Vpon his predecessors honord name!
That man is nearest shame that is past shame.

[*Exit.*]

(SCENE X. Before Calverly Hall.)

*Enter Husband with the officers, The Maister
and gentlemen, as going by his house.*

Hu. I am right against my howse, seat of
my Ancestors: I heare my wif's alieu; but
much endangered. Let me intreat to speak
with her, before the prison gripe me.

Enter his wife, brought in a chaire.

Gent. See heer she comes of her selfe. 5

Wi. Oh my sweete Hus-band, my deere
distressed husband,

Now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes!
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding,
Now my soule bleeds. 9

Hu. How now? kind to me? did I not
wound thee, left thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, farre greater wounds did my
brest feele:

Vnkindnes strikes a deeper wound then steale;
You haue been still vnkinde to mee.

Hus. Faith, and so I thinke I haue: 15
I did my murders roughly, out of hand,
Desperate and suddaine; but thou hast deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast giuen
mine eies

Seauen wounds a peece; now glides the deuill
from mee, 19

Departes at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailles.
Oh catch him new torments, that were near
invented,

Binde him one thousand more, you blessed
Angells,

In that pit bottomlesse; let him not rise

To make men act vnnaturall tragedies,
To spred into a fathar, and in furie, 25

Make him his childrens executioners:

Murder his wife, his seruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite
forgot.

Wi. Oh my repentant husband.

Hus. My deere soull, whom I too much
haue wrongd, 30

For death I die, and for this haue I longd.

Wi. Thou sholdst not (be assurde) for
these faults die,

If the law cold forgiue as soone as I.

Hus. What sight is yonder?

[*Children laid out.*]

Wi. Oh, our two bleeding boyes 35
Laid forth vpon the threshold.

Hu. Heer's weight enough to make a
heart-string crack.

Oh, were it lawfull that your prettie soules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers
eyes, 39

Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoote vpon my
cheekes;

But you are playing in the Angells lappes,
And will not looke on me,

Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wishes now attaine, 45

I should then wish you liuing were againe,
Though I did begge with you, which thing
I feard:

Oh, twas the enemy my eyes so beard.

Oh, would you could pray heauen me to
forgiue,

That will vnto my end repentant liue. 50

Wi. It makes me eene forget all other
sorrowes

And liue aparte with this.

(*Officer.*) Come will you goe?

Hus. He kissee the bloud I spilt and then I goe:
My soull is bloudied, well may my lippes be so.

Farewell, deere wife, now thou and I must
parte, 56

I of thy wrongs repent me with my harte.

Wi. Oh staye, thou shalt not goe.

Hus. That's but in vaine, you see it must
be so.

Farewell, ye bloudie ashes of my boyes! 60
My punishments are their eternall ioyes.

Let euery fathar looke into my deedes,
And then their heirs may prosper, while mine
bleeds.

Scene X. etc. add. M 1-4 Vers. M. dir. after ances-
tors, endang'd, before 6-7 Prose Gg. Ff 31 new
om. M. etc.

36 executioners Gg. Ff: executioners M. etc. 30
O my M 35 Ends vpon Q 1: corr. Q 2 43 Ends
grace M 52 liue apart St.: leaue parte Gg. Ff
63 Prose Officer add. Q 2

Wl. More wretched am I now in this
distresse,

[*Exeunt Husband with holberds.*

Then former sorrows made me. 65

Mr. Oh kinde wife,

Be comforted. One ioy is yet vnmurdered:

You haue a boy at nurse; your ioy's in him.

Wl. Dearer then all is my poore husbands
life:

Heauen giue my body strength, which yet is
faint 70

With much expence of bloud, and I will kneele,

*8 Ends comforted Qq, Ff 70 is yet Ff, cl.

Sue for his life, nomber vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon (for) my deare husbands life.

Mr. Was it in man to woond so kinde a
creature?

He euer praise a woman for thy sake. 75

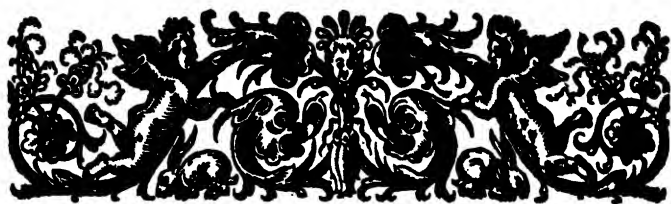
I must returne with grieffe; my answer's set:

I shall bring newes weies heauier then the
debt.—

Two brothers: one in bond lies ouerthrowne,
This on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.

73 for add. Q 2



THE
MERRY DEVILL
OF
-EDMONTON.

*As it hath beene sundry times Acted,
by his Maiesties Seruants, at the
Globe, on the banke-side.*



LONDON
Printed by Henry Ballard for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling
at the signe of the white-horse in Paules Church
yard, ouer against the great North
doore of Paules. 1608.

<i>Q 1</i>	= Quarto of 1608
<i>Q 2</i>	= " " 1612
<i>Q 3</i>	= " " 1617
<i>Q 4</i>	= " " 1626
<i>Q 5</i>	= " " 1631
<i>Q 6</i>	= " " 1655
<i>Dod.</i>	= Dodsley's Old Plays, 1st ed., 1744
<i>Reed</i>	= Reed's Dodsley, 1780
<i>Col.</i>	= Collier's Dodsley, 1825
<i>T</i>	= Tyrrell, 1851
<i>Haz.</i>	= Hazlitt's Dodsley, 1874-6
<i>WP</i>	= Warnke and Proescholdt, 1884
<i>Walker</i>	= 'Temple Dramatists' ed., 1897
<i>Daniel</i>	= Mr. P. A. Daniel's conjectures
<i>pr. ed.</i>	= present editor

THE MERRY DEVILL OF EDMONTON

(DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sir Arthur Clare.
Sir Richard Mounchensy
Sir Ralph Jerningham.
Henry Clare.
Raymond Mounchensy.
Frank Jerningham.
Sir Jolth [a Priest].
Banks [the Miller of Waltham].
Smug [the Smith of Edmonton].
Bilbo.
[Blague the] Host.
Brian.

[Raph, Brian's man.]
[Friar Hildersham.]
[Benedick.]
[Chamberlaine.]
[Coreb, a Spirit.]
Fabel [the Merry Devil].
Lady Clare.
Millisent.
Abbes.
Sexton.
Nuns and Attendants.)¹

The Prologue.

Your silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing
sense

Relish the life of this our actiue sceane:
To which intent, to calme this murmuring
breath,

We ring this round with our inuoking spelles;
If that your listning eares be yet prepard
To entertayne the subiect of our play,
Lend vs your patience.

Tis Peter Fabel, a renowned Scholler,
Whose fame hath still benee hitherto forgot to
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middle-sex his birth and his abode,
Not full seauen mile from this great famous
Citty,

That, for his fame in sleights and magicke
won,

Was calde the merry Fiend of Edmonton.¹⁵
If any heere make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh vnto this day,
Firt in the wall of that old antient Church,
His monument remayneth to be seene;
His memory yet in the mouths of men,²⁰
That whilst he liude he could deceiue the
Deuill.

Imagine now that whilst he is retirede
From Cambridge backe vnto his natius home,
Suppose the silent, sable visagde night
Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the World;
And whilst he sleepes within his silent bed,²⁶
Toylde with the studies of the passed day,
The very time and houre wherein that spirite
That many yeeres attended his commaund,
And often tymes twixt Cambridge and that
towne

Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,
By composition twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.

[Draw the Curtaines.

Behold him heere, laide on his restless couch,
His fatall chime prepared at his head,³⁵
His chamber guarded with these sable sleights,
And by him stands that Necromantlike chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye, vntill you know⁴⁰
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show.
[Exit.

(INDUCTION.)

The Chime goes, in which time Fabel is oft seene
to stare about him, and hold vp his hands

Fa. What meanes the tolling of this fatall
chime?

O, what a trembling horror strikes my hart!
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a porcupine.

Enter Coreb, a Spirit.

Co. Fabel, awake, or I will beare thee
hence⁵

Headlong to hell.

Fab. Ha, ha,
Why dost thou wake me? Coreb, is it thou?
Cor. Tis I.

Fa. I know thee well: I heare the watchfull
dogs¹⁰

With hollow howling tell of thy approach;
The lights burne dim, affrighted with thy
presence;

And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Deuill.

¹ Add. Dod. Words in square brackets from WP
14 seights Q 1 24 visagde Q 3

³⁰ S. D. follows 32 Q 4 36 (these) lido Q 5, 8 Induc-
tion WP: Scene I. T S. D. often Q 8 2 or] for
Has. 3-8 From Q 4 7-8 Dir. after me Q 4: corr. WP

Cor. Come, art thou ready?
Fab. Whither? or to what? 15
Cor. Why, Scholler, this the houre my date expires;
 I must depart, and come to claime my due.
Fa. Hah, what is thy due?
Cor. Fabell, thy selfe.
Fab. O, let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,
 Lest that with force it hurry hence amaine, 20
 And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe:
 Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth,
 And let a little sparrow with her bill
 Take but so much as shee can beare away,
 That, euery day thus losing of my load, 25
 I may againe in time yet hope to rise.
Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood,
 And drewst the formall deed twixt thee and mee,
 And is it not recorded now in hell?
Fa. Why comst thou in this sterne and horred shape, 30
 Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wont?
Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
 And I am master of thy skill and thee.
Fa. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
 I haue earnest busines for a priuate friend; 35
 Reserve me, spirit, vntill some further time.
Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
Fa. Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,
 Dispatch some busines that I haue to doe; 39
 And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.
Cor. Fabell, I will. [*Sit downe.*]
Fa. O, that this soule, that cost so great a price
 As the deere pretious blood of her redeemer,
 Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone
 Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers, 45
 Euen lead him downe into the depth of hell,
 When men in their owne pride strue to know more
 Then man should know!
 For this alone God cast the Angelles downe.
 The infinity of Arts is like a sea, 50
 Into which, when man will take in hand to saile
 Further then reason, which should be his pilot,
 Hath skill to guide him, losing once his com-
 passe,
 He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirle-
 pooles,
 As he doth lose the very sight of heauen: 55
 39 He dispatch Q², 4-6 42 great] dear *Dod.*
 45 meane] near Q⁶

The more he strues to come to quiet harbor,
 The further still he finds himselfe from land.
 Man, struing still to finde the depth of euill,
 Seeking to be a God, becomes a Deuill.
Cor. Come, Fabell, hast thou done?
Fab. Yes, yes; come hither. 60
Cor. Fabell, I cannot.
Fab. Cannot? — What ailes your hol-
 lownes?
Cor. Good Fabell, helpe me.
Fab. Alas, where lies your grieve? some
Aqua-vitae!
 The Deuill's very sicke, I feare hee'le die, 65
 For he lookes very ill.
Cor. Darst thou deride the minister of
 darkenes?
 In Lucifers dread name Coreb coniures thee
 To set him free.
Fab. I will not for the mines of all the
 earth, 70
 Vnles thou giue me libertie to see
 Seauen yeares more, before thou sease on mee.
Cor. Fabell, I giue it thee.
Fab. Swear, damned fiend.
Cor. Vnbind me, and by hell I will not
 touch thee,
 Till seauen yeares from this houre be full
 expirde. 75
Fab. Enough, come out.
Cor. A vengeance take thy art!
 Liue and conuert all piety to euill:
 Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Deuill.
 No time on earth like Phaetontique flames
 Can haue perpetuall being. He returne 80
 To my infernall mansion; but be sure,
 Thy seauen yeeres done, noe tricke shall make
 me tarry,
 But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabell carry.

[*Exit.*]
Fab. Then thus betwixt vs two this variance
 ends,
 Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my friends. 85
 [*Exit.*]

(ACT I.

SCENE I. *The George Inn, Waltham.*)

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas, his Lady, Milliscent, his daughter, yong Harry Clare; the men booted, the gentlewomen in cloakes and safeguards. Blague, the merry host of the George, comes in with them.

Host. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham, my free-hold, my tenements,

58 finde] know Q³ 68 dread] great Q⁴ 72
 yeares Q³, etc.: hende Q¹, 2 79 Phaetontique
 Q⁴-6: Phaetontique Q¹-3: Phaetonic *Haz.*: Phie-
 gethonic *claj. Nicholson* 84 between Q⁶ Act I.
 Scene I. *WF* The . . . Waltham *pr. ed.*

goods & chattels. Madam, heer's a roome is the very *Homer* and *Iliads* of a lodging, it hath none of the foure elements in it; I built it out of the Center, and I drinke nere the lesse sacke. Welcome, my little wast of maiden-heads! What? I serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

Clare. God a mercie, my good host Blague: Thou hast a good seate here.

Host. Tis correspondent or so: there's not a Tartarian nor a Carrier shall breath vpon your geldings; they haue villanous rancke feeze, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linnen. Knights and Lords too haue bene drunke in my house, I thanke the destinies.

Har. Pre' the, good sinful Inkeeper, wil that corruption, thine Ostler, looke well to my gelding. Hay, a poxe a these rusheal

Host. You Saint Dennis, your gelding shall walke without doores, and coole his feete for his masters sake. By the body of S. George, I haue an excellent intellect to go steale some venison: now, when wast thou in the Forrest?

Har. Away, you stale messe of white-broth! Come hither, sister, let me helpe you.

Clare. Mine Host, is not Sir Richard Mouchensey come yet, according to our appointment, when we last dinde here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent. — Marry, heere's a forerunner that summons a parle, and saith, heele be here top and top-gallant presently.

Clare. Tis well, good mine host; goe downe, and see breakfast be prouided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me downe; I am for the baser element of the kitchin: I retire like a valiant souldier, face pointe blanke to the foe-man, or, like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my canuassadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

Clare. How doth my Lady? are you not weary, Madam?

Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you;

My daughter Milliscent must not ouer-heare.

Mill. I, whispring; pray God it tend my good!

Strange feare assailes my heart, vsurps my blood.

Clare. You know our meeting with the knight Mouchensey

Is to assure our daughter to his heire.

Dor. Tis, without question.

Clare. Two tedious winters haue past ore, since first

These couple lou'd each other, and in passion Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture —

Iust so long, on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Clare. This morning should my daughter lose her name, And to Mouchenseys house conuey our armes,

Quartered within his scutchion; th' affiance, made

Twixt him and her, this morning should be seald.

Dor. I know it should.

Clare. But there are crosses, wife; heere's one in Waltham,

Another at the Abby, and the third

At Cheston; and tis ominous to passe

Any of these without a pater-noster.

Crosses of loue still thwart this marriage,

Whilst that we two, like spirits, walke in night

About those stony and hard hearted plots.

Mill. O God, what meanes my father?

Clare. For looke you, wife, the riotous old knight

Hath o'rerun his annual reuenue

In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeere:

The nostrilles of his chimney are still stuff

With smoake, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco;

His hawkes deuoure his fattest dogs, whilst simple,

His leanest curres eate him bounds carrion.

Besides, I heard of late, his yonger brother,

A Turkey merchant, hath sure suck'de the knight

By meanes of some great losses on the sea,

That, you conceiue mee, before God all (is) naught,

His seate is weake: thus, each thing rightly scand,

You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.

Mill. Treason to my hearts truest counraigne:

How soone is loue smothered in foggy gainel

3 is] in Q 2, 4-6 6-18 Center . . destinies] Verne
Q 4 21, 22 gelding Q 4, etc.: geldings Q 1-3 34
with] faith Q 8-9 41 souldiers face Q 1, 3 42
the] his Q 6 43 I vaniah W P 66 tend to my

55 Thence] This Q 8 68 aprites Q 8 74 dogs] 76-77 Mimple, his leanest cur has. 77
hogs has. him] his Q 4, etc. 79 A Ind.: Or Q 4
eats has. snre] more Q 6 81 In add. Q 6 82 state cony.
Walker

Dor. But how shall we preuent this dangerous match?

Cl. I haue a plot, a tricke, and this it is —

Vnder this colour Ile breake off the match: Ile tell the knight that now my minde is changd

For marrying of my daughter, for I intend 90
To send her vnto Cheston Nunry.

Mill. O me accurst!

Cl. There to become a most religious Nunne.

Mill. Ile first be buried quicke.

Clar. To spend her beauty in most priuate prayers. 95

Mill. Ile sooner be a sinner in forsaking Mother and father.

Cl. How dost like my plot?

Dor. Exceeding well; but is it your intent

Shée shall continue there?

Cl. Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a iest! 100

You know a virgin may continue there

A twelue moneth and a day onely on triall.

There shall my daughter soiourne some three moneths,

And in meane time Ile compasse a faire match

Twixt youthfull Ierningham, the lusty heire Of Sir Raph Ierningham, dwelling in the forest — 106

I thinke they'le both come hither with Mounchensey.

Dor. Your care argues the loue you beare our childe;

I will subscribe to any thing youle haue me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mill. You will subscribe to it! good, good, tis well; 110

Loue hath two chaires of state, heauen and hell.

My deere Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,

Ere to thy heart Milliscent proue vntrue.

[*Exit.*]

(SCENE II. *The same.*)

Enter Blague.

Host. Ostlers, you knaues and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulkes haue put into harborough, theise take in fresh water here, and I haue provided cleane chamber-pots. *Via, they come!* 6

109 S. D. follows 98 Q 1-3: om. Q 4-6
WP 5 Voyez Ded.

Scene II.

Enter Sir Richard Mounchensey, Sir Raph Ierningham, yong Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mounchensey, Peter Fabell, and Bilbo.

Host. The destinies be most neate Chamber-laines to these swaggering puritanes, knights of the subsidy.

Sir Moun. God a mercy, good mine host.

Sir Ier. Thankes, good host Blague. 11

Host. Roomes for my case of pistolles, that haue Greeke and Latine bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calues to make them swell bigger. Ha, Ile caper in mine owne fee-simple; away with puntillioes and Orthography! I serue the good Duke of Norfolk. Bilbo, *Titter tu, patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.* 20

Bil. Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your onely blade still. I haue a villanous sharp stomacke to slice a breakfast. 24

Host. Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournement. What! we know our termes of hunting and the sea-card.

Bil. And doe you serue the good duke of Norfolk still? 30

Host. Still, and still, and still, my souldier of S. Quintins: come, follow me; I haue Charles waine below in a but of sacke, t'will glisten like your Crab-fish. 34

Bil. You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes; your Coopers Dictionary is your onely booke to study in a celler, a man shall finde very strange words in it. Come, my host, lets serue the good duke of Norfolk. 39

Host. And still, and still, and still, my boy, Ile serue the good duke of Norfolk.

(*Exeunt Host and Bilbo.*)

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Harry Clare and Milliscent.)

Ier. Good Sir Arthur Clare!

Clar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

Moun. Tis M(aister) Fabell, Sir, a Cambridge scholler,

My sonnes deere friend.

Clar. Sir, I intreat you know me. 45

Fab. Command me, sir; I am affected to you

For your Mounchenseys sake. 6

119-20 Titter .. fagi given to Bilbo Q 4-6 32
Quintus Q 1, 40 33 t'will I will Q 2, 4-6 S. D.
Exeunt etc. add. Col.

Clar. Alas, for him,
I not respect whether he sinke or swim:
A word in priuate, Sir Raph Ierningham.

Ray. Me thinks your father looketh
strangely on me: 50

Say, loue, why are you sad?

Mill. I am not, sweete;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth
meete.

Clar. Shall's in to breakfast? after wee'l
conclude

The cause of this our comming: in and feed,
And let that vsher a more serious deed. 55

Mill. Whilst you desire his grieke, my
• heart shall bleed.

Yong Ier. Raymond Mouchensey, come,
be frolick, friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.

Ray. Pray God, deere Ierningham, it proue
so happy.

Ier. There's nought can alter it. Be merry,
lad! 60

Fab. There's nought shall alter it. Be
liuely, Raymond!

Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.

[Exeunt

(SCENE III. *The same.*)

Peter Fabell, solus.

Fab. Good old Mouchensey, is thy hap
so ill,

That for thy bounty and thy royall parts
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises by Clare
Refuse to giue his daughter to thy sonne, 5
Onely because thy Reuenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture
As can the heire of wealthy Ierningham?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and th' other; 10
And the old gray-beards now are close
together,

Plotting it in the garden. Is't euen so?
Raymond Mouchensey, boy, haue thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,
The Metaphysikes, Magicke, and those parts
Of the most secret deepe philosophy? 16
Haue I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest
tower?

And come we backe vnto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou
lou'st? 20

Wee'll first hang Enuill in such rings of miste

• 51 and] so sad Q3 Scene III. WP 4 by Q4:
my Haz. 21 Enuill Q4: Enfield Haz.

As neuer rose from any dampish fenne:
He make the brinde sea to rise at Ware,
And drowne the marshes vnto Stratford
bridge;

He driue the Deere from Waltham in their
walkes, 25

And scatter them like sheepe in euery field.
We may perhaps be croat, but, if we be,
He shall crosse the deuill, that but crossees me.

*Enter Raymond and yong Ierning. (and yong
Clar.)*

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate & sad,
And heeres the gallant that must haue the
wench. 30

(*Ier.*) I pri'thee, Raymond, leaue these
solemne dumps:

Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene
More watchfull then the day-proclayming
cocks,

As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry
As mirth herselfe. 35

If ought in me may thy content procure,
It is thine owne, thou mayst thy selfe assure.

Ray. Ha, Ierningham, if any but thy selfe
Had spokt that word, it would haue come as
cold

As the bleake Northerne winds vpon the face
Of winter. 41

From thee they haue some power vpon my
blood;

Yet being from thee, had but that hollow
sound

Come from the lips of any liuing man,
It might haue won the credite of mine eare; 45
From thee it cannot.

Ier. If I vnderstand thee, I am a villain:
What, dost thou speake in parables to thy
friends?

Clar. Come, boy, and make me this same
groning loue,

Troubled with stitches and the cough a'th
lungs, 50

That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,
And euer since hath shot at hudman-blind,
Make him leape, caper, lorde, and laugh, and
sing,

And play me horse-trickes;
Make Cupid wanton as his mothers dote: 55
But in this sort, boy, I would haue thee loue.

Fab. Why, how now, mad-cap? what, my
lusty Franke,

So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger;
Art thou turnde miser, Rascall, in thy loues?

• 56 D. and yong Clare add. Q6 21 Prefr add.
Q4 40 wind Q3 56 him Daniel: here Q4

Ier. Who, I? z'blood, what should all you see in me, that I should looke like a married man, ha? Am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose? If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villain: doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend in the hams? What dost thou see in me, that I should be towards marriage, ha? 68

Cla. What, thou married? let me looke vpon thee, Rogue; who has giuen out this of thee? how camst thou into this ill name? what company hast thou bin in, Rascall? 72

Fab. You are the man, sir, must haue Millescent:

The match is making in the garden now; Her ioynture is agreed on, and th' old man, 75 Your fathers, meane to lanch their busy bags; But in meane time to thrust Mountchenssey off, For colour of this new intended match, Faire Millescent to Cheston must be sent, To take the approbation for a Nun. 80 Nere looke vpon me, lad, the match is done.

Ier. Raymond Mountchenssey, now I touch thy griefe

With the true feeling of a zealous friend. And as for faire and beauteous Millescent, With my vaine breath I will not seeke to slubber 85

Her angell like perfections; but thou know'st That Essex bath the Saint that I adore.

Where ere did we meete thee and wanton springs,

That like a heau thou hast not laught at me, And with regardles iesting mockt my loue? 90 How many a sad and weary summer night My sighs haue drunke the dew from off the earth,

(And) I haue taught the Niting-gale to wake, And from the meadowes spring the earely Larke

An houre before she should haue list to sing: I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes, 96

That I haue made the heauy slow pasde houres To hang like heauie clogs vpon the day.

But, deere Mouchenssey, had not my affection Seased on the beauty of another dame, 100

Before I would wrong the chase, and ouergieue loue

Of one so worthy and so true a friend, I will abjure both beauty and her sight, And will in loue become a counterfeit.

61-5 am I'rre Q₆ 88-9 did.. That Q₁, 3: did'st meete me, but (that Q₆) we two were iouiall, But Q₂, 4-6 88 and) I'm 83 And om. Q₁, 3 94 spring Q₁, 3: sprung Q₂, 4-6 85 list) rest Q₁, 3 101 I'le Q₃ wrong Q₂-6: vnage Q₁ ouergieue Q₁, 3: leaue Q₂, 4-6

Moun. Deere Ierningham, thou hast begot my life, 105

And from the mouth of hell, where now I saie, I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:

Thou hast conquered me, deere friend, in my free soule;

Their time nor death can by their power con- troule.

Fab. Franke Ierningham, thou art a gallant boy; 110

And were he not my pupill, I would say

He were as fine a metled gentleman,"

Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper . .

As is in England; and he is a man

That very richly may deserue thy loue. 115

But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,

What may Mouchensseys honour to thy selfe

Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

Clar. Raymond Mouchenssey, I would haue thee know,

He does not breath this ayre, 120

Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue

More then Mouchensseyes:

Nor euer in my life did see the man

Whom, for his wit and many vertuous parts,

I thinke more worthy of my sisters loue. 125

But since the matter growes vnto this passe,

I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will;

But when thou list to visit her by night,

My horses saddled, and the stable doore

Stands ready for thee; vse them at thy

pleasure. 130

In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,

And if thou getst her, lad, God giue thee ioy!

Moun. Then, care, away! let fates my fall pretend,

Backt with the fauours of so true a friend!

Fab. Let vs alone, to bussell for the set; 135

For age and craft with wit and Art haue met.

Ile make my spirits to dance such nightly ligs

Along the way twixt this and Totnam crosse,

The Carriers lades shall cast their heauie

packs, 140

And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe

them in: 140

The Milke-maides Cuts shall turne the wenches

off,

And lay the Dossers tumbling in the dust:

The franke and merry London prentises,

That come for creame and lusty country cheere,

Shall lose their way; and, scrambling in the

ditches, 145

All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,

109 Their (= There) Neither WP nor Q3: or Q₁, 2, 4-6 114 om. Q₁ 129 horse is Q₄, etc. 133

Fate Q₄, etc. 136 haue! hath Q₄-6 137 ligs

om. Q₃ 142 lay their Q₄-6

Yet none to other finde the way at all.

Moun. Pursue the proiect, scholler: what we can do

To helpe indeasour, ioyne our liues thereto!
(*Exeunt.*)

(ACT II.

SCENE I. *Waltham: The house of Banks.*

Enter Banks, Sir Iohn and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you, good Sir Iohn! A plague on thee, Smug, and thou touchest liquor, thou art founderd straight. What, are you braines alwayes water-milles? must they euer runne round? 5

Smug. Banks, your ale is a Philistine fox; z'hart, theres fire i'th taile on't; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th rereward. A plague of this winde; O, it tickles our Catastrophe. 10

Sir Io. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest Smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale houses, they are good both, smart both. Hem, Grasse and hay! we are all mortall; let's liue till we die, and be merry; and theres an end.

Banks. Well said, sir Iohn, you are of the same humor still; and doth the water runne the same way still, boy? 20

Smug. Vulcan was a rogue to him; Sir Iohn, locke, locke, lock fast, sir Iohn; so, sir Iohn. No one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses and the destinies, be drunke in your company; thats all now, and God send vs health: shall I sweare I loue you?

Sir Io. No oathes, no oaths, good neighbour Smug! Weel wet our lips together and hugge; Carrouse in priuate, and eleuate the hart, and the liuer and the lights,—and the lights, marke you me, within vs; for hem, Grasse and hay! we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and be Merry, and theres an end.

Banks. But to our former motion about stealing some venison; whither goe we? 35

Sir Io. Into the forrest, neighbour Banks, into Brians walke, the madde keeper.

Smug. Z' blood! He tickle your keeper.

Banks. Yfaith, thou art alwayes drunke when we haue neede of thee. 40

Smug. Neede of mee? z' hart, you shall haue neede of mee alwayes while theres yron in an Annull.

Banks. M(aister) Parson, may the Smith goe, thinke you, being in this taking? 45

147 Yet! And Q2, 4-6 S.D. Exeunt add. Q4 Act II. Scene I. WP 1 on't out Q1-3 28 and Q2, 4-6: in Q1, 8 27-33 Verses Qq

Smug. Go? He goe in spite of all the belles in Waltham.

Sir Io. The question is, good neighbour Banks—let mee see: the Moone shines to night,—ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forrest,—his braine will be settled ere night; he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague at the George at Waltham; if he were here, our Consort were full. Looke where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolks man! and how? and how? a hem, grasse and hay! wee are not yet mortall; lets liue till we die, and be merry; and ther's an end. 60

Enter Host.

Host. Ha, my Castilian dialogues! and art thou in breath stil, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast bin reading little Geneua print: but wend we merrily to the forrest, to steale some of the kings Deere. He meet you at the time appointed; away, I haue Knights and Colonells at my house, & must tend the Hungarians. If we be scard in the forrest, weele meete in the Church-porch at Enfield; ist Correspondent? 71

Ban. Tis well; but how, if any of vs should be taken?

Smil. He shall haue ransome, by the Lord.

Host. Tush, the knaue keepers are my bosonians & my pensioners. Nine a clocke! be valiant, my little Gogmagogs; He fence with all the Iustices in Hartford shire. He haue a Bucke til I die; He slay a Doe while I liue; hold your bow straight and steady. I serue the good duke of Norfolke. 81

Smu. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy!

Sir Io. Peace, neighbor Smug. You see this is a Boore, a Boore of the country, an illiterate Boore, and yet the Cittizen of good fellows: come, lets prouide; a hem, Grasse and hay! wee are not yet all mortall; weel liue till we die, and be merry, and theres an end. Come, Smug! 89

Smug. Good night, Waltham— who, ho, ho, boy!
(*Exeunt.*)

• (SCENE II. *The George Inn.*)

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast againe.

Old Moun. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this.

50 not a narrow] narrow a conj. Daniel 51 will] may Q2, 4-6 54 of the George Q2, 4-6 74 by my sword Q4-6 54 in a om. Q2, 4-6 86 prouide a hen Qq: corr. Dod. Scene II. WP

What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalles.

And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?

Cla. I doe not hold thy offer competent;
Nor doe I like th' assurance of thy Land, 5
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Old Mo. Too good for thee; and, knight,
thou knowst it well,

I fawnd not on thee for thy goods, not I;
Twas thine owne motion; that thy wife doth know.

Lad. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that. 10

Clar. Hold thy chat, queane.

Old Moun. To which I hearkned willingly,
and the rather,

Because I was perswaded it proceeded
From loue thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gau'st him free accesse vnto thy house, 15
Where he hath not behaude him to thy childe,
But as befits a gentleman to doe:

Nor is my poore distressed state so low,
That Ile shut vp my doores, I warrant thee.

(*Cla.*) Let it suffice, Mountchensey, I mis-
like it; 20

Nor thinke thy sonne a match fitt for my
childe.

(*Moun.*) I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good
and cleere

As the best drop that panteth in thy veines:
But for this maide, thy faire and vertuous
childe,

She is no more disparagd by thy basenes 25
Then the most orient and the pretious iewell,
Which still retaines his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slaue were owner of the same.

Cla. She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God. 30

Moun. You doe, sir?

Cla. Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.

Moun. And pity she is so!

Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelfel
(*aside.*)

Cla. Not thou, Mountchensey, shalt be-
stow my childe.

Moun. Neither shouldst thou bestow her
where thou mean'st. 35

Cla. What wilt thou doe?

Moun. No matter, let that bee;

I wil doe that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and, by Gods
blessed Angell,

Thou shalt well know it.

Cla. Tut, braue not me.

Moun. Braue thee, base Churle! were't not
for man-hood sake— 40

I say no more, but that there be some by
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,
Which being stird might make vs both
repent

This foolish meeting. But, Harry Clare,
Although thy father haue abused my friend-
ship, 45

Yet I loue thee, I doe, my noble boy,
I doe, yfaith.

Lady. I, doe, do!

Fill all the world with talke of vs, man, man;
I neuer lookt for better at your hands. 50

Fab. I hop'd your great experience and
your yeeres

Would haue prou'de patience rather to your
soule,

Then with this frantique and vntamed passion
To whet their skeens; and, but for that
I hope their friendships are too well confirmd,
And their minds temperd with more kindly
heat, 56

Then for their froward parents sores

That they should breake forth into publike
brawles—

How ere the rough hand of th' vntoward
world

Hath moulded your proceedings in this
matter, 60

Yet I am sure the first intent was loue:

Then since the first spring was so sweet and
warmed,

Let it die gently; ne're kill it with a scorne.

Ray. O thou base world, how leprous is
that soule

That is once lim'd in that polluted muddel! 65
Oh, sir Arthur, you haue startled his free
actiue spirits

With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare.
Haue patience, sir; the remedy to woe

Is to leaue what of force we must forgoe.

Mill. And I must take a twelue moneths
approbation, 70

That in meane time this sole and priuate life
At the yeares end may fashion me a wife:

But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this yeare be
done,

Thou'st be a frier, if that I be a Nun.

And, father, ere yong Ierninghams Ile bee, 75
I will turne mad to spight both him and
thee.

44 Harry Q 8: Raph Q 1, 2: Ralph Q 3-5 45

hath Q 5, 6 49-50 One line Qq 51 hop'd Q 4-6:

hope Q 1-3 54 for om. Q 1-8 57 froward Q 1, 3:

forward Q 2, 4-6: sores Q 1-3: frowardnesse Q 4-6

69 what Q 1-3: that Q 4-6

5 Land Q 4-6: loue Q 1-3 20, 22 *Preserve om.*
Q 1-8 22 I Q 4-6, etc.: To Q 1-3 25 no om. Q 2,
4, 5 26 the owner Q 3 S. D. *aside printed as*
part of 39 Q 1-3 38 by a blessed Q 4-6

Cla. Wife, come, to horse, and, huswife,
make you ready;
For, if I liue, I sweare by this good light,
He see you lodgde in Chesson house to night.

(*Exeunt.*)

Moun. Raymond, away! Thou seest how
matters fall.
Churle, hell consume thee, and thyselfe, and all!
Fab. Now, M(aister) Clare, your see how
matters fadge;

Your Milliscent must needes be made a Nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must plie this match:
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,
And send her vnto Chesson—where he will,
He send mee fellowes of a handfull his
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the
Dale,

And with the Lady prioresse of the house
To play at leape-froge, naked in their smockes,
Vntill the merry wenches at their masse
Cry teehee weehee;
And tickling these mad lasses in their flannes,
They'll sprawle, and squeake, and pinch their
fellow Nunnes.

Be liuely, boyes, before the wench we lose,
He make the Abbas weare the Cannons hose.

(*Exeunt.*)

(SCENE III. *The same.*)

*Enter Harry Clare, Francke Ierningham, Peter
Fabejl, and Milliscent.*

Ha. Cla. Spight now hath done her worst;
sister, be patient.

Ier. Forewarnd poore Raymonds com-
pany! O heauen!

When the composure of weake frailtie meete
Vpon this mart of durt, O, then weake loue
Must in hir owne vnhappyenes be silent,
And winck on all deformities.

Milli. Tis well:
Whers Raymond, brother? whers my deere
Mouchensey?

Would wee might weepe together and then
part;

Our sighing parle would much ease my heart.

Fab. Sweete beautie, fould your sorrowes
in the thought

Of future reconcilment: let your teares
Shew you a woman; but be no farther spent
Then from the eyes; for, sweets, experience
sayes

That loue is firme thats flattered with delays.

In this night Q 3 S. D. Exeunt add. Q 4 24
ple] pile Q 3 86 where] when Haz. 90 Ends
play Q 1-3 with Daniel: make Q 91 her smock
Dod. 95 They'll Daniel: Shall Q Scene III. W.P.
2 O] to Q 1-3

Milli. Alas, sir, thinke you I shall ere be
his?

Fab. As sure as parting smiles on future
blisse.

Yond comes my friend: see, he hath doted
So long vpon your beautie, that your want
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood;
For in true loue Musicke doth sweetly dwell:
Seuerd, these lease worlds beare within them
hell.

Enter Mouchensey.

Moun. Harry and Francke, you are en-
ioynd to waine
Your friendship from mee; we must part:
the breath

Of all aduised corruption—pardon mee!
Faith, I must say so;—you may thinke I loue
you;

I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs;
Weele meete by stealth, sweet friend, by
stealth, you twaine;

Kisses are sweetest got with struggling paine.
Ier. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.

Moun. Pardon mee:
I am busied; I haue lost my faculties,
And buried them in Milliscents cleere eyes.

Milli. Alas, sweete Loue, what shall
become of me?

I must to Chesson to the Nunry,
I shall nere see thee more.

Moun. How, sweets?
He be thy votary, weele often meete:
This kisse diuides vs, and breathes soft
adiew,—

This be a double charme to keepe both true:
Fab. Haue done: your fathers may chance
spie your parting.

Refuse not you by any meanes, good sweetnes,
To goe vnto the Nunnery; farre from hence
Must wee beget your loues sweete happines.
You shall not stay there long; your harder bed
Shall be more soft when Nun and maide are
dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Moun. Now, sirra, whats the matter?

Bil. Marry, you must to horse presently;
that villanous olde gowty churle, Sir Arthur
Clare, longe till he be at the Nunry.

Ha. Cla. How, sir?
(*Bil.*) O, I cry you mercy, he is your father,
sir, indeed; but I am sure that theres lease

16 panting Q 1-3 17 Vnder Q 3 22-4 Prose
Q 1-3 24 all Qs: ill Haz.: old Daniel 26 do
Qs: to Haz.: doth Daniel 27 meet by steale Q 1-3
it ends Q 6 46 Arthur T: Richard Q 48 Bil.
add. Q 6 50 sir ow. Q 3

affinitie betwixt your two natures then there
is betweene a broker and a cutpurse. 52

Moun. Bring my gelding, sirra.

Bil. Well, nothing grieues me, but for the
poore wench; she must now cry *vale* to
Lobster pies, hartichokes, and all such meates
of mortalitie; poore gentlewoman, the signe
must not be in virgo any longer with her,
and that me grieues full well. 59

Poore Milliscent

Must pray and repent:

O fatalle wonder!

Sheele now be no fatter,

Loue must not come at her,

Yet she shall be kept vnder. 65

[*Exit.*

Ier. Farwell, deere Raymond.

Ha. Cla. Friend, adew.

Mill. Deere sweete,
No ioy enioyes my hearte till wee next meete.

[*Exeunt.*

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide of dis-
content

Beats in thy face; but, er't be long, the wind
Shall turne the flood. Wee must to Waltham
abby, 70

And as faire Milliscent in Cheston liues,
A most vnwilling Nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardsle Nounce; to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Tast thou my sleights, thy loue ile onely share.

Moun. Turne fryer? Come, my good

Counsellor, lets goe, 76

Yet that disguise will hardly shrowd my woe.
[*Exeunt.*

(ACT III.

SCENE I. Cheston Priory.)

*Enter the Prioressse of Cheston, with a Nun or
two, Sir Arthur Clare, Sir Raph Ierningham,
Henry and Francke, the Lady, and Bilbo,
with Milliscent.*

La. Cla. Madam,

The loue vnto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale
Hath truly wonne vs to bestow our Childre
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell. 5

Pri. Ihesus daughter, Maries childe,

Holy matron, woman milde,

For thee a masse shall still be sayd,

Euery sister drop a bead;

And those againe succeeding them 10

For you shall sing a Requiem.

Frank. The wench is gone, Harry; she is
no more a woman of this world: marke her

59 fall well Q2, 8: farewell Q4-6 Act III.

Scene I. WP 11 sing] ring Q1: ring Q2

well, shee lookes like a Nun already. What
thinkst on her? 15

Har. By my faith, her face comes hand-
somerly to't. But peace, lets heare the rest.

Sir Ar. Madam, for a tweluemonths
approbation,

Wee meane to make this triall of our childe.

Your care and our deere blessing in meane
time: 20

Wee pray may prosper this intended worke.

Pri. May your happy soule be blithe,

That so truly pay your tithe;

He who many children gaue,

Tis fit that he one child should haue.

Then, faire virgin, heare my spell, 25

For I must your duty tell.

Mill.—Good men and true, stand together,
and heare your charge.

Pri. First, a mornings take your booke, 30

The glasse wherein your selfe must
looke;

Your young thoughts, so proud and
iolly,

Must be turnd to motions holy;

For your buske, attires, and toyes

Haue your thoughts on heauenly ioyes;

And for all your follies past 36

You must do penance, pray, and fast.

Bil.—Let her take heed of fasting; and if
euer she hurt her selfe with praying, Ile nere
trust beast. 40

Mill.—This goes hard, berladye!

Pri. You shall ring the sacring bell,

Keepe your howers, and tell your
knell,

Rise at midnight to your mattens,

Read your Psalter, sing your lattins, 45

And when your blood shall kindle
pleasure,

Scourge your selfe in plenteous mea-
sure.

Mil.—Worse and worse, by Saint Mary.

Fr.—Sirra Hal, how does she hold hir
countenance? Wel, goethy wayes, if euer thou
proue a Nun, Ile build an Abby. 51

Har.—She may be a Nun; but if euer shee
proue an Anchorette, Ile dig her graue with
my nailes.

Fra.—To her againe, mother! 55

Har.—Hold thine owne, wench!

Prio. You must read the mornings masse,

You must creepe vnto the Crosse,

Put cold ashes on your head,

Haue a haire cloth for your bed. 60

Bil.—She had rather haue a mah in her bed.

42 sacring Q2-6: sauing Q1 43 tell] toll Har.
57 morning Q2, etc.

Prio. Bid your beads, and tell your needes,
Your holy Auias, and your Creedes;
Holy maide, this must be done,
Yf you meane to liue a Nun. 65

Mill.—The holy maide will be no Nun.

Sir Ar. Madam, we haue some busines of import,

And must be gone.

Wilt please you take my wife into your closet,

Who further will acquaint you with my mind;
And so, good madam, for this time adiew. 71

(*Exeunt women.*)

Sir Ra. Well now, Francke Ierningham,
• how saiest thou?

To be breefe,—

What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Her father and my selfe, can bring about,
That we conuert this Nun to be a wife, 75

And thou the husband to this pretty Nun?
How then, my lad? ha, Francke, it may be done.

Har.—I, now it workes.

Fra. O God, sir, you amaze mee at your words;

Thinke with your selfe, sir, what a thing it were 80

To cause a recluse to remoue her vow:

A maymed, contrite, and repentant soule,
Euer mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, euen as hir eyes, are fixd on heauen,

To drawe a virgin, thus deuour'd with zeale,
Backe to the world: O impious deede! 86

Nor by the Canon Law can it be done

Without a dispensation from the Church:

Besides, she is so prone vnto this life,
As sheele euen shreeke to heare a husband namde. 90

Bil.—I, a poore innocent shee! Well, heres no knauery; hee flowts the old fooles to their teeth.

Sir Raph. Boy, I am glad to heare 94
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience;
And in a man so young as is your selfe,
I promise you tis very seldome seene.

But Francke, this is a trickes, a meere deuise,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and my selfe,

To thrust Mounchenseys nose besides the cushion; 100

That, being thus debard of all access,

Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,
And giue thee ample scope to thy desires.

82 Bid WP: Bind Qy 72 Ierningham QO:
Clare Q1-5 14 Her QO: Thy Q1-3 85 deuout
Q4-8

Bil.—A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes! 105

Har.—How now, Francke, what say you to that?

Fran.—Let me alone, I warrant thee.—

Sir, assure that this motion doth proceede
From your most kinde and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure: 111

But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must craue thus much,
To haue some conference with my ghostly father,

Frier Hilderham, here by, at Waltham Abby,
To be absolute of things that it is fit 116

None only but my confessor should know.

Sir Ra. With all my heart: he is a reuerend man;

And to morrow morning wee will meet all at the Abby,

Where by th' opinion of that reuerend man
Wee will proceede; I like it passing well. 121

Till then we part, boy; I, thinke of it; fare- well!

A parents care no mortall tongue can tell.

(*Exeunt.*)

(SCENE II. Before the Priory Gate.)

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mounchensey, like a Frier.

Sir Ar. Holy yong Nouice, I haue told you now

My full intent, and doe refer the rest

To your professed secrecy and care:

And see,

Our serious speech hath stolne vpon the way,

That we are come vnto the Abby gate. 6

Because I know Mounchensey is a fore,

That craftily doth ouerlookes my doings,

Ile not be seene, not I. Tush, I haue done:

I had a daughter, but shee's now a Nun. 10

Farawell, deere sonne, farawell. [*Exit.*]

Moun. Fare you well!—I, you haue done!

Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a Nun.

O my rare Tutor! neuer mortall braine

Plotted out such a masse of policie; 15

And my deere become is so great with laughter,

Begot by his simplicity and error,

My soule is fallen in labour with her ioy.

O my true friends, Francke Ierningham and Clare,

Did you now know but how this iest takes fire— 20

118 Sir Ra. QO: Sir Ar. Q1-5 116-20 From Qy
120 opinion Q1 122 I thinke Qy Scene II. WP
11 sonne Q1, 4-6: one Q2: one Q3 15 masse
Q1-3: plot Q4, 5: piece Q6 19 true am. Q5
20 now Q1-4: but Q5, 6

That good sir Arthur, thinking me a noice,
Hath euen powrd himselfe into my bosome,
O, you would vent your spleenes with tickling
mirth!

But, Raymond, peace, and haue an eye about,
For feare perhaps some of the Nuns looke out.

Peace and charity within, 26

Neuer touch't with deadly sin;

I cast my holy water pure

On this wall and on this doore,

That from euill shall defend, 30

And keepe you from the vgly fiend:

Euill spirit, by night nor day,

Shall approach or come this way;

Elfe nor Fary, by this grace,

Day nor night shall haunt this place. 35

Holy maidens! [Knocke.

[Answers within.] Who's that which knocks?
ha, who's there?

Mount. Gentle Nun, here is a Frier.

Enter Nun.

Nun. A Frier without, now Christ vs saue!
Holy man, what wouldst thou haue?

Mount. Holy mayde, I hither come 41

From Frier and father Hildersome,

By the fauour and the grace

Of the Prioress of this place,

Amongst you all to visit one 45

That's come for approbation;

Before she was as now you are,

The daughter of Sir Arthur Clare,

But since she now became a Nun,

Call'd Milliscent of Edmunton. 50

Nun. Holy man, repose you there;

This newes Ile to our Abbas beare,

To tell her what a man is sent,

And your message and intent.

Mount. Benedicite. 55

Nun. Benedicite. [Exit.

Mount. Doe, my good plump wench; if all
fall right,

Ile make your sister-hood one lesse by night.

Now happy fortune speede this merry drift,

I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift. 60

Enter Lady, Milliscent.

Lad. Haue Friars recourse then to the
house of Nuns?

Mill. Madam, it is the order of this place,

When any virgin comes for approbation,—

Lest that for feare or such sinister practise

Shes should be forde to vndergoe this vaile,

22 Had WP 28 my om. Q 4-6 pure Q 8: poore

Q 1-5 38 Holy maidens knocke printed as S. D.

Q 4: corr. Dot. 53 her om. Q 1, 2, 4-6 64 or

such Q 1, 2, 4-6: of some Q 3: or Walker

Which should proceed from conscience and
deuotion,— 66

A visitor is sent from Waltham house,

To take the true confession of the maide.

Lady. Is that the order? I commend it well:

You to your shrift, Ile backe vnto the cell. 70

[Exit.

Mount. Life of my soule! bright Angell

Mill. What meanes the Frier?

Mount. O Milliscent, tis I.

Mill. My heart misgiues me; I should know

that voyce.

You? who are you? The holy virgin blesse me!

Tell me your name: you shall, ere you confesse

me. 75

Mount. Mountchensey, thy true friend.

Mill. My Raymond, my deere heart!

Sweete life, giue leaue to my distracted soule,

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy.

B? what meanes camst thou to assume this

shape? 80

Mount. By meanes of Peter Fabell, my

kind Tutor,

Who in the habite of Frier Hildersham,

Franke Ierninghams old friend and confessor,

(Helped me to act the part of priestly noice),

Plotted by Franke, by Fabell and my selfe, 85

And so deliuered to Sir Arthur Clare,

Who brought me heere vnto the Abby gate,

To be his Nun-made daughters visitor.

Mill. You are all sweete traytors to my

poore old father.

O my deere life! I was a dream't to night 90

That, as I was a praying in mine Psalter,

There came a spirit vnto me as I kneeld,

And by his strong perswasions tempted me

To leaue this Nunry; and me thought

He came in the most glorious Angell shape, 95

That mortall eye did euer looke vpon.

Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for theres no

forme

Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.

Mount. O thou Idolatresse, that dost this

worship

To him whose likenes is but praise of thee! 100

Thou bright vnsetting star, which through

this vaile,

For very enuy, mak'st the Sun looke pale!

Mill. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my

mother

Should thinke the Frier too strickt in his

decrees,

I this confesse to my sweet ghostly father:

If chaast pure loue be sin, I must confesse, 106

84 A line here appears to have been lost: Helped..
noice conj. pr. ed. 85 Fabell Harry WP 91
a om. Q 2, etc. mine Q 1, 2, 4: my Q 3, 5, 6

I haue offended three yeares now with thee.
Moun. But doe you yet repent you of the same?

Mill. Yfaith, I cannot.

Moun. Nor will I absolue thee
Of that sweete sin, though it be venial; 110
Yet haue the pennance of a thousand kisses,
And I enioyne you to this pilgrimage:

That in the euening you bestow your selfe
Heere in the walke neere to the willow
ground, 114

Where He be ready both with men and horse
To waite your comming, and conuey you hence
Vnto a lodge I haue in Enfield chase.
No more replie, if that you yeeld consent —
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

Mill. Sweete life, farewell! Tis done: let
that suffice; 120

What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine
eyes. [Exit.]

Enter Fabell, Clare, and Ierningham.

Ier. Now, Visitor, how does this new made
Nun?

Clare. Come, come, how does she, noble
Capouchin?

Moun. She may be poore in spirit, but for
the flesh,
Tis fatte and plumpe, boyes. Ah, rogues,
ther is 125

A company of girles would turne you all
Friars.

Fab. But how, Mountchenssey? how, lad,
for the wench?

Moun. Sound, lads, yfaith; I thanke my
holy habit,

I haue confest her, and the Lady Prioressse
Hath giuen me ghostly counsell with hir
blessing. 130

And how say yee, boyes,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Clare. Z'blood, sheel haue nere a Nun
vnbad to sing masse then.

Ier. The Abbat of Waltham will haue as
many Children to put to nurse as he has
calues in the Marsh. 137

Moun. Well, to be breefe, the Nun will
soone at night turne tippit; if I can but deuise
to quit her cleanly of the Nunry, she is mine
owne. 141

Fab. But, Sirra Raymond,
What newes of Peter Fabel at the house?

Moun. Tush, hees the onely man;

A Necromancer and a Coniurer 145

That workes for yong Mountchenssey alto-
gether;

And if it be not for Fryer Benedicke,
That he can crosse him by his learned skill,
The Wench is gone;

Fabell will fetch her out by very magicks.

Fab. Stands the winde there, boy? keepe
them in that key. 151

The wench is ours before to-morrow day.

Well, Hal and Franka, as ye are gentlemen,
Sticks to vs close this oncel You know your
fathers

Haue men and horse lie ready still at Chesson,
To watch the coast be cleere, to scout about,
& haue an eye vnto Mountchensseys walks:

Therefore you two may houer thereabouts,
And no man will suspect you for the matter;
Be ready but to take her at our hands, 160
Leaue vs to scamble for hir getting out.

Ier. Z'blood, if al Herford-shire were at
our heeles,

Weele carry her away in spite of them.

Clare. But whither, Raymond?

Moun. To Brians vpper lodge in Enfield
Chase; 165

He is mine honest Friend and a tall keeper;
He send my man vnto him presently

T' acquaint him with your comminge and
intent.

Fab. Be breefe and secret.

Moun. Soon at night remember 169
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Ier. Tis done; no more!

Clare. We will not faile the hower.
My life and fortune now lies in your power.

Fab. About our busines! Raymond, lets
away!

Thinke of your hower; it drawes well of the
day. [Exit.]

(ACT IV.

SCENE I. Enfield Chase.)

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir Iohn.

Blague. Come, yee Hungarian pilchers, we
are once more come vnder the zona torrida of
the Forrest. Lets be resolute, lets flie to and
again; and if the deuill come, weele put him
to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote.
What? s'foote, ile put fire into you, yee shall
all three serue the good Duke of Norfolk. 7

Smug. Mine host, my bully, my pretious
consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin
drunke i' thy house twenty times and ten,

148 him by om. Q3 153 Hal pr. ed.: Ba(L)ph
Q1-5: Harry Q6, etc. 153-61 Prose Q6: corr. Col.
157 Mountchenssey Q1 walke Q3 160 our] your
Q3 165-8 Prose Q6: corr. Col. Act. IV. Scene I.
WP 10 thy] th Q4

124-6 Two lines Q6, dir. after boyes: corr. Col. 128
Zounds Q4-6 129-30 Prose Q1-5 639 tippit Col.:
tippit Q6 can om. Q8 142-50 Prose Q6: corr. WP.

all's one for that: I was last night in the third
heavens, my braine was poore, it had yest
in 't; but now I am a man of action; is 't not
so, lad? 14

Banks. Why, now thou hast two of the
liberrall sciences about thee, wit and reason,
thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

Smu. I will serue the Duke of Christen-
dom, and doe him more credit in his celler
then all the plate in his buttery; is 't not so,
lad? 21

Sir Ioh. Mine host and Smug, stand there;
Banks, you and your horse keepe together;
but lie close, shew no trickes, for feare of the
keeper. If we be ascard, weel meete in the
Church-porch at Enfeild. 26

Smug. Content, sir Iohn.

Banks. Smug, dost thou remember the
tree thou felst out of last night? 29

Smug. Tush, and 't had bin as high as the
Abby, I should nere haue hurt my selfe; I haue
fallen into the riuier, comming home from
Walktham, and scant drowning.

Sir Io. Come, seuer, feare no sprits! weele
haue a Bucke presently; we haue watched
later then this for a Doe, mine Host. 36

Host. Thou speakest as true as veluet.

Sir Io. Why then, come! Grasse and hay,
&c. [Exeunt.]

Enter Clare, Ierningham and Milliscent.

Clar. Franke Ierningham! 40

Ier. Speake softly, rogue; how now?

Clar. S'foot, we shall lose our way, it's so
darke; wherabouts are we?

Ier. Why, man, at Potters gate; the way
lies right: harkel the clocke strikes at En-
feild; whats the houre? 46

Clare. Ten, the bell sayes.

Ier. A lies in's throate, it was but eight
when we set out of Chesson. Sir Iohn and
his Sexton are at ale to night, the clocke runs
at random. 51

Clare. Nay, as sure as thou liu'st, the
villanous vicar is abroad in the chase this
darke night: the stone Priest steales more
venison then halfe the country. 55

Ier. Milliscent, how dost thou?

Mill. Sir, very well.

I would to God we were at Brians lodge.

Clare. We shall anon; s'ounds, harkel! What
meanes this noyse?

Ier. Stay, I heare horsemen.

12 heauen Q 4-6 it i't Q 1 15 Banks
Bil (bo) Q 1-3 20-1 so, lad om. Q 3 25 (n) at
Q 1 30 the Q 1, 3: an Q 2, 4-6 34 (fewe) care
Q 3 40 Potters Q 2, 3-6 50 at) at their Q 4-6
88 Zounds Q 1-3: nouces Q 4-6

Clare. I heare footmen too. 60
Ier. Nay, then I haue it: we haue bin
discourd,

And we are followed by our fathers men.

Mill. Brother and friend, alas, what shall
we doe?

Clare. Sister, speake softly, or we are de-
scride. 64

They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be;
Shadow your selfe behind this brake of ferne,
Weele get into the wood, and let them passe.

*Enter Sir Iohn, Blague, Smug, and Banks, one
after another.*

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! wee are all
mortal; the keepers abroad, and ther's an
end. 70

Ban. Sir Iohn!

Sir Io. Neighbour Bankes, what newes?

Ban. Z'wounds, Sir Iohn, the keepers are
abroad; I was hard by 'am.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay! wher's mine host
Blague? 76

Bla. Here, Metropolitane. The philistines
are vpon vs, be silent; let vs serue the good
Duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?

Smu. Here; a poxe on yee all, dogs; I
haue kild the greatest Bucke in Brians walke.
Shift for your selues, all the keepers are vp:
lets meete in Enfeild church porch; away, we
are all taken els. [Exeunt.]

Enter Brian, with his man, and his hound.

Bri. Raph, hearst thou any stirring? 85

Raph. I heard one speake here hard by,
in the bottome. Peace, Maister, speake low;
zownes, if I did not heare a bow goe off, and
the Bucke bray, I neuer heard deere in my life.

Bri. When went your fellows out into their
walks? 91

Ra. An hower agoe.

Bri. S'life, is there stealers abroad, and
they cannot heare

Of them: where the deuill are my men to
night?

Sirra, goe vp the wind towards Buckleyes
lodge. 95

He cast about the bottome with my hound,
And I will meete thee vnder Cony ocke.

Ra. I will, Sir.

Bri. How now? by the masse, my hound
stays vpon something; harkes, harkes, Bow-
man, harkes, harkes, there! 101

Mill. Brother, Franke Ierningham, brother
Clare!

88 zownes) Iounes Q 4-6 93-7 Press Q 1 103
Bri... heare of fellows 88 Q 8

Bri. Peace; thats a womans voyce! Stand!
who's there? Stand, or Ile shoote. 105

Mill. O Lord! hold your hands, I meane no
harne, sir.

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mill. I am a maid, sir; who? *M(aister)*
Brian?

Bri. The very same; sure, I should know
her voyce;

Mistris Milliscent? 110

Mill. I, it is I, sir.

Bri. oGod for his passion! what make you
here alone?

I lookd for you at my lodge an hower agoe.
What meanes your company to leaue you
thus?

Who brought you hither? 115

Mill. My brother, Sir, and *M(aister)*
Ierningham,

Who, hearing folks about vs in the Chase,
Feard it had bin sir Ralph and my father,

Who had pursude vs, thus dispersed our
selues,

Till they were past vs. 120

Bri. But where be they?

Mill. They be not farre off, here about the
groue.

Enter Clare and Ierningham.

Clare. Be not afraid, man, I heard Brians
tongue,

Thats certain.

Ier. Call softly for your sister. 125

Clare. Milliscent!

Mill. I, brother, heere.

Bri. *M(aister)* Clare!

Clare. I told you it was Brian. 129

Bri. Whoes that? *M(aister)* Ierningham:
you are a couple of hot-shots; does a man
commit his wench to you, to put her to grasse
at this time of night?

Ier. We heard a noyse about her in the
chase, 134

And fearing that our fathers had pursude vs,
Seured our selues.

Clare. Brian, how hapd'at thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for stealers are abroad to
night,

My hound staid on her, and so found her out.

Clare. They were these stealers that af-
frighted vs;

I was hard vpon them, when they horst their
Deere, 140

And I perceiue they tooke me for a keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they?

Ier. Towards Enfeld.

Bri. A plague vpon 't, thats that damned
Priest, & Blague of the George, he that serues
the good Duke of Norfolke. 146

A noyse within: Follow, follow, follow.

Clare. Peace, thats my fathers voyce.

Bri. Z'ownds, you suspected them, and
now they are heere indeed.

Mill. Alas, what shall we doe? 150

Bri. If you goe to the lodge, you are
surely taken;

Strike downe the wood to Enfeld presently,
And if Mouchenssey come, Ile send him
't'ye.

Let mee alone to bussle with your father;
I warrant you that I will keepe them play 155

Till you haue quit the chase; away, away!
(*Exeunt all but Brian.*)

Whoes there?

Enter the Knights.

Sir Rap. In the kings name, pursue the
Rauisher!

Bri. Stand, or Ile shoote.

Sir Ar. Whoes there? 160

Bri. I am the keeper that doe charge you
stand;

You haue stolen my Deere.

Sir Ar. We stolne thy Deere? we do pursue
a thiefe.

Bri. You are arrant theenes, and ye haue
stolne my Deere. 165

Sir Rap. We are Knights; sir Arthur Clare,
and sir Raph Ierningham.

Bri. The more your shame, that Knights
should bee such thieues.

Sir Ar. Who, or what art thou? 170

Bri. My name is Brian, keeper of this
walke.

Sir Ar. O Brian, a villain!

Thou hast receiued my daughter to thy lodge.

Bri. You haue stolne the best Deere in
my walke to night. My Deere! 175

Sir Ar. My daughter!

Stop not my way!

Bri. What make you in my walke? you
haue stolne the best Bucks in my walke to
night. 180

Sir Ar. My daughter!

Bri. My Deere!

Sir Rap. Where is Mountchenssey?

Bri. Wheres my Bucke?

112-20 *Prose Q* 118 *Ralph Q* 6: *Arthur Q* 1-5
134 her (= here?) *Q* 1-3: vs *Q* 4-6 * 136 hapnedst
Q 6: 4-6

144 that| the *Q* 5, 6 148 Z'ownds| *Nownes*
Q 4-6 you| you haue *Q* 5, 6 154 Fathers *Q* 6
155 them| him *Q* 8 S. D. add. *WF* 172 *Sir Ar.*
Q 6: *Sir Rap. Q* 1-6

Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the King. 185

Bri. Ile complaine vnto the King you spoile his game:

Tis strange that men of your account and calling

Will offer it!

I tell you true, Sir Arthur and sir Raph,

That none but you haue onely spoild my game.

Sir Ar. I charge you, stop vs not! 191

Bri. I charge you both ye get out of my ground!

In this a time for such as you,

Men of (your) place and of your grauity,

To be abroad a theeuing? tis a shame; 195

And, afore God, if I had shot at you,

I had serude you well enough. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE II. Enfield Churchyard.)

Enter Banks the Miller, wet on his legs.

Ban. S'foote, heeres a darke night indeed! I thinke I haue bin in fifteene ditches betweene this and the Forrest. Soft, heers Enfeilde Church: I am so wet with climbing ouer into an orchard for to steale some filberts. Well, heere Ile sit in the Church porch, and wait for the rest of my consort. 7

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heeres a sky as blacke as Lucifer. God blesse vs! heere was Goodman Theophilus buried; hee was the best Nutcraker that euer dwelt in Enfeilde. Well, tis 9. a clock, tis time to ring curfew. Lord blesse vs, what a white thing is that in the Church porch! O Lorde, my legges are too weake for my body, my haire is too stiffe for my night-cap, my heart failes; this is the ghost of Theophilus. O Lord, it followes me! I cannot say my prayers, and one would giue me a thousand pound. Good spirit, I haue bowld and drunke and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you. O Lord! 22

Enter Priest.

Prie. Grasse and hey, we are all mortall. Who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeede; I know you to bee Master Parson by your phrase.

Prie. Sexton!

Sex. I, Sir.

Prie. For mortalities sake, Whats the matter? 30

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of another element; Maister Theophilus Ghost is in the Church porch. There was a hundred Cats, all fire, dancing here euen now, and they are clombe vp to the top of the steeple; ile not into the bellfree for a world. 36

Prie. O good Salomon; I haue bin about a deede of darknes to night: O Lord, I saw fifteen spirits in the Forrest, like white bulles; if I lye, I am an arrant theefe: mortalitie haunts vs—grasse and hay! the deuills at our heeles, and lets hence to the parsonage. 42

[Exeunt.]

[The Miller comes out very softly.]

Mill. What noise was that? tis the watch, sure; that villanous vnlucky rogue, Smug, is taine, vpon my life; and then all our villeny comes out; I heard one cry, sure. 46

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I go steale any more veneson, I am a Paradox: s'foot, I can scarce beare the sinne of my flesh in the day, tis so heavy; if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolk, as true mareterraneum skinker should doe, let me neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable. 53

Mill. By the Lord, there are some watchmen; I heare them name Maister Constable; I would to God my Mill were an Eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there? 58

Mill. Tis the Constable, by this light; Ile steale hence, and if I can meete mine host Blague, ile tell him how Smug is taine, and will him to looke to himselfe. [Exit.]

Host. What the deuill is that white thing? this same is a Church-yard, and I haue heard that ghosts and villenous goblins haue beene seene here. 66

Enter Sexton and Priest.

Prie. Grasse and hay! O, that I could coniuere we saw a spirite here in the Church-yard; and in the fallow field ther's the deuill with a mans body vpon his backe in a white sheet. 71

Sex. It may be a womans body, Sir Iohn.

Prie. If shee be a woman, the sheets damne her; Lord blesse vs, what a night of mortalitie is this! 75

180-97 *Prose* *qy*: *corr.* WP 194 your place *q3*: place *q1*, 2, 4-6 your grauity *q1*, 2, 4-6: grauity *q3* Scene II. *add.* WP 1 darke blacke *q3* 7 Consorts *q4-6* 13 a om. *q2*, 3 18 a om. *q3*

34 here om. *q2*, 4-6 37 good *q1-4*: goodman *q3*, 6 42 parsonages *q1-3* 43. Alleny *q1-3*: knaunerie *q4-6* 48 foot *q4-6* 51 as *q1-3*: as a *q4-6* 53 *Prefix* *q1* Lord] masse *q4-6* 74 Lord om. *q4-6*

Host. Priest!

Pri. Mine host!

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white
crosse you at the stile? 79

Sex. O no, mine host; but there sate one
in the porch; I haue not breath ynough left
to blesse me from the Deuill.

Host. Whoes that?

Pri. The Sexton, almost frighted out of his
wits. Did you see Banks or Smug? 85

Host. No, they are gone to Waltham, sure:
I would faine hence; come, lets to my house:
Ile nere serue the duke of Norfolk in this
fashion againe whilst I breath. If the deuill
be amongst vs, tis time to hoist saile, and cry
roomer. Keepe together; Sexton, thou art
secret, what? lets be comfortable one to
another.

Pri. We are all mortall, mine host. 94

Host. True; and Ile serue God in the night
hereafter afore the Duke of Norfolk. [*Exeunt.*]

(ACT V.

SCENE I. *An Inn opposite the George,
Waltham.)*

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Ierning-
ham, trussing their points as new vp.*

Sir Rap. Good morrow, gentle knight.

A happy day after your short nights rest.

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, sir Raph, stirring so soone
indeed?

Birlady, sir, rest would haue done right well;
Our riding late last night has made mee
drowsie. 5

Goe to, goe to, those dayes are gone with vs.

Sir Ra. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care go
with those dayes,

Let 'am euen goe together, let 'am goe!

Tis time, yfaith, that wee were in our graues,
When Children leaue obedience to their
parents, 10

When there's no feare of God, no care, no
dutie.

Well, well, nay, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not;
No, Mountchensiey, thou'st heare on't, thou
shalt,

Thou shalt, yfaith!

Ile hang thy Son, if there be law in England.
A mans Child rausht from a Nunry! 16

This is rare!

Well, well, there's one gone for Frier Hilder-
sam.

Sir Ar. Nay, gentle Knight, do not vex
thus,

It will but hurt your health. 20

You cannot greeue more then I doe, but to
what end? But harke you, Sir Raph, I was
about to say something—it makes no matter.
But hearke you in your eare: the Frier's a
knaue; but God forgieue me, a man cannot tel
neither; s'foot, I am so out of patience, I
know not what to say. 27

Sir Ra. Ther's one went for the Frier an
hower agoe. Comes he not yet? s'foot, if
I do find knauery vndera cowl, ile tickle him,
ile firke him. Here, here, hee's here, hee's
here. Good morrow, Frier; good morrow,
gentle Frier. 33

Enter Hildersham.

Sir Ar. Good morrow, father Hildersham,
good morrow.

Hild. Good morrow, reuerend Knights, vnto
you both.

Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how
matters go;

I am vndone, my Childe is cast away.

You did your best, at least I thinke the best;
But we are all crost; flatly, all is dasht.

Hild. Alas, good knights, how might the
matter be? 40

Let mee vnderstand your greefe for Charity.

Sir Ar. Who does not vnderstand my
griefes? Alas, alas!

And yet yee do not! Will the Church permit
A Nun in approbation of her habit

To be rausht? 45

Hild. A holy woman, benedicite!

Now God forfend that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.

Sir Ar. Ihesus deliuer mee!

Sir Ra. Why, Millisent, the daughter of
this Knight 50

Is out of Chesson taken the last night.

Hild. Was that faire maiden late become
a Nun?

Sir Ra. Was she, quotha? Knauery,
knauery, knauery; I smell it, I smell it, yfaith;
is the wind in that dore? Is it euen so? doost
thou aske me that now? 56

Hild. It is the first time that I ere heard
of it.

Sir Ar. That's very strange.

Sir Ra. Why, tell me, Frier, tell mee; thou
art counted a holy man; doe not play the
hypocrite with me, nor beare with mee. I

80 Sex. Q 4-6: Priest Q 1-3 Act V, Scene I.
WP S. D. Arthur. . . Ralph Q 6: Raph. . . Arthur
Q 1-5; 12 nay, nay Q 1, 3; nay Q 2, 4-6 14-15
One line Qy 17-18 One line Qy

29 foote Q 4-6 42 grieffe Q 3-6 46-8 I'rom
Q 1-5 81 the Q 1, 3: this Q 2, 4-6 61 nor] now
conj. Col.

cannot dissemble: did I ought but by thy own consent? by thy allowance? nay, further, by thy warrant?

Hild. Why, Reuerend knight— 65

Sir Ra. Vnreuerend Frier—

Hild. Nay, then giue me leaue, sir, to depart in quiet; I had hoped you had sent for mee to some other end.

Sir Ar. Nay, stay, good Frier; if any thing hath hapd 70

About this matter in thy loue to vs, That thy strict order cannot iustifie, Admit it be so, we will couer it.

Take no care, man:

Disclaime not yet thy counsell and aduise, 75

The wisest man that is may be orereacht.

Hild. Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith, I know not what you meane.

Sir Ra. By your order and your faith?

This is most strange of all: Why, tell mee, Frier, 80

Are not you Confessor to my Son Francke?

Hild. Yes, that I am.

Sir Ra. And did not this good knight here and my selfe

Confesse with you, being his ghostly Father, To deale with him about th' unbanded marriage 85

Betwix him and that faire young Millisent?

Hild. I neuer heard of any match intended.

Sir Ar. Did not we breake our minds that very time,

That our deuice of making her a Nun Was but a colour and a very plotte 90

To put by young Mountchenssey? Ist not true?

Hild. The more I strue to know what you should meane,

The lesse I vnderstand you.

Sir Rap. Did not you tell vs still how Peter Fabell

At length would crosse vs, if we tooke not heed?

Hild. I haue heard of one that is a great magician, 96

But hees about the Vniuersity.

Sir Rap. Did not you send your nouice Benedic

To perswade the girle to leaue Mountchensseys loue,

To crosse that Peter Fabell in his art, 100 And to that purpose made him visitor?

Hild. I neuer sent my nouice from the house,

Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

Sir Ar. Neuer sent him? Nay, did he not goe?

And did not I direct him to the house, 105 And conferre with him by the way? and did he not

Tell me what charge he had receiued from you, Word by word, as I requested at your hands?

Hild. That you shall know; hee came along with me,

And stayes without. Come hither, Benedic!

Enter Benedic.

Yong Benedic, were you ere sent by me . . . 111 To Chesson Nunnery for a visitor?

Ben. Neuer, sir, truely.

Sir Rap. Stranger then all the rest!

Sir Ar. Did not I direct you to the house?

Confer with you

From Waltham Abby vnto Chesson wall? 115

Ben. I neuer saw you, sir, before this hower.

Sir Raph. The deuill thou didst not! Hoe, Chamberlen!

(Enter Chamberlaine.)

Chamb. Anon, anon.

Sir Ra. Call mine host Blague hither!

Cham. I will send one ouer to see if he be vp; I thinke he bee scarce stirring yet. 121

Sir Rap. Why, knaue, didst thou not tell me an hower ago, mine host was vp?

Cham. I, sir, my Master's vp.

Sir Ra. You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp? Dost thou mocke mee? 126

Cham. I, sir, my M. is vp; but I thinke M. Blague indeed be not stirring.

Sir Rap. Why, who's thy Master? is not the Master of the house thy Master? 130

Cham. Yes, sir; but M. Blague dwells ouer the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? Before God, theres some villany in this. 134

Cham. Sfoote, our signes remooud; this is strange! *(Exeunt.)*

(SCENE II. The George Inn.)

Enter Blague, trussing his points.

Bla. Chamberlen, speake vp to the new lodgings, bid Nell looke well to the bakt meats.

104-12 *Prose* Q 1-5 113-14 *Prose* Sir Rap., Sir Ar. *transposed* Q 1-5 114-15 *Three lines* Qq. *dir. after* house, Abby: *corr.* WP *S. D. add.* Q 4 120
Cham. Q 4, etc.: Cla. Q 1-3 one] once Q 2 ouer] ouer sir Q 4-6 133 God] loue Q 4-6 135 Foote Q 4-6 *Exeunt add.* WP *Scene II.* WP 1-6 *Term* Qq: *corr.* WP 1 *speake*] *speed* *Haz.* 3 *meat* Q 6

73 bel to be Q 5, 6 75 thy Q 1-3: my Q 4-6
 79-81 *Two lines* Qq: *corr.* WP 79 Sir Ra. Q 4-6:
 Sir Ar. Q 1-3 85 unbanded] intended WP 89
 of Q 1, 3: in Q 2, 4-6 94-5 *Prose* Qq: *corr.* WP
 102 the Q 1, 3: my Q 2, 4-6

(Enter Sir Arthur and Sir Raph.)

How now, my old Inernts bauke my house, my castle? lie in Waltham all night, and not vnder the Canopie of your host Blagues house?

Sir Ar. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, tis a doubtfull question: looke vpon your signe. 10

Host. Body of Saint George, this is mine ouerthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers. He tickle his Catastrophe for this; if I do not indite him at next assises for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes; for I see tis no boote in these dayes to serue the good Duke of Norfolk. The villanous world is turnd manger; one lade deceiues another, and your Ostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share. Hauue wee Comedies in hand, you whoreson, villanous male London latcher? 15

Sir Ar. Mine host, we haue had the moylingst night of it that euer we had in our liues. 25

Host. Ist certaine?

Sir Rap. We haue bin in the Forrest all night almost.

Host. S'foot, how did I misse you? hart, I was a stealing a Bucke there. 30

Sir Ar. A plague on you; we were stayed for you.

Host. Were you, my noble Romanes? Why, you shall share; the venison is a footing. Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus; That is, theres a good breakfast prouided for a marriage thats in my house this morning. 37

Sir Ar. A marriage, mine host?

Host. A coniunction copulatiue; a gallant match betwene your daughter and M. Raymond Mountchenssey, yong Iuuentus. 41

Sir Ar. How?

Host. Tis firme, tis done. Weele shew you a president i'th ciuill law fort. 45

Sir Rap. How? married?

Host. Leauue trickes and admiration. Theres a cleanly paire of sheetes in the bed in Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there. What? He doe it; He serue the good Duke of Norfolk. 50

Sir Ar. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Rap. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all seuerity.

S. D. add. WP 4 jennet's back Mr. bauke WP: banke Qy house W.: horse Qy 10 doubtfull om. Q 2. 4-6 13-14 seduce. for this om. Q 5. 6 28 Foote Q 4-6 30 a stealing Q 1-3: stealing of Q 4-6 32-33 om. Walker 47-8 bed in Q 1: bed on the Q 2: bed in the Q 3-6 49 I serue Q 4-6

Host. I renounce your dedance; if you parle so roughly, He barraadoe my gates against you. Stand faire, bully; Priest, come off from the rereward! What can you say now? Twas done in my house; I haue shelter i'th Court for't. D'ye see you bay window? I serue the good duke of Norfolk, & tis his lodging. Storm, I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolk: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

(Enter Smug, Mountchenssey, Harry Clare, and Millicent.)

Smug. Fire, s'blood, theres no fire in England like your Trinidado sacke. Is any man heere humorous? We stole the venison, and weele iustifie it: say you now! 67

Host. In good sooth, Smug, theres more sacke on the fire, Smug.

Smu. I do not take any exceptions against your sacke; but if youle lend mee a picke staffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this hand.

Host. I say thou shalt in to the Caller. 73

Sm. S'foot, mine Host, shalls not grapple? Pray, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices ege; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolk? [Exit. 81

Host. In, skipper, in!

Sir Arth. Sirra, hath young Mountchenssey married your sister? 80

Ha. Cla. Tis Certaine, Sir; her's the priest that coupled them, the parties loyned, and the honest witness that cride Amen.

Mounl. Sir Arthur Clare, my new created Father, I beseech you, heare mee. 85

Sir Ar. Sir, you are a foolish boy; you haue done that you cannot answer; I dare be bound to cease her from you; for shee's a protest Nun.

Mill. With pardon, sir, that name is quite vndone; 90

This true-loue knot cancelles both maid and Nun.

When first you told me I should act that part, How cold and bloody it crept ore my hart! To Chesson with a smiling brow I went; But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent, 95 That my sweete Raymond might find better meanes

To steale me thence. In breede, disguised he came,

Like Nouice to old father Hildersham; His tutor here did act that cunning part,

50 D'ye see Q 2: see Q 1: Doe Q 2: Doe you Q 4-6 von Q 5-8: your Q 1, 2 64 a blood) nouns Q 4-6 75 Pray] Pray you Q 3 84-5 Term WP 88 her] on her Q 5, 6

And in our loue hath loynd much wit to art.

Cla. Is't euen so? 101

Mill. With pardon therefore wee intreat
your smiles;

Loue thwarted turnes itselfe to thousand wiles.

Cla. Young Maister Ierningham, were you
an actor

In your owne lounes abuse?

Ier. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously vnto this end, 106

To wrong my selfe, ere ide abuse my friend.

Host. He speaks like a Batchelor of
musicke, all in Numbers. Knights, if I had
knowne you would haue let this coug of
Partridges sit thus long vpon their knees vnder
my signe post, I would haue spred my dore with
old Couerlids.

Sir Ar. Well, sir, for this your signe was
remoued, was it? 115

Host. Faith, wee followed the directions
of the deuill, Master Peter Fabell; and Smug,
Lord blesse vs, could neuer stand vpright since.

Sir Ar. You, sir, twas you was his minister
that married them? 120

Sir Io. Sir, to proue my selfe an honest
man, being that I was last night in the
forrest stealing Venison — now, sir, to haue
you stand my friend, if that matter should bee
cald in question, I married your daughter to
this worthy gentleman. 126

Sir Ar. I may chauce to requite you, and
make your necke crack for't.

Sir Io. If you doe, I am as resolute as my
Neighbour vicar of Waltham Abby; a hem,
Grasse and hay, wee are all mortall; lets liue
till we be hangd, mine host, and be merry, and
theres an end. 133

(Enter Fabell.)

Fab. Now, knights, I enter; now my part
begins.

To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your loue tooke
flight 136

From old Mountchenssey; you, sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to haue married this sweete
beauty

To yong Franke Ierningham; to crosse which
match,

I vade some pretty sleights; but I protest 140

104-5 *Prose* Q 1-5 113 old om. Q 4-6 124 that
the Q 4-6 123 your] you Q 1 129-33 *verse* Q 4
S. D. om. Q 1-3 Fabell Q 6; Fabian Q 4, 6

Such as but sate vpon the skirts of Art;

No coniuurations, nor such weighty spells

As tie the soule to their performancy.

These for his loue, who once was my deere
puple,

Haue I effected. Now, mee thinks, tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus
knit 146

Your forehead on this match, since reason
failes;

No law can curbe the louers rash attempt;

Yeares, in resisting this, are sadly spent.

Smile, then, vpon your daughter and kind
sonne, 150

And let our toyle to future ages proue,

The deuill of Edmonton did good in Loue.

Sir Ar. Well, tis in vainé to crosse the
providence:

Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my hart;

Rise, daughter; this is a kind fathers part. 155

Host. Why, Sir Iohn, send for Spindles
noyse presently: Ha, art, be night, Ile serue
the good Duke of Norfolk.

Pri. Grasse and hay, mine Host, lets liue
till we die, and be merry, and thers an end. 160

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready, mine
Host?

Host. Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirra, ride strait to Chesson Nunry,
Fetch thence my Lady; the house, I know, 165

By this time missees their yong votary.

Come, knights, lets in!

Bil. I will to horse presentlye, sir. — A
plague a my Lady, I shall misse a good break-
fast. Smug, how chauce you cut so plaguely
behind, Smug? 171

Smu. Stand away; ile founder you else.

Bil. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another
element.

Smu. I will be by and by; I will be Saint
George againe. 176

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow do not hurt
himselfe.

Sir Rap. Did we not last night find two
S. Georges here?

Fab. Yes, Knights, this martialist was one
of them.

Cla. Then thus conclude your night of
merriment! [Exeunt Omnes.

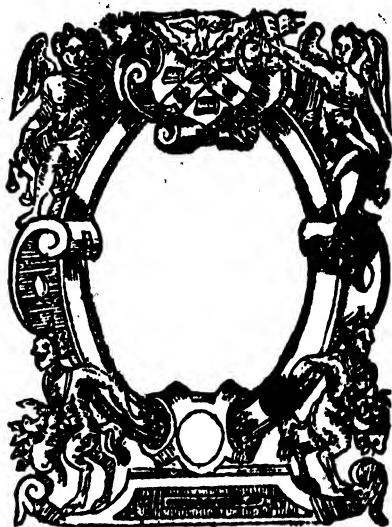
FINIS.

156 Iohn Haz.: George Q 4 ? St. George : cf. footnote
to 175 175 Saint Q 4, etc.: Sir Q 1-3 180 Y. Cla.
WP (wrong)

A Pleasant Commodie,

of faire Emeth. Millers daughter
of Ma. whelter: *With the loue of*
William the Conqueror:

As it was sundrietimes publicuely acted in the
honourable citie of London. by the right honourable
the Lord Strange his seruants.



Imprinted at London for T.N. and I VV.
and are to be soide in S. Dunstons Church-
yarde in Fleet-streete.

Q 1 = undated Quarto
Q 2 = Quarto of 1631
Chet. = Chetwood, 1750
T = Tyffrell, 1851
D = Delius, 1874
Simp. = Simpson, 1878
WP = Warnke and Proescholdt, 1883
pr. ed. = present editor

A PLEASANT COMMODIE OF

FAIRE EM

THE MILLERS DAUGHTER OF MANCHESTER

WITH THE LOVE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROVR

(Dramatis Personae.

WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*
ZWENO, *King of Denmark.*
DUKE DIROT.
Marquis of Lubeck.
MOUNTNEY.
MANVILLE.
ROZILIO.
DIMAROH.
Danish Ambassador.
The Miller of Manchester.

TROTTER, *his Man.*
Citizen of Chester.

BLANCH, *Princess of Denmark.*
MARIANA, *Princess of Sueithia.*
Faire Em, the Miller's Daughter.
ELINER, *the Citizen's Daughter.*
English and Danish Nobles.
*Soldiers, Countrymen, and Attendants.)*¹

Actus Primus. Scaena Prima.
(Windsor. A State Apartment.)

Enter William the Conqueror; Marques Lubeck,
with a picture; Mountney; Manville;
Valingford; and Duke Dirot.

Marques. What meanes faire Britaine
mighty Conqueror
So suddenly to cast away his staffe,
And all in passion to forsake the tyll?
D. Dirot. My Lord, this triumph we solem-
nise here

Is of meere loue to your increasing loyes, 5
Only expecting cheerefull looks for all;
What sudden pangs than moues your maiestie
To dimme the brightnes of the day with
frownes?

W. Conqueror. Ah, good my Lords, mis-
conster not the cause;
At least, suspect not my displeased browes: 10
I amorously do beare to your intent,
For thanks and all that you can wish I yeeld.
But that which makes me blush and shame to
tell

Is cause why thus I turne my conquering eyes
To cowardes lookes and beaten fantasies. 15
Mountney. Since wee are guiltlesse, wee the
lesse dismay

To see this sudden change possesse your cheere,
For if it issue from your owne conceits
Bred by suggestion of some envious thoughts,
Your highnes wisdoms may suppress it 20
straight.

¹ Add. *Chel.* S. D. Windsor... Apartment add.
p. 7d. 15 coward D

Yet tell vs, good my Lord, what thought it is
That thus bereaues you of your late content,
That in aduise we may assist your grace,
Or bend our forces to reuiue your spirits.

W. Con. Ah, Marques Lubeck, in thy
power it lyes 25

To rid my bosome of these thraled dumps:
And therefore, good my Lords, forbear a
while

That we may parley of these priuate cares,
Whose strength subdues me more than all the
world.

Valingford. We goe and wishe thee priuate
conference 30

Publicke affectes in this accustomed peace.
[*Exit all but William and the Marques.*

William. Now, Marques, must a Conqueror
at armes

Disclose himselfe thrald to vnarmed thoughts,
And, threatned of a shaddowe, yeeld to lust.
No sooner had my sparkeling eyes beheld 35
The flames of beautie blasing on this peece,
But sodenly a sence of myracle,
Imagined on thy lovely Maistres face,

Made me abandon bodily regards, 39
And cast all pleasures on my wounded soule:
Them gentle Marques, tell me what she is,
That thus thou honourst on thy warlike
shield;

And if thy loue and interest be such
As iustly may giue place to myne,
That if it be, my soule with honors wings 45
May fly into the bosome of my deere;

30 thee (=the) (q: this D: the conf. Simp.
effects D)

Yf not, close them, and stoope into my grauel
Marques. Yf this be all, renowned Con-
 querer,

Aduance your drooping spirites, and reuiue 49
 The wonted courage of your Conquering minde;
 For this faire picture painted on my shield
 Is the true counterfeite of louelle Blaunch,
 Princes and daughter to the King of Danes,
 Whose beautie and excesse of ornamentes
 Deserues another manner of defence, 55
 Pompe and high person to attend her state
 Then Marques Lubeck any way presents.
 Therefore her vertues I resigne to thee,
 Alreadie shrinde in thy religious brest,
 To be aduanced and honoured to the full; 60
 Nor beare I this an argument of loue,
 But to renowne faire Blaunch, my Soueraignes
 child

In euerie place where I by armes may do it.

William. Ah, Marques, thy wordes bring
 heauen vnto my soule,
 And had I heauen to giue for thy reward, 65
 Thou shouldst be thrond in no vnworthie
 place.

But let my vttermost wealth suffice thy worth,
 Which here I vowe; and to aspire the blisse
 That hangs on quicke atchiuement of my loue,
 Thy selfe and I will traueile in disguise, 70
 To bring this Ladie to our Brittain Court.

Marques. Let William but bethinke what
 may auayle,

And let me die if I denie my ayde.

William. Then thus: The Duke Dirot, and
 Therle Dima(r)ch,
 Will I leaue substitutes to rule my Realme, 75
 While mightie loue forbids my being here;
 And in the name of Sir Robert of Windsor
 Will goe with thee vnto the Danish Court.
 Keepe Williams secretes, Marques, if thou
 loue him.

Bright Blaunch, I come! sweete fortune,
 fauour me, 80

And I will laud thy name eternally.

[*Exeunt.*

(SCENE II.)

(*Manchester. The Interior of a Mill.*)

Enter the Miller and Em, his daughter.

Miller. Come, daughter, we must learne to
 shake of pomp,
 To leaue the state that earst beseeemd a Knight
 And gentleman of no meane discent,
 To vndertake this homelie millers trade:
 Thus must we make to saue our wretched
 liues, 5

Threatned by Conquest of this haplesse Yle,
 Whose sad inuasions by the Conqueror
 Hauue made a number such as we subiect
 Their gentle neckes vnto their stubborne yoke
 Of drudging labour and base pesantrie. 10
 Sir Thomas Godard now old Goddard is,
 Goddard the miller of faire Manchester.
 Why should not I content me with this state,
 As good Sir Edmund Trofferd did the flaille?
 And thou, sweete Em, must stoope to high
 estate 15

To ioyne with mine that thus we may protect
 Our harmles liues, which, ledd in greater port,
 Would be an enuious obiect to our foes,
 That seeke to roote all Brittaines Gentry
 From bearing countenance against their
 tyrannie. 20

Em. Good Father, let my full resolu'd
 thoughts

With settled patiens to support this chaunce
 Be some poore comfort to your aged soule;
 For therein restes the height of my estate,
 That you are pleased with this deiection, 25
 And that all toyles my hands may vndertake
 May serue to worke your worthines content.

Miller. Thanks, my deere Daughter.
 These thy pleasant words

Transferre my soule into a second heauen:
 And in thy settled minde my ioyes consist, 30
 My state reuyed, and I in former plight.
 Although our outward pomp be thus abased,
 And thralde to drudging, staylesse of the
 world,

Let vs retaine those honorable mindes
 That lately gouerned our superior state, 35
 Wherein true gentrie is the only meane
 That makes vs differ from base millers borne.
 Though we expect no knightly delicates,
 Nor thirst in soule for former soueraintie,
 Yet may our myndes as highly scorne to stoope
 To base desires of vulgare worldlynes, 41
 As if we were in our presedent way.
 And, louely daughter, since thy yuthfull
 yeares

Must needes admit as yong affections,
 And that sweete loue vnpartial perceiues 45
 Her daintie subjects through euery part,
 In chiefe receiue these lessons from my lippes,
 The true discoverers of a Virgins due,
 Now requisite, now that I know thy mynde
 Somthing enclaynde to fauour Manuils sute, 50
 A gentleman, thy Louer in protest;
 And that thou maist not be by loue deceiued,
 But trye his meaning fit for thy desert,

74 th'erle Demarch WP Scene II. add. T S. D.
 Manchester. . Mill add. pr. ed. 3 no] not a conj. Simp.

9 their] the D 15 to high Qq: from high T: thy
 high D: to like Simp. 35 Thar Q 1 41 vulgar
 Chet. 44 as] of Chet.

In pursuite of all amorous desires,
 Regard thine honour. Let not vehement
 sighes,

Nor earnest vowes importing feruent loue,
 Render thee subiect to the wrath of lust:

For that, transformed to form of sweete delight,
 Will bring thy bodie and thy soule to shame.

Chaste thoughts and modest conuersations,
 Of prooffe to keepe out all inchaunting vowes,

Vaine sighes, forst teares, and pittifull aspectes,
 Are they that make deformed Ladies faire,

Poore ritche: and such intycing men,
 That seeke of all but onely present grace,

Shall in perseuerance of a Virgins due
 Prefer the most refusers to the choyce

Of such a soule as yeelded what they thought.
 But hoe: where is Trotter?

[Here enters Trotter, the Millers man,
 to them: And they within call to him
 for their gryste.

Trotter. Wheres Trotter? why, Trotter is
 here. Yfaith, you aske your daughter go vp
 and downe weeping and wamenting, and
 keeping of a wamentation, as who should saye,
 the Mill would go with your wamenting.

Miller. How now, Trotter? why com-
 plainest thou so?

Trotter. Why, yonder is a company of yong
 men and maydes, keepe such a styr for their
 grist, that they would haue it before my stones
 be readie to grinde it. But, yfaith, I would
 I coude oreake winde enough backward: you
 should not tarrise for your gryst, I warrant you.

Miller. Content thee, Trotter, I will go
 pacifie them.

Trotter. I wis you will when I cannot.
 Why, looke, you haue a Mill—Why, whate
 your Mill without mee? Or rather, Mistres,
 what were I without you?

[Here he taketh Em about the neck.

Em. Nay, Trotter, if you fall achyding,
 I will giue you ouer.

Trotter. I chide you, dame, to amend you.
 You are too fyne to be a Millers daughter; for
 if you should but stoope to take vp the tole dish,
 you will haue the crampe in your finger at least
 ten weekes after.

Miller. Ah, well said, Trotter; teach her to
 plaie the good huswife, and thou shalt haue
 her to thy wife, if thou canst get her good will.

Trotter. Ah, words wherein I see Matrimonie

come loaden with kisses to salute me! Now
 let me alone to pick the Mill, to fill the hopper,
 to take the tole, to mend the sayles, yea, and
 to make the mill to goe with the verie force of
 my loue.

[Here they must call for their gryst within.

Trotter. I come, I come; yfaith, now you
 shall haue your gryst, or else Trotter will trot
 and amble himselfe to death.

[They call him againe. Exit.

(SCENE III.

The Danish Court.)

Enter king of Denmarke, with some attendants,
 Blanch his daughter, Mariana, Marques
 Lubeck, William disguised.

King of Denmarke. Lord Marques Lubecke,
 welcome home.

Welcome, braue Knight, vnto the Denmarke
 King,

For Williams sake, the noble Norman Duke,
 So famous for his fortunes and successe,
 That graceth him with name of Conqueror: s
 Right double welcome must thou be to vs.

Rob. Windsor. And to my Lord the king
 shall I recount

Your graces courtesous entertainment,
 That for his sake vouchsafe to honor me,
 A simple Knight attendant on his grace.

King Den. But saie, Sir Knight, what may
 I call your name?

Robert Windsor. Robert Windsor, and like
 your Maiestie.

King Den. I tell thee, Robert, I so admire
 the man

As that I count it haynous guilt in him
 That honors not Duke William with his heart.

Blanch, bid this straunger welcome, good my
 gyrlie.

Blanch. Sir,
 Should I neglect your highnes charge herein,
 It might be thought of base discourtesie.

Welcome, Sir Knight, to Denmarke, hartelle.
 Ro. Winds. Thanks, gentle Ladie. Lord

Marques, what is shee?

Lubeck. That same is Blanch, daughter to
 the King,

The substance of the shadow that you saw.
 Rob. Windsor. May this be shee, for whome
 I crost the Seas?

I am ashamde to think I was so fond.

In whom theres nothing that contents my mynd:
 Ill head, worse featurde, vncomly, nothing
 courtly;

Exeunt III. etc. add. T 17-19 One line Qq

58 form of conj. Simp.: former Qq 64 ritche pr. ed.:
 wretch Qq, etc.: ones rich conj. Simp. 68 thought
 sought conj. Simp. 70-4 Printed as verse in Qq, the
 lines ending here, weeping, wamentation, wamenting
 77-82 Verse in Q1: no lines 85-8, 91-5, 99-107 in Qq
 88 S. D. printed on margin and partly missing Qq

Swart and ill fauoured, a Colliers sanguin
skinne.

I neuer sawe a harder fauoured slut.
Loue her? for what? I can no whit abide
her. 30

King of Denmark. Mariana, I haue this day
receiued letters

From *Swethia*, that lets me vnderstand
Your raunsome is collecting there with speede,
And shortly shalbe hither sent to vs.

Mariana. Not that I finde occasion of
mislike 35

My entertainment in your graces court,
But that I long to see my natieue home—

King Den. And reason haue you, Madam,
for the same.

Lord *Marques*, I commit vnto your charge
The entertainement of Sir *Robert* here; 40
Let him remaine with you within the Court,
In solace and disport to spend the time.

Robert Wind. I thank your highnes, whose
bounden I remaine.

[Exit *King of Denmark.*

Blanch speaketh this secretly at one end of
the stage. Vnhappie *Blanch*, what strange
effects are these 44

That workes within my thoughts confusedly?
That still, me thinks, affection drawes me on,
To take, to like, nay more, to loue this Knight?

Robert Wind. A modest countenance; no
heaueie sullen looke;

Not verie fayer, but richly deckt with fauour;
A sweete face, an exceeding daintie hand; 50
A bodie were it framed of wax
By all the cunning artists of the world,
It could not better be proportioned.

Lubeck. How now, Sir *Robert*? in a studie,
man?

Here is no tyme for contemplation. 55

Robert Windsor. My Lord, there is a certaine
odd conceite,

Which on the sudden greatly troubles me.

Lubeck. How like you *Blaunch*? I partly
do perceiue

The little boy hath played the wagg with you.

Sir *Robert.* The more I looke the more I
loue to looke. 60

Who sayes that Mariana is not faire?
He gage my gauntlet gainst the enuious
man

That dares auowe there liueth her compare.

Lubeck. Sir *Robert*, you mistake your coun-
terfeit.

This is the Ladie which you came to see. 65

Sir *Robert.* Yea, my Lord: Shee is coun-
terfait in deede,

35 to mislike 43 hightnes Q 1 S. D. after 42 Q q

For there is the substance that best contents
me.

Lubeck. That is my loue. Sir *Robert*, you
do wrong me.

Robert. The better for you, sir, she is your
Loue—

As for the wrong, I see not how it growes. 70

Lubeck. In seeking that which is anothers
right.

Robert. As who should saie your loue were
priuileged,

That none might looke vpon her but your selfe.

Lubeck. These iarres becomes not our
familiaritie,

Nor will I stand on termes to moue your
patience. 75

Robert. Why, my Lord, am
Not I of flesh and bloud as well as you?

Then giue me leaue to loue as well as you.

Lubeck. To Loue, Sir *Robert*? but whome?
not she I Loue?

Nor stands it with the honor of my state 80
To brooke corriuals with me in my loue.

Robert. So, Sir, we are thorough for that
L(ady).

Ladies, farewell. Lord *Marques*, will you go?
I will finde a time to speake with her, I trowe.

Lubeck. With all my heart. Come, Ladies,
wil you walk? [Exit.

(SCENE IV.

The English Court.)

Enter Manuile alone, disguised.

Manuile. Ah, Em! the subiect of my rest-
lesse thoughts,

The Annyle whereupon my heart doth be
Framing thy state to thy desert—

Full yll this life becomes thy heauenly looke,
Wherein sweete loue and vertue sits enthroned.

Bad world, where riches is esteemd about
them both, 6

In whose base eyes nought else is bountifull!
A Millers daughter, sayes the multitude,

Should not be loued of a Gentleman.
But let them breath their soules into the ayre,

Yet will I still affect thee as my selfe, 11
So thou be constant in thy plightened vowe.

But here comes one—I wil listen to his talke.
[*Manuile* states, hiding himselfe.

[Enter *Valingford* at another dore, disguised.

Valingford. Goe, *William Conqueror*, and
seeke thy loue.

67 best contents me] contents me best WP 76-7
One line Qq Scene IV. etc. add. T 13 S. D. in-
complete in Q 1 because printed too near the margin of the
page: Copy in Bodl. contains only Man . . hidin . . selfe

Seeke thou a mynion in a forren land, 15
Whilset I drawe back and court my loue at home.

The millers daughter of faire Manchester
Hath bound my feete to this delightsome soyle,
And from her eyes do dart such golden beames

That holdes my harte in her subiection. 20
Manulle. He ruminates on my beloued choyce:

God graunt he come not to preuent my hope.
But heres another, him yle listen to.

[Enter *Mountney*, disguised, at another dore.

L. Mountney. Nature vniust, in vtterance of thy art,

To grace a pesant with a Princes famel 25
Pesant am I, so to misterme my loue:
Although a millers daughter by her birth,
Yet may her beautie and her vertues well suffice

To hyde the blemish of her birth in hell,
Where neither enuious eyes nor thought can perce, 30

But endlesse darknesse euer smother it.
Goe, *William Conqueror*, and seeke thy loue,
Whilset I drawe back and court mine owne the while,

Decking her bodie with such costly robes
As may become her beauties worthynes; 35
That so thy labors may be laughed to scorne,
And she thou seekest in forraine regions
Be darkened and eclipsed when she arriues
By one that I haue chosen neerer home.

Manulle. What! comes he to, to intercept my loue? 40

Then hye thee *Manulle* to forestall such foes.
[Exit *Manulle*.

Mountney. What now, Lord *Valingford*, are you behind?

The king had chosen you to goe with him.

Valingford. So chose he you, therefore I marueile much

That both of vs should linger in this sort. 45
What may the king imagine of our stay?

Mountney. The king may iustly think we are to blame:

But I imagined I might well be spared,
And that no other man had borne my mind.

Valingford. The like did I: in frendship then resolute 50

What is the cause of your vnlookt for stay?

Mountney. Lord *Valingford*, I tell thee as a friend,

Loue is the cause why I haue stayed behind.

Valingford. Loue, my Lord? of whome?

Mountney. Em, the millers daughter of Manchester. 55

Valingford. But may this be?

Mountney. Why not, my Lord? I hope full well you know

That loue respectes no difference of state,
So beautie serue to stirr affection.

Valingford. But this it is that makes me wonder most: 60

That you and I should be of one conseite
In such a straunge vnlike passion.

Mountney. But is that true? My Lord, I hope you do but iest.

Valingford. I would I did; then were my grieue the lease.

Mountney. Nay, neuer grieue; for if the cause be such 65

To ioyne our thoughts in such a Simpathy,
All enuie set asyde, let vs agree

To yeeld to eythers fortune in this choyce.

Valingford. Content, say I: and whatso ere befall, 69

Shake hands, my Lord, and fortune thrue at all.
[Exeunt.]

(ACT II.

SCENE I. *Manchester. The Mill.*)

Enter Em and Trotter, the Millers man, with a kerchife on his head, and an Vrinnall in his hand.

Em. Trotter, where haue you beene?

Trotter. Where haue I bene? why, what signifies this?

Em. A kerchiefe, doth it not?

Trotter. What call you this, I praye? 5

Em. I saie it is an Vrinnall.

Trotter. Then this is mystically to giue you to vnderstand, I haue beene at the Phismicaries house.

Em. How long haat thou beene sicke? 10

Trotter. Yfaith, euen as long as I haue not beene halfe well, and that hath beene a long time.

Em. A loytering time, I rather imagine.
Trot. It may be so: but the Phismicary tels me that you can help me. 16

Em. Why, any thing I can do for recouerie of thy health be right well assured of.

Trot. Then giue me your hand.

Em. To what end? 20

Trotter. That the ending of an old indenture is the beginning of a new bargaine.

Em. What bargaine?

55 Of Em WP 70 o'er all conj. Simp. Act II.
Scene I. D: Scene V. T

Trot. That you promised to do any thing to
reouer my helth. 25

Em. On that condition I giue thee my
hand.

Trot. Ah, sweete *Em*!

[*Here he offers to kisse her.*

Em. How now, *Trotter*! your maisters
daughter? 30

Trot. Yfaith, I aime at the fairest.

Ah, *Em*, sweet *Em*!

Fresh as the flowre,

That hath poure

To wound my harte,

And ease my smart,

Of me, poore theefe,

In prison bounde—

Em. So all your ryme

Lies on the grounde.

But what meanes this?

Trot. Ah, marke the deuise—

For thee, my loue,

Full sicke I was,

In hazard of my life.

Thy promise was

To make me whole,

And for to be my wife

Let me inioue

My loue, my deere,

And thou possesse

Thy *Trotter* here.

Em. But I meant no such matter.

Trot. Yes, wooe, but you did. Ile goe to
our Parson, Sir John, and he shall mumble vp
the marriage out of hand. 56

Em. But here comes one that will forbid
the Banes. [*Here enters Manulle to them.*

Trotter. Ah, Sir, you come too late.

Manulle. What remedie, *Trotter*? 60

Em. Goe, *Trotter*, my father calles.

Trotter. Would you haue me goe in, and
leauie you two here?

Em. Why, darest thou not trust me?

Trotter. Yes, faith, euen as long as I see
you. 66

Em. Goe thy waies, I praye thee hartely.

Trotter. That same word (hartely) is of
great force. I will goe. But I praye, sir,
beware you come not too neere the wench. 70

[*Exit Trotter.*

Manulle. I am greatly beholding to you.

Ah, Maistres, sometime I might haue said, my
loue,

But time and fortune hath bereued me of that,

31-40 Six lines *Qq.* ending fairest, flowre, harte,
theefe, bound, ground 34 the power *Simp.*: the
poure WP 43-52 Four lines *Qq.* ending life, wife,
deere, here 50 Thy loue WP

And I, an abiect in those gratioous eyes,
That with remorse earst sawe into my grieffe,
May sit and sigh the sorowes of my heart. 76

Em. In dede my *Manulle* hath some cause
to doubt,

When such a Swaine is riual in his loue!

Manulle. Ah, *Em*, were he the man that
causeth this mistrust,

I should esteeme of thee as at the first. 80

Em. But is my loue in earnest all this
while?

Manulle. Beleeue me, *Em*, it is net time to
iest,

When others ioyes, what lately I possest.

Em. If touching loue my *Manulle* charge
me thus,

Vnkindly must I take it at his handes, 85
For that my conscience cleeres me of offence.

Manulle. Ah, impudent and shamelesse in
thy ill,

That with thy cunning and defraudfull tounge
Seekes to delude the hopest meaning minde!

Was neuer heard in *Manchester* before 90
Of truer loue then hath beene betwixte vs
twaine:

And for my parte how I haue hazarded
Displeasure of my father and my freindes,

Thy selfe can witnes. Yet notwithstanding
this, 94

Two gentlemen attending on *Duke William*,
Mountney and *Valingsford*, as I heard them
named,

Offt times resort to see and to be seene
Walking the streete fast by thy fathers dore,

Whose glauncing eyes vp to the windowes cast
Giues testies of their Maisters amorous hart.

This, *Em*, is noted and too much talked on,
Some see it without mistrust of ill— 102

Others there are that, scorning, grynne thereat,
And saith, 'There goes the millers daughters
woopers'.

Ah me, whome chiefly and most of all it doth
concerne, c 105

To spend my time in grieffe and vexe my
soule,

To thinke my loue should be rewarded thus,
And for thy sake abhorre all womenkind!

Em. May not a maide looke vpon a man
Without suspitious iudgement of the world?

Manulle. If sight do moue offence, it is the
better not to see. 111

But thou didst more, vnconstant as thou art,
For with them thou hadst talke and con-
ference.

74 I am *Qq.*: I, an *Simp.* 89 seekese *Q I* 91
true louer *Q I* 95 genlemen *Q I* 111 it is the
'tis conj. *Simp.*: 'tis th' WP

Em. May not a maide talke with a man
without mistrust?

Manuile. Not with such men suspected
amorous. 115

Em. I grieve to see my *Manuile* ielousie.
Manuile. Ah, *Em*, faithfull loue is full of
ielousie.

So did I loue thee true and faithfully,
For which I am rewarded most vnthankfully.

[*Exit in a rage. Manet Em.*]

[*Em.*] And so awaie? What, in displeasure
gone, 120

And left me such a bittersweete to gnawe vpon?
Ah, *Manuile*, little wottest thou
How neere this parting goeth to my heart.
Vncourteous loue, whose followers reapes
reward

Of hate, disdaine, reproach and infamie, 125
The fruit of frantike, bedlome ielozie!

[*Here enter Mountney to Em.*]

But here comes one of these suspicious men:
Witnes, my God, without desert of me,
For onely *Manuile*, honor I in harte,
Nor shall vnkindnes cause me from him to
starte. 130

Mountney. For this good fortune, Venus,
be thou blest,
To meete my loue, the mistres of my heart,
Where time and place giues oportunitie
At full to let her vnderstand my loue.

[*He turnes to Em & offers to take her by
the hand, & shee goes from him.*]

Faire mistres, since my fortune sorts so well,
Heare you a word. What meaneth this? 136
Nay, stay, faire *Em*.

Em. I am going homewards, syr.

Mountney. Yet stay, sweete loue, to whom
I must disclose

The hidden secrets of a louers thoughts,
Not doubting but to finde such kinde remorse
As naturally you are enclyned to. 141

Em. The Gentle-man, your friend, Syr,
I haue not seene him this foure dayes at the
least.

Mountney. Whats that to me? 144

I speak not, sweete, in person of my friend,
But for my selfe, whom, if that loue deserue
To haue regard, being honourable loue,
Not base affects of loose lasciuious loue,
Whome youthfull wantons play and dally
with,

But that vnites in honourable bands of holy
rytes, 150

And knits the sacred knot that Gods—

[*Here Em cuts him off.*]

120 *Profr om. Qq*
honourable *om. WP*

144-5 *One line Q I*

150

Em. What meane you, sir, to keepe me
here so long?

I cannot vnderstand you by your sygnes;
You keepe a prating with your lippes, 154
But neuer a word you speake that I can heare.

Mountney. What, is shee deafe? a great
impediment.

Yet remedies there are for such defects.
Sweete *Em*. it is no little griefto mee,
To see, where nature in her pryde of art 159
Hath wrought perfectiona ritch and admir-
able—

Em. Speake you to mee, Sir?

Mountney. To thee, my onely ioy.

Em. I cannot heare you.

Mountney. Oh, plague of Fortune! Oh,
hell without compare!
What bootes it vs to gaze and not enjoy?

Em. Fare you well, Sir. 165

[*Exit Em. Manet Mountney.*]

Mountney. Fare well, my loue. Nay, fare-
well life and all!

Could I procure redresse for this infirmitle,
It might be meanes shee would regard my
sute.

I am acquainted with the Kings Phisitions,
Amongst the which theres one mine honest
friend, 170

Seignior Alberto, a verie learned man.
His iudgement will I haue to help this ill.

Ah, *Em*, faire *Em*, if Art can make thee whole,
He buy that sence for thee, although it cost
mee deere.

But, *Mountney*, stay: this may be but deceit,
A matter fained onely to delude thee, 176
And, not vnlike, perhaps by *Valingford*.

He loues faire *Em* as well as I—
As well as I? ah, no, not halfe so well.

Put case: yet may he be thine enimie, 180
And giue her counsell to dissemble thus.

He try the euent and if it fall out so,
Frindship, farewell: Loue makes me now a foe.
[*Exit Mountney.*]

(SCENE II.

An Ante-Chamber at the Danish Court.)

Enter Marques Lubeck and Mariana.

Mariana. Trust me, my Lord, I am sorie
for your hurt.

Lubeck. Gramercie, Madam; but it is not
great:

Onely a thrust, prickt with a Rapiers point. 3

Mariana. How grew the quarrel, my Lord?

Lubeck. Sweete Ladie, for thy sake. There

172 *haue* *crave conij. Supp.* Scene II. D: Act II.
Scene I. T. 5-22 *Vinc Qq*

was this last night two maskes in one company, myselfe the foremost. The other strangers were: amongst the which, when the Musick began to sound the Measures, eche Masker made choice of his Ladie; and one, more forward than the rest, stept towards thee, which I perceiuing, thrust him aside, and tooke thee my selfe. But this was taken in so ill parte that at my comming out of the court gate, with iustling together, it was my chaunce to be thrust into the arme. The doer thereof, because he was the originall cause of the disorder at that inconuenient time, was presently committed, and is this morning sent for to answer the matter. And I think here he comes.

[Here enters Sir Robert of Windsor with a Gaylor.

What, Sir Robert of Windsor, how now?

Sir Robert. Yfaith, my Lord, a prisoner: but what ayles your arme?

Lubeck. Hurte the last night by mischaunce.

Sir Robert. What, not in the maske at the Court gate?

Lubeck. Yes, trust me, there.

Sir Rob. Why then, my Lorde, I thank you for my nights lodging.

Lubeck. And I you for my hurt, if it were so. Keeper, awaie, I discharge you of your prisoner. [Exit the Keeper.

Sir Robert. Lord Marques, you offered me disgrace to shoulder me.

Lubeck. Sir, I knew you not, and therefore you must pardon me, and the rather it might be alleaged to me of meare simplicitie to see another daunce with my Maistris, disguysed, and I my selfe in presence. But seeing it was our happes to damnifie each other vnwillingly, let vs be content with our harmes, and laye the fault where it was, and so become friendes.

Sir Robert. Yfaith, I am content with my nights lodging, if you be content with your hurt.

Lubeck. Not content that I haue it, but content to forget how I came by it.

Sir Robert. My Lord, here comes Ladie Blanch, lets away. [Enter Blanch.

Lubeck. With good will. Ladie, you will staie?

[Exit Lubeck and Sir Robert.

Mariana. Madam—

Blanch. Mariana, as I am grieved with thy presence: so am I not offended for thy absence; and were it not a breach to modestie, thou shouldst know before I left thee.

Mariana. How neare is this humor to

madnesse! If you should on as you begyn, you are in a pretie waie to scoulding.

Blanch. To scoulding, huswife?

Mariana. Maddam, here comes one.

[Here enters one with a letter.

Blanch. There doth in deed. Fellow, wouldest thou haue any thing with any bodie here?

Messenger. I haue a letter to deliuer to the Ladie Mariana.

Blanch. Giue it me.

Messen. There must none but shee haue it.

Blanch snatcheth the letter from him. Et exit messenger. Go to, foolish fellow. And therefore, to ease the anger I sustaine, Ile be so bolde to open it. Whats here? Sir Robert greets you well? You, Maistris, his loue, his life? Oh amorous man, how he entertaines his new Maistres; and bestowes on Lubeck, his old friend, a horne night capp to keepe in his with.

Mariana. Maddam, though you haue discourteously redd my letter, yet I praye you giue it me.

Blanch. Then take it: there, and there, and therel [She teares it. Et exit Blanch.

Mariana. How farr doth this differ from modestie! Yet will I gather vp the peeces, which happellie may shew to me the intent thereof, though not the meaning.

[She gathers vpp the peeces and ioynes them. Your seruant and loue, sir Robert of Windsor, Alias William the Conqueror, wisheth long health and happinesse. Is this William the Conqueror, shrouded vnder the name of sir Robert of Windsor? Were he the Monarch of the world he should not dispose Lubeck of his Loue. Therefore I will to the Court, and there, if I can, close to be friendes with Ladie Blanch; and thereby keepe Lubeck, my Loue, for my selfe, and further the Ladie Blanch in her sute, as much as I may. [Exit.

(SCENE III.

Manchester. The Mill.)

Enter Em sola.

Em. Ieloeie, that sharpenes the louers sight, And makes him conceiue and conster his intent,

Hath so bewitched my louely Manuils senses That he misdoubts his Em, that loues his soule;

60 If you Q1 71-98 Verse Qq 74 Your Maistris Qq 77 old Chet. 83 Q1 repeats the prior Mariana before this line 89 Alias Qq Scene III. D: Scene II. T S.D. solus Qq

He doth suspect corriuals in his loue, 5
Which, how vntrue it is, be iudge, my God!
But now no more—Here commeth *Valingford*;
Shift him off now, as thou hast done the other.

Enter Valingford.

Valingf. See how Fortune presents me
with the hope I lookt for. Faire *Em*! 10
Em. Who is that?

Valingf. I am *Valingford*, thy loue and
friend.

Em. I cry you mercie, Sir; I thought so by
your speech. 15

Valingf. What ayleth thy eyes?

Em. Oh blinde, Sir, blinde, stricken blind, by
misshap, on a sudden.

Valingf. But is it possible you should be
taken on such a suddain? Infortunate *Valing-*
ford, to be thus crost in thy loue! Faire *Em*,
I am not a little sorie to see this thy hard hap.
Yet neuertheless, I am acquainted with a
learned Phisitian that will do any thing for
thee at my request. To him will I resort, and
enquire his iudgement, as concerning the
recouerie of so excellent a sence. 27

Em. Oh Lord, Sir: and of all things I cannot
abide Phisicke, the verie name thereof to me
is odious.

Valingford. No? not the thing will doe thee
so much good? Sweete *Em*, hether I came to
parley of loue, hoping to haue found thee in
thy wonted prosperitie; and haue the gods so
vnmercifully thwarted my expectation, by
dealing so sinisterly with thee, sweete *Em*?

Em. Good sir, no more, it fits not me 37
To haue respect to such vaine fantasies
As idle loue presentes my eares withall.
More reason I should ghostlie giue my selfe
To sacred prayers for this my former sinne,
For which this plague is iustly fallen vpon me,
Then to harken to the vanities of loue. 43

Valingford. Yet, sweet *Em*,
Accept this iewell at my hand, which I
Bestowe on thee in token of my loue.

Em. A iewell, sir! what pleasure can I haue
In iewels, treasure, or any worldly thing
That want my sight that should desernethereoff?
Ah, sir, I must leave you: 50
The paine of mine eyes is so extreame,
I cannot long staie in a place. I take my
leau. [Exit *Em*.

Valingford. Zoundes, what a crosse is this
to my conceit! But, *Valingford*, serch the
depth of this deuise. Why may not this be

16 thine Q 2 19-36 Thine Qq 41-6 Thine lina
Qq. ending hand, loue 53-63 Thine Qq

fained subtiltie, by *Mountneyes* inuention, to
the intent that I seeing such occasion should
leau off my sute and not any more perseute
to sollicite her of loue? He trie the euent; if
I can by any meanes perceau the effect of
this deceyte to be procured by his meanes,
freind *Mountney*, the one of vs is like to repent
our bargaine. [Exit.

(ACT III.

SCENE I. The Danish Court.)

Enter Mariana and Marques Lubeck.

Lubeck. Ladie,
Sincē that occasion, forward in our good,
Presenteth place and opportunitie,
Let me intreat your woonted kind consent
And freindly furtherance in a suite I haue. 5

Mariana. My Lord, you know you neede
not to intreat,

But may commaund *Mariana* to her power,
Be it no impeachment to my honest fame.

Lubeck. Free are my thoughts from such
base villanie

As may in question, Ladie, call your name: 10
Yet is the matter of such consequence,

Standing vpon my honorable credit,
To be effected with such zeale and secrecie

As, should I speake and faile my expectation,
It would redound greatly to my preiudice. 15

Mariana. My Lord, wherein hath *Mariana*
giuen you

Occasion that you should mistrust, or else
Be ielous of my secrecie?

Lubeck. *Mariana*, do not misconster of me:
I not mistrust thee, nor thy secrecie; 20

Nor let my loue misconster my intents,
Nor think thereof but well and honorable.

Thus stands the case:

Thou knowest from England hether came with
me

Robert of Windsor, a noble man at Armes, 25
Lustie and valiant, in spring time of his yeares:

No maruell then though he proue amorous.

Mariana. True, my Lord, he came to see
faire *Blanch*.

Lubeck. No, *Mariana*, that is not it. His
loue to *Blanch* 29

Was then extinct, when first he sawe thy face.
'Tis thee he loues; yea, thou art onely shee
That is maistres and commander of his
thoughts.

Act III. Scene I. D: Scene III. T 1-2 One line
Qq: dir. D 15 I would Q 1 16-18 Two lines
Qq, dir. after occasion: dir. after Mariana, mistrust D
20-30 Three lines Qq, ending it, extinct, facu 29
not] non Q 1 Blanch Q 1

Mariana. Well, well, my Lord, I like you,
for such driftes

Put silly Ladies often to their shifts. 34
Off haue I heard you saye you loued me
well,

Yes, sworne the same, and I beleued you to.
Can this be found an action of good faith
Thus to dissemble where you found true loue?

Lubeck. *Mariana,* I not dissemble, on mine
honour, 39

Nor failes my faith to thee. But for my friend,
For princely William, by whom thou shalt
possesse

The tittle of estate and Maiestie,
Fitting thy loue, and vertues of thy minde—

For him I speake, for him do I intreat,
And with thy fauour fully do resigne 45

To him the claime and interest of my loue.
Sweete *Mariana*, then, denie mee not:

Loue William, loue my friend, and honour
mee,

Who els is cleane dishonored by thy meanes.

Mariana. Borne to mishap, my selfe am
onely shée 50

On whome the Sunne of Fortune neuer shyned:
But Planets rulse by retrogard aspect

Foretolde mine yll in my natiuitie.

Lubeck. Sweete Ladie, seace, let my
intreatie serue

To pacifie the passion of thy grieffe, 55
Which, well I know, proceedes of ardent loue.

Mariana. But *Lubeck* now regards not
Mariana.

Lubeck. Euen as my life, so loue I *Mariana.*

Mariana. Why do you poste mee to an-
other then?

Lubeck. He is my friend, and I do loue the
man. 60

Mariana. Then will *Duke William* robb
me of my Loue?

Lubeck. No, as his life *Mariana* he doth
loue.

Mariana. Speake for your selfe, my Lord,
let him alone.

Lubeck. So do I, Madam, for he and I am
one.

Mariana. Then louing you I do content
you both. 65

Lubeck. In louing him, you shall content
vs both:

Me, for I craue that fauour at your handes,
He, for (he) hopes that comfort at your
handes.

Mariana. Leauē of, my Lord, here comes
the Ladie *Blaunch*.

42 and estate of D
he add. T

68 Him, for he hopes *Simp*.

Enter Blaunch to them.

Lubeck. Hard hap to breake vs of our talke
so soone! 70

Sweet *Mariana*, doe remember me.

[*Exit Lubeck.*]

Mariana. Thy *Mariana* cannot chuse but
remember thee.

Blaunch. *Mariana*, well met. You are verie
forward in your Loue? 75

Mariana. Madam, be it in secret spoken
to your selfe, if you wil but follow the com-
plot I haue inuented, you will not think me

so forward as your selfe shall proue fortunātē.

Blaunch. As how? 80

Mariana. Madam, as thus: It is not
vnknown to you that *Sir Robert* of *Windsor*,

a man that you do not little esteeme, hath
long importuned me of Loue; but rather then

I will be found false or vnjust to the *Marques*
Lubeck, I will, as did the constant ladie

Penelope, vndertake to effect some great taske.

Blaunch. What of all this? 88

Mariana. The next tyme that *Sir Robert*
shall come in his woonted sort to solicit me

with Loue, I will seeme to agree and like of
any thing that the Knight shal demandaund, so

far forth as it be no impeachment to my
chastitie: And, to conclude, poynt some place

for to meete the man, for my conueliance from
the *Denmarke* Court: which determined vpon,

he will appoynt some certaine time for our
departure: whereof you hauing intelligence,

you may soone set downe a plot to were the
English Crowne, and than— 100

Blanch. What then?

Mariana. If *Sir Robert* proue a King and
you his Queene, how than?

Blanch. Were I assured of the one, as I am
perswaded of the other, there were some pos-
sibilitie in it. But here comes the man. 106

Mariana. Madam, begon, and you shall see
I will worke to your desire and my content.

[*Exit Blanch.*]

(*Enter W. Conqueror.*)

William Con. Ladie, this is well and hap-
pelie met.

Fortune hetherto hath beene my foe, 110
And though I haue oft sought to speake with you,

Yet still I haue beene crost with sinister happs.
I cannot, Madame, tell a louing tale

Or court my Maistres with fabulous discourses,
That am a souldier sworne to folloewe armes:

70-106 Vers Qq

Enter, etc. om. Qq

Fortune *Simp*.

100, 103 then Q 2

109 Sweet Lady WP

114 discourses Q1

108 S. D.

110 For

But this I bluntly let you vnderstand, 116
I honor you with such religious Zeale
As may become an honorable minde.

Nor may I make my loue the seage of Troye,
That am a stranger in this Countrie. 120

First, what I am I know you are resouled,
For that my friend hath let you that to vnder-
stand,

The *Marques Lubeck*, to whome I am so bound
That whilst I liue I count me onely his.

Mariana. Surely you are beholding to the
Marques, 125

For he hath bene an earnest spokes-man in
your cause.

William. And yealdes my Ladie, then, at
his request,

To grace Duke *William* with her gracious loue?

Mariana. My Lord, I am a prisoner, 129
And hard it were to get me from the Courte.

William. An easie matter to get you from
the Court,

If case that you will thereto giue consent.

Mariana. Put case I should, how would
you vse me than?

William. Not otherwise but well and
honorably.

I haue at Sea a shipp that doth attend, 135
Which shall forthwith conducte vs into
England,

Where when we are, I straight will marrie
thee.

We may not stay deliberating long,
Least that suspition, enuious of our weale,

Set in a foote to hinder our pretence. 140

Mariana. But this I think were most con-
uenient,

To maske my face, the better to scape
vnknown.

William. A good deuise: till then, Farwell,
faire loue.

Mariana. But this I must intreat your
grace,

You would not seeke by lust vnlawfully 145
To wrong my chaste determinations.

William. I hold that man most shameles
in his sinne

That seekes to wrong an honest Ladies name
Whome he thinkeas worthie of his mariage bed.

Mariana. In hope your othe is true, 150
I leaue your grace till the appointed tyme.

[*Exit Mariana*.]

William. O happie *William*, blessed in thy
loue,

Most fortunate in *Marianas* louel

122 you t' vnderstand *Simp*. 129-30 *Dic*. after
were *Q*; 3 times *WF*, ending Lord, were, Court
138 then *Q* 3

Well, *Lubeck*, well, this courtesie of thine 154
I will requite, if God permit me life. [*Exit*.]

(SCENE II.

Manchester. Near the Mill.)

*Enter Valingford and Mountney at two sundrie
doores, looking angrily each on other with
Rapiers drawn.*

Mountney. *Valingford*, so hardlie I digest
An iniurie thou hast profered me,

As, were (it) not that I detest to doe
What stands not with the honor of my name,

Thy death should paie thy ransome of thy fault.

Valingford. And, *Mountney*, had not my
reuenging wrath, 6

Incenat with more than ordinarie loue,
Beene loth for to depriue thee of thy life,

Thou hadst not liude to braue me as thou doest.
Wretch as thou arte, 10

Wherein hath *Valingford* offended thee?
That honourable bond which late we did

Confirme in presence of the Gods,
When with the Conqueror we arriued here,

For my part hath bene kept inuolably, 15
Till now too much abused by thy villanie,

I am enforced to cancell all those bands,
By hating him which I so well did loue.

Mountney. Subtil thou art, and cunning in
thy frawd,

That, giuing me occasion of offence, 20
Thou pickst a quarrell to excuse thy shame.

Why, *Valingford*, was it not enough for thee
To be a ryuall twixt me and my loue,

But counsell her, to my no small disgrace,
That, when I came to talke with her of loue,

She should seeme deafe, as fayning not to
heare? 26

Valingford. But hath shee, *Mountney*, vsed
thee as thou sayest?

Mountney. Thou knowest too well shee
hath:

Wherein thou couldest not do me greater
iniurie.

Valingford. Then I perceiue we are deluded
both. 30

For when I offered many gifts of Gold,
And Jewels to entreat for loue,

Shee hath refused them with a coy disdain,
Alledging that shee could not see the Sunne.

The same coniectured I to be thy drift, 35

Scene II. D Manchester *etc. pr. ed.*: England.
Country near the Court T 1-4 Three lines *Q*;
ending iniurie, stands, name 3 were it D: were
Q 1: wert Q 2 5 thy ransome] the ransom T
8 loth *pr. ed.*: such *Q*, *etc.* 9-10 One line *Q*: dit. D
12 Line ends confirme *Q*; *corr.* D 31-3 Two lines
Q;
Q, dit. after Jewels: *corr.* D

That fayning so shee might be ridd of mee.
Mountney. The like did I by thee. But are
 not these
 Naturall impediments?
Valingford. In my coniecture merely coun-
 terfeit:
 Therefore lets ioyne hands in frindship once
 againe, 40
 Since that the iarre grewe only by coniecture.
Mountney. With all my heart: Yet lets
 trye the truth hereof.
Valingf. With right good will. We wil
 straight vnto her father,
 And there to learne whither it be so or no.
 [Exeunt.]

(SCENE III.

Outside the Danish Palace.)

*Enter William and Blanch disguised, with a
 maske ouer her face.*

William. Come on, my loue, the comfort of
 my life.
 Disguised thus we may remaine vnknown,
 And get we once to Seas, I force not then,
 We quickly shall attaine the English shore.
Blanch. But this I vrge you with your
 former oath: 5

You shall not seeke to violate mine honour,
 Vntill our marriage rights be all performed.

William. *Mariana*, here I sweare to thee
 by heauen,

And by the honour that I beare to Armes,
 Neuer to seeke or craue at hands of thee 10
 The spoyle of honourable chastitie,
 Vntill we do attaine the English coast,
 Where thou shalt be my right espoused
 Queene.

Blanch. In hope your oath proceedeth from
 your heart,

Let's leaue the Court, and betake vs to his
 power 15

That gouernes all things to his mightie will,
 And will reward the iust with endlesse ioye,
 And plague the bad with most extreame annoy.

William. Lady, as little tarriance as wee
 may,

Least some misfortune happen by the way. 20
 [Exit Blanch & William.]

(SCENE IV.

Manchester. The Mill.)

Enter the Miller, his man Trotter, & Manuile.

Miller. I tell you, sir, it is no little grieffe

37-8 One line Qq: dir. D 42 thereof Q 2 Scene
 111. D Outside . . Palace pr. cd. Scene IV.
 add. D 1-94 Verse Qq

to mee, you should so hardly conseit of my
 daughter, whose honest report, though I saie
 it, was neuer blotted with any title of defama-
 tion. 5

Manuile. Father Miller, the repaire of those
 gentlemen to your house hath giuen me great
 occasion to mislike.

Miller. As for those gentlemen, I neuer
 saw in them any euill intreatie. But should
 they haue profered it, her chaste minde hath
 prooue enough to preuent it. 12

Trotter. Those gentlemen are as honest as
 euer I sawe: For yfaith one of them gaue
 me six pence to fetch a quart of Seck.—See,
 maister, here they come. 16

Enter Mountney and Valingford.

Miller. Trotter, call Em. Now they are
 here together, Ile haue this matter thoroughly
 debated. [Exit Trotter.]

Mountney. Father, well met. We are
 come to conferre with you. 21

Manuile. Nay, with his daughter rather.

Valingford. Thus it is, father, we are come
 to craue your frindship in a matter.

Miller. Gentlemen, as you are strangers to
 me, yet by the waie of courtesie you shall
 demanda any reasonable thing at my hands.

Manuile. What, is the matter so forward
 they came to craue his good will? 29

Valingford. It is giuen vs to vnderstand
 that your daughter is sodenly become both
 blind and deafe.

Miller. Marie, God forbid! I haue sent for
 her. In deed, she hath kept her chamber this
 three daies. It were no litle grieffe to me if it
 should be so. 36

Manuile. This is Gods iudgement for her
 trecherie.

Enter Trotter, leading Em.

Miller. Gentlemen, I feare your wordes
 are too true. See where Trotter comes leading
 of her.—What ayles my Em? Not blind, I
 hope? 42

Em. (Aside) *Mountney* and *Valingford* both
 together! And *Manuile*, to whom I haue
 faithfullie vowed my loue! Now, Em, sud-
 denly helpe thy selfe.

Mountney. This is no dessembling, *Valing-
 ford.*

Valingford. If it be, it is cunningly con-
 triued of all sides. 50

Em. (Aside to Trotter) Trotter, lend me
 thy hand, and as thou louest me, keepe my

29 came Q 1: come Q 2, etc. 40 two true Qq S. D.
 Aside add. T 49 If ir be Q 1 51 S. D. add. WP

counsell, and iustifie what so euer I saie and
Ile largely requite thee. 54

Trotter. Ah, thats as much as to saie you
would tell a monstrous, terrible, horrible, out-
ragious lie, and I shall sooth it—no, berladiel!

Em. My present extremitie wills me,—if
thou loue me, *Trotter.*

Trotter. That same word loue makes me to
doe any thing. 61

Em. *Trotter*, wheres my father?

Trotter. Why, what a blynd dunce are you,
can you not see? He standeth right before
you. [*He thrusts Em vpon her father.*]

Em. Is this my father?—Good father, giue
me leaue to sit where I may not be disturbed,
sith God hath visited me both of my sight and
hearing. 69

Miller. Tell me, sweete Em, how came
this blindnes? Thy eyes are louely to looke
on, and yet haue they lost the benefit of their
sight. What a grieve is this to thy poore
father! 74

Em. Good father, let me not stand as an
open gazing stock to euerie one, but in a place
alone, as fits a creature so miserable. 77

Miller. *Trotter*, lead her in, the vtter ouer-
throwe of poore *Goddardes* ioy and onely
solace. [*Exit the Miller, Trotter and Em.*]

Manulle. Both blind and deaf! Then is
she no wife for me; and glad am I so good
occasion is hapned: Now will I awaie to
Chester, and leaue these gentlemen to their
blind fortune. [*Exit Manulle.*]

Mourtney. Since fortune hath thus spite-
fully crost our hope, let vs leaue this quest
and harken after our King, who is at this daie
landed at *Lirpoole*. [*Exit Mourtney.*]

Valingford. Goe, my Lord, He follow you.—
Well, now *Mourtney* is gone, Ile staie behind
to solicit my louse; for I imagine that I shall
find this but a fained inuention, thereby to
haue vs leaue off our sutes. 94

(*Exit Valingford.*)

(SCENE V.

The Danish Court.)

*Enter Marques Lubeck and the King of Den-
mark, angrily with some attendants.*

Zweno K. Well, *Lubeck*, well, it is not
possible

But you must be contenting to this acte?

Is this the man so highly you extold?

And playe a parte so hatefull with his friend?

65 S. D. after 62 Qq 84 *Chester D:* Manchester Qq
87 quack T: guest Qq 88 harken J: hasten S. D.
add. D Scene V. add. D The Court T

Since first he came with thee into the court, 5
What entertainement and what countenance
He hath receiued, none better knowes than
thou.

In recompence whereof, he quites me well
To steale awaie faire *Mariana* my prisoner,
Whose raunsome being lately greed vpon, 10
I am deluded of by this escape.

Besides, I know not how to answere it,
When shee shall be demanded home to
Swethia.

Lubeck. My gracious Lord, coniecture not,
I pray,

Worger of *Lubeck* than he doth deserue: 15
Your highnes knowes *Mariana* was my louse,
Sole paragon and mistres of my thoughts.

Is it likely I should know of her departure,
Wherein there is no man iniured more than I?

Zweno. That carries reason, *Marques*, I
confesse. 20

Call forth my daughter. Yet I am perswaded
That shee, poore soule, suspected not her
going:

For as I heare, shee likewise loued the man,
Which he, to blame, did not at all regard.

(*Enter Rocilio and Mariana.*)

Rocilio. My Lord, here is the Princess
Mariana; 25

It is your daughter is conueyed away.

Zweno. What, my daughter gone?

Now, *Marques*, your villanie breakes forth.

This match is of your making, gentle sir,
And you shall dearly know the price thereof.

Lubeck. Knew I thereof, or that there was
intent 31

In Robert thus to steale your highnes daughter,
Let heauens in iustice presently confound
me.

Zweno. Not all the protestations thou canst
vse

Shall saue thy life. Away with him to prison!
And, minion, otherwise it cannot be 36

But you are an agent in this trecherie.

I will reuenge it thoroughly on you both.

Away with her to prison! Heres stuffe in
deede!

My daughter stolen away!— 40

It booteth not thus to disturbe my selfe,

But presently to send to English William,

To send me that proud knight of Windsor
hither,

Here in my Court to suffer for his shame,

Or at my pleasure to be punished there, 45
Withall that *Blanch* be sent me home againe,

S. D. add. D 24 *Præfix Rocilia Qq*

Or I shall fetch her vnto *Windsors* coate,
Yea, and *Williams* too, if he denie her mee.
(Exit *Zweno* (and the rest.)

(SCENE VI.

England. Camp of the Earl Demarch.)

Enter William, taken with souldiers.

William. Could any crosse, could any
plague be worse?

Could heauen or hell, did both conspire in one
To afflict my soule, inuent a greater scourge
Then presently I am tormented with?

Ah, *Mariana*, cause of my lament, 5
Ioy of my hart, and comfort of my life!

For tho I breath my sorrowes in the ayre
And tyre my selfe, or silently I sigh,
My sorrowes afflictes my soule with equall
passion.

Souldier. Go to, sirha, put vp, it is to small
purpose. 10

William. Hence, villaines, hence! dare
you lay your hands
Vpon your Soueraigne?

Souldier. Well, sir, we will deale for that.
But here comes one will remedie all this.

Enter Demarch.

My Lord, watching this night in the campe, 15
We tooke this man, and know not what he is:
And in his companie was a gallant dame,
A woman faire in outward shewe shее seemde,
But that her face was maskte, we could not see
The grace and fauour of her countenance. 20

Demarch. Tell me, good fellow, of whence
and what thou art.

Souldier. Why do you not answer me Lord?
He takes scoorne to answer.

Demarch. And takest thou scoorne to
answer my demaund?

Thy proud behauiour verie well deserues 25
This misdeanour at the worst be construed.
Why doest thou neither know, nor hast thou
heard,

That in the absence of the Saxon Duke

Demarch is his especiall Substitute

To punish those that shall offend the lawes?

William. In knowing this, I know thou art
a traitor; 31

A rebell, and mutenous conspirator.

Why, *Demarch*, knowest thou who I am?

Demarch. Pardon, my dread Lord, the
error of my sence,

And misdeaneer to your princely excellencie.

Scene VI. D: Act III. Scene I. T England etc.
add. T 2 hell? Did Q 1 7 tho pr. ed.: thee Q 2
whether con? Simp. 8 or con? Simp.: for Q 3
me soule Q 15 Preys Souldier repeated Q 9

Willi. Why, *Demarch*, 36

What is the cause my subjects are in armes?

Demarch. Free are my thoughts, my dread
and gracious Lord,

From treason to your state and common weale;
Only reuengement of a priuate grudge 40

By Lord *Dirof* lately profered me,
That standes not with the honor of my name,

Is cause I haue assembled for my guard
Some men in armes that may withstand his
force,

Whose settled malice aymeth at my life. 45
William. Where is Lord *Dirof*?

Demarch. In armes, my gracious Lord,
Not past two miles from hence, as credibly .

I am ascertained.

William. Well, come, let vs goe.
I feare I shall find traytors of you both. 49

[Exit.

(ACT IV.

SCENE I.)

(*Chester. Before the Citizen's House.*)

*Enter the Citizen of Chester, and his daughter
Elner, and Manulle.*

Citizen. In deed, sir, it would do verie well
if you could intreat your father to come hither:
but if you thinke it be too farr, I care not
much to take horse and ride to Manchester.
I am sure my daughter is content with either.
How saiest thou, *Elner*, art thou not? 6

Elner. As you shall think best I must be
contented.

Manulle. Well, *Elner*, farwell. Onely
thus much, I pray: make all things in a readi-
nes, either to serue here, or to carry thither
with vs. 12

Citizen. As for that, sir, take you no care;
and so I betake you to your iournie.

(Exit *Manulle*.)

Enter Valingford.

But soft, what gentleman is this?

Valingf. God speed, sir. Might a man
craue a word or two with you?

Citizen. God forbid els, sir; I praye you
speake your pleasure. 19

Valingford. The gentleman that parted
from you, was he not of Manchester, his father
lying there of good account?

Citizen. Yes, mary is he, sir. Why doe you

40-9 Six lines Qq, ending *Dirof*, Lord, hence, ascer-
tained, go, both. Act IV. Scene I. add. D 8. D.
Chester T: Manchester Qq 1-43 Verses Qq 8. D.
add. T

ake? Belike you haue had some acquaintance with him.

Valingford. I haue been acquainted in times past, but, through his double dealing, I am growen werie of his companie. For, be it spoken to you, he hath bene acquainted with a poore millers daughter, and diuers tymes hath promist her marriage. But what with his delays and floutes he hath brought her into such a taking that I feare me it will cost her her life.

Citizen. To be playne with you, sir, his father and I haue bene of old acquaintance, and a motion was made betwene my daughter and his sonne, which is now thoroughly agreed vpon, saue onely the place appoynted for the marriage, whether it shall be kept here or at Manchester; and for no other occasion he is now ridden.

Elnor. What hath he done to you, that you should speake so ill of the man?

Valingford. Oh, gentlewoman, I crie you mercie: he is your husband that shalbe.

Elnor. If I knew this to be true, he should not be my husband were he neuer so good: And therefore, good father, I would desire you to take the paines to beare this gentleman companie to Manchester, to know whether this be true or no.

Citizen. Now trust me, gentleman, he deales with me verie hardly, knowing how well I ment to him; but I care not much to ride to Manchester, to know whether his fathers will be he should deale with me so badlye. Will it please you, sir, to goe in? We will presently take horse & awaie.

Valingford. If it please you to go in, Ile followe you presently.

[Exit Elnor and her father.]

Now shall I be reuenged on *Manuile*, and by this meanes get *Em* to my wife; and therefore I will strayght to her fathers and informe them both of all that is hapned.

[Exit.]

(SCENE II.

The English Court.)

Enter William, the Ambassador of Denmarke, Demarch, and other attendants.

William. What newes with the Denmark Ambassador?

Ambassador. Mary, thus:

The King of Denmark and my Soueraine Doth send to know of thee what is the cause That iniuriously, against the law of armes,

37 betwene Q 1 Scene II. add. 2b 2-3 One line Q: dir. Else

Thou hast stolen awaie his onely daughter *Blaunch*,

The onely state and comfort of his life.

Therefore by me

He willethe thee to send his daughter *Blaunch*, Or else forthwith he will leuy such an hoste, As soone shall fetch her in despite of thee.

William. Ambassador, this answer I retorne thy King.

He willethe me to send his daughter *Blaunch*, Saying, I conuaid her from the Daniah court,

That neuer yet did once as think thereof.

As for his menacing and daunting threats, I nill regard him nor his Daniah power;

For if he come to fetch her forth my Realme I will provide him such a banquet here,

That he shall haue small cause to giue me thanks.

Ambassador. Is this your answer, then?

William. It is; and so begone.

Ambassador. I goe; but to your cost.

[Exit Ambassador.]

William. Demarch, our subiects, earst leuled in ciuill broyles,

Muster forthwith, for to defend the Realme.

In hope whereof, that we shall find you true, We freely pardon this thy late offence.

Demarch. Most humble thanks I render to your grace.

[Exeunt.]

(SCENE III.

Manchester. The Mill.)

Enter the Miller and Valingford.

Miller. Alas, gentleman, why should you trouble your self so much, considering the imperfections of my daughter, which is able to with-drawe the loue of any man from her, as already it hath done in her first choyce. Maister *Manuile* hath forsaken her, and at Chester shalbe married to a mans daughter of no little wealth. But if my daughter knew so much, it would goe verie neere her heart, I feare me.

Valing. Father miller, such is the entyre affection to your daughter, as no misfortune whatsoever can alter. My fellow *Mounthey*, thou seeste, gaue quicly ouer; but I, by reason of my good meaning, am not so soone to be changed, although I am borne off with scornes and deniall.

Enter Em to them.

Miller. Trust me, sir, I know not what to saie. My daughter is not to be compell'd by

8-9 One line Q 24 Two lines D, dir. after Demarch 25 Mustard Q 26 Scene III. add. D S. D. Millier Q 1 1-119 Verre Q 2

me; but here she comes her self: speake to her and spare not, for I neuer was troubled with loue matters so much before. 22

Em. (Aside) Good Lord! shall I neuer be rid of this importunate man? Now must I dissemble blyndnes againe. Once more for thy sake, *Manuile*, thus am I inforced, because I shall complete my full resolu'd mynde to thee. Father, where are you? 28

Miller. Here, sweete *Em.* Answer this gentleman, that would so fayne enioye thy loue.

Em. Where are you, sir? wil you neuer leaue this idle and vaine pursuite of loue? Is not England stord enough to content you, but you must still trouble the poore contemptible mayd of Manchester? 35

Valing. None can content me but the fayre maide of Manchester.

Em. I perceiue loue is vainly described, that, being blynd himselfe, would haue you likewise troubled with a blinde wife, hauing the benefite of your eyes. But neither follow him so much in follie, but loue one in whome you may better delight. 43

Valingford. Father *Miller*, thy daughter shall haue honor by granting mee her loue. I am a Gentleman of king *Williams* Court, and no meane man in king *Williams* fauour. 47

Em. If you be a Lorde, syr, as you saye, you offer both your selfe and mee great wrong: yours, as apparant, in limittin your loue so vnorderly, for which you rashly endure reprochement; mine, as open and euident, when, being shut from the vanities of this world, you would haue me as an open gazing stock to all the world; for lust, not loue, leades you into this error. But from the one I will keepe me as well as I can, and yeeld the other to none but to my father, as I am bound by duetie. 71

Valingford. Why, faire *Em*, *Manuile* hath forsaken thee, and must at *Chester* be married: which if I speake otherwise than true, let thy father speake what credibly he hath heard.

Em. But can it be *Manuile* will deale so vnkindly to reward my iustice with such monstrous vngentleness? Haue I dissembled for thy sake, and doest thou now thus requite it? In deede these many daies I haue not seene him, which hath made me marueile at his long absence. But, father, are you assured of the wordes he spake were concerning *Manuile*? 71

Miller. In sooth, daughter, now it is forth I must needes confirme it: Maister *Manuile* hath forsaken thee, and at *Chester* must be

married to a mans daughter of no little wealth. His owne father procures it, and therefore I dare credit it; and do thou beleuee it, for trust mee, daughter, it is so. 78

Em. Then, good father, pardon the iniurie that I haue don to you, onely causing your griefe, by ouer-fond affecting a man so trothlesse. And you likewise, sir, I pray holde me excused, as I hope this cause will allow sufficiently for mee: My loue to *Manuile*, thinking he would requite it, hath made me double with my father and you, and many more besides, which I will no longer hyde from you. That inticing speeches should not beguile mee, I haue made my selfe deafe to any but to him; and lest any mans person should please mee more than his, I haue dissembled the want of my sight: Both which shaddowes of my irreuocable affections I haue not sparde to confirme before him, my father, and all other amorous solicitors—wherewith not made acquainted, I perceiue my true intent hath wrought mine owne sorrow, and seeking by loue to be regarded, am cut of with contempt, and dispised. 99

Miller. Tell me, sweet *Em*, hast thou but fained all this while for his loue, that hath so discourteously forsaken thee? 102

Em. Credit me, father, I haue told you the troth; wherewith I desire you and Lord *Valingford* not to be displeased. For ought else I shall saie, let my present griefe hold me excused. But, may I lue to see that vngratfull man iustly rewarded for his trecherie, poore *Em* woulde think her selfe not a little happie. Fauour my departing at this instant; for my troubled thought desires to meditate alone in silence. [*Exit Em.*]

Valingf. Will not *Em* shew one chereful looke on *Valingford*? 114

Miller. Alas, sir, blame her not; you see she hath good cause, being so handled by this gentleman: And so I leaue you, and go comfort my poore wench as well as I may. [*Exit the Miller.*]

Valingford. Farewell, good father. 119

[*Exit Valingford.*]

(ACT V.

SCENE I.)

(Open country in England.)

Enter Zweno, king of Denmarke, with Roslilio and other attendants.

Zweno. *Roslilio*, is this the place whereas the Duke *William* should meete mee?

23 *Aside add. D* 33 enought *Q 1* 70 of *Q 2*:
om. T: if *D* *Chet.* inserts true after were

104 *yon Q P* Act V, Scene I. *add. D*: Act III.
Scene V. T 1-2 *Verse D*, dit. after whereas

Rosillo. It is, and like your grace.

Zweno. Goe, capitaine! Away, regard the charge I gaue:

See all our men be martialled for the fight. 5
Dispose the Wardes as lately was deuised;
And let the prisoners vnder seuerall gardes
Be kept apart, vntill you heare from vs.
Let this suffice, you know my resolution.
If William, Duke of Saxons, be the man, 10
That by his answer sent vs, he would seem,
Not words, but wounds: not parles, but
alargues,

Must be decider of this controuersie.

Rosilio, stay with mee; the rest begone.

•

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter William, and Demarch with other attendants.

William. All but *Demarch* go shroud you out of sight; 15

For I will goe parley with the Prince my selfe.

Demarch. Should *Zweno* by this parley call you forth? •

Vpon intent iniuriously to deale,
This offereth too much oportunitie.

William. No, no, *Demarch,* 20

That were a breach against the law of Armes:
Therefore begon, and leaue vs here alone.

[*Exeunt.*]

I see that *Zweno* is maister of his worde.

Zweno, William of Saxonie greeteth thee,
Either well or yll, according to thy intent. 25

If well thou wish to him and Saxonie,
He bids thee frindly welcome as he can.

If yll thou wish to him and Saxanie,
He must withstand thy mallice as he may.

Zweno. William, 30

For other name and title giue I none
To him, who, were he worthis of those honours

That Fortune and his predecessors left,
I ought, by right and humaine courtesie,

To grace his style with Duke of Saxonie; 35
But for I finde a base, degenerate mynde,
I frame my speech according to the man,

And not the state that he vnworthie holdes.

William. Herein, *Zweno,* dost thou abase thy state,

To breake the peace which by our auncesters
Hath heretofore bene honourably kept. 41

Zweno. And should that peace for euer
haue been kept,

Had not thy selfe beene author of the breach:
Nor stands it with the honor of my state,

Or nature of a father to his childe, 45
That I should so be robbed of my daughter,

And not vnto the utmost of my power
Reuenge so intollerable an iniurie.

William. Is this the colour of your quarrell,
Zweno?

I well perceiue the wisest men may erre. 50
And thinke you I conueyed away your daughter *Blanch*?

Zweno. Art thou so impudent to denye
thou didst,

When that the prooffe thereof is manifest?
William. What prooffe is there?

Zweno. Thine owne confession is sufficient
• prooffe. 55

William. Did I confesse I stole your daughter
Blanch?

Zweno. Thou didst confesse thou hadst a
Ladie hence.

William. I haue, and do.

Zweno. Why, that was *Blanch*, my
daughter.

William. Nay, that was *Martana*,

Who wrongfully thou detainest prisoner. 60
Zweno. Shamelesse persisting in thy ill!

Thou dost mayntaine a manifest vntrothe,
As shew shall iustifie vnto thy teethe.

Rosilio, fetch her and the *Marques* hether.

[*Exit Rosilio for Martana.*]

William. It cannot be I should be so
deceiued. 65

Demarch. I heard this night among the
souldiers

That in their watch they tooke a pensieue *Ladie*,
Who, at the appoyntment of the Lord *Drot*,

Is yet in keeping. What she is I know not:
Onely thus much I ouer-hard by chance. 70

William. And what of this?

Demarch. It may be *Blaunch*, the King of
Denmarkes daughter.

William. It may be so: but on my lyfe it
is not;

Yet, *Demarch,* goe, and fetch her strayght.
(*Exit Demarch.*)

Enter Rosilio with the Marques.

Rosilio. Pleaseth your highnes, here is the
Marques and *Martana*. 75

Zweno. See here, Duke *William*, your com-
petitors,

That were consenting to my daughters scape.
Let them resolute you of the truth herein.

And here I vowe and solemnly protest,
That in thy presence they shall lose their heds,

10 Saxons pr. ed.; Saxon Qq; Saxonie WP 11
seem conij. Simp.; send Qq 20-2 Jhr. after breach,
begon Qq; corr. D 30-1 One the Qq; dir. WP
35 style his grace the Simp.; grace his style the WP

58 daughter Q 1 68 9 Jhr. after keeping Qq;
corr. D S. D. add. Etc 78 resolut. hereing Q 1;
corr. Q 2

Vnlesse I here where as my daughter is. 81
William. Oh, *Marques Lubeck*, how it
 grieueth me,
 That for my sake thou shouldest indure these
 bondes,
 Be iudge my soule that feelles the martir-
 dome!
Marques. Duke *William*, you know it is
 for your cause, 85
 It pleaseth thus the King to misconceiue of me,
 And for his pleasure doth me iniurie.

Enter Demurch with the Ladie Blanch.

Demarch. May it please your highnes,
 Here is the Ladie whom you sent me tof.
William. Awaie, *Demarch*! what tellest
 thou me of Ladies? 90

I so detest the dealing of their sex,
 As that I count a louers state to be
 The base and vildest slauerie in the world.

Demarch. What humors are these? Heres
 a straunge alteration!

Zweno. See, Duke *William*, is this *Blanch*
 or no? 95

You know her if you see her, I am sure.
William. *Zweno*, I was decgiued, yea
 vtterly decgiued;

Yet this is shee: this same is Ladie *Blanch*.
 And for mine error, here I am content
 To do whatsoeuer *Zweno* shall set downe. 100
 Ah, cruell *Mariana*, thus to vse
 The man which loued and honored thee with
 his heart!

Mariana. When first I came into your
 highnes court,
 And *William* often importing me of loue,
 I did deuise, to ease the grieffe your daughter
 did sustain, 105
 Shee should meete Sir *William* masked, as I
 it were.

This put in prooffe did take so good effect,
 As yet it seemes his grace is not resolved,
 But it was I which he conueid awaie.

William. May this be true? It cannot be
 but true. 110

Was it Ladie *Blanch* which I conueid awaie?
 Vnconstant *Mariana*, thus to deale
 With him which ment to thee nought but faith!

Blanch. Pardon, deere father, my folleys
 that are past,

Wherein I haue neglected my dutie, 115
 Which I in reuerence ought to shew your
 grace;

88 hightnes Q 1 92 Ends base Qy 97 WP not
Zweno in a line by itself 104 oft importing con.
 Rise 112-13 *Div. Mariana* Qy: corr. D 115 ny
 Q 2: me Q 1: thus my D

For, led by loue, I thus haue gone astray,
 And now repent the errors I was in.

Zweno. Stand vp, deare daughter: though
 thy fault deserues

For to be punisht in the extremest sort, 120
 Yet loue, that couers multitude of sinns,
 Makes loue in parents winke at childrens faults.
 Sufficeth, *Blanch*, thy father loues thee so,
 Thy follies past he knowes, but will not know.
 And here, Duke *William*, take my daughter
 to thy wife, 125

For well I am assured she loues thee well.

William. A proper coniun(ction)! as who
 should saie,

Lately come out of the fyer;
 I would goe thrust my selfe into the flame.
 Let Maistres nice goe Saint it where she list, 130
 And coyly quaint it with dissembling face.

I hold in scorne the fooleries that they vse:
 I being free, will neuer subiect my selfe
 To any such as shee is vnderneath the Sunne.

Zweno. Refusest thou to take my daughter
 to thy wife? 135

I tel thee, Duke, this rash deniall may bring
 More mischief on thee then thou canst
 auoide.

William. Conseit hath wrought such gene-
 rall dislike,

Through the false dealing of *Mariana*,
 That vtterly I doe abhorre their sex. 140
 They are all disloyall, vnconstant, all vniust:
 Who tryes as I haue tryed, and findes as I haue
 founde,

Will saie thers no such creatures on the
 ground.

Blanch. Vnconstant Knight, though some
 deserue no trust,

Thers others faithfull, louing, loyall, & iust.

*Enter to them Valingford with Em and the
 Miller, and Moundney, and Manuile, and
 Elnor.*

Willi. How now, Lord *Valingford*, what
 makes these women here? 146

Valing. Here be two women, may it please
 your grace,

That are contracted to one man, and are
 In strife whether shall haue him to their hus-
 band. 149

William. Stand forth, women, and saie,
 To whether of you did he first giue his faith.

Em. To me, forsooth.

Elnor. To me, my gracious Lord.

William. Speak, *Manuile*: to whether didst
 thou giue thy faith?

136 Ends deniall Qy: corr. D 142 Two lines Qy,
 dir. after tryed 148 Line ends man Qy

Manulle. To saie the troth, this maide had
first my loue. 155

Elner. Yea, *Manulle*, but there was no wit-
nesse by.

Em. Thy conscience, *Manulle*, is a hundred
witnesses.

Elner. Shee hath stolne a conscience to
serue her owne turne; but you are deceived,
yfaith, he will none of you. 160

Manulle. In deede, dred Lord, so deere
I held her loue
As in the same I put my whole delight;
But some impediments, which at that instant
happned,
Made me forsake her quite;
For which I had her fathers franke consent. 165

William. What were the impediments?

Manulle. Why, shee could neither heare
nor see.

William. Now shee doth both. Mayden,
how were you cured?

Em. Pardon, my Lord, Ile tell your grace
the troth,
Be it not imputed to mee as discredite. 170
I loued this *Manulle* so much, that still my
thought,
When he was absent, did present to mee
The forme and feature of that countenance
Which I did shrine an ydoll in mine heart.
And neuer could I see a man, methought, 175
That equald *Manulle* in my partiall eye.
Nor was there any loue betweene vs lost,
But that I held the same in high regard,
Vntill repaire of some vnto our house,
Of whome my *Manulle* grewe thus iealous: 80
As if he tooke exception I vouchsafed
To heare them speake, or saw them when they
came:
On which I straight tooke order with my selfe,
To voide the scrupule of his conscience,
By counterfainting that I neither sawe nor
heard, 185

Any wayes to rid my hands of them.
All this I did to keepe my *Manulles* loue,
Which he vnkindly seekes for to rewarde.

Manulle. And did my *Em*, to keepe her
faith with mee, 189

Dissemble that shee neither heard nor sawe?
Pardon me, sweet *Em*, for I am onely thine.

Em. Lay off thy hands, disloyall as thou
art!
Nor shalt thou haue possession of my loue,
That canst so finely shift thy matters off.
Put case I had beene blinde, and could not
see— 195

158-80 *Verse Qq, dir. after turne* 171 me
thought Qq

As often times such visitations failes
That pleaseth God, which all things doth dis-
pose—
Shouldst thou forsake mee in regard of that?
I tell thee *Manulle*, hadst thou beene blinde,
Or deafe, or dumbe, or else what impediments
might 200
Befall to man, *Em* would haue loued and kept,
And honoured thee: yea begde, if wealth had
faylde,
For thy releefe.

Manulle. Forgiue mee, sweete *Em*.

Em. I do forgiue thee, with my heart, 205
And will forget thee too, if case I can:
But neuer speake to mee, nor seeme to know
mee.

Manulle. Then farewell, frost! Well fare
a wench that will!

Now, *Elner*, I am thine owne, my gyrlie.

Elner. Mine, *Manulle*? thou neuer shalt be
myne. 210

I so detest thy villanie,
That whylest I liue I will abhor thy company.

Manulle. Is it come to this? Of late I had
choyce of twaine,
On either side, to haue me to her husband,
And now am vterly relected of them both. 215

Valingford. My Lord, this gentleman, when
time was,
Stood some-thing in our light,
And now I thinke it not amisse
To laugh at him that sometime scorned at vs.

Mounfney. Content my Lord, inuent the
forme. 220

Valingford. Then thus.—

William. I see that women are not generall
euils,
Blanch is faire: Methinkes I see in her
A modest countenance, a heauenly blush.

Zweno, receiue a reconciled foe, 225

Not as thy friend, but as thy sonne in law,
If so that thou be thus content.

Zweno. I loy to see your grace so tractable.
Here, take my daughter *Blanch*;
And after my decease the Denmark crowne.

William. Now, sir, how stands the case
with you? 231

Manulle. I partly am perswaded as your
grace is,
My lord, he is best at ease that medleth least.

Valingford. Sir, may a man
Be so bolde as to craue a word with you? 235

200 Ends impediments Qq 206 Two lines Qq, dir.
after front farewell a wench WJ 221-78 *Elner* pro-
poses the following plausible allusion in the narration
of lines: 221, 234-54, 231-3, 222-30, 256-78 231 Ends
bolde Qq

Manulle. Yea, two or three: what are they?
Valingford. I say, this maide will haue thee to her husband.
Mountney. And I say this: and therof will I lay
 An hundred pound.
Valingf. And I say this: whereon I will lay as much. 240
Manulle. And I say neither: what say you to that?
Mountney. If that be true, then are we both deceived.
Manulle. Why, it is true, and you are both deceived.
Marques. In mine eyes this is the proprest wench;
 Might I aduise thee, take her vnto thy wife.
Zveno. It seemes to me, shee hath refused him. 246
Marques. Why, theres the spite.
Zveno. If one refuse him, yet may he haue the other.
Marques. He will aske but her good will, and all her friends.
Zveno. Might I aduise thee, let them both alone. 250
Manulle. Yea, thats the course, and thereon wil I stand.
 Such idle loue hencefoorth I will detest.
Valingford. The Foxe will eat no grapes, and why?
Mountney. I know full well, because they hang too hye.
William. And may it be a Millers daughter by her birth? 255
 I cannot thinke but shee is better borne.
 238-9 One line Qq

Valingford. Sir *Thomas Goddard* hight this reuerent man
 Famed for his vertues, and his good successe:
 Whose fame hath bene renowned through the world.
William. Sir *Thomas Goddard*, welcome to thy Prince; 260
 And, faire *Em*, trolike with thy good father;
 As glad am I to finde Sir *Thomas Goddard*,
 As good Sir *Edmund Treford*, on the plaines:
 He like a shepheard, and thou our countrie Miller.
Miller. And longer let not *Goddard* liue a day 265
 Then he in honour loues his soueraigne.
William. But say, Sir *Thomas*, shall I giue thy daughter?
Miller. *Goddard*, and all that he hath,
 Doth rest at the pleasure of your Maiestie.
William. And what sayes *Em* to louely *Valingford*? 270
 It seemde he loued you well, that for your sake
 Durst leaue his King.
Em. *Em* restes at the pleasure of your highnes:
 And would I were a wife for his desert.
William. Then here, Lord *Valingford*, receiue faire *Em*. 275
 Here take her, make her thy espoused wife.
 Then goe we in, that preparation may be made,
 To see these nuptials solemnly performed.
 [Exeunt all. Sound drummes and Trumpets.
 FINIS
 263 Sir Thomas WP 268 Sir Thomas Goddard
 Simp. 271-2 Dir. after well Qq 275 Two lines Qq,
 dir, after Valingford

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN:

Presented at the Blackfriars
by the Kings Maiesties servants,
with great applause:

Written by the memorable Worthies
of their time;

{ Mr. John Fletcher, and } Gent.
{ Mr. William Shakspeare. }



Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for Iohn Waterſon:
and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Crowne
in Pauls Church-yard. 1634.

- Q* = Quarto of 1634
F = (Second) Folio Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679
Tonson = Tonson's ed., 1711
Sew. = Seward, 1750
Sy. = Sympson, *ibid.*
Th. = Theobald, *ibid.*
Heath = H.'s MS. notes, quoted by Dyce
Colman = Colman's ed., 1778
Mason = M.'s comments, 1798
Weber = W.'s ed., 1812
Kn. = Knight, 1839-41 (and later edd.)
Dyce = Dyce's edition, 1846 (and later edd.)
S = Simms, 1848
T = Tyrrell, 1851
Walker = W.'s *Critical Exam.*, 1860
Sk. = Skeat, 1875
Litt. = Littledale, 1876
Col. = Collier, 1878
Herford = 'Temple Dramatists' ed., 1897
Daniel = Mr. P. A. Daniel's conjectures
pr. ed. = present editor

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

(The Persons represented in the Play.

Hymen,
Theseus,
Hippolita, } *Bride and Sister to Theseus*¹
Emelia,
Nymphs,
Three Queens,
Three valiant Knights,

Palamon } *The two Noble Kinsmen, in love*
Arcite } *with fair Emelia*
Perithous,
Jaylor,
His Daughter, *in love with Palamon*
Countrymen,
Wenches,
A Taborer,

Gerrold, A Schoolmaster.)²

PROLOGUE.

[Florish.]

New Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,
Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn.
If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play
(Whose modest Sceanes blush on his marriage day,

And shake to loose his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tye and first nights stir
Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines
More of the maid to sight, than Husbands
paines;

We pray our Play may be so; For I am sure
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There constant to Eternity it lives.

If we let fall the Noblesse of this,
And the first sound this child heare, be a hisse,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, 'O fan
From me the wittles chaffe of such a wrighter
That blastes my Bayes, and my jam'd workes
makes lighter

Then Robin Hood! ' This is the feare we bring:
For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,
And too ambitious, to aspre to him,
Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall take about,
And something doe to save us: You shall heare
Sceanes, though below his Art, may yet appeare
Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet
sleeps:

Content to you. If this play doe not keepe
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave.

[Florish.]

¹ Bride and Sister to] Sisters to F ² Add. F

Actus Primus.

(SCENE I. Athens. Before a temple.)

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy,
in a white Robe before singing, and drowing
Flowres: After Hymen, a Nymph, encompass in
her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then
Theseus betweene two other Nymphs with
wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then
Hippolita the Bride, lead by Pirithous, and
another holding a Garland over her head (her
Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia
holding up her Traine. (Artesius and Atten-
dants.)

The Song, Musike.

Roses their sharpe spines being gon,
Not royall in their smels alone,
But in their hew.
Maiden Pinckes, of odour jaint,
Dazles smel-lesse, yet most quaint
And sweet Time true.

Prim-rose first borne child of Ver,
Merry Spring times Herbinger,
With her bells dimme.
Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,
Mary-golds, on death beds blowing,
Larkes-heeles trymme.

All deere natures children sweete,
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feeds, [Strew
Blessing their sence. Flowers.
Not an angle of the aire, 16
Bird melodious, or bird faire,
Is absent hence.

The Crow, the slaundrous Cuckoe, nor
The boding Raven, nor Chough hore
Nor chattering Pie,

Scene I, etc. Dyce N. D. led by Pirithous] lead by
Theseus Q. F. N. D. Artesius etc. add. Dyce 9 her
bells Q: hair-bells Sk. 16 Angel F. etc. 18 la Q. F.:
Be Sk. 20 Chough hore Ser. : Clough bee Q. F.

*May on our Bridehouse pearch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly.*

*Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailles stained,
with imperiall Crownes. The 1. Queene falls
downe at the foote of Theseus; The 2. falls
downe at the foote of Hypolita. The 3. before
Emilia.*

1. Qu. For pitties sake and true gentilities,
Heare, and respect me. 26

2. Qu. For your Mothers sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with
faire ones,
Heare and respect me.

3. Qu. Now for the love of him whom *Iove*
hath marked 30

The honour of your Bed, and for the sake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our distresses. This good deede
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Trespases
All you are set downe there. 35

Theseus. Sad Lady, rise.

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

What woman I may steed that is distrest,
Does bind me to her. 40

Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for
all.

1. Qu. We are 3. Queenes, whose Sover-
aignes fel before

The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Knights,
And pecks of Crows, in the fowle feilds of
Thebes. 45

He will not suffer us to burne their bones,
To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortall loathsomenes from the blest eye
Of holy *Phæbus*, but infects the windes
With stench of our alaine Lords. O pittie,
Duke: 50

Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard
Sword

That does good turnes to'th world; give us the
Bones

Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell
them;

And of thy boundles goodnes take some note
That for our crowned heades we have no rooffe,
Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,
And vault to every thing. 57

Thes. Pray you, kneele not:

I was transported with your Speech, and
suffer'd

Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard
the fortunes 60

43 endure *Dyce*, etc.

Of your dead Lords, which gives me such
lamenting

As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for'em.
King Copaneus was your Lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season,
As now it is with me, I met your Groomme, 65
By *Marsis Allar*; you were that time faire,
Not *Iunos Manile* fairer then your Tresses,
Nor in 'more bounty spread her. Your
wheaten wreathe

Was then nor threasht, nor blasted; Fortune
at you

Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles: *Hercules* our
kinesman 70

(Then weaker than your eies) laide by his
Club,

He tumbled downe upon his Nemean hide
And swore his sinews thawd: O greife, and
time,

Farefull consumers, you will all devoure.

1. Qu. O, I hope some God, 75
Some God hath put his mercy in your man-
hood

Whereto heel infuse powre, and presse you
forth

Our undertaker.

Thes. O no knees, none, Widdow,
Vnto the Helmeted *Belona* use them, 80
And pray for me your Souldier.

Troubled I am. [turnes away.

2. Qu. Honoured *Hypolita*,
Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that hast slaine
The Sith-tuskd Bore; that with thy Arme as
strong 85

As it is white, wast neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive, but that this thy Lord,
Borne to uphold Creation in that honour
First nature stilde it in, shrunk thee into
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing, at once
subduing 90

Thy force, and thy affection: *Soldiress*
That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,
Whom now I know hast much more power on
him

Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his
strength

And his Love too, who is a Servant for 95
The Tenour of thy Speech: Deere Glasse of
Ladies,

Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth
scortch,

Vnder the shadow of his Sword may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman

68 her om. *Ser.* 72 Nenuan *Q. F* 93 Whom
Q. Who *Dyce* 95 for] to *Ser.* 96 thy *Ser.*:
the *Q. F*

As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; 101
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's plucked
off:

Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field lay swolne,
Showing the Sun his Teeth, grinning at the
Moone, 106

What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, say no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet 110
Went I so willing way. My Lord is taken
Hart' deepe with your distresse: Let him
consider:

He speake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was [*kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe un-
candied 115

Melts into drops, so sorrow, wanting forme,
Is prest with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up,
Your greefe is writtē in your cheekes. *

3. *Qu.* O woe, 120
You cannot reade it there, there through my
teares—

Like wrinckled peebles in a glassie streame
You may behold 'em. Lady, Lady, alacke,
He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth
Must know the Center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line 126
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me:
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you say nothing, pray you: 130
Who cannot feele nor see the raine, being in't,
Knowes neither wet nor dry: if that you were
The ground-peece of some Painter, I would
buy you

T'instruct me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed—
Such heart peire'd demonstration; but, alas,
Being a naturall Sifter of our Sex 136
Younsorrow beates so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter reflect gainst
My Brothers heart, and warme it to some
pitty,

Though it were made of stone: pray, have
good comfort. 140

Thes. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out
a lot

O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O, This Celebration

Will long last, and be more costly then

101-2 One line *Q.* *F* 111 willing, way *Q.* *F* 121
here through *Ser.* 122 glassy *Ser.*: glassie *Q.*: glass
F 123 'em *Q.* *F.* it *Dye* 144 long *Q.* *F.* longer
Ser.

Your Suppliants war: Remember that your
Fame 145

Knowles in the eare o'th world: what you doe
quickly .

Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Then others laboured meditant: your pre-
meditating

More then their actions: But, oh love! your
actions,

Soone as they mooves, as Asprayes doe the
fish, 150

Subdue before they touch: thinke, deere Duke,
thinke

What beds our slaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds,
That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for 'th dead: 155
Those that with Cordes, Knives, drams pre-
cipitance,

Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves
Beene deathes most horrid Agents, humane
grace

Affords them dust and shaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords 160
Ly blistering fore the visitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.

Thes. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves: the which to
doe,

Must make some worke with Creon. 165
1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it selfe to'th
doing:

Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to
morrow.

Then, bootles toyle must recompence it selfe
With it's owne sweat; Now he's secure, 169
Not dreames we stand before your puissance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him, drunke
with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full of Bread, and
sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best knowest 175
How to draw out fit to this enterprise

The prim't for this proceeding, and the
number

To carry such a businesse, forth and levy
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocks. 181

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands;
Let us be Widdowes to our woes: delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

156 Drams, Precipitance *Ser.* 164 Ends graves *Q*
170 Not! Nor *Ser.* 182 Widdowes *Q.*: wedded *com*
Ser.

All. Farewell. 185
 2. *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when
 could greefe
 Cull forth, as unpang'd judgement can, at't
 time

For best solicitation.

Thea. Why, good Ladies,
 This is a service, whereto I am going, 190
 Greater then any was; it more imports me
 Then all the actions that I have foregone,
 Or futu'rely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
 Our suit shall be neglected: when her Armes
 Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, shall 196
 By warranting Moone-light corslet thee, oh,
 when

Her twyrning Cherries shall their sweetnes fall
 Vpon thy tastfull lips, what wilt thou thinke
 Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what
 care 200

For what thou feelst not? what thou feelst
 being able

To make *Mars* spurne his Drom. O, if thou
 couch

But one night with her, every howre in't will
 Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and 204
 Thou shalt remember nothing more then what
 That Banket bids thee too.

Hip. Though much unlike *(Kneeling.)*
 You should be so transported, as much sorry
 I should be such a Suitour; yet I thinke,
 Did I not by th'abstaying of my joy, 210
 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their
 surfeit

That craves a present medicine, I should plucke
 All Ladies scandall on me. Therefore, Sir,
 As I shall here make tryall of my prayres,
 Either presuming them to have some force,
 Or sentencing for ay their vigour dombe: 216
 Prorogue this busines we are going about, and
 hang

Your Shield afore your Heart, about that
 necke

Which is my flee, and which I freely lend
 To doe these poore Queenes service. 220

All *Queens.* Oh helpe now,
 Our Cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not *(Kneeling.)*
 My Sister her petition in that force,
 With that Celerity and nature, which 225
 Shee makes it in, from henceforth ile not dare
 To aske you any thing, nor be so hardy
 Ever to take a Husband.

186 Wo] *Yo Herford* 191 was *Q. F.* war *Ser.*
 198 twinning *Th.* 207 unlike *Q. F.* chr.: unliking
M.S. correction in *Lamb's copy of F* 207, 223 *S. D.*
add. Dyce

Thea. Pray stand up.
 I am entreating of my selfe to doe 230
 That which you kneele to have me. *Pyrithous,*
 Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the
 Gods

For successe, and returne; omit not any
 thing

In the pretended Celebration. *Queenes,* 234
 Follow your Soldier. As before, hence you
(to Artestus)

And at the bankes of *Aulis* meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall find
 The mytie of a number, for a busines
 More bigger look't. Since that our Theame is
 haste,

I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe; 240
 Sweete, keepe it as my Token. Set you for-
 ward,

For I will see you gone.

[Exeunt towards the Temple.]
 Farewell, my beauteous Sister: *Pyrithous,*
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

Pirithous. Sir, 245
 Ile follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.

Thea. Cosen, I charge you
 Boudge not from Athens; We shall be re-
 turning

Ere you can end this Feast, of which, I pray
 you, 250

Make no abatement; once more, farewell all.
 1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the
 tongue o'th world.

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with *Mars.*

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
 Thou being but mortall makest affections bend
 To Godlike honours; they themselves, some
 say, 256

Grone under such a Mastry.

Thea. As we are men,
 Thus should we doe; being sensually subdu'd,
 We loose our humane tytle. Good cheere,
 Ladies. *[Flourish.]*

Now turne we towards your Comforts. 261
[Exeunt.]

Scena 2. *(Theba.)*

Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then
 Blood
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
 Theba, and the temptings in't, before we
 further

235 *S. D. add. Dyce* 236 *Aulis Th.*: Anly *Q. F.*
 241 my] a *Herford* 242 om. *Herford* 247 want]
 wait *Ser.* *S. D. Theba add. Ser.*

Sully our glosse of youth: 5
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim
 I'th aide o'th Current were almost to sincke,
 At least to frustrate striving, and to follow
 The common Streame, twold bring us to an
 Edy 10

Where we should turne or drowne; if labour
 through,

Our gaine but life, and weakenes.

Pal. Your advice

Is cride up with example: what strange ruins
 Since first we went to Schoole, may we per-
 ceive 15

Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes
 The gaine o'th Martialist, who did propound
 To his bold end^s honour, and golden Ingots,
 Which though he won, he had not, and now
 flurtd

By peace for whom he fought: who then shall
 offer 20

To *Marsis* so scornd *Allar*? I doe bleede

When such I meete, and wish great *Iuno*
 would

Resume her ancient fit of *Ielouzie*

To get the Soldier worke, that peace might
 purge

For her repletion, and retaine anew 25

Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher

Then strife or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?

Meete you no ruine but the Soldier in
 The Cranckes and turnes of Thebs? you did
 begin 30

As if you met decades of many kinde:

Perceive you none, that doe arowse your pitty
 But th'un-considerd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pitty 34

Decades where ere I finde them, but such most
 That, sweating in an honourable Toyle,
 Are paid with yce to coole 'em.

Arcite. Tis not this

I did begin to speake of: This is vertue
 Of no respect in Thebs; I spake of Thebs 40
 How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,
 It is for our reysiding, where every evill
 Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry seeming
 good's

A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n Iumpe-
 As they are, here were to be strangers, and 45
 Such things to be, meer Monsters.

Pal. Tis in our power,

(Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
 Be Masters of our manners: what needs I
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching 50

8 aside] Head conj. Th. 25 retaine Q, F: reclaim
 conj. Heath: regain conj. Sk. 40 speak Weber

Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
 Another way of speech, when by mine owne
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
 Speaking it truly? why am I bound
 By any generous bond to follow him 55
 Follows his Taylor, haply so long untill
 The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know,
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him
 My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is
 there 60

That does command my Rapier from my hip
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore
 sleight sores 65

Neede not a plantin; That which rips my
 bosome

Almost to'th heart's—

Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon*.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes 70
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured
 Beyond its power there's nothing, almost puts
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
 Voluble chance; who onely attributes
 The faculties of other Instruments 75
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men
 service,

And what they winne in't, boot and glory; on(e)
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not;
 Let

The blood of mine that's sibbe to him be
 suckt

From me with Leeches; Let them breake and
 fall 80

Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere spirited Cozen,

Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing
 share

Of his lowd infamy: for our milke
 Will reliash of the pasture, and we must 85
 Be vile or disobedient, not his kinsmen
 In blood, unlesse in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

I thinke the Echoes of his shames have dea't
 The pæres of heav'nly Iustice: widdows cryes
 Descend againe into their throates, and have
 not

Enter Valerius.

Due audience of the Gods.—*Valerius!* 92

Val. The King calls for you; yet be leaden
 footed,

68 ripe Q: tips F 73 feavour] Fear conj. Th.
 77 boots and glories *Nicholson* on Q, F: one *Ingram*:
 too *Sen.*

Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus*, when
He broke his whipstocke and exclaimd against
The Horses of the Sun, but whisperd too 96
The lowdenesse of his Fury.

Pal. Small windes shake him:
But what the matter?

Val. *Theseus* (who where he threatens
appals,) hath sent 100

Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruine to Thebes; who is at hand to seale
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach;
But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings
not 105

A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man
Thirds his owne worth (the case is each of
ours)

When that his actions dredg with minde
assurd

Tis bad he goes about?

Pal. Leave that unreasond. 110
Our services stand now for Thebes, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutrall to him were dishonour;
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute. 115

Arc. So we must.
Ist sed this warres a foote? or it shall be,
On faile of some condition?

Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defter. 121

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not
spent, 125

Rather laide out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what
will

The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

Arc. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us 130
When we know all our selves, and let us
follow

The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena 3. (*Before the gates of Athens*)

Enter Pirithous, Hippolita, Emilia.

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir, farewell; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose succes I dare not
Make any timerous question; yet I wish him
Exces and overflow of power, and't might be, 5

124 come Q: came F: comes Colman S. D.
Before etc. add. Dyce

To dure ill-dealing fortune: speede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouvernours.

Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet
they

Must yeild their tribute there. My precious
Maide, 10

Those best affections, that the heavens infuse
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.

Emil. Thanckes, Sir. Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede 15
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes understood, Ile offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes: our hearts
Are in his Army, in his Tent. 20

Hip. In's bosome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to
sea,

Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or
women

That have sod their Infants in (and after eate
them) 25

The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
You stay to see of us such Spincsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war, which shall be then 30
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit Pir.*]

Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend! since his depart, his
sportes
Though craving seriousnes, and skill, past
slightly

His careles execution, where nor gaine 35
Made him regard, or losse consider; but
Playing one busines in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his minde, nurse equall
To these so diffing Twyns—have you observ'd
him,

Since our great Lord departed? 40

Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him fort: they two have Cabind
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,
Perill and want contending; they have skift
Torrents whose roring tyranny and power 45
I'th least of these was dreadfull, and they have
Fought out together, where Deaths-selle was
lodgd,

Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot
of love,

6 dure Q, F: dare conj. Sen.: cure conj. Sen. 33
sportes] imports conj. Coleridge 37 one Mason,
Heath: ore Q: o'er F 46 least... was Q, F: best
of Ships were conj. Sen. 47 Fought] Sought conj.
Litt.

Tide, wean'd, intangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deepe a cunning, 50
May be outworne, never undone. I thinke
Theseus cannot be umpire to himselfe,
Cleaving his conscience into twaine and doing
Each side like Iustice, which he loves best.

Emil. Doubtlesse 55

There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you: I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;
You were at wars, when she the grave en-
richd,

Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th
Moone 60

(Which then lookt pale at parting) when our
count

Was each eleven.

Hip. Twas *Flaut(n)a*.

Emil. Yes.

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love; 65
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely
seasond,
More buckled with strong Iudgement and their
needes

The one of th'other may be said to water

[2. *Hearses ready with Palamon: and
Arcite: the 3. Queens. Theseus:
and his Lordes ready.*

Their intertangled rootes of love; but I
And shee I sigh and spoke of were things
innocent, 70

Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare issues by their operance, our soules
Did so to one another; what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd, what not, con-
demd, 75

No more arraignment; the flowre that I
would plucke

And put betweene my breasts (then but
beginning

To swell about the blossome) oh, she would
long

Till shee had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix*
like 80

They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne; her affections (pretty,
Though, happily, her cares were) I followed
For my most serious decking; had mine eare

62 eleven F, etc.: a eleven Q

Flavina Rev. Cf. l. 95

68 ff. S. D. 2 *Hearses* ..
ready (prompter's marginal note) after l. 63 T

77 breasts (then pr. ed.: breast, oh (then Q; etc.
78 blossome) oh, she pr. ed.: blossome) she Q, etc.

81 her Q, F: they conj. Sy.: hers conj. Lamb

careles, were Q, F: careles wear Colman

Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd
on 85

From muscical Coynadge, why it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather
dwell on)

And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsall
(Which ev'ry innocent wote well comes in
Like old importments bastard) has this end, 90
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde,
may be

More then in sex individuall.

Hip. Y'are out of breath
And this high speeded pace, is but to say
That you shall never like the Maide *Flavina* 95
Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alacke, weake Sister,
I must no more beleve thee in this point
(Though in't I know thou dost beleve thy
selfe,) 100

Then I will trust a sickely appetite,
That loathes even as it longs; but, sure, my
Sister,

If I were ripe for your perswasion, you
Have saide enough to shake me from the
Arme 104

Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes
I will now in, and kneele with great assurance,
That we, more then his *Pirithous*, possesse
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not

Against your faith; yet I continew mine. 110
[*Exeunt. Cornets.*

Scena 4. (A field before Thebes. Dead
bodies lying on the ground.)

A Battaille strooke within: Then a Retraill:
Florish. Then Enter *Theseus* (victor),
(Herald and Attendants:) the three *Queenes*
meete him, and fall on their faces before him.

1. Qu. To thee no starre be darke.

2. Qu. Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever.

3. Qu. All the good that may
Be wishd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't. 5
Thes. Th'imparciall Gods, who from the
pounted heavens

View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,
And in their time chastice: goe and finde out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honour
them

85 on Q, F: one conj. Scr.

86 muscical Q 89
every innocent Lamb: fury-innocent Q: surely In-
nocence Sy. wote I Haun 92 dividial Rev.:

individuall Q 100 Ends faith Q, F: corr. Dyce
X. D. A field etc. add. Dyce

add. Dyce

With treble Ceremonie; rather then a gap 10
Should be in their deere rights, we would
supply't.

But those we will depute, which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our hast does leave imperfect: So, adiew,
And heavens good eyes looke on you. What
are those? [Exeunt Queenes.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be
judgd 16

By their appointment; Some of Thebes have
told's

They are Sisters children, Nephewes to the
King.

Thes. By'th Helme of Mars, I saw them in
the war,

Like to a paire of Lions, smeard with prey, 20
Make lanes in troopes agast. I fixt my note
Constantly on them; for they were a marke
Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that
told me

When I enquired their names?

Herald. Wi' leave, they'r called *Arcite* and
Palamon. 25

Thes. Tis right: those, those. They are
not dead?

Her. Nor in a state of life: had they bin
taken,

When their last hurts were given, twas
possible

[3. Hearses ready.

They might have bin recovered; Yet they
breathe

And haue the name of men. 30

Thes. Then like men use 'em.

The very lees of such (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others: all our Surgions
Convent in their behoofe; our richest balmes
Rather then niggard, waft: their lives con-
cerne us 35

Much more then Thebes is worth: rather then
have 'em

Freed of this plight, and in their morning
state

(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead;
But forty thousand fold we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us then death. Beare 'em
speedily 40

From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and
minister

What man to man may doe—for our sake
more,

11 Rites *Sec.*, etc. supply't F: suppl' it Q 20
smeard] some copies of Q (*Dyce's*, *Colman's*, *Daniel's*)
and succard 23 What was't that prisoner told
Dyce, etc. 25 Wl' leave *Dyce*: We leave Q, F:
With leave *Sec.*: We learn *conq.* *Heath*: We leave
Litt.

Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends
beheastes,

Loves provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madness, 45
Hath set a marke which nature could not
reach too

Without some imposition: sicknes in will
Or wrastling strength in reason. For our
Love

And great *Appollos* mercy, all our best 49
Their best skill tender. Leade into the City,
Where having bound things scattard, we will
post [Florish.

To Athens for(e) our Army [Exeunt. *Muscke.*

Scæna 5. (Another part of the same.)

Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.

Vrnes and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighes, darken the day;
Our dole more deadly lokes than dying;
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,
Sacred vials fill'd with teares, 5
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.

Come all sad and solempne Showes,
That are quick-eyd pleasures foes;
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3. Qu. This funeral path brings to your
housholds grave: 10

Ioy ceaze on you againe: peace sleepe with him.

2. Qu. And this to yours.

1. Qu. Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thousand differing waies to one sure end.

3. Qu. This world's a Citty full of straying
Streetes, 15
And Death's the market place, where each
one meetes. [Exeunt severally.

Actus Secundus.

Scæna 1. (Athens. A garden, with a
prison in the background.)

Enter *Iailor*, and *Woer*.

Iailor. I may depart with little, while I
live; some thing I may cast to you, not much:
Alas, the Prison I keepe, though it be for
great ones, yet they seldome come; Before one
Salmon, you shall take a number of Minnowes.
I am given out to be better lyn'd then it can
appeare to me report is a true Speaker: I would

43 fight's fury *Dyce* 43-4 friends, beheastes,
Loves, provocations Q, F 44 zeal in a *Dyce* 52
for Q, F: fore *Sec.* S, D. Another etc. add. *Dyce*
S, D. Athens etc. add. *Dyce* 1-38 Verse Q, F

I were really that I am deliver'd to be. Marry, what I have (be it what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death. 10
Woer. Sir, I demand no more than your owne offer, and I will estate your Daughter in what I have promised.

Tailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seene, I tender my consent. 17

Enter Daughter.

Woer. I have Sir; here shee comes.

Tailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old busines: But no more of that now; so soone as the Court hurly is over, we will have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly to the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes. 24

Daug. These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I doe thinke they have patience to make any adversity asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their Chamber.

Tailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men. 32

Daug. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em; they stand a greise above the reach of report.

Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaille to be the only doers. 37

Daug. Nay, most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I mervaille how they would have lookd had they bene Victors, that with such a constant Nobility enforce a freedome out of Bondage, making misery their Mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at. 43

Tailor. Doe they so?

Daug. It seemes to me they have no more sence of their Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate well, looke merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters: yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as 'twere i'th deliverance, will breake from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke, that I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid, or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

Woer. I never saw 'em. 55

Tailor. The Duke himselfe came privately in the night,

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

and so did they: what the reason of it is, I

S. D. after 16 Q 21 that. Now, *Q:* corr. *Dyce*
34 greise Q: grief *F:* Gree con; *Ser.*

know not: Lookke, yonder they are! that's *Arcite* lookes out. 60

Daug. No, Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the lower of the twaine; you may perceive a part of him.

Iai. Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not make us their object; out of their sight. 66

Daug. It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the diffrence of men! [*Exeunt.*]

Scæna 2. (*The prison*) *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

Pal. How doe you, Noble Cosen?

Arcite. How doe you, Sir?

Pal. Why strong inough to laugh at misery, And beare the chance of warre, yet we are prisoners,

I feare, for ever, Cosen. 5

Arcite. I beleeve it, And to that destiny have patiently Laide up my houre to come.

Pal. Oh Cosen *Arcite*, Where is Thebs now? where is our noble Country? 10

Where are gur friends, and kindreds? never more

Must we behold those comforts, never see The hardy youtnes strive for the Games of honour

(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies,

Like tall Ships under saile) then start amongst 'em 15

And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behinde us, Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*, Even in the wagging of a wanton leg

Out-strip the peoples praises, won the Garlands, 19

Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never Shall we two exercise, like Twyns of honour, Our Armes againe, and feele our fryr horses Like proud Seas under us: our good Swords now (Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r wore) Ravishd our sides, like age must run to rust, And decke the Temples of those gods that hate us: 26

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning,

To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No, *Palamon*, Those hopes are Prisoners with us; here we are 30

Scæna 2 Dyce continues Scene I *S. D.* The prison add. pr. ed. 19? Out-strip . . win 24 wore *Ser.*: were *Q:* ware *Dyce* 25 Ravish'd *Ser.*: Bravish'd *Q:* *F*

And here the graces of our youthes must
wither

Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde
us,

And, which is heaviest, *Palamon*, unmarried;
The sweete embraces of a loving wife,
Loden with kisses, armd with thousand Cupids
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know
us, 36

No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach
'em

Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say:
'Remember what your fathers were, and
conquer.' 40

The faire-eyd Maides, shall weepe our Banish-
ments,

And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune,
Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has
done

To youth and nature. This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our
woes. 46

The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. Tis too true, *Arcite*. To our Theban
houndes, 50

That shooke the aged Forrest with their
echoes,

No more now must we halloo, no more shake
Our pointed lavelyns, whilst the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts: All valiant
uses 55

(The foodes, and nourishment of noble mindes,)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(Which is the curse of honour) lastly
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, *Cosen*, 60

Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,
If the gods please: to hold here a brave
patience,

And the enjoying of our greefes together. 65
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
If I thinke this our prison.

Pal. Certainly,
Tis a maine goodnes, *Cosen*, that our fortunes
Were twyn'd together; tis most true, two
soules 70

Put in two noble Bodies—let 'em suffer
The gaulde of hazard, so they grow together—

58 lastly] lazily *Sen.*

conj. pr. ed.

64 please to hold's here :

70 twinn'd *Sen.*

Will never sincke; they must not, say they
could:

A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. (Shall we make worthy uses of this
place 75

That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle *Cosen*?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison holy sanc-
tuary,

To keepe us from corruption of worse men.

We are young and yet desire the waies of
honour, 80

That liberty and common Conversation,

The poyson of pure spirits, might like wotnen
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy
blessing

Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being thus
together, 85

We are an endles mine to one another;
We are one anothers wife, ever begetting

New birthes of love; we are father, friends,
acquaintance;

We are, in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: This
place 90

Is our Inheritance, no hard Oppressour

Dare take this from us; here, with a little
patience,

We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits
seeke us:

The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty, 95

A wife might part us lawfully, or busines;

Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men

Grave our acquaintance; Imightsicken, *Cosen*,
Where you should never know it, and so
perish 99

Without your noble hand to close mine eies,
Or praiers to the gods: a thousand chaunces,

Were we from hence, would seaver us.

Pal. You have made me

(I thanke you, *Cosen Arcite*) almost w^{an}ton

With my Captivity: what a misery 105

It is to live abroad, and every wherel

Tis like a Beast, me thinkes: I finde the Court
here—

I am sure, a more content; and all those
pleasures

That wooe the wils of men to vanity,

I see through now, and am sufficient 110

To tell the world, tis but a gaudy shaddow,

That old Time, as he passes by, takes with
him.

74 sseeping *Q*

88 Grave *Dyce*: Crave *Q, F*:

Reave *Sen.*: Craze *Th.*: Carve *Sy.*: Raze *Heath*:

Cleave *Mason*

What had we bin, old in the Court of Creon,
Where sin is Iustice, lust and ignorance
The vertues of the great ones! Cosen *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for
us, 116

We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curses:
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would heare you still. 120

Pal. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd

Better then we doe, *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure, there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it possible our friend-
• ship 125

Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deatnes it cannot;

Enter Emilia and her woman (below).

And after death our spirits shall be led •

To those that love eternally. Speake on, Sir.

Emil. This garden has a world of pleasures
in't. 130

What Flowre is this?

Wom. Tis call'd Narcissus, Madam.

Emil. That was a faire Boy, certaine, but
a foole,

To love himselfe; were there not maides
enough?

Arc. Pray forward. 135

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one so faire.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom. I thinke I should not, Madam. 140

Emil. That's a good wench:

But take heede to your kindnes though.

Wom. Why, Madam?

Emil. Men are mad things.

Arcite. Will ye goe forward, Cosen? 145

Emil. Canst not thou worke such flowers
in silke, wench?

Wom. Yes.

Emil. He have a gowne full of 'em, and of
these;

This is a pretty colour, wilt not doe

Rarely upon a Skirt, wench? 150

Wom. Deinty, Madam.

Arc. Cosen, Cosen, how doe you, Sir?

Why, *Palamon*?

Pal. Never till now I was in prison, *Arcite*.

Arc. Why whats the matter, Man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder. 155

By heaven, shee is a Goddesse.

Arcite. Ha.

Pal. Doe reverence. She is a Goddesse,
Arcite.

Emil. Of all Flowres, me thinkes a Rose is
best.

Wom. Why, gentle Madam? 160

Emil. It is the very Embleme of a Maide.
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blowes, and paints the Sun,
With her chaste blushes! When the North
comes neere her,

Rude and impatient, then, like Chaastity, 165
Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,
And leaves him to base briers.

Wom. Yet, good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She fals for't: a Mayde, 170
If shee have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.

Emil. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She is wondrous faire.

Pal. She is all the beauty extant. 175

Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in:
keep these flowers;

Wee see how neere Art can come neere
their colours.

I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh
now.

Wom. I could lie downe, I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you? 180

Wom. That's as we bargain, Madam.

Emil. Well, agree then.

[*Exeunt Emilia and woman.*]

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?

Arc. Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one? 185

Arc. Yes, a matches beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe
and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I
have;

Beshrew mine eyes for't: now I feele my
Shackles.

Pal. You love her, then? 190

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing. 195

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you doe, to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddes; soe
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:

So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

182 gently *Ser.*

Arc. Not love at all!
Who shall deny me? 205

Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that tooke
possession

First with mine eyes of all those beauties
In her reveald to mankinde: if thou lou'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traytour, *Arcite*, and a fellow 210
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime,
If thou once thinke upon her.

Arc. Yes, I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay on it, 215
I must doe so; I love her with my soule:
If that will lose ye, farewell, *Palamon*; *
I say againe, I love, and in loving her main-
taine

I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty 220
As any *Palamon* or any living
That is a mans Sonne.

Pal. Have I cald thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so; why are
you mov'd thus?
Let me deale coldly with you: am not I 225
Part of your blood, part of your soule? you
have told me

That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend
shall suffer? 230

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why, then, would you deale so
cunningly,
So strangely, so vnlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? speake truly: doe you thinke
me

Vnworthy of her sight? 235

Pal. No; but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because an other
First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still
And let mine honour downe, and never
charge? 240

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedome; els if thou pursuest
her, 245

Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,
A branded villaine.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be, 249
Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*; it concernes me,

207 *Ends her Sec.*

220 you blood Q

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truly.

Arc. Fie, Sir,
You play the Childe extreemely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare; 255
And all this justly.

Pal. O that now, that now
Thy false-selfe and thy friend had but this
fortune,

To be one howre at liberty, and graspe
Our good Swords in our hands! I would
quickly teach thee 260

What 'twere to flch affection from another:
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soule, Ile naile thy life too't.

Arc. Thou dar'st not, foole, thou canst not,
thou art feeble. 265

Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I see her next

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I
shall live 269

To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave, Gentlemen—

Pal. Now, honest keeper?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently
to'th Duke;

The cause I know not yet. 275

Arc. I am ready, keeper.

Keeper. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile
bereave you

Of your faire Cosens Company.

[*Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.*]

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life. Why is he
sent for? 280

It may be he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falschood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire, 285
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once
more

I would but see this faire One. Blessed Garden,
And fruits, and flowers more blessed, that
still blossom

As her bright eies shine on ye! would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter, 290
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;
How I would spread, and fling my wanton
armes

In at her window; I would bring her fruits

261 tw'er Q

Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So neere the Gods in nature, they should
feare her, 297

Enter Keeper.

And then I am sure she would love me. How
now, keeper,
Wher's *Arcite*?

Keeper. Banishd: Prince *Pirithous* 300
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Vpon his oth and life must he set foote
Vpon this Kingdome.

**Pal.* Hees a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes againe, and call to Armes
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em
charge, 306

Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himselfe a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he beare himselfe to win
her 311

If he be noble *Arcite*—thousand waies.
Were I at liberty, I would doe things
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,
This blushing virgine, should take manhood
to her 315

And seeke to ravish me.

Keeper. My Lord for you
I have this charge too—

Pal. To discharge my life?

Keep. No, but from this place to remoove
your Lordship: 320

The windowes are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em,

That are so envious to me! pre'thee kill me.

Keep. And hang for't afterward.

Pal. By this good light, 325
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

Keep. Why, my Lord?

Pal. Thou bringst such pelting scurvy
news continually

Thou art not worthy life. I will not goe.

Keep. Indeede, you must, my Lord. 330

Pal. May I see the garden?

Keep. Noe.

Pal. Then I am resolut, I will not goe.

Keep. I must constraine you then: and for
you are dangerous,

Ile clap more yrons on you. 335

Pal. Doe, good keeper.

Ile shake 'em so, ye shall not sleepe;

Ile make ye a new Morrisse: must I goe?

Keep. There is no remedy.

. 319 life. Q

Pal. Farewell, kinde window. 340
May rude winde never hurt thee. O, my
Lady,

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.
[*Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.*]

Scena 3. (*The country near Athens.*)

Enter Arcite.

Arcite. Banishd the kingdome? tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thanke 'em for, but banishd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh 'twas a studded punishment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance 5
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon*,
Thou ha'st the Start now, thou shalt stay and
see

Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst
thy window,

And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede 10
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:

Good gods! what happines has *Palamon*!
Twenty to che, hee'll come to speake to her,

And if she be as gentle as she's faire, 15
I know she's his; he has a Tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild Rockes wanton.

Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the King-
dome.

I know mine owne is but a heape of ruins, 20
And no redresse there; if I goe, he has her.

I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:

Ile see her, and be neere her, or no more.

*Enter 4. Country people, & one with a
garland before them.*

1. My Masters, ile be there, that's certaine

2. And ile be there. 36

3. And I.

4. Why, then, have with ye, Boyes; Tis
but a chiding.

Let the plough play to day, ile tick'lt out
Of the lades talles to morrow. 30

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one; ile goe through, let her
mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and
stoa her,

And all's made up againe. 35

3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fist, and
you shall see her

S. D. The . . Athens add. Dyce

Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

40

2. And *Sennois*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danced
Under green Tree. And yee know what
wenches: ha?

But will the dainty Domine, the Schoole-
master,

Keep touch, doe you thinke? for he do's all,
ye know.

45

3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile:
goe too, the matter's too farre driven betweene
him and the Tanners daughter, to let slip now,
and she must see the Duke, and she must
daunce too.

50

4. Shall we be lusty?

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th
breach on's, and heere ile be and there ile be,
for our Towne, and here againe, and there
again: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

55

1. This must be done i'th woods.

4. O, pardon me.

2. By any meanes, our thing of learning
saies so:

Where he himselfe will edifie the Duke

Most parously in our behalves: hees excellent
i'th woods;

60

Bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no
cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then; every man
to's Tackle:

And, Sweete Companions, lets rehearse by any
meanes,

Before the Ladies see us, and doe sweetly,

And God knows what May come on't.

65

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l
performe.

Away, Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves, honest friends: pray
you, whither goe you?

69

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a question, to methat know not.

3. To the Games, my Friend.

2. Where were you bred, you know it not?

Arc. Not farre, Sir,

Are there such Games to day?

75

1. Yes, marry, are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The Duke him-
selfe

Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running.—Tis a pretty
Fellow.

80

3. Thou wilt not goe along?

Arc. Not yet, Sir.

4. Well, Sir,

Take your owne time: come, Boyes.

1. My minde misgives me;

85

This fellow has a veng'ance trickes o'th hip:

Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd, though,

If he dare venture; hang him, plumb porridge,
He wrestle? he rost eggs! Come, lets be gon,

Lads. [*Exeunt* .4.

Arc. This is an offerd opportunity

91

I durst not wish for. Well I could have
wrestled,

The best men calld it excellent, and run—

Swifter the winde upon a feild of Corne

(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: Ile
venture,

95

And in some poore disguise be there; who
knowes

Whether my browes may not be girt with
garlands?

And happines preferre me to a place,

Where I may ever dwell in sight of her.

[*Exit Arcite.*

Scæna 4: (*Athens. A room in the prison.*)

Enter Iailors Daughter alone.

Daugh. Why should I love this Gentle-
man? Tis odds

He never will affect me; I am base,

My Father the meane Keeper of his Prison,
And he a prince: To marry him is hopelesse;

To be his whore is witles. Out upon't,

5

What pushes are we wenches driven to,

When fiftene once has found us! First, I saw
him;

I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;

He has as much to please a woman in him,

(If he please to bestow it so) as ever

10

These eyes yet lookt on. Next, I pittied him,
And so would any young wench, o' my Con-
science,

That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead

To a yong hansom Man; Then I lov'd him,

Extreamely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him;

15

And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he too.

But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there,

Lord, what a coyle he keepe! To heare him

Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!

42 Ends Tree Q. 43 ye *Sen.*: yet Q, F. 44
Ends touch Q. 52-5 *Fern* *Sen.*, etc. 58 says *Sen.*:
see Q, F. 58-61 *Prose* Q. 62-5 *Dir.* after and,
before, what Q. 66 Ends Away Q.

92 Well, I Q, F. 94 the *Sen.*: then Q, F. 95
never Q, F.; near *Th.*: ever *Dyce* S. D. Athens,
etc. add. *Dyce* S his Q, F.: this *Sen.* 18 To
heare Q, F.: To sit and hear *Sen.*

And yet his Songs are sad ones. Fairer
spoken 20

Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me,
thus:

'Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow; may thy
goodnes

Get thee a happy husband.' Once he kist me.
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after. 26

Would he would doe so ev'ry day! He greives
much,

And me as much to see his misery.

What should I doe, to make him know I love
him?

For I would faine enjoy him. Say I ventur'd
To set him free? whatsaies the law then? Thus
much 31

For Law, or kindred! I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow, he shall love
me. [Exit.]

Scena 5. (An open place in Athens.)

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Emilia:
Arcite with a Garland, &c.

[This short flourish of Cornets
and Showtes within.]

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not
seene,

Since Hercules, a man of tougher synewes;
What ere you are, you run the beat, and
wraastle,

That these times can allow.

Arcite. I am proud to please you. 5

Thes. What Countrie bred you?

Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.

Thes. Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life. 10

Thes. Are you his heire?

Arcite. His yongest, Sir.

Thes. Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what proves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities: 15
I could have kept a Hawke, and well have
holloa'd

To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew
me

Would say it was my best peece: last, and
greatest,

I would be thought a Souldier. 20

32 doe it Q: do it, ay Ser.

Scena 4 Q: Scena Secunda F

Litt. 10 me Q: my conj. Ser.

prove Ser.: profess conj. Ingram

33 or Q: and Ser.

S. D. Au. . . Athens

14 proves Q:

Thes. You are perfect.

Pirith. Vpon my soule, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Per. How doe you like him, Ladie?

Hip. I admire him; 25

I have not seene so yong a man so noble
(if he say true,) of his sort.

Emil. Beleeve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome
woman;

His face, me thinkes, goes that way. 30

Hyp. But his Body

And fire minde illustrate a brave Father.

Per. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden
Sun,

Breakes through his baser garments.

Hyp. Hee's well got, sure. 35

Thes. What made you seeke this place, Sir?

Arc. Noble Theseus,

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service

To such a well-found wonder as thy worth,

For onely in thy Court, of all the world, 40

Dwells faire-eyd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much endebted to your
travell,

Nor shall you loose your wish: Perithous,

Dispose of this faire Gentleman. 45

Perith. Thankes, Theseus.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give
you

To a most noble service, to this Lady,
This bright yong Virgin; pray, observe her
goodnesse;

You have honourd hir faire birth-day with
your vertues, 50

And as your due y'ar hire: kisse her faire
hand, Sir.

Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: dearest Bewtie,
Thus let me seale my vovd faith: when your

Servant

(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends
you,

Command him die, he shall. 55

Emil. That were too cruell.

If you deserve well, Sir, I shall soone see't:
Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your

rancke

Ile use you.

Per. Ile see you furnish'd, and because you
say 60

You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better, Prince, I shall not
then

Freeze in my Saddle.

40 Fo Q

58-9 One line Q

Thes. Sweet, you must be readie, 65
And you, *Emilia*, and you, *Friend*, and all,
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance
To flowry May, in *Dians* wood: waite well, Sir,
Vpon your *Mistris*. *Emely*, I hope
He shall not goe a foote. 70

Emil. That were a shame, Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and
what

You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll finde a loving *Mistris*. 75

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Disgrace and blowes.

Thes. Go, leade the way; you have won it:
It shall be so; you shall receave all dues 80
Fit for the honour you have won; Twer wrong
else.

Sister, beahrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*]

Emil. I hope too wise for that, Sir. 85
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scena 6. (*Before the prison.*)

Enter Iaylors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the
divells rore,

He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a
Cedar,

Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane 5
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe
close,

Till I provide him Fyles and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout hearted child thou art! My
Father

Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done
it: 10

I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it.
I care not, I am desperate; If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't, some
wenches,

Some honest harted Maides, will sing my
Dirge, 15

And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here;
If he doe, Maides will not so easily 20

S. D. Before . . prison add, *Dyce*

Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd
me

For what I have done: no not so much as kist
me,

And that (me thinkes) is not so well; nor
scarcely

Could I perswade him to become a Freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did 25
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope,

When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him doe

What he will with me, so he use me kindly;
For use me so he shall, or ile proclaime him,

And to his face, no man. Ile presently 31
Provide him necessities, and packe my

cloathes up,
And where there is a patch of ground Ile
venture,

So hee be with me; By him, like a shadow,
He ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub

Will be all ore the prison: I am then 36
Kissing the man they, looke for: farewell,

Father;
Get many more such prisoners and such
daughters,

And shortly you may keepe your selfe. Now
to him!

Actus Tertius.

Scena 1. (*A forest near Athens.*)

*Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallow-
ing as people a Maying.*

Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hypolita; each
tooke

A severall land. This is a solemne Right
They owe bloomd May, and the *Athenians*
pay it

To'th heart of Ceremony. O Queene *Emilia*,
Fresher then May, sweeter 5

Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all
Th' enameld knackes o'th Meade or garden:

yea,
We challenge too the bancke of any Nymph
That makes the streame seeme flowers; thou,

o Jewell
O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a
place 10

With thy sole presence: in thy rumination
That I, poore man, might estacones come be-
twene

And chop on some cold thought! thrice blessed
chance,

33 patch *Engleby*, *Litt.*: path *Q*, *F* *S. D.* *A*
forest etc. add. *Litt.* 2 land *Q* *f.*: stand conj. *Heath*:
laund conj. *Dyce* 10 place *Ser.*, etc.: pace *Q*, *F*

To drop on such a Mistria, expectation
Most guiltlesse on't! tell me, O Lady Fortune,
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereigne) how far I
I may be proud. She takes strong note of
me,

Hath made me neere her; and this beuteous
Morne

(The prim'st of all the yeare) presents me with
A brace of horses: two such Steeds might well
Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field 21
That their crownes titles tride. Alas, alas,
Poore Cosen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou thinkest thy selfe the happier thing, to be
So neare *Emilia*; me thou deem'st at *Thebes*, 26
And therein wretched, although free. But if
Thou knew'st my Mistria breathd on me, and
that

I ear'd her language, livde in her eye, O Coz,
What passion would enclose thee! 30

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his
Shackles: bends his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these
signes

Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one,
I and the iustice of my love would make thee
A confest Traytor. O thou most perfidious 36
That ever gently lookd; the voydes of honour,
That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen
That ever blood made kin, call'st thou hir
thine?

He prove it in my Shackles, with these hands, 40
Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord,
Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
And these house clogges away—

Arc. Deere Cosin *Palamon*— 45

Pal. Cosener *Arcite*, give me language such
As thou hast shewd me fests.

Arc. Not finding in

The circuit of my breast any grosse stuffe
To forme me like your blazon, holds me to 50
This gentleness of answer; tis your passion
That thus mistakes, the which to you being
enemy,

Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie
I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
You skip them in me, and with them, faire
Coz, 55

He maintaine my proceedings; pray, be
pleas'd

To shew in generous termes your griefes, since
that

Your question's with your equall, who pro-
fesses

To cleare his owne way with the minde and
Sword

Of a true Gentleman. 60

Pal. That thou durst, *Arcite*!

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well
advertis'd

How much I dare, y'ave seene me use my
Sword

Against th'advise of feare: sure, of another
You would not heare me doubted, but your
silence 65

Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I have seene you move in such a place, which
well

Might justifie your manhood; you were calld
A good knight and a bold; But the whole
weeke's not faire, 70

If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper
Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
And then they fight like coupell'd Beares, would
fly

Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well 75

Speake this and act it in your Glasse, as to
His eare which now disdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,

Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword,
Though it be rustie, and the charity 80

Of one meale lend me; Come before me then,
A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
That *Emely* is thine: I will forgive

The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my
life, 84

If then thou carry't, and brave soules in shades
That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me
Some newes from earth, they shall get none
but this,

That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content: 89

Againe betake you to your hawthorne house;
With counsaile of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments and
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th prison; after,
When you shall stretch your selfe and say but,
'*Arcite*, 95

I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce
Both Sword and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty busines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite* 100
In this kinde is so bold.

68 well om. *Litt.*

73 coupell'd *F*: compell'd *Q*

99 nobly *Sk.* busines] busenesse *Dyce*, ed. 1887

37 voydes *Q*, *F* 43 Nor *Q*, etc.: Not conj. *Litt.*

Arc. Sweete Palamon.

Pal. I doe embrace you and your offer,—for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir; your person,
Without hipocrisy I may not wish 105
[*Winde hornes of Cornets.*

More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Musite least this match between's
Be crost, er met: give me your hand; farewell.
He bring you every needfull thing: I pray you,
Take comfort and be strong. 111

Pal. Pray hold your promise;
And doe the deede with a bent brow: most
certaine

You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre,
I could for each word give a Cuffe, my
stomach 116
Not reconcild by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken,
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
[*Winde hornes.*
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face. Hark, Sir, they
call 121

The scatterd to the Banket; you must guesse
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
Vnjustly is atcheev'd. 126

Arc. If a good title,
I am perswaded this question sicke between's
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a Suitour,
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea
And talke of it no more. 131

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,
For note you, mine she is—

Arc. Nay, then. 135

Pal. Nay, pray you,
You talke of feeding me to breed me strength:
You are going now to looke upon a Sun
That strenghtens what it looks on; there
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. 141
[*Exeunt.*

Scœna 2. (*Another Part of the forest.*)

Enter Iaylors daughter alone.

Daugh. He has mistooke the Brake I
meant, is gone

108 musite *Litt.*: musit *Knight*: Musicke *Q*, *F*:
Muse quick *Ser.* 120 not *F*, etc.: nor *Q* 127
If *Q*, *F*: I've *Ser.*, etc. 139 Ends have *Dyce*, etc.
140 enjoy it *Dyce*, etc. *S. D.* Another etc. add.
Dyce 1 Brake *Th.*: Beake *Q*: Brook *Sy.*: Beek
Ser.: Hawk *conj.* *Ser.*

After his fancy. 'Tis now welnigh morning;
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
And darkenes Lord o'th world. Hark, tis a
woolfe:

In me hath greife slaine feare, and but for one
thing 5

I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.

I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this File: what if I hallowd for him?
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd, what then?

If he not answeard, I should call a wolfe, 10
And doe him but that service. I have heard
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't
not be

They have made prey of him? he has no
weapons,

He cannot run, the lengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to listen, who have in
them 15

A sence to know a man unarmd, and can
Smell where resistance is. He set it downe
He's torne to peeces; they howld many
together 18

And then they fed on him: So much for that,
Be bold to ring the Bell; how stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lye,

My Father's to be hang'd for his escape;
My selfe to beg, if I prizd life so much

As to deny my act, but that I would not, 24
Should I try death by dussons.—I am mop't,

Food tooke I none these two daies,
Sipt some water. I have not closed mine eyes

Save when my lids scowrd off their brine;
alas,

Dissolve my life, Let not my sence unsettle,
Least I should drowne, or stab or hang my
selfe. 30

O state of Nature, faile together in me,
Since thy best props are warpt! So, which way
now?

The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Loe,

The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirps, the
Schreichowle 35

Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
Save what I faile in: But the point is this,
An end, and that is all. [*Exit.*

Scœna 3. (*Same as Scene I.*)

Enter Arcite, with Meade, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be neere the place: ho, Cosen

Palamon. [*Enter Palamon.*

Pal. Arcite?

7 wreake *Q*: reek *Ser.*, etc. 10 fed *F*, etc.: feed
Q 27 Sipt *Q*: only sipt *Ser.*: cept *conj.* *Sy.* 28
brine *Tonson*: bine *Q*, *F*

- Arc.* The same: I have brought you foode
and files.
Come forth and feare not, here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, *Arcite.* 5
Arc. That's no matter,
Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come, take
courage;
You shall not dye thus beastly: here, Sir,
drinke;
I know you are faint: then ile talke further
with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poyson me.
Arc. I might, 11
But I must feare you first: Sit downe, and,
good, now
No more of these vaine parlies; let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talke for Fooles and Cowards. To your
health, &c. 15
Pal. Doe.
Arc. Pray, sit downe then; and let me
entreate you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman: t'will disturbe us;
We shall have time enough. 20
Pal. Well, Sir, Ile pledge you.
Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught; it
breeds good blood, man.
Doe not you feele it thaw you?
Pal. Stay, Ile tell you after a draught or
two more.
Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more, Cuz:
Eate now. 25
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I am glad you have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder I have so good meate
too't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging here in the wild
woods, Cosen?
Pal. Yes, for them that have wilde Con-
sciencences. 30
Arc. How tastes your vittails? your hunger
needs no sawce, I see.
Pal. Not much;
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweete Cosen:
what is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. Tis a lusty meate: 35
Giue me more wine; here, *Arcite*, to the
wenches
We have known in our daies. The Lord
Stewards daughter,
Doe you remember her?
Arc. After you, Cuz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-haired man. 40
15 &c. *Q:* S. D. Drinks *Dyce* 20 them *F*, etc.:
then *Q*
- Arc.* She did so; well, Sir.
Pal. And I have heard some call him
Arcite, and—
Arc. Out with't, faith.
Pal. She met him in an Arbour:
What did she there, Cuz? play o'th virginals?
Arc. Something she did, Sir. 46
Pal. Made her groane a moneth for't, or
2. or 3. or 10.
Arc. The Marshalls Sister
Had her share too, as I remember, Cosen,
Else there be tales abroad; you'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes. 51
Arc. A pretty broune wench t'is. There
was a time
When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broade Beech: and thereby hangs a tale:
—heigh ho!
Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life! Foole, 55
Away with this straind mirth; I say againe,
That sigh was breathd for *Emily*; base Cosen,
Dar'st thou breake first?
Arc. You are wide.
Pal. By heaven and earth, ther's nothing
in thee honest. 60
Arc. Then Ile leave you: you are a Beast
now.
Pal. As thou makst me, Traytour.
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and
shirts, and perfumes:
Ile come againe some two howres hence, and
bring
That that shall quiet all, 65
Pal. A Sword and Armour?
Arc. Feare me not; you are now too fowle;
farewell.
Get off your Trinkets; you shall want nought.
Pal. Sir, ha—
Arc. Ile heare no more. [Exit.
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. 71
[Exit.]
- Scena 4. (Another part of the forest.)
Enter *Iaylors* daughter.
Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars
are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:
The Sun has seene my Folly. *Palamon*!
Alas no; hee in heaven. Where am I now?
Yonder's the sea, and ther's a Ship; how't
tumbles! 5
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they
cry!
- S. D. Another etc. add. *Dyce*

Spoon her before the winde, you'l loose all els:
Up with a course or two, and take about, Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone.—I am very
hungry. 11

Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell
me

Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I
make

A Carecke of a Cockle shell, and sayle
By east and North East to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father,
Twenty to one, is trust up in a trice 17
To morrow morning; Ile say never a word.

[*Sing.*]

For ile cut my greene coat a foote above my
knee,

And ile clip my yellow lockes an inch below
mine eie. 20

ney, nonny, nonny, nonny,

He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride

And ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is
so wide

hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, 25
To put my breast against. I shall sleepe like
a Top else. [*Exit.*]

Scena 5. (*Another part of the forest.*)

Enter a Schoole master, 4. Countrymen, and
Bavian. 2. or 3. wenches, with a Taborer.

Sch. Fy, fy, what tediousity, & disensanity
is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin
labourd so long with ye? milkd unto ye, and by
a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow
of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you
still cry: where, and how, & wherfore? you
most course freeze capacities, ye jane Iudge-
ments, have I saide: thus let be, and there let
be, and then let be, and no man understand
mee? *Proh deum, medius fidius*, ye are all
dunces! For why, here stand I, Here the
Duke comes, there are you close in the
Thicket; the Duke appears, I meete him and
unto him I utter learned things and many
figures; he heares, and nods, and hums, and
then cries: rare, and I goe forward; at length
I fling my Cap up; marke there; then do you,
as once did *Meleager* and the *Bore*, break
comly out before him: like true lovers, cast
your selves in a Body decently, and sweetly,
by a figure trace and turne, Boyes. 21

9 Spoon *conj. Th.*: Vpon Q: Up with *Sen.*: Spoon
Weber: Run *Sk.* 22 He s' *Sk.* 25 Ends breast Q
Scena 6 Q S. D. Another *etc. add. Dyce* S. D.
Bavian Sen.: Baum Q. P 1-21 Verse *Sen.*, *etc.* 7
jane Dyce: jave Q. P: sleave *Sen.*

1. And sweetly we will doe it Mast
Gerrold.

2. Draw up the Company. Where's th
Taborour?

3. Why, *Timothy*!

Tab. Here, my mad boyes, have at ye. 2
Sch. But I say, where's their women?

4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*.

2. And little *Luce* with the white legs, and
bouncing *Barbery*.

1. And freckeled *Nel*, that never faild her
Master.

Sch. Wher be your Ribands, maids? swym
with your Bodies 30

And carry it sweetly, and deliverly

And now and then a faour, and a friake.

Nel. Let us alone, Sir.

Sch. Wher's the rest o'th Musicke?

3. Dispersd as you commanded. 35

Sch. Couple, then,

And see what's wanting; wher's the *Bavian*?

My friend, carry your taile without offence

Or scandall to the Ladies, and be sure

You tumble with audacity and manhood; 40

And when you barke, doe it with judgement.

Bau. Yes, Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem*? Here is a woman
wanting.

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i'th
fire.

Sch. We have, 45

As learned Authours utter, washd a Tile,

We have beene *fatus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy
hilding,

That gave her promise faithfully, she would
be here,

Cicely the Sempsters daughter: 50

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog
skin;

Nay and she faile me once—you can tell,
Arcaas,

She swore by wine and bread, she would not
breake.

Sch. An Eele and woman,

A learned Poet sayes, unles by'th taile 55

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either
faile.

In manners this was false position

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What

Shall we determine, Sir? 60

Sch. Nothing.

Our busines is become a nullity;

Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

49 Ends would 56 fire ill Q: wild-fire *conj.*
Dyce: feril *Sen.*

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay
on it, 64
Now to be frampall, now to pisse o'th nettle!
Goe thy waies; ile remember thee, ile fit thee.

Enter Iaylors daughter.

Daughter. The George aflow came from the
South,
From the coast of Barbary a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war
By one, by two, by three, a. 70

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,
And whither now are you bound a?
O let me have your company
[Chaire and stools out.
Till (I) come to the sound a. 74

There was three fooles, fell out about an howlet:
The one sed it was an owle,
The other he sed nay,
The third he sed it was a hawke,
And her bels wer cut away. 79

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman M(aist)er
Comes i'th Nick, as mad as a march hare:
If wee can gether daunce, wee are made againe:
I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made, Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad, good woman? 85

Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a foole: tell ten. I have pozd him:
Buz! 90

Friend you musteate no whitebread; if you doe,
Your teeth will bleede extreame. Shall we
dance, ho?

I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker,
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni.* A Tinker, Damzell? 95

Daugh. Or a Conjuror:

Raise me a devill now, and let him play
Quipssa o'th bels and bones.

Sch. Goe, take her,

And fluently perswade her to a peace: 100
Et opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis.

Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come, Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade. [Winde Hornes: 105

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Persuasively, and cunningly: away,
boyes,

[*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

67 aflow Q^o holla Herford: a boy conj. Daniel
73-4 One line Q 74 I add. Tomson 80 Mr. Q:
Magister Sir. 80-3 Prose Q, F 180 a peace Q,
F: appease conj. Reid: a place Masow

I heare the hornes: give me some meditation,
And marke your Cue.—*Pallas inspire me.*

*Enter Thea. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite, and
traine.*

Thea. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie. 110

Thea. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life,
Sir.

Thea. Well, Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.
Ladies, sit downe, wee'l stay it.

Sch. Thou, doughtie Duke, all haile: all
haile, sweet Ladies. 115

Thea. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour, our Countrey pas-
time made is.

We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder Tongues distinguish villager;

And to say veritie, and not to fable, 120

We are a merry rout, or else a rable,

Or company, or, by a figure, *Chortis*,

That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.

And I, that am the rectifier of all,

By title Pedagogus, that let fall 125

The Birch upon the breeches of the small
ones,

And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,

Doe here present this Machine, or this frame:

And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall
fame

From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar, 130

Is blowne abroad, helpe me thy poore well
willer,

And with thy twinkling eyes looke right and
straight

Vpon this mighty *Morr*—of mickle waight;

Is now comes in, which being glewd together,
Makes *Morris*, and the cause that we came

hether. 135

The body of our sport, of no small study,

I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and
muddy,

To speake before thy noble grace this tenner:

At whose great feete I offer up my penner. 139

The next the Lord of May and Lady bright,

The Chambermaid and Servingman by night

Thay seeke out silent hanging: Then mine

Host

And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their
cost

The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning 144

Informes the Tapster to inflame the reckning:

Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the
foole,

113 *Proffz* Per. Q, F 143 welcome Colman, etc.
their] his Walker 140 beef-eating Mason

The *Bavian*, with long taylor and eke long
toole,
Cum multis alijs that make a dance:
Say 'I,' and all shall presently advance. 149
Thes. I, I, by any meanes, deere Domine.
Per. Produce.
(Sch.) Intrate, filij; Come forth, and foot
it.—
[Musicke, Dance. Knocke for Schoole.

Enter the Dance.

Ladies, if we have beene merry,
And have pleas'd yee with a derry,
And a derry, and a downe, 155
Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne:
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good Boyes should doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and againe, 160
Ere another yeare run out,
Wee'l make thee laugh and all this rout.

Thes. Take 20., Domine; how does my
sweet heart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance, and for a
preface 165

I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolemaster, I thanke you.—One
see'em all rewarded.

Per. And heer's something to paint your
Pole withall.

Thes. Now to our sports againe. 169

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong:
May they kill him without lets,
And the Ladies eate his dowts!
Come, we are all made. [Winde Hornes.
Dij Deaq(ue) omnes, ye have danc'd rarely,
wenches. [Exeunt.

Scena 6. (Same as Scene III.)

Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this houre my Cosen gave his
faith

To visit me againe, and with him bring
Two Swords, and two good Armors; if he
faile,

He's neither man nor Souldier. When he left
me, 4

I did not thinke a weeke could have restord
My lost strength to me, I was growne so low,
And Crest-falne with my wants: I thanke thee,
Arcite,

Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my selfe

152 Profr Ger (= Gerrold) add. Dycs 154 have
om. See. ye See.: thee Q 157 thee F, etc.: three Q
Scena 7. Q

With this refreshing, able once againe
To out dure danger: To delay it longer 10
Would make the world think, when it comes to
hearing,
That I lay fattig like a Swine to fight,
And not a Souldier: Therefore, this blest
morning
Shall be the last; and that Sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; tis Iustice: 15
So love, and Fortune for me!—O, good
morrow.

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman.

Pal. I have put you to too much paines, Sir.

Arc. That too much, faire Cosen,

Is but a debt to honour, and my duty. 20

Pal. Would you were so in all, Sir; I could
wish ye

As kinde a kinsman, as you force me finde

A beneficiall foe, that my embraces

Might thanke ye, not my blowes.

Arc. I shall thinke either, well done, 25

A noble recompence.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these faire termes, and
you show

More then a Mistria to me, no more anger

As you love any thing that's honourable: 30
We were not bred to talke, man; when we are
arm'd

And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,

And then to whom the birthright of this
Beauty 34

Truely pertaines (without obbraidings, scornes,
Dispising of our persons, and such powtings,

Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be
seene

And quickly, yours, or mine: wilt please you
arme, Sir,

Or if you feele your selfe not fitting yet

And furnish with your old strength, ile stay,
Cosen, 40

And ev'ry day discourse you into health,

As I am spard: your person I am friends with,

And I could wish I had not saide I lov'd her,

Though I had did; But loving such a Lady 44

And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,

That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee:

I am well and lusty, choose your Armes.

Arc. Choose you, Sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'st thou

doe it 50

To make me spare thee?

25 Ends either Q

Arc. If you thinke so, Cosen,
You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier,
I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'll finde it.

Pal. Then, as I am an honest man and
love

With all the justice of affection,

Ile pay thee soundly. This ile take.

Arc. That's mine, then;

Ile arme you first.

Pal. Doe: pray thee, tell me, Cosen,
Where gotst thou this good Armour?

Arc. Tis the Dukes,
And to say true, I stole it; doe I pinch you? 65

Pal. Noe.

Arc. Is't not too heauey?

Pal. I have worne a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.

Arc. Ile buckl't close. 70

Pal. By any meanes.

Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?

Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I per-
ceave

You would faine be at that Fight.

Arc. I am indifferent. 75

Pal. Faith, so am I: good Cosen, thrust the
buckle

Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My Caske now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd? 80

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your Gauntlets though; those
are o'th least,

Prethee take mine, good Cosen.

Pal. Thanke you, *Arcite*.

How doe I looke? am I faine much away? 85

Arc. Faith, very little; love has usd you
kindly.

Pal. Ile warrant thee, Ile strike home.

Arc. Doe, and spare not;

Ile give you cause, sweet Cosen.

Pal. Now to you, Sir: 90

Me thinke this Armor's very like that, *Arcite*,
Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but
lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that
day,

I well remember, you outdid me, Cosen.

I never saw such valour: when you chargd 95
Vpon the left wing of the Enemye,

I spurd hard to come up, and under me

I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeede; a bright Bay, I re-
member.

Arc. Yes, but all 100

Was vainely labour'd in me; you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.

Pal. More by vertue;

You are modest, Cosen. 105

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Breake from the Troope.

Pal. But still before that flew

The lightning of your valour. Stay a little,
Is not this peece too straight? 111

Arc. No, no, tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but
my Sword,

A bluse would be dishonour.

Arc. Now I am perfect. 115

Pal. Stand off, then.

Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.

Pal. I thanke ye: No, keepe it; your life
lyes on it.

Here's one; if it but hold, I aske no more

For all my hopes: My Cause and honour guard
me! [*They bow severall wayes:*
then advance and stand.

Arc. And me my love! Is there ought else
to say? 121

Pal. This onely, and no more: Thou art
mine Aunts Son,

And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall;

In me, thine, and in thee, mine. My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me, 125

The gods and I forgive thee; If there be

A place prepar'd for those that sleepe in
honour,

I wish his wearie soule that falls may win it:
Fight bravely, Cosen; give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here, *Palamon*: This hand shall never
more 130

Come neare thee with such friendship.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a
coward,

For none but such dare die in these just
Tryalls.

Once more farewell, my Cosen. 135

Pal. Farewell, *Arcite*. [*Fight.*
Hornes within: they stand.

Arc. Loe, Cosen, loe, our Folly has undon
us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told
you.

If we be found, we are wretched. O retire
For honours sake, and safety presently 141

Into your Bush agen; Sir, we shall finde
Too many howres to dye in: gentle Cosen,

141 safety Hen.: safety Q

If you be seene you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveale me,
For my contempt. Then all the world will
scorne us, 146

And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, *Cosen*,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off 150
This great adventure to a second Tryall:
I know your cunning, and I know your cause;
He that faine now, shame take him: put thy
selfe

Vpon thy present guard—

Arc. You are not mad? 155

Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this
howe

Mine owne, and what to come shall threaten
me,

I feare lesse then my fortune: know, weake
Cosen,

I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury
Thee, and all crosses else. 160

Arc. Then, come what can come,
Thou shalt know, *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleepe: Onely this feares
me,

The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life. 165

Pal. Looke to thine owne well, *Arcite*.
[*Fight againe. Hornes.*]

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous
and traine.*

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious
Traitors,

Are you, That gainst the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights ap-
pointed,

Without my leave, and Officers of Armes? 170
By *Castor*, both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word, *Theseus*.

We are certainly both Traitors, both de-
spisers

Of thee and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy
Prison; 175

Thinke well what that deserves: and this is
Arcite,

A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground,
A Falsar neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and banish'd; this is he contemnes
thee

And what thou dar'st doe, and in this dis-
guise 180

Against thy owne Edict follows thy Sister,

181 thy own *Dyce*: this owne *Q*: this known *Ser*:
thine owne *Sk*.

That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*,
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly
I am, and, which is more, dares thinke her his.

This treacherie, like a most trusty Lover, 186
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st,
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight againe,' and thou shalt see me,
Theseus, 190

Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie.
Then take my life; Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,

What more then man is this!

Thes. I have sworne. 196

Arc. We seeke not

Thy breath of mercy, *Theseus*? 'Tis to me
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me
Traitor,

Let me say thus much: if in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beutie, 201

As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this *Cosen*, that denies it, 205

So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy Edict, Duke, aske that Lady
Why she is faire, and why her eyes command
me

Stay here to love her; and if she say 'Traytor,'
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied. 210

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, o
Theseus,

If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop
(As thou art just) thy noble eare against us.
As thou art valiant, for thy *Cosens* soule
Whose 12. strong labours crowne his memory,
Lets die together, at one instant, Duke, 216
Onely a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soule he shall not have
her.

Thes. I grant your wish, for, to say true,
your *Cosen*

Has ten times more offended; for I gave him
More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenses
Being no more then his. None here speake
for 'em, 222

For, ere the Sun set, both shall sleepe for ever.

Hipol. Alas the pittie! now or never, Sister,
Speake, not to be denide; That face of yours
Will beare the curses else of after ages 226
For these lost *Cosens*.

Emil. In my face, deare Sister.

I finde no anger to 'em, nor no ruyn;
The misadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em;

230 kills *Ser*.

Yet that I will be woman, and have pitty, 231
My knees shall grow to'th ground but Ile get
mercie.

Helpe me, deare Sister; in a deede so vertuous
The powers of all women will be with us.

Most royall Brother— 235

Hipol. Sir, by our tye of Marriage—

Emil. By your owne spotlesse honour—

Hip. By that faith,

That faire hand, and that honest heart you
gave me.

Emil. By that you would have pitty in
another, 240

By your owne vertues infinite.

• *Hip.* By valour,

By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

Thes. These are strange Conjurings.

Per. Nay, then, Ile in too: 245

By all our friendship, Sir, by all our dangers,

By all you love most: warres and this sweet
Lady.

Emil. By that you would have trembled to
deny,

A blushing Maide.

Hip. By your owne eyes: By strength, 250

In which you swore I went beyond all women,

Almost all men, and yet I yeilded, *Theseus*.

Per. To crowne all this: By your most
noble soule,

Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

Hip. Next, heare my prayers. 255

Emil. Last, let me intreate, Sir.

Per. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Emil. Mercy on these Princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place
it? 261

Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their
banishments.

Thes. You are a right woman, Sister; you
have pitty,

But want the vnderstanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way. 265

Safer then banishment: Can these two live

And have the agony of love about 'em,

And not kill one another? Every day

They'd fight about you; howrely bring your
honour

In publike question with their Swords. Be
wise, then, 270

And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit

And my oth equally: I have said they die;

Better they fall by'th law, then one another.

Bow not my honor.

Emil. O my noble Brother, 275

That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,

Your reason will not hold it; if such vowes
Stand for expresse will, all the world must
perish.

Beside, I have another oth gainst yours,
Of more authority, I am sure more love, 280
Not made in passion neither, but good heede.

Thes. What is it, Sister?

Per. Vrg it home, brave Lady.

Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any
thing

Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tye you to your word now; if ye fall in't,

Thinke how you maime your honour, 287

(For now I am set a begging, Sir, I am deafe

To all but your compassion.) How, their lives

Might breed the ruine of my name, Opinion!

Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?

That were a cruell wisdom; doe men proyne

The straight yong Bowes that blush with

thousand Blossoms, 293

Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Theseus*,

The goodly Mothers that have ground for
these,

And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,

If your vow stand, shall curse me and my

Beauty, 297

And in their funerall songs for these two

Cosens

Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,

Till I am nothing but the scorne of women;

For heavens sake save their lives, and banish
'em. 301

Thes. On what condicions?

Emil. Swear 'em never more

To make me their Contention, or to know me,

To tread upon thy Dukedome; and to be, 303

Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers

To one another.

Pal. Ile be cut a peeces

Before I take this oth: forget I love her?

O all ye gods dispise me, then! Thy Banish-
ment 310

I not mislike, so we may fairely carry

Our Swords and cause along: else, never
trifle,

But take our lives, Duke: I must love and will,

And for that love must and dare kill this Cosen

On any peeces the earth has. 315

Thes. Will you, *Arcite*,

Take these condicions?

Pal. He's a villaine, then.

Per. These are men.

Arcite. No, never, Duke: Tis worse to me
than begging 320

286 fall Q, F: fall Tomson 290 name; Opinion

Q: Name—Opinion Scr.: names Opinion Th. 296

lo'vd them Walker

To take my life so basely; though I thinke
I never shall enjoy her, yet ile preserve
The honour of affection, and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feele
compassion. 325

Per. Let it not fall agen, Sir.

Thes. Say, *Emilia*,

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of; looke upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference.

I give consent; are you content too, Princes?

Both. With all our soules. 335

Thes. He that she refuses

Must dye, then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent, Duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with
favour, 339

And Lovers yet unborne shall blesse my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will
wed me,

And Souldiers sing my Epitaph.

Thes. Make choice, then.

Emil. I cannot, Sir, they are both too
excellent:

For me, a hayre shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em? 346

Thes. Thus I ordaine it;

And by mine honor, once againe, it stands,
Or both shall dye:—You shall both to your
Country,

And each within this moneth, accompanied
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in
this place, 351

In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his Cosen
By fayre and knightly strength to touch the
Pillar, 354

He shall enjoy her: the other loose his head,
And all his friends; Nor shall he grudge to
fall,

Nor thinke he dies with interest in this Lady:
Will this content yee?

Pal. Yes: here, Cosen *Arcite*,

I am friends againe, till that howre. 360

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content, Sister?

Emil. Yes, I must, Sir,

Els both miscarry.

Thes. Come, shake hands againe, then;

And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this
Quarrell 366

331 as your *Q* etc.: in your conj. *Daniel* 344-5 too

excellent For me *Q*, *F*

Sleepe till the howre prefix; and hold your
course.

Pal. We dare not faile thee, *Theseus*.

Thes. Come, Ile give ye 369

Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:

When ye returne, who wins, Ile settle heere;

Who looses, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus.

Scæna 1. (*Athens. A room in the prison.*)

Enter Iailor and his friend.

Iailor. Heare you no more? was nothing
saide of me

Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?

Good Sir, remember.

1. *Fr.* Nothing that I heard.

For I came home before the busines

Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,

Ere I departed, a great likelihood

Of both their pardons: For *Hipolita*,

And faire-eyd *Emilie*, upon their knees

Begd with such hansom pittie, that the Duke

Me thought stood staggering, whether he
should follow 11

His rash oth, or the sweet compassion

Of those two Ladies; and to second them,

That truly noble Prince *Perithous*,

Halfe his owne heart, set in too, that I hope 15

All shall be well: Neither heard I one question

Of your name or his scape.

Enter 2. Friend.

Jay. Pray heaven it hold so.

2. *Fr.* Be of good comfort, man; I bring
you newes,

Good newes. 20

Jay. They are welcome,

2. *Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,

And got your pardon, and discovered how

And by whose meanes he escapt, which was

your Daughters,

Whose pardon is procurd too; and^s the
Prisoner, 25

Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,

Has given a summe of money to her Marriage,

A large one, ile assure you.

Jay. Ye are a good man

And ever bring good newes. 30

1. *Fr.* How was it ended?

2. *Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that
nev'r begd

But they prevaild, had their suites fairly
granted,

The prisoners have their lives.

S. D. Athens... etc. add. *Dyce* *S. D.* and First
Friend *Dyce* 12 o'th *Q* 23 Ends discoverd *Q*, *F*

1. *Fr.* I knew t'would be so. 35
 2. *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which
 you'l heare of
 At better time.
Iay. I hope they are good.
 2. *Fr.* They are honourable,
 How good they'l prove, I know not. 40
- Enter Wooer.*
1. *Fr.* T'will be knowne.
Woo. Alas, Sir, wher's your Daughter?
Iay. Why doe you aske?
 • *Woo.* O, Sir, when did you see her?
 • 2. *Fr.* How he lookes? 45
 • *Iay.* This morning.
Woo. Was she well? was she in health, Sir?
 When did she sleepe?
 1. *Fr.* These are strange Questions.
Iay. I doe not thinke she was very well,
 for now 50
 You make me minde her, but this very day
 I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
 So farre from what she was, so childishly,
 So sillily, as if she were a foole,
 An Innocent, and I was very angry. 55
 But what of her, Sir?
Woo. Nothing but my pitty;
 But you must know it, and as good by me
 As by an other that lesse loves her—
Iay. Well, Sir. 60
 1. *Fr.* Not right?
 2. *Fr.* Not well?—*Wooer,* No, Sir, not
 well.
 Tis too true, she is mad.
 1. *Fr.* It cannot be.
Woo. Beleeve, you'l finde it so. 65
Iay. I halfe suspected
 What you (have) told me: the gods comfort
 her:
 Either this was her love to *Palamon*,
 Or feare of my miscarrying on his scape,
 Or both. 70
Woo. Tis likely.
Iay. But why all this haste, Sir?
Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was
 angling
 In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,
 From the far shore, thicke set with reedes and
 Sedges, 75
 As patiently I was attending sport,
 I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and attentive
 I gave my eare, when I might well perceive
 T'was one that sung, and by the smallnesse of
 it
 A boy or woman. I then left my angle 80
 63 *Prefix Woo.* repeated before this line Q
 have add. *Sev.* 87
- To his owne skill, came neere, but yet per-
 ceivd not
 Who made the sound, the rushes and the
 Reeds
 Had so encompass it: I laide me downe
 And listned to the words she sung, for then,
 Through a small glade cut by the Fisher men,
 I saw it was your Daughter. 86
Iay. Pray, goe on, Sir?
Woo. She sung much, but no sence; onely
 I heard her
 Repeat this often: '*Palamon* is gone,
 Is gone to'th wood to gather Mulberies; 90
 Ile finde him out to morrow.'
 P. *Fr.* Pretty soule.
Woo. 'His shackles will betray him, hee'l
 be taken,
 And what shall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
 A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I
 doe, 95
 With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
 With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske
 Roses,
 And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the
 Duke,
 And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you,
 Sir;
 That you must loose your head to morrow
 morning, 100
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,
 And see the house made handsome: then she
 sung
 Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow,' and
 betweens
 Ever was, '*Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,'
 And '*Palamon* was a tall yong man.' The
 place 105
 Was knee deepe where she sat; her careless
 Tresses
 A wreathe of bull-rush rounded; about her
 stucke
 Thousand fresh water flowers of severall
 cullors,
 That me thought she appeard like the faire
 Nimph
 That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
 Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings she
 made 111
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest posies: 'Thus our true love's
 tide,'
 'This you may loose, not me,' and many a
 one:
 And then she wept, and sung againe, and
 sigh'd, 115
 84 sung *F:* song Q 107 wreath *Sev.*: wreake
 Q: wreak *F:*

And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2. *Fr.* Alas, what pitty it is!

Woer. I made in to her.

She saw me, and straight sought the flood;
I say'd her,

And set her safe to land: when presently 120

She slipt away, and to the City made,

With such a cry and swiftnes, that, beleewe me,

Shee left me farre behinde her; three or foure

I saw from farre off crosse her, one of 'em

I knew to be your brother; where she staid,

And tell, scarce to be got away: I left them

with her, 126

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you. Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the
light, &c.

Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O, a very fine one. 130

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can.

Daugh. Yes, truely, can I; I can sing the

Broome,

And Bony Robin. Are not you a'tailour?

Bro. Yes. 135

Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?

Bro. Ile bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely; I must be abroad
else

To call the Maides, and pay the Minstrels,

For I must loose my Maydenhead by cock-
light; 140

Twill never thrive else.

O faire, oh sweete, &c. [*Singes.*

Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Iay. Tis true.

Daug. Good ev'n, good men; pray, did
you ever heare 145

Of one yong *Palamon*?

Iay. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?

Iay. Tis Love.

Bro. By no meane crosse her; she is then
distemperd 150

Far worse then now she shoves.

1. *Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? you have a Sister?

1. *Fr.* Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell
her so, 155

For a tricke that I know; y'had best looke to
her,

138 rarely *Q.* *F.* rarely conj. *Sy.* early *Sen.*
140 Tis, Love *Q.* 150 means *Colman* 151 For
Q. *F.*

For if she see him once, she's gone, she's
done,

And undon in an howre. All the young
Maydes

Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh
at 'em

And let 'em all alone; Is't not a wise course?

1. *Fr.* Yes. 161

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now
with child by him—

There must be fowre; yet I keepe close for all
this,

Close as a Cockle; and all these must be
Boyes, 164

He has the trickes on't, and at ten yeares old

They must be all gelt for Musitians,

And sing the wars of *Theseus*.

2. *Fr.* This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard, but say nothing.

1. *Fr.* No. 170

Daugh. They come from all parts of the
Dukedom to him;

Ile warrant ye, he had not so few last night

As twenty to dispatch; hee'l tickl't up

In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's lost 175

Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid, man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. *Fr.* Do's she know him?

2. *Fr.* No, would she did. 180

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compasse?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North. 185

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher
Palamon

Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling

Let me alone; Come, waygh, my hearts,
cheerely!

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's
faire,

Top the Bowling, out with the maine saile;

Wher's your Whistle, Master? 191

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top, Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. *Fr.* Heere. 195

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

2. *Fr.* A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it, master: take about!

[*Singes.*

When *Cynthia* with her borrowed light, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

180 *Prefix* 1. *Fr.* *Q.* 189-91 *Dir.* to the, your *Q.* *F.*

Scena 2. (*A Room in the Palace.*)*Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures*

Emilia. Yet I may binde those wounds up,
that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else; Ie
choose,
And end their strife: Two such yong hansom
men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has *Arcite*! if wise nature,
With all her best endowments, all those
• beauties
She sowes into the birthes of noble bodies, 9
Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
The coy denials of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,
She would run mad for this man: what an eye,
Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sweetnes,
Has this yong Prince! Here Love himselfe
sits smyling,
Iust such another wanton *Ganimed* • 15
Set Jove a fire with, and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation: What a brow,
Of what a spacious Majesty, he carries!
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but far
sweeter, 20
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder! Fame and
honour,
Me thinks, from hence, as from a Promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings,
and sing 23
To all the under world the Loves and Fights
Of gods, and such men neere 'em. *Palamon*
Is but his foyle, to him a meere dull shadow:
Hee's swarth and meagre, of an eye as
heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this sprightly sharpenes not a smile; 30
Yet these that we count errours may become
him:
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:—
Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy?
I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly 35
That women ought to beate me. On my
knees
I aske thy pardon, *Palamon*; thou art alone,
And only beautifull, and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that com-
mand.

S. D. A Room etc. add. T 9 sowes Q: shews F
10 Jove Sy.: Love Q, F with om. *Sec.* 38 the
Q: thy F

And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare
crosse 'em? 40

What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this browne manly face! O Love, this only
From this howre is Complexion: Lye there,
Arcite,

Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipseey,
And this the noble Bodie. I am sotted, 45
Vitterly lost: My Virgins faith has fled me;
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*;
Now, if my Sister, More for *Palamon*.

Stand both together: Now, come aske me,
Brother.— 50

Alas, I know not! Aske me now, sweet
Sister;—

I may goe looke. What a meere child is
Fancie,

That, having two faire gawdes of equall
sweetnesse,

Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter (a) Gent(leman.)

Emil. How now, Sir? 55

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother,
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are
come.

Emil. To end the quarrell?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first: 60

What sinnes have I committed, chast *Diana*,
That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chastitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet 65
Made mothers joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and
attendants.*

Theseus. Bring 'em in
Quickly, By any means; I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending Lovers are return'd, 70
And with them their faire Knights: Now, my
faire Sister,

You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
Eq, neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger. (Curtis.)

The. Who saw 'em? 75

Per. I, a while.

Gent. And I.

46 Virgin *Sec.* 52 may] must conj. S S. D.
Enter *Emil.* and *Gent.* Q, F 68 Ends quickly Q:
corr. Dyce 71 faire Q: mixe conj. Walker S. D.
Messengers Q

Thes. From whence come you, Sir?
Mess. From the Knights.
Thes. Pray, speake, 80
 You that have seene them, what they are.
Mess. I will, Sir,
 And truly what I thinke: Six braver spirits
 Then these they have brought, (if we judge by
 the outside)
 I never saw, nor read of. He that stands 85
 In the first place with *Arctite*, by his seeming,
 Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,
 (His very lookes so say him) his complexion,
 Nearer a browne, than blacke, sterne, and yet
 noble,
 Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of
 dangers: 90
 The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
 And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes;
 His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and
 shining
 Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad and
 strong,
 Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a
 Sword 95
 Hung by a curious Bauldricke, when he
 frownes
 To seale his will with: better, o'my conscience
 Was never Souldiers friend.
Thes. Thou ha'st well describe him.
Per. Yet a great deale short, 100
 Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.
Thes. Pray, speake him, friend.
Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,
 And, if it may be, greater; for his show
 Has all the ornament of honour in't: 105
 Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he
 spoke of,
 But of a face far sweeter; His complexion
 Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he has felt,
 Without doubt, what he fights for, and so
 apter
 To make this cause his owne: In's face ap-
 peares 110
 All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
 And when he's angry, then a settled valour
 (Not tainted with extreames) runs through his
 body,
 And guides his arme to brave things: Feare
 he cannot,
 He shewes no such soft temper; his head's
 yellow, 115
 Hard hay'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy
 toda,
 Not to undoe with thunder; In his face

84 these Q: those F 86 first F, etc.: first Q
 91 fire *Heath*, *Dyce*: faire Q: far *See*. 95 Arms
See. 116 toda *Litt*: tops Q, F

The liverie of the warlike Maide appears,
 Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has
 blest him.
 And in his rowling eyes sits victory, 120
 As if she ever ment to court his valour:
 His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.
 His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.
Emil. Must these men die too?
Per. When he speakes, his tongue 125
 Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyneaments
 Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and
 cleane,
 He weares a well-steeld Axe, the staffe of gold;
 His age some five and twenty.
Mess. Ther's another, 130
 A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming
 As great as any: fairer promises
 In such a Body yet I never look'd on.
Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd?
Mess. The same, my Lord: 135
 Are they not sweet ones?
Per. Yes, they are well.
Mess. Me thinkes,
 Being so few, and well disposd, they show
 Great, and fine art in nature: he's white
 hair'd, 140
 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
 Next to an aborne; tough, and nimble set,
 Which shoves an active soule; his armes are
 brawny,
 Linde with strong sinewes: To the shoulder
 peece 144
 Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,
 Which speakes him prone to labour, never
 fainting
 Vnder the waight of Armes; stout harted, still,
 But when he stirs, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
 Which yeelds compassion where he conquers:
 sharpe 149
 To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
 He's swift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
 Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when
 he smiles
 He shoves a Lover, when he frownes, a
 Souldier:
 About his head he weares the winners oke,
 And in it stucke the favour of his Lady: 155
 His age, some six and thirtie. In his hand
 He beares a charging Staffe, embost with
 silver.
Thes. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the sonnes of honour.
Thes. Now, as I have a soule, I long to
 see 'em. 160
 Lady, you shall see men fight now.

121 court *conf*, *Dyce*: correct Q: crown *See*.

Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my Lord; They would show
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdomes;
Tis pittie Love should be so tyrannous: 165
O my soft harted Sister, what thinke you?
Weepe not, till they weepe blood, Wench; it
must be.

Thes. You have steeld 'em with your
Beautie.—Honord Friend,
To you I give the Feild; pray, order it
Fitting the persons that must use it. 170

Per. Yes, Sir.

Thes. Come, Ile goe visit 'em: I cannot
stay,
Their fame has fir'd me so; Till they appeare.
Good Friend, be royall.

Per. There shall want no bravery. 175

Emilia. Poore wench, goe weepe, for who-
soever wins,
Looses a noble Cosen for thy sins. [Exeunt.]

Scena 3. (A soom in the prison.)

Enter Iailor, Wooer, Doctor.

Doc. Her distraction is more at some time
of the Moone, then at other some, is it not?

Iay. She is continually in a harmelese
distemper, sleepes little, altogether without
appetite, save often drinking, dreaming of
another world, and a better; and what broken
peece of matter so'ere she's about, the name
Palamon lardes it, that she farces ev'ry
busines withall, fytis it to every question.— 9

Enter Daughter.

Looke where shee comes, you shall perceive
her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; The burden
on't, was downe a, downe a, and pend by no
worse man, then *Giraldo*, *Emilias* Schoole-
master; he's as Fantasticall too, as ever he may
goe upon's legs,—for in the next world will
Dido see *Palamon*, and then will she be out
of love with *Eneas*.

Doc. What stuff's here? pore soule!

Iay. Ev'n thus all day long. 20

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told
you of: you must bring a peece of silver on
the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if
it be your chance to come where the blessed
spirits, as ther's a sight now—we maids that
have our Lyvers perish'd, crakt to peeces with
Love, we shall come there, and doe nothing
all day long, but picke flowers with *Proserpine*;

then will I make *Palamon* a Nosegay; then let
him marke me,—then— 30

Doc. How prettily she's amisse? note her a
little further.

Dau. Faith, ile tell you, sometime we goe
to Barly breake, we of the blessed; alas, tis
a sore life they have i'th other place, such
burning, frying, boyling, hissing, howling,
chattring, cursing, oh they have shrowd
measures! take heede; if one be mad, or hang
or drowne themselves, thither they goe,
Iupiter blesse vs, and there shall we be put
in a Caldron of lead, and Vsurers grease,
amongst a whole million of cutpurses, and
there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon that will
never be enough. [Exit.]

Doc. How her braine coyne! 45

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have
got maids with Child, they are in this place:
they shall stand in fire up to the Nav'le, and
in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending
part burnes, and the deceaving part freezes;
in troth, a very greevous punishment, as one
would thinke, for such a Trifle; beleve me,
one would marry a leaproous witch, to be rid
on't, Ile assure you.

Doc. How she continues this fancies! Tis
not an engrafted Madnesse, but a most thicke,
and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and
a proud City wiffe, howle together! I were
a beast and i'd call it good sport: one cries,
'O this smoake!' another, 'this fire!' One
cries, 'O, that ever I did it behind the arras!'
and then howles; th'other curses a suing
fellow and her garden house. 64
[Sings] *I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.*

[Exit Daugh.]

Iay. What thinke you of her, Sir?

Doc. I thinke she has a perturbed minde,
which I cannot minister to.

Iay. Alas, what then?

Doc. Vnderstand you, she ever affected
any man, ere she beheld *Palamon*? 71

Iay. I was once, Sir, in great hope she had
fixd her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Woo. I did thinke so too, and would
account I had a great pen-worth on't, to give
halfe my state, that both she and I at this
present stood unfaindly on the same tearmes.

Do. That intemprat surfeit of her eye hath
distemperd the other senses: they may
returne and settle againe to execute their

163 Ends bravely *Ser.* 164 about *Q, F:* Fight-
ing about *Ser.* 167 blood: Wench *Q* 8. D. A
room etc, add. *Dyce* 1-44 Verse *Q, F*

35 I'th Thother *Q* 40 we *Q, etc.:* they conf.
Litt. 61 another *Q:* th'other *Dyce* (inter add.)
62 behind! *The Bodleian copy of Q* has behold: cf. note.
70 ff. Verse *Q, F*

preordaind faculties, but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must doe: Confine her to a place, where the light may rather seeme to steale in, then be permitted; take vpon you (yong Sir, her friend) the name of *Palamon*; say you come to eate with her, and to commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for this her minde beates upon; other objects that are inserted tweene her minde and eye become the pranks and friskins of her madnes; Sing to her such greene songs of Love, as she sayes *Palamon* hath sung in prison; Come to her, stucked in as sweet flowers as the season is mistreated of, and thereto make an addition of som other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sence: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing: desire to eate with her, carve her, drinke to her, and still among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour: Learne what Maides have beene her companions and play-pherees, and let them repaire to her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehood to be combated. This may bring her to eate, to sleepe, and reduce what's now out of square in her, into their former law, and regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times I know not, but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, betweene the passages of this project, come in with my applaynce: Let us put it in execution, and hasten the successe, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Flourish. Exeunt.* 117]

Actus Quintus

Scœna 1. (*Before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*)

Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolita, attendants.

Thes. Now let'em enter, and before the gods

Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense

To those above us: Let no due be wanting; 5
[*Flourish of Cornets.*

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour

The very powers that love 'em.

91 friskings *Knight, Dyer.* 100 carve *F: carve*
Q: carve for Ser. 110 Regiment *Ser. S. D.*
Before etc. add. *Dyer* 4 smelling conj. *Th.*

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong harted Enemies,

You royall German foes, that this day come to
To blow that furnesse out that flames betweene ye:

Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like,

Before the holy Altars of your helpers,
(The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies.

Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,

And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice;
He leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthiest.

[*Exit Theseus, and his traine.*

Pal. The glasse is running now that cannot finish 20

Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to show

Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye
Against another, Arme opprest by Arme,
I would destroy th'offender, Coz, I would, 25
Though parcell of my selfe: Then from this gather

How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour

To push your name, your auncient love, our kindred

Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same place
To seate something I would confound: So
hoyst we 31

The sayles, that must these vessells port even where

The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speake well;

Before I turne, Let me embrace thee, Cosen:
This I shall never doe agen. 36

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why, let it be so: Farewell, Coz.

[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Arc. Farewell, Sir.—

Knight, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea, my Sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expells the seedes of feare, and th'apprehension

Which still is farther off it, Goe with me
Before the god of our profession: There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and 45
The breath of Tigers, yea, the fiercenesse too,

11 furnesse *pr. al.: nearnesse Q, etc.: fiercenesse*
conj. Ingleby 32 part *Ser.* 43 father of *conj. Th.*

Yea, the speed also,—to goe on, I meane,
Else wish we to be Snayles: you know my
prize

Must be drag'd out of blood; force and great
feats

Must put my Garland on, where she stickes 50
The Queene of Flowers: our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the Campe a
Cestron

Brymd with the blood of men: give me your
aide

And bend your spirits towards him.

[*They kneele.*

Throu mighty one, that with thy power hast
turnd 55

Greene Neptune into purple, (whose Approach)
Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vaste
Feild

Vnearthed skulls proclaime, whose breath
blowes downe,

The teeming Ceres foyzon, who doth plucke
With hand armypotent from forth blew
clowdes 60

The masond Turrets, that both mak'st and
break'st

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this
day

With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee, 65
Be stil'd the Lord o'th day: give me, great
Mars,

Some token of thy pleasure.

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and
there is heard clanging of Armor, with a
short Thunder as the burst of a Battaille,
whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dustie and old tyties, that healt with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curst the
world 71

O'thpluresie of people; I doe take
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name
To my designe march boldly. Let us goe.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the
former observance.*

Pal. Our stars must glisten with new fire,
or be 75

To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives

50 on Q. *46*: on me *conj. Litt.* stickes Q: will
stick *Sec.* 54 N. D. They advance to the altar of
Mars, and fall on their faces; then kneel *Dycr* 55
whose Approach *add. Sec.* 60 armypotent *Sec.*:
armenypotent Q 63 Young *Sec.*

Victory too: then blend your spirits with
mine,

You, whose free noblenesse doe make my
cause

Your personall hazard; to the goddesse Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore s:
Her power unto our partie.

[*Here they kneele as formerly.*

Haile, Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast
power

To call the feirest Tyrant from his rage,
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha'st the might,
Even with an ey-glance, to choke Mars's

Drom 80

And turne th'allarme to whispers; that canst
make

A Cripple florish with his Crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the King

To be his subjects vassaile, and induce 90
Stalegravittie to daunce; the pould Bachelour—
Whose youth, like wonton Boyes through

Bonfyres,

Have skipt thy flame—at seaventy thou canst
catch

And make him, to the scorne of his hoarse
throate, 94

Abuse yong laies of love: what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phabus thou

Add'st flames hotter then his; the heavenly
fyres

Did scorch his mortall Son, thine him; the
huntsesse

All moyst and cold, some say, began to
throw 99

Her Bow away, and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me, thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy
yoke

As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than Nettles.

I have never beene foule mouthd against thy
law,

Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none—would
not, 105

Had I kend all that were; I never practised
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade

Of liberall wits; I never at great feastes
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blush'd

At gimpring Sirs that did; I have beene harsh
To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd

them 111

If they had Mothers: I had one, a woman,
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a
man

82 N. D. They advance to the altar of Venus, and
fall on their faces; then kneel *Dycr* 85 And Q.
P: To *Sec.* unto Q. P: into *conj. Th.* 92 youth
Q: Freaks of youth *Sec.*

Of eightie winters, this I told them, who
A Lasse of foureteene bridged; twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged Crampe 116
Had screw'd his square foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulsions from his globie eyes,
Had almost drawne their spheeres, that what
was life 120

In him seem'd torture: this Anatomie
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I
Belev'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not belevee her? brieft, I am
To those that prate and have done no Com-
panion; 125
To those that boast and have not a defyer;
To those that would and cannot a Rejoycer.
Yea, him I doe not love, that tells close offices
The fowlest way, nor names concealements in
The boldest language: such a one I am, 130
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer then I. O, then, most soft, sweet
goddesse,

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe
Of thy great pleasure. 135

[*Here Musicke is heard, Doves gre seene to
flutter; they fall againe upon their faces, then
on their knees.*

Pal. O thou, that from eleven to ninetie
raign'st

In mortall bosomes, whose chase is this world,
And we in heards thy game: I give thee
thanks

For this faire Token, which, being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance
[*They bow.*

My body to this businesse. Let us rise 141
And bow before the goddesse: Time comes on.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Still Musicke of Records.*

*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her
shoulders, (wearing) a wheaten wreath: One
in white holding up her traine, her haire
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying
a silver Hynde, in which is conveyd Incense
and sweet odours, which being set upon the
Altar (of Diana) her maides standing a
loofe, she sets fire to it; then they curtsie
and kneele.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowie, cold and
constant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure 145

122 pheare Q: Sphere F 120 defyer desire conj.
S. S. D. and wearing add. Dyce of Diana add.
Dyce

As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their orders robe: I heere, thy
Priest,

Am humbled fore thine Altar; O vouchsafe,
With that thy rare Greene eye, which never
yet 150

Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin;
And, sacred silver Mistris, lend thine eare
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose
port

Ne're entred wanton found,) to my petition
Seasond with holy feare: This is my last 155
Of vestall office; I am bride habited,

But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him; out of two I should
Chooose one and pray for his successe, but I
Am guiltlesse of election: of mine eyes, 160
Were I to loose one, they are equal precious,
I could doombe neither, that which perish'd
should

Goe too't unsentenc'd: Thereiore, most
modest Queene,

He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, Let him 165

Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else grant
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

[*Here the Hynde vanishes under the Altar: and
in the place ascends a Rose Tree, having one
Rose upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar 170
With sacred act advances! But one Rose:
If well inspir'd, this Battaille shal confound
Both these brave Knights, and I, a virgin
flowre

Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sodaine twang of Instruments,
and the Rose falls from the Tree (which
vanishes under the altar.)*

The flowre is faine, the Tree descends: O,
Mistris, 175

Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd:
I thinke so, but I know not thine owne will;
Vnclasp thy Misterie.—I hope she's pleas'd,
Her Signes were gracious.

[*They curtsie and Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. (*A darkened Room in the Prison.*)
*Enter Doctor, Tylor and Woore, in habite of
Palamon.*

Doc. Has this advice I told you, done any
good upon her?

150 Greene Q: sheen Scr. 153 port Q, etc.:
Porch conj. 1 h. 174 S. D. which... altar add.
Dyce S. D. A darkened etc. add. T

Woer. O very much; The maids that kept
her company

Have halfe perswaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this halfe houre she came smiling to
me,

And asked me what I would eate, and when I
would kisse her: 5

I told her presently, and kist her twice.

Doc. Twas well done; twentie times had
bin far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

Woer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to night, for well she
knew 10

What houre my fit would take me.

Doc. Let her doe so,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,
And presently.

Woer. She would have me sing. 15

Doctor. You did so?

Woer. No.

Doc. Twas very ill done, then;

You should observe her ev'ry way. *

Woer. Alas, 20
I have no voice, Sir, to confirme her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyse;
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,—
Lye with her, if she aske you.

Iaylor. Hoa, there, Doctor! 25

Doctor. Yes, in the waie of cure.

Iaylor. But first, by your leave,
I'th way of honestie.

Doctor. That's but a niceness,
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie; 30
Cure her first this way, then if shee will be
honest,

She has the path before her.

Iaylor. Thanks yee, Doctor.

Doctor. Pray, bring her in,

And let's see how shee is. 35

Iaylor. I will, and tell her

Her Palamon staies for her: But, Doctor,
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong still.

[Exit Iaylor.]

Doc. Goe, goe:

You Fathers are fine Fooles: her honesty? 40
And we should give her physicke till we finde
that—

Woer. Why, doe you thinke she is not
honest, Sir?

Doctor. How old is she?

Woer. She's eightene.

Doctor. She may be, 45

But that's all one; tis nothing to our purpose.

What ere her Father saies, if you perceave

Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of *flesh*—you have me?

Woer. Yet, very well, Sir. 50

Doctor. Please her appetite,
And doe it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The mellencholly humour that infects her.

Woer. I am of your minde, Doctor.

Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maide.

Doctor. You'l finde it so; she comes, pray
humour her. 55

Iaylor. Come, your Love Palamon staies
for you, child,

And has done this long houre, to visite you.

Daughter. I thanke him for his gentle
patience;

He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much
bound to him.

Did you nev'r see the horse he gave me? 60

Iaylor. Yes.

Daugh. How doe you like him?

Iaylor. He's a very faire one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Iaylor. No. 65

Daugh. I have often.

He daunces very finely, very comely,
And for a ligge, come cut and long taile to
him,

He turnes ye like a Top.

Iaylor. That's fine, indeede. 70

Daugh. Hee'l dance the Morris twenty
mile an houre,

And that will founder the best hobby-horse

(If I have any skill) in all the parish,

And gallops to the turne of *Light a' love*:

What thinke you of this horse? 75

Iaylor. Having these vertues,

I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.

Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.

Iaylor. Can he write and reade too?

Daugh. A very faire hand, and casts him-
selfe th'accounts 80

Of all his hay and provender: That Hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know

The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

Iaylor. Very well.

Daugh. She is horribly in love with him,
poore beast, 85

But he is like his master, coy and scornfull.

Iaylor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty strike of Oates; but hee'l ne're
have her;

He lispes in's neighing, able to entice 90

A Millars Mare: Hee'l be the death of her.

50 Yet Q: Yes P, etc. 55 humour Th.: honour Q
74 turne Q: tune Ser., etc.

3-5 End this, what I, told her Q

Doctor. What stuffe she utters!
Iaylor. Make curtise; here your love comes.
Woore. Pretty soule,
How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a
curtise! 95
Daugh. Yours to command ith way of
honestie.
How far is't now to'th end o'th world, my
Masters?
Doctor. Why, a daies Iorney, wench.
Daugh. Will you goe with me?
Woore. What shall we doe there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at stoole ball: 101
What is there else to doe?
Woore. I am content,
If we shall keepe our wedding there.
Daugh. Tis true: 105
For there, I will assure you, we shall finde
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will
venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and
foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th businesse. 110
Are not you *Palamon*?
Woore. Doe not you know me?
Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have
nothing
But this pore petticoate, and too corse
Smockes.
Woore. That's all one; I will have you. 115
Daugh. Will you surely?
Woore. Yes, by this faire hand, will I.
Daugh. Wee'l to bed, then.
Woore. Ev'n when you will. (*Kisses her.*)
Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibbling.
Woore. Why doe you rub my kisse off? 121
Daugh. Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the
wedding.
Is not this your Cousen *Arcite*?
Doctor. Yes, sweet heart, 125
And I am glad my Cousen *Palamon*
Has made so faire a choice.
Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Doe you thinke so too? 130
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children:—
Lord, how y'ar growne!
My *Palamon*, I hope, will grow, too, finely,
Now he's at liberty: Alas, poore Chicken,
He was kept downe with hard meate and ill
lodging, 135
But ile kisse him up againe.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. What doe you here? you'l loose the
noblest sight
That ev'r was seene.
Iaylor. Are they i'th Field?
Mess. They are. 140
You beare a charge there too.
Iaylor. Ile away straight.
I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, wee'l goe with you;
I will not loose the Fight. 145
Iaylor. How did you like her?
Doctor. Ile warrant you, within these 3. or
4. daies
Ile make her right againe. You must not from
her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Woore. I will. 150
Doc. Lets get her in.
Woore. Come, sweete, wee'l goe to dinner;
And then wee'll play at Cardes.
Daugh. And shall we kisse too?
Woore. A hundred times. 155
Daugh. And twenty.
Woore. I, and twenty.
Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together.
Doc. Take her offer.
Woore. Yes, marry, will we. 160
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Woore. I will not, sweete.
Daugh. If you doe, Love, ile cry.
[*Florish.* Exeunt

Scena 3. (*A Place near the Lists.*)
Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous:
and some Attendants, (T. Tucke: Curtis.)
Emil. Ile no step further.
Per. Will you loose this sight?
Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a
fly
Then this decision; ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each stroake lamen's 5
The place whereon it fells, and sounds more
like
A Bell then blade: I will stay here;
It is enough my hearing shall be punished
With what shall happen—gainst the which
there is
No deaffing, but to heare—not ta'nt mine eye
With dread sights, it may shun. 11
Pir. Sir, my good Lord,
Your Sister will no further.

145 Fight Q, F: sight Dyce (*later ed.*), *Litt.* S. D.
A Place etc. *qdd.* T: An Apartment in the Palace
Wier: A part of the forest near the place appointed
for the combat Dyce 9 happen, Q 10 heare; Q

Thes. Oh, she must.
 She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,
 Which sometime show well, pencild. Nature
 now 16
 Shall make and act the Story, the beleife
 Both seald with eye and eare; you must be
 present,
 You are the victours meede, the price, and
 garland
 To crowne the Questions title. 20
Emil. Pardon me;
 If I were there, I'd winke.
Thes. You must be there;
 This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
 The onely star to shine. 25
Emil. I am extinct;
 There is but envy in that light, which shoves
 The one the other: darkenes, which ever was
 The dam of horrour, who do's stand accurst
 Of many mortall Millions, may even now, 30
 By casting her blacke mantle over both,
 That neither could finde other, get her selfe
 Some part of a good name, and many'a
 murther
 Set off wherto she's guilty.
Hip. You must goe. 35
Emil. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kinde
 Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
 You are the Treasure, and must needs be by
 To give the Service pay. 40
Emil. Sir, pardon me;
 The tytle of a kingdome may be tride
 Out of it selfe.
Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure;
 Those that remaine with you could wish their
 office 45
 To any of their Enemies.
Hip. Farewell, Sister;
 I am like to know your husband fore your
 selfe
 By some small start of time: he whom the
 gods
 Doe of the two know best, I pray them he 50
 Be made your Lot.
 [Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.
Emil. Arcite is gently visagd; yet his eye
 Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon
 In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
 Are bedfellowes in his visage. *Palamon* 55
 Has a most menacing aspect: his brow
 Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes
 on;
 Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to
 The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
 16 sometime Q: Time shall Ser. Well pencild
 Q, F 20 questant's Dyce (alter edd.) 29 dame F

Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly 60
 Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcites* mirth,
 But *Palamons* sadnes is a kinde of mirth,
 So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
 And sadnes, merry; those darker humours
 that
 Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them 65
 Live in faire dwelling.
 [Cornets. Trompets sound as to a charge.
Hinke, how yon spurs to spirit doe incite
 The Princes to their proofe! *Arcite* may win
 me,
 And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to
 The spoyling of his figure. O, what pittie 70
 Enough for such a chance; if I were by,
 I might doe hurt, for they would glance their
 eies
 Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
 Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
 Which crav'd that very time: it is much
 better 75
 I am not there; oh better never borne
 Then minister to such harme. [Cornets. A
 great cry and noice within, crying 'a
 Palamon'.] What is the chance?
 *
 Enter Servant.
Ser. The Crie's 'a *Palamon*'.
Emil. Then he has won! Twas ever
 likely;
 He lookd all grace and successe, and he is 80
 Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'these, run
 And tell me how it goes.
 [Showt, and Cornets: Crying, 'a *Palamon*.'
Ser. Still *Palamon*.
Emil. Run and enquire. Poore Servant,
 thou hast lost;
 Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture, 85
Palamons on the left: why so, I know not;
 I had no end in't else, chance would have
 it so.
 On the sinister side the heart lyes; *Palamon*
 Had the best boding chance. [Another cry, and
 showt within, and Cornets.] This burst of
 clamour
 Is sure th'end o'th Combat. 90
 *
 Enter Servant.
Ser. They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcites*
 body
 Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
 Was generall 'a *Palamon*': But, anon,
 Th'Assistants made a brave redemption, and
 65 them Q, F: him Ser., etc. 66 in a fair Ser.
 74 Defence conj. Sy. 77 S. D. after 75 Q 87 in't;
 else chance Q, F: in't; Chance Ser. else less
 conj. Sy. 89 S. D. after 87 Q

The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are 95
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd
Both into one! oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a Man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives 100
The prejudice of disparity, values shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.*

To any Lady breathing—More exulting?
Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*. 104

Emil. I pre'thee, lay attention to the Cry.

[*Cornets. A great shout and cry, 'Arcite, victory!'*

Set both thine eares to'th busines.

Ser. The cry is
'*Arcite*', and 'victory', harke: '*Arcite, vic-*
tory!'

The Combats consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Instruments. 110

Emil. Halfe sights saw
That *Arcite* was no babe; god's lyd, his riches
And costlines of spirit look't through him, it
could

No more be hid in him then fire in flax,
Then humble banckes can goe to law with
waters, 115

That drift windes force to raging: I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not
prophets,

When oft our fancies are. They are comming
off: 119

Alas, poore *Palamon!* [*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite
as victor, and attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled.—Fairest *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament 123
Have given you this Knight; he is a good one
As ever strooke at head. Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay.

Arcite. Emily,

To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase
cheapely, 130

As I doe rate your value.

Thes. O loved Sister,
He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely, the gods
Would have him die a Batchelour, least his
race 135

Should shew i'th world too godlike: His
behaviour

95 Tytlers Tomson : Tilters Ser. 100 Om. F, Ser.

So charmed me, that me thought *Alcides* was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to'th all I have spoke, your
Arcite

Did not loose by't; For he that was thus good
Encountred yet his Better. I have heard 141
Two emulous *Philomels* beate the eare o'th
night

With their contentious throates, now one the
higher,

Anon the other, then againe the first,
And by and by out breasted, that the sence 145
Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd
Good space betweene these kinsmen; 'till
heavens did

Make hardly one the winner. Weare the Gir-
lond 148

With joy that you have won: For the subdude,
Give them our present Iustice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; Let it here be done.
The Sceane's not for our seeing, goe we hence,
Right joyfull, with some sorrow.—Arme your
prize,

I know you will not loose her.—*Hipolita*,
I see one eye of yours conceives a teare 155
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emil. Is this wyning?
Oh all you heavenly powers, where is your
mercy?

But that your wils have saide it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable Prince, that cuts away 161
A life more worthy from him then all women,
I should, and would, die too.

Hip. Infinite pitty,
That fowre such eies should be so fixd on one
That two must needs be blinde fort. 166

Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna 4. (*The same; a Block prepared.*)

Enter Palamon and his Knightes pyniond:
Taylor, Executioner, &c. Gard.

Ther's many a man alive that hath out liv'd
The love o'th people; yea, i'th selfesame state
Stands many a Father with his childe; some
comfort

We have by so considering: we expire
And not without mens pitty. To live still, 5
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The Gout and Rheume, that in lag howres
attend

139 to'th all Q: to thee. All T 158 your F, etc.:
you Q S. D. The same etc. add. Lill: The same
part of the forest as in Act III, Scene VI. Dyce:
An open place in the City with a Scaffold Weber

For grey approachers; we come towards the gods

Yong and unwapper'd, not halting under Crymes 10

Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods,

Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,
For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinsemen,

Whose lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,

You have Gould 'em too too cheape. 15

1. K. What ending could be
Of more content? ore us the victors have

Fortune, whose title is as momentary,
As to us death is certaine: A graine of honour

They not ore-weigh us. 20

2. K. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottring Fortune,
Who at her certain't reeler.

3. K. Come; who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banket shall 25

Taste to you all.—Ah ha, my Friend, my Friend,

Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray, how do'es she?

I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow. 30

Taylor. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't; 'Tis the latest thing

I shall be glad of; pre'thee tell her so: 35

Commend me to her, and to peece her portion,
Tender her this. (Gives purse.)

1. K. Nay lets be offerers all.

2. K. Is it a maide? 40

Pal. Verily, I thinke so,

A right good creature, more to me deserving
Then I can quight or speake of.

All K. Commend us to her.

[They give their purses.]

Taylor. The gods requight you all,
And make her thankfull. 45

Pal. Adiew; and let my life be now as short,
As my leave taking. [Lies on the Blocke.]

1. K. Leade, couragious Cosin.

2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

[A great noise within crying, 'run, save, hold!']

Enter in hast a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! O hold, hold, hold! 50

10 unwapper'd Q. F. unwapp'd S. S.: unwappen'd
Kn. S. D. Gives purse add. Dyce 49 Pref. 1. 2. K. Q.

Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pir. Hold! hold! It is a cursed hast you made,

If you have done so quickly. Noble Palamen,
The gods will shew their glory in a life,

That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be, 55

When Venus, I have said, is false? How doe things fare?

Pir. Arise, great Sir, and give the tydings care

That are most dearly sweet and bitter.

Pal. What

Hast wakt us from our dreame? 60

Pir. List then: your Cosen,

Mounted upon a Steed that Emily

Did first bestow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white—which some will say

Weakens his price, and many will not buy 65

His goodnesse with this note: Which superstition

Heere findes allowance—On this horse is Arcite

Trotting the stones of Athens, which the Calkins

Did rather tell then trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his

Rider 70

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing, as t'wer, to'th

Musicke

His owne hooves made; (for as they say from iron

Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old Saturne, and like him possest 75

With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke,
Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,

I comment not;—the hot horse, hot as fire,
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder

His power could give his will; bounds, comes on end, 80

Forgets schoole dooing, being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge; pig-like he whines

At the sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather
Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes

Of hoystrous and rough ladrie, to dis-seate 85

His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,

When neither Curb would cracke, girth brake nor diffring plunges

Dis-roote his Rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind

hoofes

55 Ends when Dyce 58 dearily Sen., etc.: early
Q. F.: ? fearily

on end he stands, 90
That *Arcites* legges, being higher then his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victors
wreath
Even then fell off his head: and presently
Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full
poyze
Becomes the Riders load: yet is he living, 95
But such a vessell tis, that floates but for
The surge that next approaches: he much
desires
To have some speech with you: Loe he
appeares.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite
in a chaire.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mightie, *Arcite*: if thy heart, 100
Thy worthie, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words: I am *Palamon*,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*
And with her all the worlds joy: Reach thy
hand: 105
Farewell: I have told my last houre. I was
false,
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me, Cosen:—
One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:
Take her: I die.

Pal. Thy brave soule seeke *Elizium*. 110

Emil. Ile close thine eyes, Prince; blessed
soules be with thee!
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought: ev'n
very here 115
I sundred you: acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is playd, and though it were too short,
He did it well: your day is lengthned, and
The blissefull dew of heaven do's arrowe you.
The powerfull *Venus* well hath grac'd her
Altar, 121
And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*
Hath vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have shewd due justice: Beare this herce.
Pal. O Cosen, 126
That we should things desire, which doe cost us
The losse of our desire! That nought could buy
Deare love, but losse of deare love!

90 So in *Q*: the first part of the line appears to have
been lost 92 victors *Q* 100 gods *Q*: Corda conj.
Th. 117 Our *Q*, *F*: Your conj. *Dyce* 123 Hath
pr. ed.: Haat *Q*, *F*: Has *Sec.*

Thes. Never Fortune 130
Did play a subtler Game: The conquerd
triumphes,
The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage
The gods have beene most equall: *Palamon*,
Your kinseman hath confest the right o'th
Lady
Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and 135
Even then proclaimd your fancie: He restord
her
As your stolne Iewell, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven; The gods my
justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves
become
The Executioners: Leade your Lady off; 140
And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two
Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*; in whose end
The visages of Bridegroomes weele put on 145
And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,
But one houre, since, I was as dearely sorry,
As glad of *Arcite*: and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we
lacke 150
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry: still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thanke-
full
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question. Let's goe off,
And beare us like the time. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

EPILOGVE

I would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But, as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot say,
I am cruell fearefull: pray, yet stay a while,
And let me looke upon ye: No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see; He that has 5
Lov'd a yong handsome wench, then, show his
face—
Tis strange if none be heere—and if he will
Against his Conscience, let him hisse, and kill
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I see, to stay yee;
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what
say ye? 10
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For tis no other) any way content ye
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long, 15
I dare say, many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good night.
[*Flourish.*]

FINIS

THE
BIRTH
OF
MERLIN:

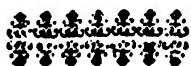
OR,

The Childe hath found his Father.

As it hath been several times Acted
with great Applause.

Written by *William Shakespear*, and
William Rowley.

Placere cupio.



LONDON: Printed by *The. Johnson* for *Francis Kirkman*, and
Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the *Princes Arms* in
Chancery-Lane. 1662.

Q = Quarto of 1662
T = Tyrrell, 1851
D = Delius, 1856
Molt. = Moltke, 1869
WP = Warnke and Proescholdt, 1887
pr. ed. = present editor

THE BIRTH OF MERLIN:

OR, THE CHILDE HATH FOUND HIS FATHER

Drammatic Personæ

The Scene *Brittain.*

Aurelius, King of *Brittain.*

Vortiger, King of (*Welsh*) *Brittain.*

Vier Pendragon the Prince, Brother to *Aurelius.*

Donobert,^a a Nobleman, and Father to *Constantia* and *Modestia.*

The Earl of *Gloster*, and Father to *Edwyn.*

Edoll, Earl of *Chester*, and General to King *Aurelius.*

Cador, Earl of *Cornwal*, and Suitor to *Constantia.*

Edwyn, Son to the Earl of *Gloster*, and Suitor to *Modestia.*

Tocio and *Oswald*, two Noblemen.

Merlin the Prophet.

Anselme the Hermit,^a after Bishop of *Witchester.*

Clown, brother to *Jone*, mother of *Merlin.*

Sir Nichodemus Nothing, a Courtier.

The Devil, father of *Merlin.*

Ostorius, the Saxon General.

Octa, a Saxon Nobleman.

Proximus, a Saxon Magician.

Two Bishops.

Two Saxon Lords.

Two of *Edolls* Captains.

Two Gentlemen.

A little Antick Spirit.

Artesia, Sister to *Ostorius* the Saxon General.

Constantia and *Modestia* } Daughters to *Donobert.*

Jone Gos-too't, Mother of *Merlin.*

A Waiting-woman to *Artesia.*

Lucina, Queen of the Shades.

ACTUS I.

(SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle of Lord Donobert.)

Enter Donobert, Gloster, Cador, Edwyn, Constantia, and Modestia.

Cador. You teach me language, sir, as one that knows

The Debt of Love I owe unto her Vertues;
Wherein like a true Courtier I have fed
My self with hope of fair Success, and now
Attend your wisht consent to my long Suit. 5

Dono. Believe me, youthful Lord,
Time could not give an opportunity
More fitting your desires, always provided,
My Daughters love be suited with my Grant.

Cador. 'Tis the condition, sir, her Promise seal'd.

Dono. Ist so, *Constantia*? 10

Constan. I was content to give him words for oathes;

He swore so oft he lov'd me—

Dono. That thou believest him? 15

Const. He is a man, I hope.

Dono. That's in the trial, Girl.

Const. However, I am a woman, sir.

Dono. The Law's on thy side then: sha't have a Husband,

I, and a worthy one. Take her, brave *Cornwal*,

And make our happiness great as our wishes.

Cador. Sir, I thank you. 21

Glost. Double the fortunes of the day, my Lord,

And crown my wishes too: I have a son here,

Who in my absence would protest no less

Unto your other Daughter. 25

Dono. Ha, *Gloster*, is it so? what says Lord *Edwin*?

Will she protest as much to thee?

Edwin. Else must she want some of her Sisters faith, Sir.

Modesta. Of her credulity much rather, Sir:

My Lord, you are a Soldier, and methinks 30

The height of that Profession should diminish

All heat of Loves desires,

Being so late employ'd in blood and ruina.

Edwin. The more my Conscience tyes me

to repair 35

The worlds losses in a new succession.

Modest. Necessity, it seems, ties your affec-

tions then,

And at that rate I would unwillingly

Be thrust upon you; a wife is a dish soon cloyes, sir.

Edwin. Weak and diseased appetites it may.

20 your happiness WP

The entire play, except the rhyming couplets, is printed as press in Q: corr. D Scene I. etc. add. T 2 her WP: their Q

Modest. Most of your making have dull
stomacks, sir. 40

Dono. If that be all, Girl, thou shalt quicken
him;

Be kinde to him, *Modesta*: Noble *Edwin*,
Let it suffice, what's mine in her speaks
yours;

For her consent, let your fair suit go on,
She is a woman, sir, and will be won. 45

Edwin. You give me comfort, sir.

Enter Tocio.

Dono. Now, *Tocio*?

Tocio. The King, my honor'd Lords,
requires your presence,
And calls a Council for return of answer
Unto the parling enemy, whose Embassadors
Are on the way to Court.

Dono. So suddenly? 50
Chester, it seems, has ply'd them hard at
war,

They sue so fast for peace, which by my advice
They ne're shall have, unless they leave the
Realm.

Come, noble *Gloster*, let's attend the King.
It lies, sir, in your Son to do me pleasure, 55
And save the charges of a Wedding Dinner;
If you'll make haste to end your Love affairs,
One coast may give discharge to both my
cares. [*Exit Dono., Glost.*]

Edwin. I'll do my best.

Cador. Now, *Tocio*, what stirring news at
Court? 60

Tocio. Oh, my Lord, the Court's all fill'd
with rumor, the City with news, and the Coun-
try with wonder, and all the bells i'th' King-
dom must proclaim it, we have a new Holy-
day a coming. 65

Consta. A holy-day! for whom? for thee?

Tocio. Me, Madam! 'sfoot! I'd be loath
that any man should make a holy-day for me
yet:

In brief, 'tis thus: there's here arriv'd at
Court, 70

Sent by the Earl of *Chester* to the King,

A man of rare esteem for holyness,

A reverent hermit, that by miracle

Not onely saved our army,

But without aid of man o'rethrew 75

The pagan Host, and with such wonder, sir,
As might confirm a Kingdom to his faith.

Edwin. This is strange news, indeed;
where is he?

Tocio. In conference with the King, that
much respects him.

Modest. Trust me, I long to see him. 80
16.S. B. after 45 Q

Tocio. Faith, you will finde no great plea-
sure in him, for ought that I can see, Lady.
They say he is half a Prophet too: would he
could tell me any news of the lost Prince;
there's twenty Talents offer'd to him that finds
him. 86

Cador. Such news was breeding in the
morning.

Tocio. And now it has birth and life, sir.
If fortune bless me, I'll once more search
those woods where then we lost him; I know
not yet what fate may follow me. [*Exit.*]

Cador. Fortune go with you, sir. Come,
fair Mistriss, 92

Your Sister and Lord *Edwin* are in game, *
And all their wits at stake to win the Set.

Consta. My sister has the hand yet; we had
best leave them: 95

She will be out anon as well as I;

He wants but cunning to pu' in a Dye.

[*Exit Cador, Constan.*]

Edwin. You are a cunning Gamester,
Madam.

Modest. It is a desperate Game, indeed,
this Marriage,

Where there's no winning without loss to
either. 100

Edwin. Why, what but your perfection,
noble Lady,

Can bar the worthiness of this my suit?

If so you please I count my happiness

From difficult obtaining, you shall see

My duty and observance. 105

Modest. There shall be place to neither,
noble sir;

I do beseech you, let this mild Reply

Give answer to your suit: for here I vow,

If e're I change my Virgin name, by you 109
It gains or looses.

Edwin. My wishes have their crown.

Modest. Let them confine you then,

As to my promise you give faith and credence.

Edwin. In your command my willing
absence speaks it. [*Exit.*]

Modest. Noble and vertuous: could I dream
of Marriage,

I should affect thee, *Edwin*. Oh, my soul, 115
Here's something tells me that these best of

creatures,
These models of the world, weak man and

woman,
Should have their souls, their making, life,

and being,
To some more excellent use: if what the

sense
Calls pleasure were our ends, we might justly
blame 120

Great natures wisdom, who rear'd a building
Of so much art and beauty to entertain
A guest so far incertain, so imperfect:
If onely speech distinguish us from beasts,
Who know no inequality of birth or place, 125
But still to fly from goodness: oh, how base
Were life at such a rate! No, no, that power
That gave to man his being, speech and wis-
dom,
Gave it for thankfulness. To him alone 129
That made me thus, may I whence truly know,
I'll pay to him, not man, the love I owe. [Exit.]

(SCENE II.

The British Court.)

*Flourish Cornets. Enter Aurelius King of
Brittain, Dônobert, Gloster, Cador, Edwin,
Toclo, Oswold, and Attendants.*

Aurelius. No tiding of our brother yet?

'Tis strange!

So ne're the Court, and in our own Land too,
And yet no news of him: oh, this loss
Temper the sweetness of our happy conquests
With much untimely sorrow.

Dono.

Royal sir, 5
His safety being unquestion'd should to time
Leave the redress of sorrow: were he dead,
Or taken by the foe, our fatal loss
Had wanted no quick Herald to disclose it.

Aurelius. That hope alone sustains me, 10
Nor will we be so ingrateful unto heaven
To question what we fear with what we enjoy.
Is answer of our message yet return'd
From that religious man, the holy Hermit,
Sent by the Earl of *Chester* to confirm us 15
In that miraculous act? For 'twas no less:
Our Army being in rout, nay, quite o'rethrown,
As *Chester* writes, even then this holy man,
Arm'd with his cross and staff, went smiling

on,

And boldly fronts the foe; at sight of whom 20
The Saxons stood amaz'd: for, to their seem-
ing,

Above the Hermit's head appear'd *such
brightness,

Such clear and glorious beams, as if our men
March't all in fire; wherewith the *Pagags* fled,
And by our troops were all to death pursu'd.

Gloster. 'Tis full of wonder, sir. 26

Aurel. Oh, *Gloster*, he's a jewel worth
a Kingdom.

Where's *Oswold* with his answer?

Oswold. 'Tis here, my Royal Lord.

Aurel. In*writing? will he not sit with us?

Oswold. His Orisons perform'd, he had mesay,
He would attend with all submission.

Aurel. Proceed to council then; and let
some give order,

The Embassadors being come to take our
answer,

They have admittance. *Oswold, Toclo,* 35
Be it your charge!—(Exeunt *Os. and Toclo.*)

And now, my Lords, observe

The holy council of this reverend Hermit:
[reads] *As you respect your safety, limit not
That onely power that hath protected you;*

*Trust not an open enemy too far, 40
He's yet a looser, and knows you have won;
Mischiefs not ended are but then begun.*

Anselme the Hermit.

Dono. Powerful and pithie, which my
advice confirms:

No man leaves physick when his sickness
slakes,

But doubles the receipts: the word of Peace 45
Seems fair to blood-shot eyes, but being appli'd
With such a medicine as blinds all the sight
Argues desire of Cure, but not of Art.

Aurel. You argue from defects; if both the
name

and the condition of the Peace be one, 50
It is to be prefer'd, and in the offer,
Made by the Saxon, I see nought repugnant.

Gloster. The time of Truce requir'd for thirty
days

Carries suspicion in it, since half that space
Will serve to strength their weakned Regi-
ment. 55

Cador. Who in less time will undertake to
free

Our Country from them?

Edwin. Leave that unto our fortune.

Dono. Is not our bold and hopeful General
Still Master of the field, their Legions slain,
The rest intrencht for fear, half starv'd, and
wounded, 60

And shall we now give o're our fair advan-
tage?

'Fore heaven, my Lord, the danger is far more
In trusting to their words than to their weapons.

Enter Oswold.

Oswold. The Embassadors are come, sir.

Aurel. Conduct them in.

We are resolv'd, my Lords, since policy fail'd
In the beginning, it shall have no hand 66
In the conclusion.

That heavenly power that hath so well begun

130 thence D Scene II, etc. add. T * G should] 55 regiments T. 48 not of O: not knowledge of T
you should WP 22 Hermit Q 66 For T:

T. B:

Their fatal overthrow, I know, can end it:
From which fair hope my self will give them
answer. 70

*Flourish Cornets. Enter Artesia with the
Saxon Lords.*

Dono. What's here? a woman Orator?

Aurel. Peace, *Donobert!*—Speak, what are
you, Lady?

Artes. The sister of the Saxon General,
Warlike *Ostorius* the East Angles King;
My name *Artesia*, who in terms of love 75
Brings peace and health to great *Aurelius*,
Wishing she may return as fair a present
As she makes tender of.

Aurel. The fairest present e're mine eyes
were blest with!—

Command a chair there for this Saxon
Beauty:— 80

Sit, Lady, we'll confer: your warlike brother
Sues for a peace, you say?

Artes. With endless love unto your State
and Person.

Aurel. He's sent a moving Orator, believe
me.—

What thinkst thou, *Donobert*? 85

Dono. Believe me, sir, were I but yong
agen,

This gilded pill might take my stomach
quickly.

Aurel. True, thou art old: how soon we do
forget

Our own defects! Fair damsel,—oh, my
tongue

Turns Traitor, and will betray my heart—
sister to 90

Our enemy:—'sdeath, her beauty mazes me,
I cannot speak if I but look on her.—

What's that we did conclude?

Dono. This, Royal Lord—

Aurel. Pish, thou canst not utter it:—
Fair'st of creatures, tell the King your Brother,
That we, in love—ha!—and honor to our
Country, 96

Command his Armies to depart our Realm.
But if you please, fair soul—Lord *Donobert*,
Deliver you our pleasure.

Dono. I shall, sir:

Lady, return, and certifie your brother— 100
Aurel. Thou art too blunt and rudel! return
so soon?

Fie, let her stay, and send some messenger
To certifie our pleasure.

Dono. What means your Grace?

Aurel. To give her time of rest to her long
Journey;

79 presente T

We would not willingly be thought uncivil. 105
Artes. Great King of *Brittain*, let it not
seem strange,

To embrace the Princely Officers of a friend,
Whose virtues with thine own, in fairest merit,
Both States in Peace and Love may now inherit.

Aurel. She speaks of Love agen: 110

Sure, 'tis my fear, she knows I do not hate her.

Artes. Be, then, thy self, most great

Aurelius,

And let not envy nor a deeper sin
In these thy Councillors deprive thy goodness

Of that fair honor we in seeking peace 115

Give first to thee, who never use to sue

But force our wishes. Yet, if this seem light,

Oh, let my sex, though worthless your respect,

Take the report of thy humanity,

Whose mild and vertuous life loud fame dis-
plays, 120

As being o'recome by one so worthy praise.

Aurel. She has an Angels' tongue.—Speak
still.

Dono. This flattery's gross, sir; hear no
more on't.—

Lady, these childish complements are needless;
You have your answer, and believe it, Madam,

His Grace, though yong, doth wear within his
breast 126

Too grave a Councillor to be seduc't
By smoothing flattery or oyl words.

Artes. I come not, sir, to wooe him.

Dono. 'Twere folly, if you should; you
must not wed him. 130

(*Aur.*) Shame take thy tongue! Being old
and weak thy self,

Thou doat'st, and looking on thine own defects,
Speak'st what thou'dst wish in me. Do I com-
mand

The deeds of others, mine own act not free?
Be pleas'd to smile or frown, we respect nei-
ther: 135

My will and rule shall stand and fall together.
Most fair *Artesia*, see the King descends

To give thee welcome with these warlike
Saxons,

And now on equal terms both sues and grants:
Instead of Truce, let a perpetual League 140

Seal our united bloods in holy marriage;
Send the East Angles King this happy news,

That thou with me hast made a League for
ever,

And added to his state a friend and brother.
Speak, dearest Love, dare you confirm this
Title? 141

Artes. I were no woman to deny a good

131 Prefix *Ad.* T Shame . . tongue twice T 141
a good om. T

So high and noble to my fame and Country.

Aurel. Live, then, a Queen in *Brittain*.

Glost. He means to marry her.

Dono. Death! he shall marry the devil first!

Marry a Pagan, an Idolater? 151

Cador. He has won her quickly.

Edwin. She was woo'd afore she came, sure,
Or came of purpose to conclude the Match.

Aurel. Who dares oppose our will? My
Lord of *Gloster*, 155

Be you Ambassador unto our Brother,
The Brother of our Queen *Artesia*;
Tell him for such our entertainment looks him,
Our marriage adding to the happiness
Of our intended joys; mans good or ill 160
In this like waves agree, come double still.

Enter *Hermit*.

Who's this? the *Hermit*? Welcome, my happiness!

Our Countries hope, most reverent holy man,
I wanted but thy blessing to make perfect.

The infinite sum of my felicity. 165

Hermit. Alack, sweet Prince, that happiness
is yonder,

Felicity and thou art far asunder;

This world can never give it.

Aurel. Thou art deceiv'd: see here what
I have found,

Beauty, Alliance, Peace, and strength of
Friends, 170

All in this all exceeding excellence:

The League's confirm'd.

Hermit. With whom, dear Lord?

Aurel. With the great Brother of this
Beauteous woman,

The Royal *Saxon* King

Hermit. Oh, then I see, 175

And fear thou art too near thy misery.

What magick could so link thee to this mischief?

By all the good that thou hast reapt by me,
Stand further from destruction.

Aurel. Speak as a man, and I shall hope to
obey thee. 180

Hermit. Idolaters, get hence! fond King,
let go:

Thou hug'st thy ruine and thy Countries woe.

Dono. Well spoke, old Father; too him,
bait him soundly.

Now, by heavens blest Lady, I can scarce keep
patience.

1. *Saxon Lord.* What devil is this? 185

2. *Saxon Lord.* That cursed Christian, by
whose hellish charmes

Our army was o'rethrown.

147 noble a proposal to T 181 Idolatress D

Hermit. Why do you dally, sir? Oh, tempt
not heaven;

Warm not a serpent in your naked bosom:

Discharge them from your Court.

Aurel. Thou speak'st like madness!

Command the frozen shepherd to the shade,
When he sits warm i'th' Sun; the fever sick
To add more heat unto his burning pain:

These may obey, 'tis less extremity 194

Then thou enjoy'st to me. Cast but thine eye

Upon this beauty, do it, I'll forgive thee,

Though jealousy in others finds no pardon;

Then say thou dost not love; I shall then swear

Th'art immortal and no earthly man.

Oh, flume then my mortality, not me. 200

Hermit. It is thy weakness brings thy
misery,

Unhappy Prince.

Aurel. Be milder in thy doom.

Hermit. 'Tis you that must endure heavens
doom, which fain

Remember's just.

Artes. Thou shalt not live to see it.—How
fares my Lord? 205

If my poor presence breed dislike, great Prince,
I am no such neglected soul, will seek

To tie you to your word.

Aurel. My word, dear Love! may my
Religion,

Crown, State, and Kingdom fail, when I fail
thee. 210

Command Earl *Chester* to break up the camp

Without disturbance to our *Saxon* friends;

Send every hour swift posts to hasten on

The King her Brother, to conclude this League,

This endless happy Peace of Love and Marriage;

Till when provide for Revels, and give charge

That nought be wanting which (may) make
our Triumphs 217

Sportful and free to all. If such fair blood

Ingender ill, man must not look for good.

[Exit all but *Hermit*. *Flourish*.

Enter *Modestia*, reading in a book.

Modesta. How much the oft report of this
blest *Hermit* 220

Hath won on my desires; I must behold him:

And sure this should be he. Oh, the world's
folly,

Proud earth and dust, how low a price bears
goodness!

All that should make man absolute shines in
him.

Much reverent Sir, may I without offence 225

Give interruption to your holy thoughts?

198 love D: love me Q: love like me T 217 may
make D: make Q: will make T 219 men T

Hermit. What would you, Lady?

Modest. That which till now ne're found
a language in me:

I am in love.

Her. In Love? with what?

Modest. With vertue.

Her. There's no blame in that. 230

Modest. Nay, sir, with you, with your
Religious Life,

Your Vertue, Goodness, if there be a name

To express affection greater, that,

That would I learn and utter: Reverent Sir,

If there be any thing to bar my suit, 235

Be charitable and expose it; your prayers

Are the same Orizons which I will number.

Holy Sir,

Keep not instruction back from willingness,

Possess me of that knowledge leads you on 240

To this humility; for well I know,

Were greatness good, you would not live so

low.

Her. Are you a Virgin?

Modest. Yes, Sir.

Her. Your name? 245

Modest. Modesta.

Her. Your name and vertues meet, a

Modest Virgin:

Live ever in the sanctimonious way

To Heaven and Happiness. There's goodness

in you,

I must instruct you further. Come, look up,

Behold yon firmament: there sits a power, 251

Whose foot-stool is this earth. Oh, learn this

lesson,

And practise it: he that will climb so high,

Must leave no joy beneath to move his eye.

[*Exit.*]

Modest. I apprehend you, sir: on Heaven

I fix my love, 255

Earth gives us grief, our joys are all above;

For this was man in innocence naked born,

To show us wealth hinders our sweet return.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS II.

(SCENE I.

A Forest.)

Enter Clown and his Sister great with childe.

Clown. Away, follow me no further, I am

none of thy brother. What, with Childe? great

with Childe, and knows not whose the Father

on't! I am asham'd to call thee Sister.

Joan. Believe me, Brother, he was a Gen-

tleman. 6

233 that Q: than that word D 254 leave Q: let

T Exit om. T 258 Exeunt T Scene I. etc.

and. T 3 know T

Clown. Nay, I believe that; he gives arms,
and legs too, and has made you the Herald to
blaze 'em: but, *Joan, Joan*, sister *Joan*, can
you tell me his name that did it? how shall
we call my Cousin, your bastard, when we
have it? 12

Joan. Alas, I know not the Gentlemen's
name, Brother.

I met him in these woods the last great
hunting;

He was so kinde and proffer'd me so much,

As I had not the heart to ask him more. 16

Clown. Not his name? why, this shewes

your Country breeding now; had you been

brought up i'th' City, you'd have got a Father

first, and the childe afterwards: hast thou no

markes to know him by? 21

Joan. He had most rich Attire, a fair Hat

and Feather, a gilt Sword, and most excellent

Hangers.

Clown. Fox on his Hangers, would he had

bin gelt for his labor. 26

Joan. Had you but heard him swear, you

would have thought—

Clown. I, as you did; swearing and lying

goes together still. Did his Oathes get you

with Childe? we shall have a roaring Boy then,

yfaith. Well, sister, I must leave you. 32

Joan. Dear Brother, stay, help me to finde

him out,

I'll ask no further.

Clown. 'Sfoot, who should I finde? who

should I ask for? 36

Joan. Alas, I know not, he uses in these

woods,

And these are witness of his oathes and pro-

mise.

Clown. We are like to have a hot suit on't,

when our best witness's but a Knight a'th'

Post. 41

Joan. Do but enquire this Forrest, I'll go

with you;

Some happy fate may guide us till we mee' him.

Clown. Meet him? and what name shall

we hve for him, when we meet him? 'Sfoot,

thou neither knowst him nor canst tell what

to call him. Was ever man tyr'd with such

a business, to have a sister got with childe,

and know not who did it? Well, you shall see

him, I'll do my best for you, Ile make Pro-

clamation; if these Woods and Trees, as you

say, will bear any witness, let them answer.

Oh yes: If there be any man that wants a

name will come in for conscience sake, and

acknowledge himself to be a Whore-Master,

11 call name D 45 weet Q 53 Oh yes Q:

Oyes D

he shal have that laid to his charge in an hour,
he shall not be rid on in an age; if he have
Lands, he shall have an heir; if he have
patience, he shall have a wife; if he have
neither Lands nor patience, he shall have a
whore. So ho, boy, so ho, so, so. 61

[Within] *Prince Vter.* So ho, boy, so ho,
illo ho, illo ho.

Clown. Hark, hark, sister, there's one
hollows to us; what a wicked world's this!
a man cannot so soon name a whore, but a
knave comes presently: and see where he is;
stand close a while, sister. 68

Enter Prince Vter.

Prince. How like a voice that Echo spake,
but oh,
My thoughts are lost for ever in amazement.
Could I but meet a man to tell her beauties,
These trees would bend their tops to kiss the
air

That from my lips should give her praises up.

Clown. He talks of a woman, sister.

Joan. This may be he, brother. 75

Clown. View him well; you see, he has
a fair Sword, but his Hangers are fain.

Prince. Here did I see her first, here view
her beauty: 78

Oh, had I known her name, I had been happy.

Clown. Sister, this is he, sure; he knows
not thy name neither. A couple of wise fools
yfaith, to get children, and know not one
another.

Prince. You weeping leaves, upon whose
tender cheeks 84

Doth stand a flood of tears at my complaint,
Who heard my vows and oaths—

Clown. Law, Law, he has been a great
swearer too; tis he, sister.

Prince. For having overlook her;
As I have seen a forward blood-hound strip
The swifter of the cry, ready to seize 91
His wished hopes, upon the sudden view,
Struck with astonishment, at his arriv'd prey,
Instead of seizure stands at fearful bay;
Or like to *Martus* soldiers, who, o'retook, 95
The eye sight killing *Gorgon* at one look
Made everlasting stand: so fear'd my power,
Whose cloud aspir'd the Sun, dissolv'd a
shower.

Pigmalion, then I tasted thy sad fate,
Whose Ivory picture and my fair were one: 100
Our dotage past imagination.
I saw and felt desire—

62 boy T: by Q 74 talk's Q 75 Hanger's Q
86 Who? And Q: You D 91 swiftest WP 93 a
stonishment Q 95 whom D

Clown. Pox a your fingering! did he feel,
sister?

Prince.

But enjoy'd not.

Oh fate, thou hadst thy days and nights to
feed

On calm affection; one poor sight was all, 105
Converts my pleasure to perpetual thrall:
Imbracing thine, thou lovest breath and desire,

So I, relating mine, will here expire.

For here I vow to you mournful plants,

Who were the first made happy by her fame,

Never to part hence, till I know her name. 111

Clown. Give me thy hand, sister, *The
Child* has found his *Father*. This is he, sure;
as I am a man, had I been a woman, these
kinde words would have won me, I should
have had a great belly too, that's certain. Well,
I'll speak to him.—Meet honest and fleshly
minded Gentleman, give me your hand, sir.

Prince. Ha, what art thou, that thus rude
and boldly darest

Take notice of a wretch so much ally'd 120
To misery as I am?

Clown. Nay, Sir, for our alliance, I shall be
found to be a poor brother in Law of your
worships: the Gentlewoman you spake on is
my sister: you see what a clew she spreads;
her name is *Joan Go-loo't*. I am her elder,
but she has been at it before me; 'tis a womans
fault.—Pox a this bashfulness! come forward,
Jug, prethee, speak to him. 129

Prince. Have you e're seen me, Lady?

Clown. Seen ye? ha, ha! It seems she has
felt you too: here's a yong *Go-loo't* a coming,
sir; she is my sister; we all love to *Go-loo't*,
as well as your worship. She's a Maid yet, but
you may make her a wife, when you please, sir.

Prince. I am amaz'd with wonder: Tell me,
woman, 136

What sin have you committed worthy this?

Joan. Do you not know me, sir?

Prince. Know theel as I do thunder, hell,
and mischief;

Witch, scullion, hag! 140

Clown. I see he will marry her; he speaks
so like a husband.

Prince. Death! I will cut their tongues out
for this blasphemy.

Strumpet, villain, where have you ever seen
me?

Clown. Speak for your self, with a pox to
ye. 146

Prince. Slaves, He make you curse your
selves for this temptation.

103 not T, etc.: now Q 105 On D: Or Q 109
you Q: you, ye T 134 a scarce a com. T 137
you Q: I conj. T 140 scullion D: stallion Q

Joan. Oh, sir, if ever you did speak to me,
It was in smoother phrase, in fairer language.

Prince. Lightning consume me, if I ever
saw thee. 150

My rage o'reflows my blood, all patience flies
me. [Beats her.]

Clown. Hold, I beseech you, sir, I have
nothing to say to you.

Joan. Help, help! murder, murder! 154

Enter Tocio and Oswald.

Tocio. Make haste, Sir, this way the sound
came, it was a (th') wood.

Oswald. See where she is, and the Prince,
the price of all our wishes.

Clown. The Prince, say ye? ha's made a
poor Subject of me, I am sure. 160

Tocio. Sweet Prince, noble *Vter*, speak,
how fare you, sir?

Oswald. Dear sir, recal your self; your fear-
ful absence

Hath won too much already on the grief
Of our sad King, from whom our laboring
search 165

Hath had this fair success in meeting you.
Tocio. His silence and his looks arguo
distraction.

Clown. Nay, he's mad, sure, he will not
acknowledge my sister, nor the childe neither.

Oswald. Let us entreat your Grace along
with us; 171

Your sight will bring new life to the King your
Brother.

Tocio. Will you go, sir?

Prince. Yes, any whether; guide me, all's
hell I see;

Man may change air, but not his misery. 175
[Exit Prince, Tocio.]

Joan. Lend me one word with you, sir.

Clown. Well said, sister, he has a Feather,
and fair Hangers too, this may be he.

Oswald. What would you, fair one?

Joan. Sure, I have seen you in these woods
e're this. 180

Oswald. Trust me, never; I never saw this
place,

Till at this time my friend conducted me.

Joan. The more's my sorrow then.

Oswald. Would I could comfort you.

I am a Bachelor, but it seems you have 185
A husband, you have been foully o'reshot else.

Clown. A womans fault, we are all subject
to go to't, sir.

Enter Tocio.

Tocio. *Oswald*, away; the Prince will not
stir a foot without you. 190

156 a Q: it'h D

180 Prefix Clown Q

Oswald. I am coming. Farewel, woman.

Tocio. Prithce, make haste. [Exit Oswald.]

Joan. Good sir, but one word with you,
e're you leave us.

Tocio. With me, fair soul? 195

Clown. Shee'l have a fling at him too; the
Childe must have a Father.

Joan. Have you ne'er seen me, sir?

Tocio. Seen thee? 'Stoot, I have seen
many fair faces in my time: prithce, look up,
and do not weep so. Sure, pretty wanton, I
have seen this face before. 202

Joan. It is enough, though you ne're see
me more. [sinks down.]

Tocio. 'Stoot, she's fain: this place is
enchanted, sure; look to the woman, fellow.

[Exit.]

Clown. Oh, she's dead, she's dead! As you
are a man, stay and help, sir.—*Joan*, *Joan*,
sister *Joan*, why, *Joan* Go 'po't, I say; will
you cast away your self, and your childe, and
me too? what do you mean, sister? 211

Joan. Oh, give me pardon, sir; 'twas too
much joy

Opprest my loving thoughts; I know you were
Too noble to deny me—ha! Where is he?

Clown. Who, the Gentleman? he's gone,
sister. 215

Joan. Oh! I am undone, then! Run, tell
him I did

But faint for joy; dear brother, haste; why dost
thou stay?

Oh, never cease, till he give answer to thee.

Clown. He: which he? what do you call
him, tro?

Joan. Unnatural brother, 220

Shew me the path he took; why dost thou dally?

Speak, oh, which way went he?

Clown. This way, that way, through the
bushes thers.

Joan. Were it through fire, 225

The Journey's easie, winged with sweet desire.

[Exit.]

Clown. Hey day, there's some hope of this
yet. 'He follow her for kindreds sake; if she
miss of her purpose now, she'l challenge all
she findes, I see; for if ever we meet with
a two-leg'd creature in the whole Kingdom,
the Childe shall have a Father, that's certain.

[Exit.]

(SCENE II.

An Ante-chamber at the British Court.)

Loud Musick. Enter two with the Sword and
Mace, Cador, Edwin, two Bishops,
Aurelius, *Ostorius*, leading *Artesia*

192 S. D. add. WP

201 you T, etc.: your Q I

213 thought D

Scene II. etc. add. T

Crown'd, Constancia, Modestia, Ocla, Proximus a Magician, Donobert, Gloster, Oswald, Tocio; all pass over the Stage. Manet Donobert, Gloster, Edwin, Cador.

Dono. Come, *Gloster*, I do not like this hasty Marriage.

Gloster. She was quickly wooed and won: not six days since

Arrived an enemy to sue for Peace, •
And now crown'd Queen of *Brittain*; this is strange.

Dono. Her brother too made as quick speed in coming, 5

Leaving his Saxons and his starved Troops,
To take the advantage, whilst 'twas offer'd.
'Fore heaven, I fear the King's too credulous;
Our Army is discharg'd too.

Gloster. Yes, and our General commanded home. 10

Son *Edwin*, have you seen him since? 5

Edwin. He's come to Court, but will not view the presence,

Nor speak unto the King; he's so discontent
At this so strange alliance with the Saxon,
As nothing can perswade his patience. 15

Cador. You know his humor will endure no check,

No, if the King oppose it:
All crosses feeds both his spleen and his impatience;

Those affections are in him like powder,
Apt to inflame with every little spark, 20
And blow up all his reason.

Gloster. *Edol* of *Chester* is a noble Soldier.

Dono. So is he, by the Rood, ever most faithful

To the King and Kingdom, how e're his passions guide him.

Enter Edol with Captains.

Cador. See where he comes, my Lord. 25

Omnes. Welcome to Court, brave Earl.

Edol. Do not deceive me by your flatteries:
Is not the Saxon here? the League confirm'd?
The Marriage ratifi'd? the Court divided?
With Pagan Infidels, the least part Christians,
At least in their Commands? Oh, the gods! 31
It is a thought that takes away my sleep,
And dulls my senses so I scarcely know you:

Prepare my horses, Ile away to *Chester*.

Capt. What shall we do with our Companies, my Lord? 35

Edol. Keep them at home to increase Cuckolds,

And get some Cases for your Captainships;
Smooth up your brows, the wars has spoil'd your faces,

And few will now regard you.

Dono. Preserve your patience, Sir. 40

Edol. Preserve your Honors, Lords, your Countries Safety,

Your Lives and Lands from strangers. What black devil

Could so bewitch the King, so to discharge
A Royal Army in the height of conquest,
Nay, even already made victorious, 45

To give such credit to an enemy,
A starved foe, a stragling fugitive,
Beaten beneath our feet, so low dejected,
So servile, and so base, as hope of life
Had won them all to leave the Land for ever?

Dono. It was the Kings will. 51

Edol. It was your want of wisdom,

That should have laid before his tender youth
The dangers of a State, where forain Powers
Bandy for Sovereignty with Lawful Kings; 55
Who being settled once, to assure themselves,
Will never fail to seek the blood and life
Of all competitors.

Dono. Your words sound well, my Lord, and point at safety,

Both for the Realm and us; but why did you,
Within whose power it lay, as General, 61
With full Commission to dispose the war,
Lend ear to parly with the weaken'd foe?

Edol. Oh the good Gods!

Cador. And on that parly came this Embassie. 65

Edol. You will hear me?

Edwin. Your letters did declare it to the King,

Both of the Peace, and all Conditions
Brought by this Saxon Lady, whose fond love
Has thus bewitched him. 70

Edol. I will curse you all as black as hell,
Unless you hear me; your gross mistake would make

Wisdom her self run madding through the streets,

And quarrel with her shadow. Death!
Why kill'd ye not that woman?

Dono. *Gloster.* Oh, my Lord! 75

Edol. The great devil take me quick, had I been by,

And all the women of the world were barren,
She should have died, e're he had married her
On these conditions.

Cador. It is not reason that directs you thus.

Edol. Then have I none, for all I have directs me. 81

17 No] Not even conj. WP
38 Cuckolds with conj. WP

18 both Q: but D

48 low T, etc.: love Q 75 ye Q: you D

Never was man so palpably abus'd,
So basely marted, bought and sold to scorn.
My Honor, Fame, and hopeful Victories,
The loss of Time, Expences, Blood, and For-
tunes, 85

All vanisht into nothing.

Edwin. This rage is vain, my Lord:
What the King does nor they nor you can
help.

Edol. My Sword must fail me then.

Cador. 'Gainst whom will you expose it?

Edol. What's that to you? 'gainst all the
devils in hell, 91

To guard my country.

Edwin. These are airy words.

Edol. Sir, you tread too hard upon my
patience.

Edwin. I speak the duty of a Subjects faith,
And say agen, had you been here in presence,
What the King did, you had not dar'd to
cross it. 96

Edol. I will trample on his Life and Soul
that says it.

Cador. My Lord!

Edwin. Come, come.

Edol. Now, before heaven—

Cador. Dear sir!

Edol. Not dare? thou liest beneath thy
lungs.

Gloster. No more, son Edwin. 100

Edwin. I have done, sir; I take my leave.

Edol. But thou shalt not, you shall take no
leave of me, Sir.

Dono. For wisdoms sake, my Lord —

Edol. Sir, I'll leave him, and you, and all
of you,

The Court and King, and let my Sword and
friends 105

Shuffle for *Edols* safety: stay you here,
And hug the Saxons, till they cut your throats,
Or bring the Land to servile slavery.

Such yokes of baseness *Chester* must not suffer.
Go, and repent betimes these foul misdeeds,
For in this League all our whole Kingdom
bleeds, 111

Which Ile prevent, or perish. [*Exit Edol, Capt.*

Glost. See how his rage transports him!

Cador. These passions set apart, a brever
soldier

Breathes not i'th' world this day. 115

Dono. I wish his own worth do not court
his ruine.

The King must Rule, and we must learn to
obay,

True vertue still directs the noble way.

90 expose Q : oppose D 95 you T, etc.: your Q
102 shall not Q 112 S. D. after 113 Q

(SCENE III.

Hall of state in the Palace.)

*Loud Musick. Enter Aurelius, Artesia, Ostorius,
Ocla, Proximus, Toelio, Oswald, Hermit.*

Aurel. Why is the Court so dull? me thinks,
each room

And angle of our Palace should appear
Stuck full of objects fit for mirth and triumphs,
To show our high content. *Oswald*, fill wine!

Must we begin the Revels? Be it so, then! 5

Reach me the cup: Ile now begin a Health

To our lov'd Queen, the bright *Artesia*,

The Royal Saxon King, our warlike brother.

Go and command all the whole Court to

pledge it.

Fill to the Hermit there! 'Most reverent

Anselme, 10

Wee'l do thee Honor first, to pledge my Queen.

Her. I drink no healths, great King, and if

I did,

I would be loath to part with health to those

That have no power to give it back agen.

Aurel. Mistake not, it is the argument of

Love 15

And Duty to our Queen and us.

Artes. But he owes none, it seems.

Her. I do to vertue, Madam: temperate
minds

Covets that health to drink, which nature
gives

In every spring to man; he that doth hold 20

His body but a Tenement at will,

Bestows no cost, but to repair what's ill:

Yet if your healths or heat of Wine, fair

Princes,

Could this old frame or these cras'd limbes
restore,

Or keep out death or sickness, then fill more,

I'll make fresh way for appetite; if no, 26

On such a prodigal who would wealth bestow?

Ostorius. He speaks not like a guest to
grace a wedding.

Enter Toelio.

Artes. No, sir, but like an envious imposter.

Ocla. A Christian slave, a Cinick. 30

Oston. What vertue could decline your

Kingly spirit

To such respect of him whose magick spells

Met with your vanquisht Troops, and turn'd
your Arms

To that necessity of fight, which, thro dis-
pair

Scene III. etc. add. T Scene II continued D 8
and the T 34 which] when D through WP: the
Q: but for the T.

Of any hope to stand but by his charms, 35
Had been defeated in a bloody conquest?

Oda. 'Twas magick, hellbred magick did
it, sir,

And that's a course, my Lord, which we
esteem

In all our Saxon Wars unto the last
And lowest ebbe of servile treachery. 40

Aurel. Sure, you are deceiv'd, it was the
hand of heaven

That in his virtue gave us victory.

Is there a power in man that can strike fear
Thorough a general camp, or create spirits
In recreant bosoms above present sense? 45

Ostor. To blind the sense there may, with
apparition

Of well arm'd troops within themselves are air,
Form'd into humane shapes, and such that day
Were by that Sorcerer rais'd to cross our
fortunes.

Aurel. There is a law tells us that words
want force. 50

To make deeds void; examples must be shown
By instances alike, e're I believe it.

Ostor. 'Tis easily perform'd, believe me, sir:
Propose your own desires, and give but way
To what our Magick here shall straight per-
form, 55

And then let his or our deserts be censur'd.

Aurel. We could not wish a greater
happiness

Then what this satisfaction brings with it.
Let him proceed, fair brother.

Ostor. He shall, sir.
Come, learned *Proximus*, this task be thine:
Let thy great charms confound the opinion 61
This Christian by his spells hath falsly won.

Prox. Great King, propound your wishes,
then:

What persons, of what State, what numbers, or
how arm'd,

Please your own thoughts; they shall appear
before you. 65

Aurel. Strange art! What thinkst thou,
reverent *Hermil*?

Her. Let him go on, sir.

Aurel. Wilt thou behold his cunning?

Her. Right gladly, sir; it will be my joy to
tell,

That I was here to laugh at him and hell. 70

Aurel. I like thy confidence.

Artes. His sawcy impudence! Proceed to
th' trial.

Prox. Speak your desires my Lord, and be
it place'd

In any angle underneath the Moon;

47 within *Q* (= which within): which in *T*

The center of the Earth, the Sea, the Air, 75
The region of the fire, nay, hell it self,
And I'll present it.

Aurel. Wee'l have no sight so fearful, onely
this:

If all thy art can reach it, show me here 79
The two great Champions of the Trojan War,
Achilles and brave *Hector*, our great Ancestor,
Both in their warlike habits, Armor, Shields,
And Weapons then in use for fight.

Prox. 'Tis done, my Lord, command a halt
and silence,

As each man will respect his life or danger. 85
Armel, Plesgeth!

Enter Spirits.

Spirits. Quid vis?

Prox. Attend me. •

Aurel. The Apparition comes; on our dis-
pleasure,

Let all keep place and silence. 90
[Within Drums beat Marches.]

*Enter Proximus, bringing in Hector, attir'd
and arm'd after the Trojan manner, with
Target, Sword, and Ballet-ax, a Trumpet
before him, and a Spirit in flames colours
with a Torch; at the other door Achilles
with his Spear and Falchon, a Trumpet,
and a Spirit in black before him; Trumpets
sound alarm, and they manage their wea-
pons to begin the Fight: and after some
Charges, the Hermit steps between them,
at which seeming amaz'd the spirits
tremble. Thunder within.*

Prox. What means this stay, bright *Armel*,
Plesgeth?

Why fear you and fall back?
Renew the Alarms, and enforce the Combat,
Or hell or darkness circles you for ever.

Arm. We dare not. 95

Prox. Hal!

Plesgeth. Our charms are all dissolv'd:
Armel, away!

'Tis worse then hell to us, whilst here we
stay. [Exit all.]

Her. What! at a Non-plus, sir? command
them back, for shame.

Prox. What power o're-aws my Spells?
Return, you Hell-hounds! 100

Armel, Plesgeth, double damnation seize you!
By all the Infernal powers, the prince of devils
Is in this Hermit's habit: what else could force
My Spirits quake or tremble thus?

Her. Weak argument to hide your want of
skill: 105

S. D. Enter Spirit *Q* *S. D.* tremble] and tremble *Q*

Does the devil fear the devil, or war with hell?
They have not been acquainted long, it seems.
Know, mis-believing Pagan, even that Power,
That overthrew your Forces, still lets you see,
He onely can controul both hell and thee. 110

Prox. Disgrace and mischief! He enforce
new charms,
New spells, and spirits rais'd from the low
Abyss
Of hells unbottom'd depths.

Aurel. We have enough, sir;
Give o're your charms, wee'l finde some other
time

To praise your Art. I dare not but acknow-
ledge 115

That heavenly Power my heart stands witness
to:

Be not dismay'd, my Lords, at this disaster,
Nor thou, my fairest Queen: we'l change the
Scene

To some more pleasing sports. Lead to your
Chamber. 119

How 'ere in this thy pleasures finde a cross,
Our joy's too fixed here to suffer loss.

Toclio. Which I shall adde to, sir, with
news I bring:

The Prince, your Brother, lives.

Aurel. Hal

Toclio. And comes to grace this high and
heaven-knit Marriage. 125

Aurel. Why dost thou flatter me, to make
me think

Such happiness attends me?

Enter Prince Uter and Oswald.

Toclio. His presence speaks my truth, sir.

Dono. Forces me, 'tis he: look, *Gloster.*

Glost. A blessing beyond hope, sir. 130

Aurel. Hal 'tis he: welcome, my second
Comfort.

Artesia, Dearest Love, it is my Brother,
My Princely Brother, all my Kingdoms hope:

Oh, give him welcome, as thou lov'st my health.

Artes. You have so free a welcome, sir,
from me, 135

As this your presence has such power, I swear,
O're me, a stranger, that I must forget

My Country, Name, and Friends, and count
this place

My Joy and Birth-right.

Prince. 'Tis she! 'tis she, I swear! oh, ye
good gods, 'tis she! 140

That face within those woods where first I saw
her,

Captiv'd my senses, and thus many moneths
Bar'd me from all society of men.

119 your Q: our WP 129 Force Q: 'Fore T, etc.

How came she to this place,
Brother *Aurelius*? Speak that Angels nam:
Her heaven-blest name, oh, speak it quick
Sir.

Aurel. It is *Artesia*, the Royal Sa:
Princess.

Prince. A woman, and no Deity, no feigned
shape,

To mock the reason of admiring sense,
On whom a hope as low as mine may live, 150
Love, and enjoy, dear Brother, may it not?

Aurel. She is all the Good or Vertue thy
canst name,

My Wife, my Queen.

Prince. Hal your wifel

Artes. Which you shall finde, sir, if that
time and fortune 155

May make my love but worthy of your tryal.

Prince. Oh!

Aurel. What troubles you, dear Brother?
Why with so strange and fixt an eye dost thou
Behold my Joys? 160

Artes. You are not well, sir.

Prince. Yes, yes. — Oh, you immortal
powers,

Why has poor man so many entrances
For sorrow to creep in at, when our sense
Is much too weak to hold his happiness? 165

Oh, say, I was born deaf: and let your silence
Confirm in me the knowing my defect;

At least be charitable to conceal my sin,
For hearing is no less in me, dear Brother.

Aurel. No more! 170

I see thou art a Rival in the Joys

Of my high Bliss. Come, my *Artesia*;

The Day's most prais'd when 'tis eclips'd by
Night,

Great Good must have as great Ill opposite.

Prince. Stay, hear but a word; yet now
I think on't, 175

This is your Wedding-night, and were it mine,
I should be angry with least loss of time.

Artes. Envy speaks no such words, has no
such looks.

Prince. Sweet rest unto you both. 179

Aurel. Lights to our Nuptial Chamber.

Artes. Could you speak so,
I would not fear how much my grief did grow.

Aurel. Lights to our Chamber; on, on, set
on! [*Exeunt. Manet Prince.*]

Prince. 'Could you speak so,
I would not fear how much my griefs did
grow.'

Those were her very words; sure, I am waking:
She wrung me by the hand, and spake them to
me 186

, 184 grief D, etc.

With a most passionate affection.
Perhaps she loves, and now repents her choice,
In marriage with my brother. Oh, fond man,
How dar'st thou trust thy Traitors thoughts,
thus to 190

Betray thy self? 'twas but a waking dream
Wherein thou madest thy wishes speak, not
her,

In which thy foolish hopes strives to prolong
A wretched being. So sickly children play
With health lov'd toys, which for a time delay,
But do not cure the fit. Be, then, a man, 196
Meet that destruction which thou canst not flee.
From not to live, make it thy best to die,
And call her now, whom thou didst hope to wed,
Thy brothers wife: thou art too nere a kin, 200
And such an act above all name's a sin
Not to be blotted out; heaven pardon me!
She's banisht from my bosom now for ever.
To lowest ebbes men justly hope a flood;
When vice grows barren, all desires are good.

Enter Waiting Gentlewoman with a Jewel.

Gent. The noble Prince, I take it, sir? 206

Prince. You speak me what I should be,
Lady.

Gent. Know, by that name, sir, Queen
Artesia greets you.

Prince. Alas, good vertue, how is she mis-
taken!

Gent. Commending her affection in this
Jewel, sir. 210

Prince. She binds my service to her: hal-
a Jewel; 'tis

A fair one, trust me, and methinks, it much
Resembles something I have seen with her.

Gent. It is an artificial crab, Sir.

Prince. A creature that goes backward. 215

Gent. True, from the way it looks.

Prince. There is no moral in it aludes to
her self?

Gent. 'Tis your construction gives you that,
sir;

She's a woman.

Prince. And, like this, may use her legs
and eyes 220

Two several ways.

Gent. Just like the Sea-crab,
Which on the Mussel preyes, whilst he bills
at a stone.

Prince. Pretty in troth. Prithce, tell me,
art thou honest?

Gent. I hope I seem no other, sir.

Prince. And those that seem so are some-
times bad enough. 225

Gent. If they will accuse themselves for
want of witness,
Let them, I am not so foolish.

Prince. I see th'art wise.
Come, speak me truly: what is the greatest sin?

Gent. That which man never acted; what
has been done

Is as the least, common to all as one. 230

Prince. Dost think thy Lady is of thy
opinion?

Gent. She's a bad Scholar else; I have
brought her up,

And she dares owe me still.

Prince. I, 'tis a fault in greatness, they dare
owe

Many, ere they pay one. But dar'st thou
Expose thy scholar to my examining? 236

Gent. Yes, in good troth, sir, and pray put
her to't too;

'Tis a hard lesson, if she answer it not.

Prince. Thou know't the hardest?

Gent. As far as a woman may, sir. 240

Prince. I commend thy plainness.

When wilt thou bring me to thy Lady?

Gent. Next opportunity I attend you, sir.

Prince. Thanks, take this, and commend
me to her.

Gent. Think of your Sea-crab, sir, I pray.
[Exit.]

Prince. Oh, by any means, Lady.— 246
What should all this tend to?

If it be Love or Lust that thus incites her,

The sin is horrid and incestuous;

If to betray my life, what hopes she by it? 250

Yes, it may be a practice 'twixt themselves,

To expel the *Brittains* and ensue the State

Through our destructions; all this may be

Valid, with a deeper reach in villany

Then all my thoughts can guess at;—however,

I will confer with her, and if I finde 256

Lust hath given Life to Envy in her minde,

I may prevent the danger: so men wise

By the same step by which they fell, may rise.

Vices are Vertues, if so thought and seen, 260

And Trees with foulest roots branch soonest
green. [Exit.]

ACT 3.

SCENE I.

(Before the Palace of King Aurelius.)

Enter Clown and his Sister.

Clown. Come, sister, thou that art all fool,
all mad-woman.

190 traitorous T, etc. 198 best Q: meet D 200
ne're Q

254 Valid Q: Veild D S. D. Before etc. add. T
I that am. T

Joan. Prithee, have patience, we are now
at Court.

Clown. At Court! ha, ha, that proves thy
madness: was there ever any woman in thy
taking travel'd to Court for a husband? 'Slid,
'tis enough for them to get children, and the
City to keep 'em, and the Countrey to finde
Nurses: every thing must be done in his due
place, sister.

Joan. Be but content a while; for, sure,
I know

This Journey will be happy. Oh, dear brother,
This night my sweet Friend came to comfort
me;

I saw him and embraç't him in mine arms. 15
Clown. Why did you not hold him, and call
me to help you?

Joan. Alas, I thought I had been with him
still,

But when I wak't — 19

Clown. Ah! pox of all Leger-heads, then you
were but in a Dream all this while, and we may
still go look him. Well, since we are come to
Court, cast your Cats eyes about you, and
either finde him out you dreamt on, or some
other, for Ile trouble my self no further. 25

Ent(er) Dono(bert), Cadon, Edw(in) & Tocllo.

See, see, here comes more Courtiers; look
about you; come, pray, view 'em all well; the
old man has none of the marks about him, the
other have both Swords and Feathers: what
thinkest thou of that tall yong Gentleman?

Joan. He much resembles him; but, sure,
my friend, 31

Brother, was not so high of stature.

Clown. Oh, beast, wast thou got a childe
with a short thing too?

Dono. Come, come, Ile hear no more on't:
Go, Lord *Edwin*, 35

Tell her, this day her sister shall be married
To *Cadon*, Earl of *Cornwal*; so shall she
To thee, brave *Edwin*, if she'll have my bles-
sing.

Edwin. She is addicted to a single Life,
She will not hear of Marriage. 40

Dono. Tush, fear it not: go you from me
to her,

Use your best skill, my Lord, and if you fail,
I have a trick shall do it: haste, haste about it.

Edwin. Sir, I am gone; 44
My hope is in your help more then my own.

Dono. And worthy *Tocllo*, to your care I
must

Commend this business

20 A pox T, etc. 22 look for him T 29 both Q:
but D 33 got a Q: got with T

For Lights and Musick, and what else is
needful.

Tocllo. I shall, my Lord. 49

Clown. We would intreat a word, sir.
Come forward, sister. [*Ex. Dono., Toc., Cadon.*]

Edwin. What lackst thou, fellow?

Clown. I lack a father for a childe, sir.

Edwin. How! a God-father? 54

Clown. No, sir, we mean the own father:
it may be you, sir, for any thing we know;
I think the childe is like you.

Edwin. Like me! prithee, where is it?

Clown. Nay, 'tis not born yet, sir, 'tis forth
coming, you see; the childe must have a father:
what do you think of my sister? 60

Edwin. Why, I think if she ne're had hus-
band, she's a whore, and thou a fool. Fare-
well. [*Exit.*]

Clown. I thank you, sir. Well, pull up thy
heart, sister; if there be any Law i'th' Court,
this fellow shall father it, 'cause he uses me
so scurvily. There's a great Wedding towards,
they say; we'l amongst them for a husband
for thee. 70

Enter Sir Nicodemus with a Letter.

If we miss there, Ile have another bout with
him that abus'd me. See! look, there comes
another Hat and Feather, this should be a close
Letcher, he's reading of a Love-letter.

Sir Nic. Earl *Cadon's* Marriage, and a
Masque to grace it. 75
So, so.

This night shall make me famous for Present-
ments.—

How now, what are you?

Clown. A couple of *Great Brittain's* you
may see by our bellies, sir. 80

Sir Nic. And what of this, sir?

Clown. Why, thus the matter stands, sir:
There's one of your Courtiers Hunting Nags
has made a Gap through another mans
Inclosure. Now, sir, here's the question, who
should be at charge of a Fur-bush to stop it?

Sir Nic. Ha, ha, this is out of my element:
the Law must end it. 88

Clown. Your Worship says well; for, surely,
I think some Lawyer had a hand in the busi-
ness, we have such a troublesome Issue.

Sir Nic. But what's thy business with me
now?

Clown. Nay, sir, the business is done
already, you may see by my sisters belly. 95

Sir Nic. Oh, now I finde thee: this Gentle-
woman, it seems, has been humbled.

Clown. As low as the ground would give
her leave, sir, and your Worship knows this:

though there be many fathers without children, yet to have a childe without a father were most unnatural. 102

Sir Nic. That's true, ifaith, I never heard of a childe yet that e're begot his father.

Clown. Why, true, you say wisely, sir.

Sir Nic. And therefore I conclude, that he that got the childe is without all question the father of it.

Clown. I, now you come to the matter, sir; and our suit is to your Worship for the discovery of this father. 111

• *Sir Nic.* Why, lives he in the Court here?

• *Joan.* Yes, sir, and I desire but Marriage.

• *Sir Nic.* And does the knave refuse it? Come, come, be merry, wench; he shall marry thee, and keep the childe too, if my Knight-hood can do any thing. I am bound by mine Orders to help distressed Ladies, and can there be a greater injury to a woman with childe, then to lack a father for't? I am asham'd of your simpleness: Come, come, give me a Courtiers Fee for my pains, and Ile be thy Advocate my self, and justice shall be found; nay, Ile sue the Law for it; but give me my Fee first. 125

Clown. If all the money I have i'th world will do it, you shall have it, sir.

Sir Nic. An Angel does it.

Clown. Nay, there's two, for your better eye sight, sir. 130

Sir Nic. Why, well said! Give me thy hand, wench, Ile teach thee a trick for all this, shall get a father for thy childe presently, and this it is, mark now: You meet a man, as you meet me now, thou claimest Marriage of me, and layest the childe to my charge; I deny it: push, that's nothing, hold thy Claim fast, thy words carries it, and no Law can withstand it. 138

Clown. Ist possible?

Sir Nic. Past all opposition; her own word carries it: let her challenge any man, the childe shall call him Father; there's a trick for your money now. 143

Clown. Troth, Sir, we thank you, we'll make use of your trick, and go no further to seek the childe a Father, for we challenge you, Sir: sister, lay it to him, he shall marry thee, I shall have a worshipful old man to my brother. 148

Sir Nic. Ha, ha, I like thy pleasantness.

Joan. Nay, indeed, Sir, I do challenge you.

Clown. You think we jest, sir?

Sir Nic. I, by my troth, do I. I like thy wit, ifaith; thou shalt live at Court with me;

didst never here of *Nicodemus Nothing*? I am the man. 155

Clown. Nothing? 'alid, we are out agen; thou wast never got with childe with nothing, sure.

Joan. I know not what to say. 159

Sir Nic. Never grieve, wench, show me the man, and process shall fly out.

Clown. 'Tis enough for us to finde the children, we look that you should finde the Father, and therefore either do us justice, or we'll stand to our first challenge. 165

Sir Nic. Would you have justice without an Adversary? unless you can show me the man, I can do you no good in it.

Clown. Why, then I hope you'll do us no harm, sir; you'll restore my money. 170

Sir Nic. What, my Fee? marry, Law for-bid it!

Finde out the party, and you shall have justice, Your fault clos'd up, and all shall be amended, Tho Childe, his Father, and the Law (def-) ended. [Exit.]

Clown. Well, he has deserv'd his Fee, indeed, for he has brought our suit to a quick end, I promise you, and yet the Childe has never a Father; nor we have no more money to seek after him. A shame of all lecherous placcats! now you look like a Cat had newly kitten'd; what will you do now, tro? Follow me no further, lest I beat your brains out. 182

Joan. Impose upon me any punishment, Rather then leave me now.

Clown. Well, I think I am bewitcht with thee; I cannot finde in my heart to forsake her. There was never sister would have abus'd a poor brother as thou hast done; I am even pin'd away with fretting, there's nothing but flesh and bones about me. Well, and I had my money agen, it were some comfort. Hark, sister, [Thunder] does it not thunder? 192

Joan. Oh yes, most fearfully: What shall we do, brother?

Clown. Marry, e'ne get some shelter, e're the storm catch us: away, let's away, I prithee.

Enter the Devil in mans habit, richly attir'd, his feet and his head horrid.

Joan. Ha, 'tis he! Stay, brother, dear brother, stay. 196

Clown. What's the matter now?

Joan. My love, my friend is come; yonder he goes.

168 do you Q: do T 172-3 Finde . . . clos'd up
om. D 174 child find his D 1aw] Law-suit W^t
defended pr. rd.: ended Q, cr. 178 we have no Q:
have we T: we have on D 185 bewitch Q

121 your om. D 130 eye om. T. 136 push] pish
T, etc. 137 word D 146 the childe om. T

Clown. Where, where? show me where;
I'll stop him, if the devil be not in him. 200

Joan. Look there, look yonder!
Oh, dear friend, pity my distress,
For heaven and goodness, do but speak to me.
Devil. She calls me, and yet drives me
headlong from her. 204

Poor mortal, thou and I are much uneven,
Thou must not speak of goodness nor of
heaven,

If I confer with thee; but be of comfort:
Whilst men do breath, and *Brittains* name
be known,

The fatal fruit thou bear'st within thy womb
Shall here be famous till the day of doom. 210

Clown. 'Slid, who's that talks so? I can
see no body.

Joan. Then art thou blind or mad. See
where he goes,
And beckons me to come; oh, lead me forth,
I'll follow thee in spite of fear or death. [Exit.]

Clown. Oh brave! she'll run to the devil for
a husband; she's stark mad, sure, and talks to
a shadow, for I could see no substance: well,
I'll after her; the childe was got by chance,
and the father must be found at all adventure.
[Exit.]

(SCENE II.

The Porch of a Church.)

Enter Hermit, Modesta, and Edwin.

Modesta. Oh, reverent sir, by you my heart
hath reacht

At the large hopes of holy Piety,
And for this I craved your company,
Here in your sight religiously to vow
My chaste thoughts up to heaven, and make
you now 5

The witness of my faith.

Her. Angels assist thy hopes.

Edwin. What means my Love? thou art
my promis'd wife.

Modest. To part with willingly what friends
and life

Can make no good assurance of. 10

Edwin. Oh, finde remorse, fair soul, to
love and merit,
And yet recant thy vow. 1

Modest. Never:

This world and I are parted now for ever.

Her. To finde the way to bliss, oh, happy
woman, 15

Th'ast learn'd the hardest Lesson well, I see.
Now show thy fortitude and constancy:
Let these thy friends thy sad departure weep,

200 frunt] print D Scene II. etc. add. T 31]
have I D.

Thou shalt but loose the wealth thou could'st
not keep.

My contemplation calls me, I must leave ye.

Edwin. O, reverent Sir, perswade not her
to leave me. 21

Her. My Lord, I do not, nor to cease to
love ye;

I onely pray her faith may fixed stand;

Marriage was blest, I know, with heavens own
hand. [Exit.]

Edwin. You hear him, Lady, 'tis not a
virgins state, 25

But sanctity of life, must make you happy. •

Modest. Good sir, you say you love me;
gentle *Edwin*,

Even by that love I do beseech you, leave me.

Edwin. Think of your fathers tears, your
weeping friends,

Whom cruel grief makes pale and bloodless
• for you. 30

Modest. Would I were dead to all.

Edwin. Why do you weep?

Modest. Oh, who would live to see

How men with care and cost seek misery?

Edwin. Why do you seek it then? What
joy, what pleasure

Can give you comfort in a single life? 35

Modest. The contemplation of a happy
death,

Which is to me so pleasing that I think

No torture could divert me: What's this world,
Wherein you'd have me walk, but a sad
passage

To a dread Judgement-Seat, from whence
even now 40

We are but bail'd, upon our good abearing,
Till that great Sessions come, when Death, the

Cryer,

Will surely summon us and all to appear,

To plead us guilty or our bail to clear? 44

What musick's this? [Soft Musick.]

*Enter two Bishops, Donobert, Gloster, Cador,
Constancia, Oswald, Todlo.*

Edwin. Oh, now resolve, and think upon
my love!

This sounds the Marriage of your beauteous
sister,

Vertuous *Constancia*, with the noble *Cador*.

Look, and behold this pleasure.

Modest. Cover me with night, 50

It is a vanity not worth the sight.

Dono. See, see, she's yonder.

Pass on, son *Cador*, Daughter *Constancia*,
I beseech you all, unless she first move speech,

Salute her not.—*Edwin*, what good success?

S. D. Bishops, Edwin, Donobert Q

Edwin. Nothing as yet, unless this object
take her. 56

Dono. See, see, her eye is fixt upon her
sister;

Seem careless all, and take no notice of her:—
On afore there; come, my *Constancia*.

Modest. Not speak to me, nor dain to cast
an eye, 60

To look on my despised poverty? ·
I must be more charitable;—pray, stay,

Lady,

Are not you she whom I did once call sister?

· *Constan.* I did acknowledge such a name
to one,

· Whilst she was worthy of it, in whose folly, 65
Since you neglect your fame and friends
together,

In you I drown'd a sisters name for ever.

Modest. Your looks did speak no less.

Glost. It now begins to work, this sight has
moved her.

Dono. I knew this trick would take, or
nothing. 70

Modest. Though you disdain in me a sisters
name,

Yet charity, me thinks, should be so strong ·
To instruct e're you reject. I am a wretch,
Even follies instance, who perhaps have er'd,
Not having known the goodness bears so high
And fair a show in you; which being exprest,
I may recant this low despised life, 77
And please those friends whom I mov'd to
grief.

Cador. She is coming, yfaith; be merry,
Edwin.

Consta. Since you desire instruction, you
shall have it. 80

What ist should make you thus desire to live
Vow'd to a single life?

Modest. Because I know I cannot flie from
death.

Oh, my good sister, I beseech you, hear me:
This world is but a Masque, catching weak
eyes 85

With what is not our selves but our disguise,
A Vizard that falls off, the Dance being done,
And leaves Deaths Glass for all to look upon;
Our best happiness here lasts but a night,
Whose burning Tapers makes false Ware seem
right. 90

Who knows not this, and will not now provide
Some better shift before his shame be spy'd,
And knowing this vain world at last will leave
him, ·

Shake off these robes that help but to deceive
him?

70 knew T: know Q 78 mov'd Q: have mov'd D

Const. Her words are powerful, I am
amaz'd to hear her! 95

Dono. Her soul's enchanted with infected
Spells.

Leave her, best Girl; for now in thee
He seek the fruits of Age, Posterity.—
Out o' my sight! sure, I was half asleep
Or drunk, when I begot thee. 100

Const. Good sir, forbear. What say you to
that, sister?

The joy of children, a blest Mothers Name!
Oh, who without much grief can loose such
Fame?

Modest. Who can enjoy it without sorrow
rather?

And that most certain where the joy's unsure,
Seeing the fruit that we beget endure 106

So many miseries, that oft we pray
The Heavens to shut up their afflicted day;
At best we do but bring forth Heirs to die,
And fill the Coffins of our enemy. 110

Const. Oh, my soul!

Dono. Hear her no more, *Constancia*,
She's sure bewitcht with Error; leave her,
Girl.

Const. Then must I leave all goodness, sir:
away,

Stand off, I say.

Dono. How's this? 115

Const. I have no father, friend, no husband
now;

All are but borrowed robes, in which we
masque

To waste and spend the time, when all our Life
Is but one good betwixt two Ague-days,
Which from the first e're we have time to
praise, 120

A second Fever takes us: Oh, my best sister,
My souls eternal friend, forgive the rashness
Of my distemper'd tongue; for how could she,
Knew not her self, know thy felicity,
From which worlds cannot now remove me?

Dono. Art thou mad too, fond woman?
what's thy meaning? 126

Const. To seek eternal happiness in heaven,
Which all this world affords not.

Cador. Think of thy Vow, thou art my
· promis'd Wife.

Const. Pray, trouble me no further.

Omnes. Strange alteration! 130

Cador. Why do you stand at gaze, you
sacred Priests?

You holy men, be equal to the Gods,
And consummate my Marriage with this
woman.

Bishop. Her self gives barr, my Lord, to
your desires

And our performance; 'tis against the Law 135
And Orders of the Church to force a Marriage.

Cador. How am I wrong'd! Was this your
trick, my Lord?

Dono. I am abus'd past sufferance;
Grief and amazement strive which Sense of
mine

Shall loose her being first. Yet let me call thee
Daughter. 140

Cador. Me, Wife.

Const. Your words are air, you speak of
want to wealth,

And wish her sickness, newly rais'd to health.

Dono. Bewitched Girls, tempt not an old
mans fury, 144

That hath no strength to uphold his feeble age,
But what your sights give life to: oh, beware,
And do not make me curse you.

[*Kneel.*] *Modest.* Dear father,

Here at your feet we kneel, grant us but this,
That, in your sight and hearing, the good
Hermit 150

May plead our Cause; which, if it shall not
give
Such satisfaction as your Age desires,
We will submit to you.

Const. You gave us life;
Save not our bodies, but our souls, from death.

Dono. This gives some comfort yet: Rise
with my blessings. — 155

Have patience, noble *Cador*, worthy *Edwin*;
Send for the Hermit that we may confer.
For, sure, Religion ties you not to leave
Your careful Father thus; if so it be,
Take you content, and give all grief to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE III.)

A cave in the Forest.)

Thunder and Lightning; Enter Devil.

Devil. Mix light and darkness; earth and
heaven dissolve,

Be of one piece agen, and turn to *Chaos*;
Break all your works, you powers, and spoil
the world,

Or, if you will maintain earth still, give way
And life to this abortive birth now coming, 5
Whose fame shall add unto your Oracles.

Lucina, Hecate, dreadful Queen of Night,
Bright *Proserpine*, be pleas'd for *Ceres* love,
From *Stigian* darkness summon up the Fates,
And in a moment bring them quickly hither,
Lest death do vent her birth and her together.

[*Thunder.*]

Assist, you spirits of infernal deeps, 12

148 S. D. Kneel printed as part of text Q 160 you
Q: your WP Scene III. etc. add. T

Squint ey'd *Ericho*, midnight *Incubus*,
Rise, rise to aid this birth prodigious.

Enter Lucina and the three Fates.

Thanks, *Hecate*; hail, sister to the Gods! 15

There lies your way, haste with the Fates, and
help,

Give quick dispatch unto her laboring throws,
To bring this mixture of infernal seed

To humane being; [*Exit Fides.*]

And to beguile her pains, till back you come, 20
Anticks shall dance and Musick fill the room. —

[*Dance.*]

Devil. Thanks, Queen of Shades.

Lucina. Farewel, great servant to th'in-
fernal King.

In honor of this childe, the Fates shall bring
All their assisting powers of Knowledge, Arts,
Learning, Wisdom, all the hidden parts 26

Of all-admiring Prophecy, to fore-see
The event of times to come: his Art shall

stand
A wall of brass to guard the *Brittain* Land.

Even from this minute, all his Arts appears 30
Manlike in Judgement, Person, State, and

years.
Upon his brest the Fates have fixt his name,

And since his birth place was this Forrest here,
They now have nam'd him *Merlin Silvester.*

Devil. And *Merlins* name in *Brittany* shall
live, 35

Whilst men inhabit here or Fates can give
Power to amazing wonder; envy shall weep,

And mischief sit and shake her ebbone wings,
Whilst all the world of *Merlins* magick sings.

[*Exit.*]

(SCENE IV.)

The Forest.)

Enter Clown.

Clown. Well, I wonder how my poor sister
does, after all this thundering; I think she's
dead, for I can hear no tidings of her. Those
woods yields small comfort for her; I could
meet nothing but a swinherds wife, keeping
hogs by the Forestside, but neither she nor
none of her sowes would stir a foot to help us;
indeed, I think she durst not trust her self
amongst the trees with me, for I must needs
confess I offer'd some kindness to her. Well,
I would fain know what's become of my sister:
if she have brought me a yong Cousin, his
face may be a picture to finde his Father by.
So oh! sister *Jean*, *Jean G-toot*, where art
thou? 15

14 S. D. after 13 Q 26 Learning, and wisdom D
35 Britany D: Brittain Q Scene IV. etc. add. T

(Within) *Joan.* Here, here, brother, stay but a while, I come to thee.

Clown. O brave! she's alive still, I know her voice; she speaks, and speaks cheerfully, methinks. How now, what Moon-calf has she got with her? 21

Enter Joan and Merlin with a Book.

Joan. Come, my dear *Merlin*; why dost thou fix thine eye

So deeply on that book?

Merlin. To sound the depth Of Arts, of Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge.

Joan. Oh, my dear, dear son, 25 Those studies fits thee when thou art a man.

Merlin. Why, mother, I can be but half a man at best,

And that is your mortality; the rest In me is spirit; 'tis not meat, nor time, That gives this growth and bigness; no, my 30 years

Shall be more strange then yet my birth appears.

Look, mother, there's my Uncle.

Joan. How dost thou know him, son? thou never saw'st him. 34

Merlin. Yet I know him, and know the pains he has taken for ye, to finde out my Father.—Give me your hand, good Uncle.

Clown. Ha, ha, I'de laugh at that, yfaith. Do you know me, sir? 39

Merlin. Yes, by the same token that even now you kist the swinherds-wife i'th' woods, and would have done more, if she would have let you, Uncle. 43

Clown. A witch, a witch, a witch, sister: rid him out of your company, he is either a witch or a conjurer; he could never have known this else. 47

Joan. Pray, love him, brother, he is my son.

Clown. Ha, ha, this is worse then all the rest, yfaith; by his beard he is more like your husband. Let me see, is your great belly gone?

Joan. Yes, and this the happy fruit. 52

Clown. What, this Hartichoke? A Childe born with a beard on his face?

Merlin. Yes, and strong legs to go, and teeth to eat. 56

Clown. You can nurse up your self, then? There's some charges sav'd for Soap and Caudle. 'Slid, I have heard of some that has been born with teeth, but never none with such a talking tongue before. 61

Joan. Come, come, you must use him kindly, brother; *

Did you but know his worth, you would make much of him.

Clown. Make much of a Moneky? This is worse then *Tom Thumb*, that let a fart in his Mothers belly; a Childe to speak, eat, and go the first hour of his birth; nay, such a Baby as had need of a Barber before he was born too; why, sister, this is monstrous, and shames all our kindred. 70

Joan. That thus 'gainst nature and our common births

He comes thus furnisht to salute the world, Is power of Fates, and gift of his great father.

Clown. Why, of what profession is your father, sir? 75

Merlin. He keeps a Hot-house i'th' Low Countries; will you see him, sir?

Clown. See him? why, sister, has the childe found his father? 79

Mer. Yes, and Ile fetch him, Uncle. [Exit.]

Clown. Do not Uncle me, till I know your kindred: for my conscience, some Baboon begot thee.—Surely, thou art horribly deceived, sister, this Urchin cannot be of thy breeding; I shall be asham'd to call him cousin, though his father be a Gentleman. 86

Enter Merlin and Devil.

Merlin. Now, my kinde Uncle, see: The Childe has found his Father, this is he.

Clown. The devil it is; ha, ha, is this yot'r sweet-heart, sister? have we run through the Countrey, haunted the City, and examin'd the Court to finde out a Gallant with a Hat and Feather, and a silken Sword, and golden Hangers, and do you now bring me to a Ragamuffin with a face like a Frying-pan? 95

Joan. Fie, brother, you mistake, behold him better.

Clown. How's this? do you juggle with me, or are mine eyes matches? Hat and Feather, Sword, and Hangers, and all! this is a Gallant indeed, sister; this has all the marks of him we look for. 102

Devil. And you have found him now, sir: Give me your hand, I now must call you brother.

Clown. Not till you have married my sister, for all this while she's but your whore, sir.

Devil. Thou art too plain, Ile satisfy that wrong. 107

To her, and thee, and all, with liberal hand: Come, why art thou fearful?

Clown. Nay, I am not afraid, and you were the devil, sir. 111

Devil. Thou needst not; keep with thy sister still,
And Ile supply your wants, you shall lack nothing

That gold and wealth can purchase. 114

Clown. Thank you, brother: we have gone many a weary step to finde you; you may be a husband for a Lady, for you are far fetcht and dear bought, I assure you. Pray, how should I call your son, my cousin here?

Devil. His name is *Merlin*. 120

Clown. *Merlin*? Your hand, cousin *Merlin*; for your fathers sake I accept you to my kindred: if you grow in all things as your Beard does, you will be talkt on. By your Mothers side, cousin, you come of the *Go-too'ts*, *Suffolk* bred, but our standing house is at *Hocklye i'th Hole*, and *Layton-buzzard*. For your father, no doubt you may from him claim Titles of Worship, but I cannot describe it; I think his Ancestors came first from *Hell-bree* in *Wales*, cousin. 131

Devil. No matter whence we do derive our Name:

All *Brittany* shall ring of *Merlin's* fame,
And wonder at his acts. Go hence to *Wales*,
There live a while; there *Vortiger* the King
Builds Castles and strong Holds, which cannot stand, 136

Unless supported by yong *Merlins* hand.
There shall thy fame begin: Wars are a breeding;

The Saxons practise Treason, yet unseen,
Which shortly shall break out.—Fair Love,
farewell; 140

Dear son and brother, here must I leave you all,

Yet still I will be near at *Merlins* call. [*Exit.*

Merl. Will you go, Uncle?

Clown. Yes, Ile follow you, cousin.—Well, I do most horribly begin to suspect my kindred; this brother in law of mine is the Devil, sure, and though he hide his horns with his Hat and Feather, I spi'd his cloven foot for all his cunning. [*Exit.*

(SCENE V.

The British Court.)

Enter Ostorius, Oda, and Proximus.

Ostor. Come, come, time calls our close
Complots to action.

Go, *Proximus* with winged speed fie hence,
Hye thee to *Wales*: salute great *Vortiger*
With these our Letters; bid the King to arms,
Tell him we have new friends, more Forces
landed 5

Scene V. etc. add. T

In *Norfolk* and *Northumberland*; bid him
Make haste to meet us; if he keep his word,
Wee'll part the Realm between us.

Oda. Bend all thine Art to quit that late
disgrace

The Christian Hermit gave thee; make thy
revenge 10

Both sure and home.

Prox. That thought, sir, spurs me on,
Till I have wrought their swift destruction.

[*Exit.*

Ostor. Go, then, and prosper. • *Oda*, be
vigilant:

Speak, are the Forts possest? the Guards made
sure? 5

Revolve, I pray, on how large consequence 15
The bare event and sequel of our hopes
Joyntly consists, that have embark't our lives
Upon the hazzard of the least miscarriage.

• *Oda.* All's sure: the Queen your sister hath
contrived

The cunning Plot so sure, as at an instant 20
The Brothers shall be both surpris'd and taken.

Ostor. And both shall die; yet one a while
must live,

Till we by him have gather'd strength and
power

To meet bold *Edol*, their stern General,
That now, contrary to the Kings command, 25
Hath re-united all his cashier'd Troops,
And this way beats his drums to threaten us.

Oda. Then our Plot's discover'd.

Ostor. Come, th'art a fool, his Army and
his life

Is given unto us: where is the Queen my sister?

Oda. In conference with the Prince. 31

Ostor. Bring the Guards nearer, all is fair
and good;

Their Conference, I hope, shall end in blood.

[*Exeunt.*

(SCENE VI.

A Room in the Palace.)

Enter Prince and Artesia.

Artes. Come, come, you do but flatter;
What you term Love is but a Dream of blood,
Wakes with enjoying, and with open eyes
Forgot, condemn'd, and lost.

Prince. I must be wary, her words are
dangerous.— 5

True, we'll speak of Love no more, then.

Artes. Nay, if you will, you may;

'Tis but in jest, and yet so children play
With fiery flames, and covet what is bright,
But, feeling his effects, abhor the light. 10

Scene VI. D: Scene V continued T A Room, etc.
add. WP

Pleasure is like a Building, the more high,
The narrower still it grows; Cedars do dye
Soonest at top.

Prince. How does your instance suit?

Artes. From Art and Nature to make sure
the root, 15

And lay a fast foundation, e're I try
The uncertain Changes of a wavering Skie.
Make your example thus.—You have a kiss,—
Was it not pleasing?

Prince. Above all name to express it.

Artes. *Yet now the pleasure's gone, 20
And you have lost your joys possession.

Prince. Yet when you please, this flood
may ebb again.

Artes. But where it never ebbs, there runs
the main.

Prince. Who can attain such hopes?

Artes. He show the way to it, give you 25
A taste once more of what you may enjoy. •

[Kiss.]

Prince. Impudent whore!—
I were more false than Atheism can be,
Should I not call this high felicity.

Artes. If I should trust your faith, alas,
I fear, 30

You soon would change belief.

Prince. I would covet Martyrdom to make't
confirm'd.

Artes. Give me your hand on that you'll
keep your word?

Prince. I will.

Artes. Enough: Help, husband, king
Aurelius, help! 35

Rescue betraid *Artesia*!

Prince. Nay, then 'tis I that am betraid,
I see;

Yet with thy blood He end thy Treachery.

Artes. How now! what troubles you? Is
this you, sir,

That but even now would suffer Martyrdom 40
To win your hopes, and is there now such
*terror

In names of men to fright you? nay, then I see
What mettle you are made on.

Prince. Ha! was it but tryal? then I ask
your pardon:

What a dull slave was I to be so fearful!— 45
He trust her now no more, yet try the utmost.—
I am resolved, no brother, no man breath-
ing,

Were he my bloods begetter, should withhold
Me from your love; I'd leap into his bosom,
And from his breast pull forth that happiness 50
Heaven had reserved in you for my enjoying.

14 instance T, etc.: instanced Q. 25 you WP:
me Q

Artes. I, now you speak a Lover like a
Prince!—

Treason, treason!

Prince. Agen?

Artes. Help, Saxon Princes: Treason! 55

Enter Ostorius, Oda &c.

Ostor. Rescue the Queen: strike down the
Villain.

*Enter Edoll, Aurelius, Denobert, Cador, Edwin,
Tocio, Oswold, at the other Door.*

Edol. Call in the Guards: the Prince in
danger!

Fall back, dear Sir, my breast shall buckler you.
Aurel. Beat down their weapons!

Edol. Slave, wert thou made of brass, my
sword shall bite thee. 60

Aurel. Withdraw, on pain of death: where
is the Traitor?

Artes. Oh, save your life, my Lord; let it
suffice,
My beauty forc't mine own captivity.

Aurel. Who did attempt to wrong thee?

Prince. Hear me, Sir.

Aurel. Oh, my sad soul! was't thou? 65

Artes. Oh, do not stand to speak; one
minutes stay

Prevents a second speech for ever.

Aurel. Make our Guards strong:

My dear *Artesia*, let us know thy wrongs
And our own dangers. 70

Artes. The Prince your brother, with these
Brittain Lords,

Have all agreed to take me hence by force
And marry me to him.

Prince. The Devil shall wed thee first:

Thy baseness and thy lust confound and rot
thee! 75

Artes. He courted me even now, and in
mine ear

Sham'd not to plead his most dishonest love,
And their attempts to seize your sacred person,
Either to shut you up within some prison,
Or, which is worse, I fear, to murder you. 80
Omnes Britains. 'Tis all as false as hell.

Edol. And as foul as she is.

Artes. You know me, Sir?

Edol. Yes, Deadly Sin, we know you,
And shall discover all your villany.

Aurel. Chester, forbear! 85

Ostor. Their treasons, sir, are plain:

Why are their Souldiers lodg'd so near the
Court?

Oda. Nay, why came he in arms so sud-
denly?

66 stand Q: stay T 81 all as em. T

Edol. You fleeing Anticks, do not wake my fury.

Ocla. Fury! 90

Edol. Ratsbane, do not urge me.

Artes. Good sir, keep farther from them.

Prince. Oh, my sick heart!

She is a witch by nature, devil by art.

Aurel. Bite thine own slanderous tongue; 'tis thou art false. 95

I have observ'd your passions long ere this.

Ostor. Stand on your guard, my Lord, we are your friends,

And all our Force is yours.

Edol. To spoil and rob the Kingdom.

Aurel. Sir, be silent.

Edol. Silent! how long? till Doomsday? shall I stand by, 100

And hear mine Honor blasted with foul Treason,

The State half lost, and your life endanger'd, Yet be silent?

Artes. Yes, my blunt Lord, unless you speak your Treasons.

Sir, let your Guards, as Traitors, seize them all, And then let tortures and devulsive racks 106 Force a Confession from them. *

Edol. Wilde-fire and Brimstone eat thee! Hear me, sir.

Aurel. Sir, I'll not hear you.

Edol. But you shall. Not hear me! Were the worlds Monarch, *Cesar*, living, he Should hear me. 111

I tell you, Sir, these serpents have betray'd Your Life and Kingdom: does not every day Bring tidings of more swarms of lowly slaves,

The offal fugitives of barren *Germany*, 115 That land upon our Coasts, and by our neglect Settle in *Norfolk* and *Northumberland*?

Ostor. They come as Aids and Safeguards to the King.

Ocla. Has he not need, when *Vortiger's* in arms,

And you raise Powers, 'tis thought, to joyn with him? 120

Edol. Peace, you pernicious Rat.

Dono. Prithce, forbear.

Edol. Away! suffer a gilded rascal, A low-bred despicable creeper, an insulting Toad,

To spit his poison'd venom in my face!

Ocla. Sir, sir! 125

Edol. Do not reply, you Cur; for, by the Gods,

Tho' the Kings presence guard thee, I shall break all patience,

And, like a Lion rous'd to spoil, shall run Foul-mouth'd upon thee, and devour thee quick.— 129

Speak, sir: will you forsake these scorpions, Or stay till they have stung you to the heart?

Aurel. Y'are traitors all. This is our wife our Queen:

Brother *Ostorius*, troop your Saxons up, We'll hence to *Winchester*, (and) raise more powers, 134

To man with strength the Castle *Camlot*.—

Go hence, false men, joyn you with *Vortiger*, The murderer of our brother *Constantine*:

We'll hunt both him and you with dreadful vengeance.

Since *Brittain* fails, we'll trust to forrain friends,

And guard our person from your traitorous ends. 140

[*Exeunt Aurel., Ostor., Ocla, Artes., Toc., Osw.*]

Edwin. He's sure bewitcht.

Glost. What counsel now for safety?

Dono. Onely this, sir: with all the speed we can,

Preserve the person of the King and Kingdom.

Cador. Which to effect, 'tis best march hence to *Wales*,

And set on *Vortiger* before he joyn 145 His Forces with the Saxons.

Edwin. On, then, with speed for *Wales* and *Vortiger*!

That tempest once o'reblown, we come, *Ostorius*, 148

To meet thy traitorous Saxons, thee and them, That with advantage thus have won the King,

To back your factions and to work our ruines. This, by the Gods and my good Sword, I'll set

In bloody lines upon thy Burgonet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT 4.

SCENE I.

(*Before a Ruined Castle in Wales.*)

Enter Clown, Merlin, and a little antick Spirit.

Mer. How now, Uncle? why do you search your pockets so? Do you miss any thing?

Clown. Hal Cousin *Merlin*, I hope your beard does not overgrow your honesty; I pray, remember, you are made up of sisters thread; I am your mothers brother;—whoever was your father, 7

102-3 One line D 102 and om. WP 103 Yet] And yet WP 114 slaves] knaves T 116 and] and have T 117 Settle pr. ed.: Settled Q, etc.

134 and add. Molt., WP 141 bewitch Q S. D. Before etc. add. T 5 of] of my D

Merlin. Why, wherein can you task my duty, Uncle?

Clown. Your self or your page it must be, I have kept no other company, since your mother bound your head to my Protectorship; I do feel a fault of one side; either it was that Sparrowhawk, or a Cast of *Merlins*, for I finde a Covy of Cardeu's sprung out of my pocket.

Merlin. Why, do you want any money, Uncle? Sirrah, had you any from him?

Clown. Deny it not, for my pockets are witness against you.

Spirit. Yes, I had, to teach you better wit to look to it.

Clown. Pray, use your fingers better, and my wit may serve as it is, sir.

Merlin. Well, restore it.

Spirit. There it is.

Clown. I, there's some honesty in this; 'twas a token from your invisible Father, Cousin, which I would not have to go invisibly from me agen.

Mer. Well, you are sure you have it now, Uncle?

Clown. Yes, and mean to keep it now from your pages fliching fingers too.

Spirit. If you have it so sure, pray show it me agen.

Clown. Yes, my little juggler, I dareshow it. Ha, cleanly conveyance agen! ye have no invisible fingers, have ye? 'Tis gone, certainly.

Spirit. Why, sir, I toucht you not.

Mer. Why, look you, Uncle, I have it now: how ill do you look to it! here, keep it safer.

Clown. Ha, ha, this is fine, yfaith. I must keep some other company, if you have these elights of hand.

Merlin. Come, come, Uncle, 'tis all my Art, which shall not offend you, sir, onely I give you a taste of it to show you sport.

Clown. Oh, but 'tis ill jesting with a mans pocket, tho'. But I am glad to see you cunning, Cousin, for now will I warrant thee a living till thou diest. You have heard the news in *Wales* here?

Mer. Uncle, let me prevent your care and counsel,

'Twill give you better knowledge of my cunning.

You would prefer me now, in hope of gain, To *Vortiger*, King of the *Welch Brittaines*, To whom are all the Artists summon'd now, That seeks the secrets of futurity: The Bards, the Druids, Wizards, Conjurers,

15 Covy] Some copies of Q appear to read Covy
you Q: your D, etc.

Not an Aurasper with his whirling spells,
No Capnomancer with his musty fumes,
No Witch or Juggler, but is thither sent,
To calculate the strange and fear'd event
Of his prodigious Castle, now in building,
Where all the labors of the painful day
Are ruin'd still i'th' night, and to this place
You would have me go.

Clown. Well, if thy mother were not my sister, I would say she was a witch that begot thee; but this is thy father, not thy mother wit. Thou hast taken my tale into thy mouth, and spake my thoughts before me; therefore away, shuffle thy self amongst the Conjurers, and be a made man before thou comest to age.

Mer. Nay, but stay, Uncle, you overlook my dangers:

The Prophecies and all the cunning Wizards
Have certifi'd the King that this his Castle
Can never stand, till the foundation's laid
With Mortar temper'd with the fatal blood
Of such a childe whose father was no mortal.

Clown. What's this to thee? If the devil were thy father, was not thy mother born at *Carmarden*? Diggon for that, then; and then it must be a childes blood, and who will take thee for a childe with such a beard of thy face? Is there not diggon for that too, Cousin?

Merlin. I must not go: lend me your ear a while,

I'll give you reasons to the contrary.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gentle.* Sure, this is an endless piece of work the King has sent us about!

2. *Gentle.* Kings may do it, man; the like has been done to finde out the Unicorn.

1. *Gentle.* Which will be sooner found, I think, then this fiend begotten childe we seek for.

2. *Gentle.* Fox of those Conjurers that would speak of such a one, and yet all their cunning could not tell us where to finde him.

1. *Gentle.* In *Wales* they say assuredly he lives; come, let's enquire further.

Mer. Uncle, your persuasions must not prevail with me: I know mine enemies better then you do.

Clown. I say, th'art a bastard then, if thou disobey thine Uncle: was not *Joan Ge-lee's*, thy mother, my sister? If the devil were thy father, what kin art thou to any man alive

61 Aurasper Q: Aruspex T, etc. 62 Capnomancer Q: Capnomancer T, etc. 65 hui] this T
thee T, etc.: this Q 73 spoke my words D
say] said T 100

but Bailys and Brokers? and they are but brothers in Law to thee neither. 110

1. *Gentle*. How's this? I think we shall speed here.

2. *Gentle*. I, and unlook't for too: go ne're and listen to them. 114

Clown. Hast thou a beard to hide it? wil't thou show thy self a childe? wil't thou have more hair then wit? Wil't thou deny thy mother, because no body knows thy father? Or shall thine Uncle be an aas? 119

1. *Gentle*. Bless ye, friend: pray, what call you this small Gentlemans name?

Clown. Small, sir? a small man may be a great Gentleman; his father may be of an ancient house, for ought we know, sir. 124

2. *Gentle*. Why? do you not know his father?

Clown. No, nor you neither, I think, unless the devil be in ye.

1. *Gentle*. What is his name, sir?

Clown. His name is my Cousin, sir, his education is my sisters son, but his maners are his own. 131

Merlin. Why ask ye, Gentlemen? my name is *Merlin*.

Clown. Yes, and a Goshawk was his father, for ought we know; for I am sure his mother was a Wind-sucker. 136

2. *Gentle*. He has a mother, then?

Clown. As sure as I have a sister, sir.

1. *Gentle*. But his father you leave doubtful.

Clown. Well, Sir, as wise men as you doubt whether he had a father or no? 141

1. *Gentle*. Sure, this is he we seek for.

2. *Gentle*. I think no less: and, sir, we let you know

The King hath sent for you.

Clown. The more childe he; and he had bin rul'd by me, 145

He should have gone before he was sent for.

1. *Gentle*. May we not see his mother?

Clown. Yes, and feel her too, if you anger her; a devilish thing, I can tell ye, she has been. Ile go fetch her to ye. [Exit.]

2. *Gentle*. Sir, it were fit you did resolve for speed, 151

You must unto the King.

Mer. My Service, sir,

Shall need no strict command, it shall obey Most peaceably; but needless 'tis to fetch What is brought home: my journey may be staid, 155

The King is coming hither

With the same quest you bore before him; hark,

115-16 Wilt then show D

This drum will tell ye.

[Within Drums beat a low March.]

1. *Gentle*. This is some cunning indeed, sir.

Florish. Enter *Vortiger*, reading a letter, *Proximus*, with Drum and Soldiers, &c.

Vorti. Still in our eye your message, *Proximus*, 160

We keep to spur our speed:

Ostorius and *Oda* we shall salute

With succor against Prince *Vter* and *Aurelius*,

Whom now we hear incamps at *Winchester*.

There's nothing interrupts our way so much

As doth the erection of this fatal Castle, 166

That spite of all our Art and daily labor,

The night still ruins.

Prox. As erst I did affirm, still I maintain, The fiend begotten childe must be found out, Whose blood gives strength to the foundation; It cannot stand else.

Enter *Clown* and *Joan*, *Merlin*.

Vorti. Hal! Is't so? 172

Then, *Proximus*, by this intelligence

He should be found: speak, is this he you tell of?

Clown. Yes, Sir, and I his Uncle, and she his mother. 176

Vorti. And who is his father?

Clown. Why, she, his mother, can best tell you that, and yet I think the childe be wise enough, for he has found his father. 180

Vorti. Woman, is this thy son?

Joan. It is, my Lord.

Vor. What was his father? Or where lives he?

Merl. Mother, speak freely and unastonisht; 184

That which you dar'd to act, dread not to name.

Joan. In which I shall betray my sin and shame.

But since it must be so, then know, great King, All that my self yet knows of him is this: 189

In pride of blood and beauty I did live,

My glass the Altar was, my face the Idol;

Such was my peevish love unto my self,

That I did hate all other; such disdain

Was in my scornful eye that I suppos'd

No mortal creature worthy to enjoy me.

Thus with the Peacock I beheld my train, 195

But never saw the blackness of my feet;

Oft have I chid the winds for breathing on me,

And curst the Sun, fearing to blast my beauty.

In midst of this most leprouous disease,

A seeming fair yong man appear'd unto me,

164 encamp'd D 166 fatal Q: famous T 172

S. D. Joan, joining *Merlin* W P

In all things suiting my aspiring pride, 201
And with him brought along a conquering

power,
To which my frailty yielded; from whose
embraces

This issue came; what more he is, I know
not. 204

Vorti. Some *Incubus* or Spirit of the night
Begot him then, for, sure, no mortal did it.

Mer. No matter who, my Lord; leave
further quest,

Since 'tis as hurtful as unnecessary
More to enquire: Go to the cause, my Lord,
Why you have sought me thus? 210

Vorti. I doubt not but thou knowst; yet, to
be plain,

I sought thee for thy blood. •

Mer. By whose direction?

Prox. By mine;

My Art infalible instructed me, 215
Upon thy blood must the foundation rise
Of the Kings building; it cannot stand else.

Mer. Hast thou such leisure to enquire my
Fate,

And let thine own hang careless over thee?
Knowst thou what pendulous mischief roofs
thy head, 220

How fatal, and how sudden?

Prox. Pish!

Bearded abortive, thou foretel my danger!
My Lord, he trifles to delay his own.

Mer. No, I yield my self: and here before
the King 225

Make good thine Augury, as I shall mine.
If thy fate fall not, thou hast spoke all truth,
And let my blood satisfy the Kings desires:
If thou thy self wilt write thine Epitaph,
Dispatch it quickly, there's not a minutes
time 230

'Twixt thee and thy death.

Prox. Ha, ha, ha!

[A stone falls and kills *Proximus*.

Mer. I, so thou mayest die laughing.

Vorti. Ha! This is above admiration: look,
is he dead? • 235

Clown. Yes, sir, here's brains to make mortar
on, if you'll use them. Cousin *Merlin*, there's
no more of this stone fruit ready to fall, is
there? I pray, give your Uncle a little fair
warning. 240

Mer. Remove that shape of death. And
now, my Lord,
For clear satisfaction of your doubts,
Merlin will show the fatal cause that keeps

211 doubt not Q: have no doubt D 230 time Q:
space T 231 Betwixt WP S. D. after 231 Q
242-3 End show, down D: corr. p. ed.

Your Castle down and hinders your proceed-
ings.

Stand there, and by an apparition see 245
The labor and end of all your destiny.

Mother and Uncle, you must be absent.

Clown. Is your father coming, Cousin?

Mer. Nay, you must be gone. 249

Joan. Come, you'll offend him, brother.

Clown. I would fain see my Brother i' law;
if you were married, I might lawfully call him
so. (Exeunt *Joan* and *Clown*.) *Merlin*

strikes his wand. *Thunder*
and *Lightning*; two *Dragons* appear, a
White and a Red; they fight a while,
and pause.

Vor. What means this stay?

Mer. Be not amas'd, my Lord, for on the
victory, 255

Of loss or gain, as these two Champions ends,
Your fate, your life, and kingdom all depends;
Therefore observe it well.

Vor. I shall: heaven be auspicious to us.

[*Thunder*: The two *Dragons* fight
agen, and the White Dragon drives
off the Red.

Vor. The conquest is on the white *Dragons*
part. 260

Now, *Merlin*, faithfully expound the meaning.

Mer. Your Grace must then not be offended
with me.

Vor. It is the weakest part I found in thee,
To doubt of me so slightly. Shall I blame
My prophet that foretells me of my dangers?
Thy cunning I approve most excellent. 266

Mer. Then know, my Lord, there is a
dampish Cave,
The nightly habitation of these *Dragons*,
Vaulted beneath where you would build your
Castle,

Whose enmity and nightly combats there 270
Maintain a constant ruine of your labors.
To make it more plain, the *Dragons*, then,
Your self betoken and the Saxon King;
The vanquish'd Red is, sir, your dreadful
Emblem.

Vor. Oh, my fate! 275

Mer. Oh, you must hear with patience,
Royal sir.

You slew the lawful King *Constantius*:
'Twas a red deed, your Crown his blood did
cement.

The English Saxon, first brought in by you
For aid against *Constantius* brethren, 280

244 your Castle T, etc.: your fatal Castle Q 246
and the end WP S. D. Exeunt. S. D. add. T
254 stay] play conj. Else 263 is it D found] have
found T 271 our labour T

Is the white horror who now, knit together,
Have driven and shut you up in these wilde
mountains;

And though they now seek to unite with
friendship,

It is to wound your bosom, not embrace it,
And with an utter extirpation 285
To rout the *Brittains* out, and plant the
English.

Seek for your safety, Sir, and spend no time
To build the(e) airy Castles; for Prince *Vier*,
Armed with vengeance for his brothers blood,
Is hard upon you. If you mistrust me, 290
And to my words crave witness, sir, then
know,

Here comes a messenger to tell you so.

[Exit *Mer*.]

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord! Prince *Vier*!

Vort. And who else, sir?

Messen. *Edol*, the great General. 295

Vort. The great Devil! they are coming to
meet us?

Messen. With a full power, my Lord.

Vort. With a full vengeance,
They mean to meet us; so! we are ready
To their confront. At full march, double
footing,

We'll loose no ground, nor shall their numbers
fright us: 300

If it be Fate, it cannot be withstood;

We got our Crown so, be it lost in blood.

[*Exeunt*.]

(SCENE II.

Open Country in Wales.)

Enter Prince Vier, Edol, Cador, Edwin, Tocio,
with Drum and Soldiers.

Prince. Stay, and advice; hold, drum!

Edol. Beat, slave! why do you pause?

Why make a stand? where are our enemies?
Or do you mean we fight amongst our selves?

Prince. Nay, noble *Edol*, 5

Let us here take counsel, it cannot hurt,
It is the surest Garrison to safety.

Edol. Fie on such slow delays! so fearful
men,

That are to pass over a flowing river,
Stand on the bank to parly of the danger, 10
Till the tide rise, and then be swallowed.
Is not the King in field?

Cador. Proud *Vortiger*, the Trator, is in
field.

289 To rout Q: Drive T 288 thee pr. ed.: the Q,
etc. 291 craves Q 290 confront as full Q: corr.
D Scene II. etc. add. T 11 then Q: they T

Edwin. The Murderer and Usurper.

Edol. Let him be the devil, so I may fight
with him. 15

For heavens love, sir, march on! Oh, my
patience!

Will you delay, untill the Saxons come

To aid his party? [A Tucket. 19

Prince. There's no such fear: prithee, be
calm a while.

Hark! it seems by this, he comes or sends to us.

Edol. If it be for parly, I will drown the
summons,

If all our drums and hoarseness choke me not.

Enter Captain.

Prince. Nay, prithee, hear.—From whence
art thou?

Cap. From the King *Vortiger*,

Edol. Traitor, there's none such: Alarum,
drum; strike, slave, 25

Or, by mine honor, I will break thy head,
And beat thy drums heads both about thine
ears.

Prince. Hold, noble *Edol*,

Let's hear what Articles he can enforce.

Edol. What articles or what conditions 30

Can you expect to value half your wrong,
Unless he kill himself by thousand tortures,
And send his carcase to appease your ven-
geance

For the foul murder of *Constantius*,

And that's not a tenth part neither. 35

Prince. 'Tis true,

My brothers blood is crying to me now;

I do applaud thy counsel: hence, be gone!—

[Exit *Capl*.]

We'll hear no parly now but by our swords.

Edol. And those shall speak home in death
killing words: 40

Alarum to the fight; sound, sound the
Alarum. [Exeunt.

(SCENE III.

A Field of Battle.)

Alarum. *Enter Edol, driving all Vortigers*
Force before him, then Exit. Enter Prince
Vier pursuing Vortiger.

Vort. Dost follow me?

Prince. Yes, to thy death I will.

Vort. Stay, be advis'd;

I would not be the onely fall of Princes,

I slew thy brother.

16-17 End on, delay WP: corr. pr. ed. 22 me
repeated Q 27 drums heads Q: drumsticks D
38 appead Q thy your T counsels D Scene III.
etc. add. T 1 thy Q: the T 31 Q: it D

Prince. Thou didst, black Traitor, 5
And in that vengeance I pursue thee.

Vort. Take mercy for thy self, and file my sword,

Save thine own life as satisfaction,
Which here I give thee for thy brothers death.

Prince. Give what's thine own: a Traitors heart and head, 10

That's all thou art right Lord of. The King-
dom

Which thou usurp'st, thou most unhappy Tyrant,

Is leaving thee; the Saxons which thou broughtst

To back thy usurpations, are grown great,
And where they seat themselves, do hourly seek 15

To blot the Records of old *Brute* and *Brittains*
From memory of men, calling themselves

Hingest-men, and *Hingest-land*, that no more
The *Brittain* name be known: all this by thee,

Thou base destroyer of thy Native Country.

Enter Edol.

Edol. What, stand you talking? [*Fight.*]

Prince. Hold, *Edol.*

Ed. Hold out, my sword,

And listen not to King or Princes word; 24
There's work enough abroad, this task is mine.

[*Alarm.*]

Prince. Prosper thy Valour, as thy Virtues shine.

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.)

Enter Cador and Edwin.

Cador. Bright Victory her self fights on our part,

And, buckled in a golden Beaver, rides
Triumphantly before us.

Edw. Justice is with her,
Who ever takes the true and rightful cause. 5
Let us not lag behind her then.

Enter Prince.

Cador. Here comes the Prince. How goes our fortunes, Sir?

Prince. Hopeful and fair, brave *Cador*.
Proud *Vortiger*, beat down by *Edol's* sword,
Was rescu'd by the following multitudes, 10
And now for safety's fled unto a Castle
Here standing on the hill: but I have sent

A cry of hounds as violent as hunger,
To break his stony walls; or, if they fail,
We'll send in wilde fire to dislodge him thence,
Or burn them all with flaming violence. 16

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.)

Blazing Star appears.

Florish Tromp. *Enter Prince Vior, Edol, Cador, Edwin, Todlo, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Prin. Look, *Edol*:

Still this fiery exhalation shoots
His frightful horrors on th'amazed world;
See, in the beam that's 'bout his flaming ring,

A Dragons head appears, from out whose mouth 5

Two flaming flakes of fire stretch East and West.

Edol. And see, from forth the body of the Star

Seven smaller blazing streams directly point
On this affrighted kingdom.

Cador. 'Tis a dreadful Meteor. 10

Edwin. And doth portend strange fears.

Prince. This is no Crown of Peace; this angry fire

Hath something more to burn than *Vortiger*;
If it alone were pointed at his fall,

It would pull in his blazing Pyramids 15
And be appeas'd, for *Vortiger* is dead.

Edol. These never come without their large effects.

Prince. The will of heaven be done! our sorrow's this,

We want a mistick *Pithon* to expound

This fiery Oracle.

Cador. Oh no, my Lord, 20
You have the best that ever *Brittain* bred;

And durst I prophecy of your Prophet, sir,
None like him shall succeed him.

Prince. You mean *Merlin*?

Cador. True, sir, wonderous *Merlin*; 25
He met us in the way, and did foretell

The fortunes of this day successful to us.

Edwin. He's sure about the Camp; send for him, sir.

Cador. He told the bloody *Vortiger* his fate,

And truly too, and if I could give faith 30
To any Wizards skill, it should be *Merlin*.

5 Ends didn't WP 7 sic] see T 18 and Brittain
Hingest-land WP 21 S. D. Fight joined as part
of Edol's speech D Scene IV. D: no new scene T
Another etc. add. WP

Scene V] Scene IV etc. T S. D. with repeated Q
1-2 One line D: corr. Else 4 that's T: that Q 6
flakes Q: snakes T 13 his Q: its T

Enter Merlin and Clown.

Cador. And see, my Lord, as if to satisfy
Your Highness pleasure, *Merlin* is come.

Prince. See,
The Comet's in his eye, disturb him not. 35

Edol. With what a piercing judgement he
beholds it!

Mer. Whither will Heaven and Fate trans-
late this Kingdom?

What revolutions, rise and fall of Nations
Is figur'd yonder in that Star, that sings
The change of *Brittians* State and death of
Kings? 40

Ha! He's dead already; how swiftly mischief
creeps!

Thy fatal end, sweet Prince, even *Merlin*
weeps.

Prince. He does foresee some evil, his
action shows it, 43

For, e're he does expound, he weeps the story.

Edol. There's another weeps too. Sirrah,
dost thou understand what thou lamentst for?

Clown. No, sir, I am his Uncle, and weep
because my Cousin weeps; flesh and blood
cannot forbear.

Prince. Gentle *Merlin*, speak thy prophetic
knowledge 50

In explanation of this fiery horror,
From which we gather from thy mournful
tears

Much sorrow and disaster in it.

Mer. 'Tis true,

Fair Prince, but you must hear the rest with
patience. 55

Prince. I vow I will, tho' it portend my
ruine.

Mer. There's no such fear.

This brought the fiery fall of *Vortiger*,
And yet not him alone: this day is fain
A King more good, the glory of our Land, 60
The milde and gentle, sweet *Aurelius*.

Prince. Our brother!

Edwin. Forefend it heaven!

Mer. He at his Palace Royal, sir, 64
At *Winchester*, this day is dead and poison'd.

Cador. By whom? Or what means, *Merlin*?

Mer. By the Traiterous Saxons.

Edol. I ever fear'd as much: that devil
Ostorius

And the damn'd witch *Artesia*, sure, has done it.

Prince. Poison'd! oh, look further, gentle
Merlin, 70

32-3 Three lines *D.* dir. after Lord, pleasure: corr.
pr. ed. 40 State *Q*: fate *T* 52 By which *Molt.*
56 Pref. *Mer Q* 59 him] his conj. *Elsa* 66
what] by what *T*

Behold the Star agen, and do but finde
Revenge for me, though it cost thousand lives,
And mine the foremost.

Mer. Comfort your self, the heavens have
given it fully:

All the portentous ills to you is told. 75

Now hear a happy story, sir, from me
To you and to your fair posterity.

Clown. Me thinks, I see something like
a peel'd Onion; it makes me weep agen. • 79

Mer. Be silent, Uncle, you'll be forc't else.

Clown. Can you not finde in the Star, Cousin,
whether I can hold my tongue or no? •

Edol. Yes, I must cut it out. •

Clown. Phu, you speak without book, sir,
my Cousin *Merlin* knows. 85

Mer. True, I must tie it ap. Now speak
your pleasure, Uncle.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum.

Mer. So, so.—

Now observe, my Lord, and there behold, 90
Above you flame-hair'd beam that upward
shoots,

Appears a Dragons head, out of whose mouth
Two streaming lights point their flame-fea-
ther'd darts

Contrary ways, yet both shall have their aims:
Again behold, from the ignifrent body 95

Seven splendant and illustrious rays are spred,
All speaking Heralds to this *Brittain* Isle,
And thus they are expounded: The Dragons
head

Is the Heroglyphick that figures out 99

Your Princely self, that here must reign a King;
Those by-form'd fires that from the Dragons
mouth

Shoot East and West, emblem two Royal babes,
Which shall proceed from you, a son and
daughter.

Her pointed constellation, Northwest bending,
Crowns Her a Queen in *Ireland*, of whom first
springs 105

That Kingdoms Title to the *Brittain* Kings.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum.

Mér. But of your Son thus Fate and *Merlin*
tells:

All after times shall fill their Chronicles
With fame of his renown, whose warlike
sword 110

Shall pass through fertile *France* and *Germany*;
Nor shall his conquering foot be forc't to
stand,

Till *Romes* Imperial Wreath hath crown'd his
Fame

79 Oionon *Q*. 84 Phu *Q*: O, ha *D* 85 ignifrent
Q: ignisirent *T*: igniferous *D* 104 bending *Q*:
tending *D* 122 conquering *T*, etc.: conjuring *Q*

With Monarch of the West, from whose seven hills,

With Conquest and contributory Kings, 115
He back returns to enlarge the *Brittain* bounds,
His Heraldry adorn'd with thirteen Crowns.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum.

Mer. He to the world shall add another Worthy,

And, as a Loadstone, for his prowess draw 120
A train of Marshal Lovers to his Court:

It shall be then the best of Knight-hoods hono^r,

At *Winchester* to fill his Castle Hall,
And at his Royal Table sit and feast 124

In warlike orders, all their arms round hurl'd,
As if they meant to circumscribe the world.

[*he touches the Clowns mouth with his wand.*

Clown. Hum, hum, hum: oh, that I could speak a little!

Mer. I know your mind, Uncle; agen he silent. [*strikes agen.*

Prince. Thou speakest of wonders, *Merlin*;
prithee, go on,

Declare at full this Constellation. 130

Mer. Those seven beams pointing downward, sir, betoken

The troubles of this Land, which then shall meet

With other Fate: War and Dissension strives
To make division, till seven Kings agree

To draw this Kingdom to a Heptarchy. 135

Prince. Thine art hath made such proof
that we believe

Thy words authentical: be ever near us,
My Prophet and the Guide of all my actions.

Mer. My service shall be faithful to your person,

And all my studies for my Countries safety. 140

Clown. Hum, hum, hum.

Mer. Come, you are releast, sir.

Clown. Cousin, pray, help me to my tongue
agen; you do not mean I shall be dumb still,
I hope? 145

Mer. Why, hast thou not thy tongue?

Clown. Hal! yes, I feel it now, I was so long
dumb, I could not well tell whether I spake
or no.

Prince. Is't thy advice we presently pursue 149

The bloody Saxons, that have slain my brother?

Mer. With your best speed, my Lord;

Prosperity will keep you company.

Cador. Take, then, your Title with you,
Royal Prince,

'Twill add unto our strength: *Long live King*
Uter! 155

153 you Q: your N

Edol. Put the Addition to't that Heaven
hath given you:

The DRAGON is your Emblem, bear it bravely,
And so live long and ever happy, styl'd
Vler-Pendragon, lawful King of *Brittain*.

Prince. Thanks, *Edol*, we imbrace the
name and title, 160

And in our Shield and Standard shall the figure
Of a Red Dragon still be born before us,
To fright the bloody Saxons. Oh, my *Aurelius*,
Sweet rest thy soul; let thy disturbed spirit
Expect revenge; think what it would, it hath:
The Dragon's coming in his fiery wrath. 166

[*Exeunt.*

ACT 5.

SCENE I.

(*A barren Waste, a huge Rock appearing.*)

Thunder, then Musick.

Enter Joan fearfully, the Devil following her.

Joan. Hence, thou black horror! is thy
lustful fire

Kindled agen? Not thy loud throated thunder
Nor thy adulterate infernal Musick

Shall e're bewitch me more: oh, too too
much

Is past already. 5

Devil. Why dost thou fly me?

I come a Lover to thee, to imbrace
And gently twine thy body in mine arms.

Joan. Out, thou Hell-hound!

Devil. What hound so e're I be, 10

Fawning and sporting as I would with thee,
Why should I not be stroakt and plaid withal?

Will't thou not thank the Lion might devour
thee,

If he shall let thee pass?

Joan. Yes, thou art he;

Free me, and Ile thank thee.

Devil. Why, whither wouldst?

I am at home with thee, thou art mine own,
Have we not charge of family together? 17

Where is your son?

Joan. Oh, darkness cover me!

Devil. There is a pride which thou hast
won by me,

The mother of a fame, shall never die. 20

Kings shall have need of written Chronicles
To keep their names alive, but *Merlin* none;

Agas to agas shall like *Sabellists*

Report the wonders of his name and glory,
While there are tongues and times to tell his
sto-y. 25

Joan. Oh, rot my memory before my flesh,

158 live long T: long live Q N. D. A barren etc.
add. T 23 Sabellists Q: satellites D

Let him be called some hell or earth-bred monster,

That ne're had hapless woman for a mother! Sweet death, deliver me! Hence from my sight: Why shouldst thou now appear? I had no pride

Nor lustful thought about me, to conjure And call thee to my ruine, when as at first Thy cursed person became visible.

Devil. I am the same I was.

Joan. But I am chang'd.

Devil. Agen Ile change thee to the same thou wert, To quench my lust.—Come forth, by thunder led,

My Coajutors in the spoils of mortals. [*Thunder.*

Enter Spirit.

Claspe in your Ebon arms that prize of mine, Mount her as high as palled *Hecate*; And on this rock Ile stand to cast up fumes 40 And darkness o're the blew fac'd firmament: From *Brittain* and from *Merlin* Ile remove her. They ne're shall meet agen.

Joan. Help me some saving hand, If not too late, I cry: let mercy come! 45

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Stay, your black slaves of night, let loose your hold, Set her down safe, or by th'*infernal* Stix, Ile binde you up with exorcisms so strong, That all the black pentagonor of hell 49 Shall ne're release you. Save your selves and vanish! [*Exit Spirit.*

Devil. Ha! What's he?

Mer. The *Childe* has found his Father. Do you not know me?

Devil. *Merlin!*

Joan. Oh, help me, gentle son.

Mer. Fear not, they shall not hurt you. 55

Devil. Relievst thou her to disobey thy father?

Mer. Obedience is no lesson in your school; Nature and kind to her commands my duty; The part that you begot was against kinde, So all I ow to you is to be unkind. 60

Devil. Ile blast thee, slave, to death, and on this rock

Stick thee (as) an eternal Monument.

Mer. Ha, ha, thy powers too weak; what art thou, devil,

But an inferior lustful *Incubus*, Taking advantage of the wanton flesh, 65

28 a) his T 36 quench to Q S. D. Spirits D, etc. 50 your) you Q S. D. Exeunt Spirits D, etc. 62 an Q: as an D

Wherewith thou dost beguile the ignorant?

Put off the form of thy humanity, And cral upon thy speckled belly, serpent, Or Ile unclasp the jaws of *Achoron*, And fix thee ever in the local fire. 70

Devil. Traitor to hell! curse that I e're begot thee!

Mer. Thou didst beget thy scourge: storm not, nor stir;

The power of *Merlins* Art is all confirm'd

In the Fates decretals. Ile ransack hell,

And make thy masters bow unto my spells. 75 Thou first shall taste it.—

[*Thunder and Lightning in the Rock.*

Tenibrarum princeps, deviltarum & infirorum Deus, hunc Incubum in ignis eterni abisum accipite, aut in huc carcere tenebroso in semper-ternum astringere mando. 80

[*the Rock incloses him.*

So! there beget earthquakes or some noisom damps,

For never shalt thou touch a woman more.— How cheer you, mother?

Joan. Oh, now my son is my deliverer, 84 Yet I must name him with my deepest sorrow.

[*Alarum afar off.*

Mer. Take comfort now: past times are ne're recal'd;

I did foresee your mischief, and prevent it.

Hark, how the sounds of war now call me hence

To aid *Pendragon* that in battail stands

Against the Saxons, from whose aid 90

Merlin must not be absent. Leave this soyl,

And Ile conduct you to a place retir'd, Which I by art have rais'd, call'd *Merlins Bower*.

There shall you dwell with solitary sighs,

With groans and passions your companions,

To weep away this flesh you have offended with, 96

And leave all bare unto your aierial soule

And when you die, I will erect a Monument

Upon the verdant Plains of *Salisbury*,

No King shall have so high a sepulchre, 100

With pendulous stones that I will hang by art,

Where neither Lime nor Morter shalbe us'd,

A dark *Enigma* to the memory,

For none shall have the power to number them,—

A place that I will hollow for your rest, 105

75 master T spell D 76 shalt T, etc. 77 princeps conj. Elze: precis Q 81 some own. D 103 the Q: thy T: men's conj. WP 105 hollow Q: hollow T, etc.

Where no Night-hag shall walk, nor Ware-
wolf tread,
Where *Merlins* Mother shall be sepulcher'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

• (SCENE II.
The British Camp.)

Enter Donobert, Gloster, and Hermit.

Dono. Sincerely, *Gloster*, I have told you
all:

My Daughters are both vow'd to Single Life,
And this gay gone unto the Nunnery,
Though I begot them to another end,
And fairly promis'd them in Marriage, 5
One to *Earl Cador*, t'other to your son,
My worthy friend, the *Earl of Gloster*.
Those lost, I am lost: they are lost, all's
lost.

Answer me this, then: Is't a sin to marry?

Hermit. Oh no, my Lord. 10

Dono. Go tō, then, Ile go no further with
you;

I perswade you to nō ill; perswade you, then,
That I perswade you well.

Gloster. 'Twill be a good Office in you, sir.

Enter Cador and Edwin.

Dono. Which since they thus neglect, 15
My memory shall lose them now for ever.—
See, see, the Noble Lords, their promis'd Hus-
bands!

Had Fate so pleas'd, you might have call'd me
Father.

Edwin. Those hopes are past, my Lord;
for even this minute

We saw them both enter the Monastery, 20
Secluded from the world and men for ever.

Cador. 'Tis both our griefs we cannot, Sir:
But from the King take you the Times joy
from us:

The Saxon King *Ostorius* slain and *Octa* fled,
That Woman-fury, Queen *Artesia*, 25
Is fast in hold, and forc't to re-deliver
London and *Winchester* (which she had for-
tiff'd)

To Princely *Vier*, lately styl'd *Pendragon*,
Who now triumphantly is marching hither
To be invested with the *Brittain* Crown. 30

Dono. The joy of this shall banish from
my breast

All thought that I was Father to two Children,
Two stubborn Daughters, that have left me
thus.

Let my old arms embrace, and call you Sons,

Scene II. *etc. add, T* 3 *unfo* into *T* 19 *even*
Q: ever *T* 21 *you the* the *con,* *WP* 30
British T

For, by the Honor of my Fathers House, 35
I'll part my estate most equally betwixt you.
Edwin, Cador. Sir y'are most noble!

Flor. Tromp. Enter *Edol* with *Drum* and
Colours, *Oswold* bearing the *Standard*,
Tocio the *Shield*, with the *Red Dragon*
pictur'd in'em, two *Bishops* with the
Crown, *Prince Vier*, *Merlin*, *Artesia*
bound, *Guard*, and *Clown*.

Prince. Set up our *Shield* and *Standard*,
noble Soldiers.

We have firm hope that, tho' our *Dragon*
sleep,

Merlin will us and our fair Kingdom keep. 40
Clown. As his Uncle lives, I warrant you.

Glost. Happy Restorer of the *Brittains* fame,
Uprising Sun, let us salute thy glory:

Ride in a day perpetual about us,
And no night be in thy thrones sodiack. 45

Why do we stay to binde those Princely browes
With this Imperial Honor?

Prince. Stay, noble *Gloster* :
That monster first must be expel'd our eye,
Or we shall take no joy in it.

Dono. If that be hindrance, give her quick
Judgement, 50

And send her hence to death; she has long
deserv'd it.

Edol. Let my Sentence stand for all: take
her hence,

And stake her carcase in the burning Sun,
Till it be parcht and dry, and then flay off

Her wicked skin, and stuff the pelt with straw
To be shown up and down at Fairs and

Markets: 56

Two pence a piece to see so foul a Monster
Will be a fair Monopoly, and worth the
begging.

Artes. Ha, ha, ha!
Edol. Dost laugh, *Erictho*?

Artes. Yes, at thy poor invention.
Is there no better torture-monger? 61

Dono. Burn her to dust.
Artes. That's a *Phoenix* death, and glorious.

Edol. I, that's to good for her.
Prince. Alive she shall be buried, circled

in a wall. 65
Thou murderess of a King, there starve to
death.

Artes. Then Ile starve death when he comes
for his prey,

And i'th' mean time Ile live upon your curses.
Edol. I, 'tis diet good enough; away with
her.

39 firm *Q:* fair *T* 58 will *Q:* 'Twill *W/* and
... begging *con. T* 69 'tis diet *Q:* It is *h*

Artes. With joy, my best of wishes is before;
Thy brother's poison'd, but I wanted more.

[Exit.

Prince. Why does our Prophet *Merlin* stand apart,
Sadly observing these our Ceremonies,
And not applaud our joys with thy hid knowledge?

Let thy divining Art now satisfy
Some part of my desires; for well I know,
'Tis in thy power to show the full event,
That shall both end our Reign and Chronicle.
Speak, learned *Merlin*, and resolve my fears,
Whether by war we shall expel the Saxons,
Or govern what we hold with beauteous peace
In *Wales* and *Brittain*?

Mer. Long happiness attend *Pendragons* Reign!
What Heaven decrees, fate hath no power to alter:

The Saxons, sir, will keep the ground they have,
And by supplying numbers still increase,
Till *Brittain* be no more. So please your Grace,

I will in visible apparitions
Present you Prophecies which shall concern
Succeeding Princes which my Art shall raise,
Till men shall call these times the latter days.

Prince. Do it, my *Merlin*,
And Crown me with much joy and wonder.

86 Incease Q

Merlin strikes. Hoebays. Enter a King in Armour, his Shield quarter'd with thirteen Crowns. At the other door enter divers Princes who present their Crowns to him at his feet, and do him homage; then enters Death and strikes him; he, growing sick, Crowns Constantine. Exeunt.

Mer. This King, my Lord, presents your Royal Son,
Who in his prime of years shall be so fortunate,
That thirteen several Princes shall present
Their several Crowns unto him, and all Kings
else
Shall so admire his fame and victories,
That they shall all be glad,
Either through fear or love, to do him homage;
But death (who neither favors the weak nor
valliant)
In the midst of all his glories soon shall
seize him,

Scarcely permitting him to appoint one
In all his purchased Kingdoms to succeed him.

Prince. Thanks to our Prophet
For this so wish'd for satisfaction;
And hereby now we learn that always Fate
Must be observ'd, what ever that decree:
All future times shall still record this Story,
Of *Merlin's* learned worth and *Arthur's* glory.
[Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

97 to him T

101 favours neither T

〈SIR THOMAS MORE•

**AN ANONYMOUS PLAY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
ASCRIBED IN PART TO SHAKESPEARE.**

FIRST PRINTED IN 1844

**AND HERE RE-EDITED FROM THE HARLEIAN MS. 7368 IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM〉**

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- MS.** = Manuscript, Harley 7368
Dyce = Dyce's edition, 1844
Spedding = conjectures in *Reviews and Discussions*, 1879
H = Hopkinson, 1902
pr. ed. = present editor

(SIR THOMAS MORE)¹

(DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl of SHREWSBURY.

Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS PALMER.

Sir ROGER CHOLMLEY.

Sir JOHN MUNDAY.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Lord Mayor.

Aldermen.

SURESBY, a Justice.

Other Justices.

Sheriffs.

Recorder.

Sergeant at Arms.

Clerk of the Council.

ERASMUS.

Bishop of ROCHESTER.

ROPER, son-in-law to MORE.

JOHN LINCOLN, a broker.

GEORGE BETTS.

His brother (the 'Clown').

WILLIAMSON, a carpenter.

SHERWIN, a goldsmith.

FRANCIS DE BARDE, } Lombards.

CAVELER,

LIFTER, a cut-purse.

SMART, plaintiff against him.

HARRY,
ROBIN, } Prentices.
KIT, and others, }

MORRIS.

FAULKNER, his servant.

Players.

GOUGH,

CATESBY,

RANDALL,

Butler,

Brewer,

Porter,

Horsekeeper,

CROFTS.

DOWNES.

Lieutenant,

Warders,

Gentleman Porter, } of the Tower.

Hangman.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Messengers,

. Guard, Attendants.

Lady MORE.

Lady Mayoress.

Mistress ROPER, daughter to MORE.

Another daughter to MORE.

DOLL, wife to WILLIAMSON.

A Poor Woman.

Ladies.)²

(ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.)

Enter, at one end, Iohn Lincolne, with (the two Bettses) together; at the other end, enters Fraunces de (Barde, and Doll) a lustie woman, he haling her by the arme.

Doll. Whether wilt thou hale me?

Bard. Whether I please; thou art my prize, and I pleade purchase of thee.

Doll. Purchase of me! away, ye rascall! I am an honest plaine carpenters wife, and thoughte I haue no beautie to like a husband, yet whatsoever is mine scornes to stoupe to a straunger: hand off, then, when I bid thee!

Bard. Goe with me quietly, or Ile compell thee. 10

Doll. Compell me, ye dogges face! thou thinkst thou hast the goldsmiths wife in hand, whom thou enticedst from her husband with all his plate, and when thou turndst her home to him againe, madste him, like an asse, pay for his wifes boorde. 16

Bard. So will I make thy husband too, if please me.

Enter Caveler with a paire of dooues; Williamson the carpenter, and Sherwin following him.

Doll. Heere he comes himselfe; tell him so, if thou darste. 20

Cave. Followe me no further; I say thou shalt not haue them.

Wil. I bought them in Cheapeside, and paide my monie for them.

Sher. He did, sir, indeed; and you offer

¹ Sir Thomas More] The name of the play is not given in the MS. ² Add. Dyce Act I. Scene I. Acts and scenes first indicated H S. D. Drucketed words add. Dyce

S. D. follows 20 in Dyce

him wrong, bothe to take them from him, and not restore him his monie neither. 27

Cauē. If he paid for them, let it suffice that I possesse them: heefe and brewes may serue such hindes; are piggions meate for a coorse carpenter? 31

Lin. It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus jettēd on by straungers, and they not dare to reuēdge their owne wrongs.

Geo. Lincolne, lets beate them downe, and beare no more of these abuses. 36

Lin. We may not, Betts: be pacient, and heare more.

Doll. How now, husband! what, one straunger take thy food from thee, and another thy wife! hir-Lady, flesh and blood, I thinke, can hardly brooke that. 42

Lin. Will this geere neuer be otherwise? must these wrongs be thus endured?

Geo. Let vs step in, and help to reuēdge their iniurie. 46

Bard. What art thou that talkest of reuēdge? my lord ambassadour shall once more make your Maior haue a check, if he punishe thee not for this saucie presumption.

Will. Indeed, my lord Maior, on the ambassadours complainte, sent me to Newgate one day, because (against my will) I tooke the wall of a straunger: you may doo any thing; the goldsmith's wife and mine now must be at your commaundment. 56

Geo. The more pacient fooles are ye bothe, to suffer it.

Bard. Suffer it! mend it thou or he, if ye can or dare. I tell thee, fellowe, and she were the Maior of Londons wife, had I her once in my possession, I would keep her in spite of him that durst say nay. 63

Geo. I tell the, Lombard, these wordes should cost thy best cappe, were I not curb'd by dutie and obedience: the Maior of Londons wife! Oh God, shall it be thus? 67

Doll. Why, Bettes, am not I as deare to my husband as my lord Maiors wife to him? and wilt thou so negligently suffer thine owne shame? —Hands off, proude stranger! or, (by) him that bought me, if mens milkie harts dare not strike a straunger, yet women will beate them downe, ere they beare these abuses. 74

Bard. Mistresse, I say you shall along with me.

Doll. Touche not Doll Williamson, least she lay thee along on Gods deare earth.— And you, sir (To Caueler), that allow such ecourse cates to carpenters, whilst pidgeons, which they pay for, must serue your daintie

71 by *add. Dyce*

appetite, deliuer them back to my husband again, or Ile call so many women to myne assistaunce as weele not leaue one inche vntorne of thee: if our husbands must be brieded by lawe, and forced to beare your wrongs, their wiues will be a little laweless, and soundly beate ye. 88

Cauē. Come away, De Bard, and let vs goe complain to my lord ambassadour. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

Doll. I, goe, and send him among vs, and weele giue him his welcome too.— I am ashamed that freeborne Englishmen, having beatten straungers within their owne homes, should thus be brau'de and abuse'd by them at home. 96

Sher. It is not our lack of courage in the cause, but the strict obedience that we are bound too. I am the goldsmith whose wrongs you talke of; but how to redresse yours or mine owne is a matter beyond all our abilities.

Lin. Not so, not so, my good freends; I, though a meane man, a broker by profession, and namd Iohn Lincolne, haue long time winckt at these vilde ennormitees with mighty impacience, and, as these two bretheren heere (Bettes by name) can witnesse, with losse of mine owne liffe would gladly remedie them.

Geo. And he is in a good forwardnesse, I tell ye, if all hit right. 110

Doll. As how, I prethee? tell it to Doll Williamson.

Lin. You knowe the Spittle sermons begin the next weeke: I haue drawne a (bill) of our wrongs and the straungers insolencies. 115

Geo. Which he meanes the preachers shall there openly publishe in the pulpit.

Will. Oh, but that they would! yfaith, it would tickle our straungers thorowly. 119

Doll. I, and if you men durst not vndertake it, before God, we women (would. Take) an honest woman from her husband! why, it is intollerable.

Sher. But how finde ye the preachers affected to (our proceeding)? 125

Lift. Master Doctor Standish (hath answered that it becomes not him to move any such thing in his sermon, and tells us we must move the Mayor and aldermen to) (re)forme it, and doubts not but happie successe will ensue on statement of) our wrongs. You shall perceiue ther's no hurt in the bill: heer's a copie of it; I pray ye, heare it.

114 bill *add. Dyce* 121 would. Take *add. Dyce*
125 our proceeding *add. Dyce* 126-9 hath... aldermen to *add. H: MS. illegible* 129 reforme *Dyce*
131 ensue on statement of *pr. ed.*: ensure redress of *H: MS. illegible*.

All. With^a all our harts; for Gods sake,
read it. 135

Lin. (reads.) To you all, the worshipfull
lords and maisters of this cittie, that will take
compassion ouer the poore people your neigh-
bours, and also of the greates importable hurts,
losses; and hinderaunces, wherof proceedeth
extreame pouertie to all the kings subjects that
inhabile within this cittie and subburbs of the
same. For so it is that aliens and straungers
eate the bread from the fatherlesse children, and
take the lining from all the artificers and the
endercourse from all merchants, wherby pouertie
is so much encreased, that every man bewayleth
the miserie of other; for craftsmen be brought to
beggerye, and merchants to needines: wherfore,
the premisses considered, the redresse must be
of the commons knit and vntied to one parte:
and as the hurt and damage greeneth all men,
so must all men see to their willing power for
remedie, and not suffer the sayde aliens in
their wealth, and the naturall borne men of this
region to come to confusion. 156

Doll. Before God, tis excellent; and Ile
maintaine the suite to be honest.

Sher. Well, say tis read, what is your
further meaning in the matter? 160

Geo. What! marie, list to me. No doubt
but this will store vs with freends enow, whose
names we will closely keepe in writing; and
on May day next in the morning wee le goe
foorth a Maying, but make it the wurst May
day for the straungers that euer they sawe.
How say ye? doo ye subscribe, or are ye faint-
hearted reuolters? 168

Doll. Holde thee, George Bettes, ther's my
hand and my hart: by the Lord, Ile make
a captaine among ye, and doo somewhat to
be talke of for euer after.

Wil. My maisters, ere we parte, lets
freendly goe and drinke together, and sweare
true secrecie vpon our liues. 175

Geo. There spake an angell. Come, let vs
along, then. [Exeunt.]

(SCENE II.—London. The Sessions House.)

An arras is drawne, and behinde it (as in
sessions) sit the L. Maior, Iustice Suresbie,
and other Justices; Sheriffe Moore and the
other Sheriffe sitting by. Smart is the
plaintiffe, Lifter the prisoner at the barre.
(Recorder, Officers?)

L. Mai. Hauing dispatche our weightier
businesses,

We may giue eare to pettie felonies.

Scene II. etc. add. H S. D. Recorder etc. add, Dyce.

M(aiste)r Sheriffe Moore, what is this fellowe?

Moore. My lord, he stands indited for a
pursue;

He hath bin tryed, the iurie is together. 5

Mai. Who sent him in?

Sure. That did I, my lord:

Had he had right, he had bin hangd ere this;
The only captayne of the cutpursse crewe.

L. Mai. What is his name? 10

Sure. As his profession is, Lifter, my lord,
One that can lift a pursse right cunningly.

L. Mai. And is that he accuses him?

Sure. The same, my lord, whom, by your
honors leaue,

I must say somewhat too, because I finde 15
In some respectes he is well worthie blame.

L. Mai. Good M(aiste)r Iustice Suresbie,
speake your minde;

We are well pleasse to giue you audience.

Sure. Heare me, Smart; thou art a foolish
fellowe:

If Lifter be conuicted by the lawe, 20

As I see not how the iurie can acquit him,
Ile stand too't thou art guiltie of his death.

Moore. My lord, thats woorthie the hearing.

L. Mai. Listen, then, good Maister Moore.

Sure. I tell thee plaine, it is a shame for
thee, 25

With such a sum to tempte necessitie;

No lesse then ten poundes, sir, will serue your
turne,

To carie in your pursse about with ye,

To crake and brag in tauernes of your monie:

I promise ye, a man that goes abroade 30

With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,

May be prouokte to that he neuer meante.

What makes so many pilferers and fellows,

But such fond baites that foolish people lay

To tempt the needie miserable wretche? 35

Ten poundes, odd monie; this is a prettie sum

To beare about, which were more safe at
home.

Fore God, twere well to fine ye as much more

[Lord Maior and Moore whisper.

To the releefe of the po(ore) prisoners,

To teache ye be (more careful of) your owne, 40

(In sooth, I say ye were but) rightlie seru'de.

(If ye had lost as much as twice ten poundes.)

Moore. Good my lord, soothe a (point or
two) for once,

Only to trye conclusions in this case.

L. Maior. Content, good M(aiste)r Moore:
weele rise awhile, 45

And, till the iurie can returne their verdict,
Walke in the garden.—How saye ye, Justices?

30 po(ore) prisoners Dyce 40-3 Bracketed words
add. H: MS. illegible

All. We like it well, my lord; weele follow ye. [*Ex. L. Mayor and Iustices.*]

Moore Nay, plaintife, goe you too;—and, officers, [*Ex. Smart.*]
Stand you aside, and leaue the prisoner 50
To me awhile.—*Lifter*, come hether.

Lift. What is your worships pleasure?

Moore. Sirra, you knowe that you are knowne to me,

And I haue often sau'de ye from this place,
Since first I came in office: thou seest beside,
That Justice Suresbie is thy heauie freend, 56
By all the blame that he pretends to Smarte,
For tempting thee with such a summe of monie.

I tell thee what; deuise me but a meanes
To pick or cutt his pursse, and, on my credit,
And as I am a Christian, and a man, 61
I will procure thy pardon for that yeast.

Lift. Good M(aiste)r Shreewe, seeke not my ouerthrowe:

You knowe, sir, I haue manie heauie freends,
And more endictments like to come vpon me.
You are too deepe for me to deale withall; 66
You are knowne to be one of the wisest men
That is in England: I pray ye, M(aiste)r Sheriffe,
Goe not aboute to vndermine my life.

Moore. *Lifter*, I am true subject to my king;
Thou much mistakest me: and, for thou shalt not thinke 71

I meane by this to hurt thy life at all,
I will maintaine the act when thou hast doone it.

Thou knowest there are such matters in my hands,

As if I please to giue them to the iurie, 75
I should not need this way to circumuent thee.
All that I aime at is a merrie iest:
Performe it, *Lifter*, and expect my best.

Lift. I thanke your worship: God preserue your life!

But Master Justice Suresbie is gon in; 80
I knowe not how to come neere where he is.

Moore. Let me alone for that; He be thy setter;

He send him hether to thee presently,
Vnder the couller of thine owne request,
Of priuate matters to acquainte him with 85

Lift. If ye doo so, sir, then let me alone;
Fortie to one but then his pursse is gon.

Moore. Well said: but see that thou diminish not

One penie of the monie, but giue it me;
It is the cunning act that credits thee. 90

⁵¹ *Hopkinson inserts S. D. Exeunt Officers after awhile 67-9 Lines divided in MS. after England, aboute*

Lift. I will, good Master Sheriffe, I assure ye. [*Ex. Moore.*]

I see the purpose of this gentleman
Is but to check the follie of the Justice,
For blaming others in a desperate case,
Wherin himselfe may fall as soone as any. 95
To saue my life, it is a good aduenter:
Silence there, ho! now dooth the Justice enter.

End. Iust. Suresbie.

Sure. Now, sirra, now, what is your will with me?

Wilt thou discharge thy conscience like an honest man? 99

What sayst to me, sirra? be breefe, be breef.

Lift. As breefe, sir, as I can.—

If ye stand fayre, I will be breefe anon. [*Aside.*]

Sure. Speake out, and mumble not; what saist thou, sirra?

Lift. Sir, I am charge, as God shall be my comforte,

With more then's true. 105

Sure. Sir, ye are indeed, with more then's true,

For you are flatly charge with felonie;
You'r charge with more then trueth, and that is theft;

More then a true man should be charge withall; 109

Thou art a varlet, that's no more then true.

Trifle not with me; doo not, doo not, sirra;
Confesse but what thou knowest, I aske no more.

Lift. There be, sir, there be, ift shall please your worship—

Sure. There be, varlet! what be there? tell me what there be. 114

Come off or on: there be! what be there, knaue?

Lift. There be, sir, diuers very cunning fellows,

That, while you stand and looke them in the face,

Will haue your pursse.

Sure. Th'art an honest knaue:

Tell me what are they? where they may be caught? 120

I, those are they I looke for.

Lift. You talke of me, sir;

Alas, I am a punie! ther's one indeed

Goes by my name, he puts downe all for purses;

(He'll steal your worship's purse under your nose. 125

Sure. Ha, ha! Art thou so sure, varlet? Well, well,

125-7 Bracketed words add. H; MS, illegible

Be) as familiere as thou wilt, my knaue;
Tis this I long to knowe.

Lift. And you shall haue your longing ere
ye goe.—

This fellowe, sir, perhaps will meete ye
thus, 130

Or thus, or thus, and in kinde complement
Pretend acquaintaunce, somewhat dquibfully;
And these embraces serue—

Sure. I, marie, Lifter, wherefore serue they?
[*Shrugging gladly.*]

Lift. Ohly to feele 135

Whether you goe full vnder saile or no,
Or that your lading be aboard your barks.

Sure. In playner English, Lifter, if my
pursse
Be storde or no?

Lift. Ye haue it, sir. 140

Sure. Excellent, excellent.

Lift. Then, sir, you cannot but for manners
sake

Walke on with him, for he will walke your
way,

Allleadging either you haue much forgot him,
Or he mistakes you. 145

Sure. But in this time has he my pursse
or no?

Lift. Not yet, sir, fy!—no, nor I haue not
yours.— (*Aside.*)

Ent. Lord Maior, &c.

But now we must forbear; my lords returne.

Sure. A murren on't!—Lifter, weele more
annon: 149

I, thou sayst true, there are shrewde knaues
indeed; [*He sits downe.*]

But let them gull me, widgeen me, rooke me,
foppe me!

Yfaith, yfaith, they are too short for me.

Knaues and foolles meete when purses goe;

Wise men looke to their purses well enough.

Moore. Lifter, is it doone? 155

Lift. Doone, M(aiste)r Shreue; } (*Aside.*)
and there it is.

Moore. Then builde vpon my }
woord, Ile saue thy life.

Recor. Lifter, stand to the barre:

The iurie haue returnd thee guiltie, thou
must dye,

According to the custome.—Looke to it,
M(aiste)r Shreue. 160

L. Maior. Then, gentlemen, as you are
wunt to doo,

Because as yet we haue no buriall place,
What charitie your meaning's to bestowe

Toward buriall of the prisoners now con-
demnde,

Let it be giuen. There is first for me. 165

Recor. And thers for me.

Another. And me.

Sure. Bodie of me, my pursse is gon!

Moore. Gon, sir! what, heere! how can
that be?

L. Maior. Against all reason, sitting on
the benche. 170

Sure. Lifter, I talkte with you; you haue
not lifted me? hal

Lift. Suspect ye me, sir? Oh, what a world
is this!

Moore. But heare ye, M(aiste)r Suresbie;
are ye sure

Ye had a pursse about ye?

Sure. Sure, M(aiste)r Shreue! as sure as
you are there, 175

And in it seauen poundes, odd monie, on my
faith.

Moore. Seauen poundes, odd monie! what,
were you so madd,

Beeing a wise man and a magistrate,
To trust your pursse with such a liberall
sum?

Seauen poundes, odd monie! fore God, it is a
shame, 180

With such a summe to tempt necessitie:

I promise ye, a man that goes abroad

With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,
May be wrought to that he neuer thought.

What makes so many pilferers and fellows, 185

But these fond baites that foolish people lay
To tempte the needie miserable wretche?

Should he be taken now that has your pursse,
Ide stand too't, you are guiltie of his death;

For, questionlesse, he would be cast by lawe.
Twere a good deed to fine ye as much more.

To the releefe of the poore prisoners, 190

To teache ye lock your monie vp at home.

Sure. Well, M(aiste)r Moore, you are a
merie man;

I finde ye, sir, I finde ye well enough. 195

Moore. Nay, ye shall see, sir, trusting thus
your monie,

And Lifter here in triall for like case,
But that the poore man is a prisoner,

It would be now suspected that he had it. 199

Thus may ye see what mischeefe often comes
By the fond cariage of such needlesse summes.

L. Maior. Beleeue me, M(aiste)r Suresbie,
this is straunge,

You, beeing a man so settled in assurance,
Will fall in that which you condemnd in other.

Moore. Well, M(aiste)r Suresbie, theres
your pursse agayne, 205

And all your monie: feare nothing of Moore;
Wisedome still (keeps the mean and locks) the
doore.

(SCENE III.—London. A state apartment.)

Enter the Earles of Shrewesburie and Surrie,
Sir Thomas Palmer, and Sir Roger
Cholmeley.

Shrew. My lord of Surrey, and Sir Thomas
Palmer,
Might I with pacience tempte your graue
aduise,

I tell ye true, that in these daungerous times
I doo not like this frowning vulgare brow:
My searching eye did neuer entertaine 5
A more distracted countenance of greefe
Then I haue late obseru'de
In the displeased commons of the cittie.

Sur. Tis straunge that from his princely
clemencie,

So well a tempred mercie and a grace, 10
To all the aliens in this fruitfull land,
That this highe-creasted insolence should
spring

From them that breathe from his maiestick
bountie,

That, fatned with the trafficque of our coun-
treie,

Alreadie leape into his subjects face. 15

Pal. Yet Sherwin, hindred to commence his
suite

Against De Bard by the ambassadour,
By supplication made vnto the king,
Who hauing first entic'de away his wife,
And gott his plate, neere woorth foure hundred
pound, 20

To greoue some wronged cittizens that found
This vile disgrace oft cast into their teeth,
Of late sues Sherwin, and arrested him
For monie for the boording of his wife.

Sur. The more knaue Bard, that, vsing
Sherwins goods, 25

Dooth aske him interest for the occupation.
I like not that, my lord of Shrewesburie:
Hees ill bested that lends a well pac'de horse
Vnto a man that will not finde him meate.

Cholme. My lord of Surrey will be pleasant
still. 30

Pal. I, being then employed by your honors
To stay the broyle that fell about the same,
Wher by perswasion I enforc'de the wrongs,
And vrgde the greefe of the displeased cittie,
He answerd me, and with a sollemne oathe, 35
That, if he had the Maior of Londons wife,

207 Bracketed words add. H Scene III. H 1 ff.
Beside these lines is written Mend y^e (by Tylney)

He would keepe her in despiht of any
Englishe.

Sur. Tis good, Sir Thomas, then, for you
and me;

Your wife is dead, and I a batcheler:
If no man can possesse his wife alone, 40
I am glad, Sir Thomas Palmer, I haue none.

Cholme. If a take my wife, a shall finde her
meate.

Sur. And reason good, Sir Roger Cholme-
ley, too.

If these hott Frenchemen needly will haue
sporte,

They should in kindnesse yet defraye the
charge: 45

Tis hard when men possess our wiues in
quiet,

And yet leaue vs in, to discharge their diett.

Shrew. My lord, our catours shall not vse
the market 50

For our prouision, but some straunger now
Will take the vittailles from him he hath bought:

A carpenter, as I was late enformde, 51
Who hauing bought a paire of dooues in
Cheape,

Immediately a Frencheman tooke them from
him,

And beat the poore man for resisting him;
And when the fellow did complaine his wrongs,

He was seuerely punish'de for his labour. 56

Sur. But if the Englishe blood be once but
vp,

As I perceiue theire harts alreadie full,
I feare me much, before their spleenes be
cooledge,

Some of these saucie aliens for their pride 60
Will pay for't soundly, whersoere it lights:

This tyde of rage that with the eddie striues,
I feare me much, will drowne too manie liues.

Cholme. Now, afore God, your honors,
pardon me:

Men of your place and greatnesse are to blame.
I tell ye true, my lords, in that his maiestie 66

Is not informed of this base abuse
And dayly wrongs are offered to his subjects;

For, if he were, I knowe his gracious wisedome
Would soone redresse it. 70

Enter a Messenger.

Shrew. Sirra, what newes?

Cholme. None good, I feare.

Mess. My lord, ill newes; and wurse, I
feare, will followe,

37 English] Tylney has deleted this word, substituting
man 40 stranger] Tylney has substituted Lombard
53 Frenchman] Lombard Tylney 57-63 Cross
marks on margin of MS. indicate Tylney's disapproval

If speedily it be not lookte vnto:
The cittle is in an vproare, and the Maior 75
Is threatned, if he come out of his house.
A number poore artifi(cers) (are up
In arms and threaten to avenge their wrongs.

Chol. We) fearde what this would come
vnto:

This followes on the doctors publishing 80
The bill of wrongs in publique at the Spittle.

Shrew. That Doctor Beale may chaunce
beahrewe himselfe

For readiſg of the bill.

Pal. Let vs goe gather forces to the Maior,
For quick suppressing this rebellious route. 85

Sur. Now I bethinke myselfe of Maister
Moore,

One of the sheriffes, a wise and learned gentle-
man,

And in especiall fauour with the people:
He, backt with other graue and sober men, .

May by his gentle and perawasiue speeche 90
Perhaps preuaile more then we can with
power.

Shrew. Beleeue me, but your honor well
aduises:

Let vs make haste; for I doo greatly feare
Some to their graues this mornings worke

will beare. [Exeunt.

(ACT II.

SCENE I.—Cheapside.)

Enter three or foure Prentises of trades, with
a paire of cudgelles.

Harry. Come, lay downe the cudgelles.
Hoh, Robin, you met vs well at Bunhill, to
haue you with vs a Mayng this morning!

Robin. Faith, Harrie, the head drawer at
the Miter by the great Conduite calld me vp,
and we went to breakfast into St. Annes lane.

But come, who beginnes? in good faith, I am
cleane out of practise. When wast at Garrets
schoole, Harrie? 9

Har. Not this great while, neuer since I
brake his vsers head, when he plaid his
schollers prize at the Starre in Bread-streets.

I vse all to George Philpots at Dowgate; hee
the best backswordeman in England. 14

Kil. Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton.

Har. He not bate ye a pinne on't, sir; for,
by this cudgell, tis true.

Kil. I will cudgell that oppinion out of ye:
did you breake an vsers head, sir?

Har. I, marie, did I, sir. 20

77 number of poor H artifi(cers) Dyce 77-9 are
In arms. . We add, H 94 After this the MS. has the
first sketch of Act II, Scene II, which was later abo-
ruled Act II. etc. add. H

Kil. I am very glad on't: you shall breake
mine too, and ye can.

Har. Sirra, I prethee, what art thou?

Kil. Why, I am a prentise as thou art;
seest thou now? He play with thee at blunt
heere in Cheapside, and when thou hast
doone, if thou beest angrie, He fight with thee
at (sharpe) in Moore feldees. I haue a sword
to serue my turne in a fauor . . .
come Julie, to serue . . .

(SCENE II.—Saint Martins-le-Grand.)

Enter Lincolne, (two) Betsee, Williamson,
Sherwin, and other, armed; Doll in a shirt
of maile, a headpiece, sword, and buckler;
a crewe attending.

Clo. Come, come; wele tickle ther turnips,
wele butter ther boxes. Shall strangers rule
the roste? yes; but wele baste the roste. Come,
come; a flawnt, a flaunt!

George. Brother, giue place, and heare Iohn
Lincolne speake. 6

Clo. I, Lincolne my leder,
And Doll my true breder,

With the rest of our crue,
Shall ran tsh tarra ran; 10

Doo all they what they can.
Shall we be bobd, braude? no;

Shall we be helde vnder? no;
We ar freborne,

And doo take skorne 15
To be vnde soe.

Doll. Pease theare, I saye! heare Captaine
Lincolne speake; Kepe silens, till we know his
minde at large. 19

Clo. Then largelye dilliuier; speake, bullie:
and he that presumes to interrupte the in this
orration, this for him.

Lincol. Then, gallant bloods, you whoes
fre sowles doo skorne

To beare the inforsed wrongs of aliens,
Ad rage to resollutions, fier the howses 25
Of theis audacious strangers. This is St.

Martins,
And yonder dwells Mutas, a welthy Piccardye,

At the Greene Gate,
De Bard, Peter Van Hollocke, Adrian Martine,

With many more outlandishe fugetines. 30
Shall theis enioy more priueledge then wee

In our owne cuntry? lets, then, become ther
slaues.

28 sharpe add. Dyce 29-30 MS. illegible 50
These lines are followed in MS. by the later draft of IV.
r. 98 ff. See Appendix, p. 419-20 Scene II. etc. add.

N. S. J. from first sketch: omitted in revised version
3 baste yt the roste MS. 27 Piccardo in first sketch
of the scene 32 then] from first sketch: omitted in
revised version

Since justis kepes not them in greater awe,
Wele be ourselues roughe ministers at lawe. 34

Clo. Vse no more swords, nor no more
words, but fier the houses; braue capitaine
curragious, fier me ther houses.

Doll. I, for we maye as well make benefiers
on Maye daye as at midsommer: wele alter
the daye in the callinder, and sett itt downe
in flaming letters. 41

Sher. Staye!
No, that wold much indanger the hole cittie,
Whertoo I wold not the least preiudice.

Doll. No, nor I nether; so maie mine owne
howse be burnd for companye. Ile tell ye
what; wele drag the strangers into More felde,
and theare bumbaste them till they stinke
again. 49

Clo. And thats soont doone; for they smell
for feare alledye.

Geor. Let some of vs enter the strangers
houses,
And, if we finde them theare, then bringe
them forthe.

Doll. But if ye bringe them forthe eare ye
finde them, Ile neare alowe of that. 55

Clo. Now, Marasse, for thie honner,
Dutch or Frensche,
So yt be a wenshe,
Ile vppon hir. [Ex. some and Sher. 60

Willia. Now, lads, sure shall we labor in
our saffie. 60
I heare the Maire hath gatherd men in armes,
And that Shreue More an hower agoe risseude
Some of the Priyve Cownsell in at Ludgate:
Forse now must make our pease, or eles we
fall; 64
Twill soone be knowne we ar the principall.

Doll. And what of that? if thou beest
afraide, husband, go home againe, and hide
thy hed; for, by the Lord, Ile haue a lytill
sporte, now we ar att ytt.

Geor. Lets stand vppon our swards, and, if
they come, 70
Resseau them as they weare our ennemyes.

En. Sher. and the rest.

Clo. A purchase, a purchase! we haue
fownd, we ha fownde— 74

Doll. What?
Clo. Nottin; nott a Frensche Fleming nor

36-7 All. Fire the houses, fire the houses first
sketch 42-3 One line in MS. 43 No, that [that
first sketch 47 into] out into first sketch 54 But
if [if first sketch eare] before first sketch 56-9
Not in first sketch 59 S. D. from first sketch where it
follows 52 60 sure] how first sketch 69 we ar] I
am first sketch 70 swards] guardo first sketch 71
S. D. from first sketch

a Fleming Frensche to be fownde; But all fled,
in plaine Inglisha.

Linco. How now! haue you fownd any?

Sher. No, not one; theyre all fled.

Lincol. Then fier the houses, that, the
Maier beinge busye 80

About the quenshing of them, we maye scape;
Burne downe ther kennells: let vs straits awaye,
Leaste this daye proue to vs an ill Maye daye.

Clo. Fier, fier! ile be the firste: 84
If hanging come, tis welcome; thats the worst. [exehnt.

[SCENE III.—The Guildhall.]

Enter at on dore S(i)r Thomas Moore and Lord
Maire; att an other dore Sir Iohn
Munday hurt.

L. Maior. What, Sir Iohn Munday, are
you hurt?

Sir Iohn. A little knock, my lord. Ther
was even now
A sort of prentises playing at cudgells;
I did comaund them to ther m(aisters')
howses;

But one of them, backt by the other crew, 5
Wounded me in the forehead with his cudgill;
And now, I feare me, they are gon to joine
With Lincolne, Sherwine, and ther dangerous
traine.

Moore. The captaines of this insurrection
Have tane themselves to armes, and cam but
now 10

To both the Counters, wher they haue releast
Sundrie indetted prisoners, and from thence
I heere that they are gonn into St. Martins,
Wher they intend to offer violence
To the amazed Lombards: therfore, my lord,
If we expect the saffie of the cittie, 16
Tis time that force or parley doe encownter
With thes displeased men.

Enter a Messenger.

L. Maior. How now! what newes? "

Mens. My lord, the rebells haue broake
open Newegate, 20
From whence they haue deliuerd manie
prisoners,

Both fellons and notorious murderers,
That desperatlie cleaue to ther lawles traine.

L. Maior. Vpp with the drawbridge, gather
som forces

To Cornhill and Cheapside:—and, gentlemen,

79 No, not] Not first sketch theyre ill] th'are first
sketch 83 Leaste] Least that first sketch 84-5
Not in first sketch 85 exeunt first sketch: Manett
Clowne revised version, in different handwriting and
certainly wrong Scene III. etc. add. II.

If diligence be vnde one every side, 26
A quiet ebb will follow this rough tide.

*Enter Shrowberie, Surrie, Palmer,
Cholmley.*

Shro. Lord Maior, his maiestie, receauing notice

Of this most dangerous insurrection,
Hath sent my lord of Surry and myself, 30
Sir Thomas Palmer and our followers,
To add vnto yur forces our best meanes
For pacifying of this mutinie.

In Gods name, then, sett one with happie
• speed!

The king laments, if one true subiect bleede.

Surr. I heere they meane to fier the
Lumbards howses: 36

Oh power, what art thou in a madmans eies!
Thou makst the plodding iddiott bloudy-wise.

Moore. My lords, I dowt not but we shall
appease

With a calm breath this flux of discontent, 40
To call them to a parley, questionles—

Palme. May fall out good: tis well said,
M(aiste)r Moore.

Moor. Letts to thes simple men; for many
sweat

Vnder this act, that knowes not the lawes
debt 44

Which hangs vpon ther lives; for sillie men
Plodd on they know not how, like a fooles penn,
That, ending, shoves not any sentence writt,
Linckt but to common reason or sleightest
witt:

Thes follow for no harme; but yett incurr
Self penaltie with those that raied this stirr. 50
A Gods name, one, to calme our priuat foes
With breath of gravitie, not dangerous blowes!
[Exeunt.]

(SCENE IV.—Saint Martin's Gate.)

*Enter Lincoln, Doll, Clown, Georg Betts,
Williamson, others; and a Sergeant at
armes.*

Lincolne. Peace, heare me: he that will
not see a red hearing at a Herry grote, butter
at aleuence a pounce, meale at nyne shil-
lings a bushell, and beefe at fower nobles
a stone, lyst to me. 5

Geo. Bell. Yt will come to that passe, yf
straingers be sufferd. Mark him.

Linc. Our countrie is a great eating coun-
try; argo, they eate more in our countrie then
they do in their owne. 10

32 your forces *Dyce:* our forces *MS.* • 37 thou
Dyce: then *MS.* 43 thes] the *Dyce* Scene IV.
etc. add. H.

Betts. Clow. By a halfpenny loff, a day,
troy waight.

Linc. They bring in straining rootes, which
is meerly to the vndoing of poor prentises;
for whats a sorry parsnyp to a good hart? 15

William. Traah, trash: they breed sore
eyes, and tis enough to infect the cytty with
the palsey.

Lin. Nay, yt has infected yt with the
palsey; for theise basterds of dung, as you
knowe they growe in dung, haue infected vs,
and yt is our infection will make the cytty
shake, which partly comes through the eating
of parsnyps. 24

Clown. Betts. Trewe; and pumpions
together.

Seriant. What say ye to the mercy of the
king?

Do ye refuse yt? 28

Lin. You would haue vs vpon thipp, would
you? no, marry, do we not; we accept of the
kings mercy, but wee wll shoue no mercy
vpon the straungers. 32

Seriant. You are the simplest things that
euer stood

In such a question.

Lin. How say ye now, prentisses? prentis-
sises symple! downe with him! 36

All. Prentisses symple! prentisses symple!

*Enter the L. Maier, Surry, Shrewsbury,
(More.)*

Maier. Hold! in the kinges name, hold!

Surry. Friends, masters, countrymen—

Mayer. Peace, how, peace! I charg you,
keep the peacel 40

Shro. My maisters, countrymen—

Williamson. The noble earle of Shrows-
bury, letts hear him.

Ge. Betts. Weele heare the earle of Surry.

Linc. The earle of Shrewsbury. 45

Betts. Weele heare both.

All. Both, both, both, both!

Linc. Peace, I say, peace! ar you men of
wisdome, or what ar you?

Surr. What you will haue them; but not
men of wisdome. 51

All. Weele not heare my lord of Surry; no,
no, no, no, no! Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury!

Moor. Whiles they ar ore the banck of
their obedience,

Thus will they bere downe all things. 55

Linc. Shreiff Moor speaks: shall we heare
Shreelf Moor speake?

Doll. Letts heare him: a keepes a plenty.

37 S. D. More add. pr. ed.: Palmer, Cholmeley, and
More add. H

full shrevaltry, and a made my brother Arther
Watchins Seriant Safes yeoman: lets heare
Shreue Moore. 61

All. Shrelue Moor, Moor, More, Shreue
Moore!

Moor. Even by the rule you haue among
yoursealues,

Comand still audience. 65

All. Surrey, Sury!

All. Moor, Moor!

Lincolne. } Peace, peace, scilens, peace.
Belts. }

Moor. You that haue voyce and credyt with
the number,

Comaund them to a stilnes. 70

Lincolne. A plague on them, they will not
hold their peace; the deule cannot rule them.

Moore. Then what a rough and rytous
charge haue you,

To leade those that the deule cannot rule?—
Good masters, heare me speake. 75

Doll. I, byth mas, will we, Moor: thart a
good howskeeper, and I thanck thy good
worship for my brother Arthur Watchins.

All. Peace, peace.

Moor. Look, what you do ofiend you cry
vpon, 80

That is, the peace: not (one) of you heare
present,

Had there such fellowes lyvd when you wer
babes,

That could haue topt the peace, as nowe you
would,

The peace wherin you haue till nowe growne vp
Had bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes
Could not haue brought you to the state of
men. 86

Alas, poor things, what is yt you haue gott,
Although we graunt you geat the thing you
seeke?

Belt. Marry, the remouing of the straingers,
which cannot choose but much advantage
the poor handycrafts of the cytty. 91

Moor. Graunt them remoued, and graunt
that this your noyce

Hath chidd downe all the maiestie of Ingland;
Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers,
Their babies at their backes and their poor
luggage, 95

Plodding tooth ports and costes for transpor-
tacion,

And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
Aucthority quyte sylenct by your braule,
And you in ruff of your opynions clothd;

What had you gott? I'll tell you: you had
taught 100

How insolence and strong hand shoold pre-
uayle,

How ordere shoold be quell'd; and by this
patterne

Not on of you shoold lyue an aged man,

For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf
right, 105

Woold shark on you, and mer. lyke rauenous
fishes

Woold feed on on another.

Doll. Before God, thats as trewe as the
Gospell.

Lincoln. Nay, this (is) a sound fellowe, I
tell you: lets mark him. 111

Moor. Let me sett vp before your thoughts,
good freindes,

On supposytion; which if you will marke,
You shall perceause howe horrible a shape

Your ynnouation beres: first, tis a sinn 115

Which oft thappostle did forwarne vs of,
Vrging obediencie to authority;

And twere no error, yf I told you all,
You wer in armes gainst your (God himself)

All. Marry, God forbid that! 120

Moo. Nay, certainly you are;

For to the king God hath his offyce lent
Of dread, of justyce, power and comaund,

Hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay;
And, to add ampler maiestie to this, 125

He hath not only lent the king his figure,
His throne and sword, but gyuen him his
owne name,

Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,
Rysing gainst him that God himselfe enstalls,

Butryse gainst God? what do you to your sowles
In doing this? O, desperat as you are, 131

Wash your foule mynds with teares, and those
same handes,

That you lyke rebels lyft against the peace,
Lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees,

Make them your feet to kneele to be forgyuen!
Tell me but this; what rebell captaine, 136

As mutynies ar incident, by his name
Can still the rout? who will obay a traytor?

Or howe can well that proclamation sounde,
When ther is no adicion but a rebell 140

To quallyfy a rebell? Youle put downe
straingers,

Kill them, cutt their throts, possesse their
howses,

And leade the ma(ies)tie of lawe in liom,

Sl one H: MS. illegible 83 topt kept Spedding.
The word is indistinct, but Dr. Furnicall and Mr.
Herbert of the British Museum favour Dyce's reading.

111 is add Dyce 119 God himself conj. Spedding:
sovereign Dyce 135-6 Deletion in MS. Cf. Intro-
duction. 138 Deletion after obay in MS.

To slipp him lyke a hound. Say now the king
(As he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne) 145
Should so much com to short of your great
trespas

As but to banysh you, whether wold you go?
What country, by the nature of your error,
Should geue you harber? go you to Fraunce or
Flanders, 149

To any Jarman prouince, to Spaine or Portugall,
Nay, any where that not adheres to England,—
Why, you must needes be straingers: wold
you be pleasid

To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
That, breaking out in hiddious violence,
Wold not afoord you an abode on earth, 155
Whett their detested knyues against your
throtes,

Spurne you lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that God
Owed not nor made not you, nor that the
elamentes

Wer not all appropriat to your comfortes,
But chartered vnto them, what wold you
thinck 160

To be thus vsd? this is the straingers case;
And this your momtanish inhumanyte.

All. Fayth, a saies trewe: letts do as we
may be doon by. 164

Linco. Weele be ruld by you, Maister Moor,
yf youle stand our freind to procure our
pardon.

Moor. Submyt you to theise noble gentle-
men,

Entreate their mediation to the kinge,
Geue vp yoursealfe to forme, obay the maies-
trate, 170

And thers no doubt but mercy maie be found,
Yf you so seek.

To persist in it is present death: but, if you
yeeld yourselues, no doubt what punishment
you in simplicitie haue incurred, his highnesse
in mercie will moste graciously pardon. 176

All. We yeeld, and desire his highnesse
mercie. [They lay by their weapons.

Moore. No doubt his maiestie will graunt
it you: 179

But you must yeeld to goe to seuerall prisons,
Till that his highnesse will be further knowne.

All. Moste willingly; whether you will
haue vs.

Shrew. Lord Maior, let them be sent to
seuerall prisons, 184

And there, in any case, be well intreated.—

My lord of Surrie, please you to take horse,
And ride to Cheapside, where the aldermen
Are with their seuerall companies in armes;
Will them to goe vnto their seuerall wardes,
Bothe for the stay of further mutinie, 190
And for the apprehending of such persons
As shall contend.

Sur. I goe, my noble lord. [Ex. Sur.
Shrew. Weele straitte goe tell his highnesse
these good newes;

Withall, Shreeue Moore, Ile tell him how your
breath 195

Hath ransomed many a subiect from sad death.
[Ex. Shrew. and Cholm.

L. Maior. Lincolne and Sherwine, you
shall bothe to Newgate;

The rest vnto the Counters.

Pal. Goe garde them hence: a little breath
well spent

Cheates expectation in his fairst euent. 200

Doll. Well, Sheriffe Moore, thou hast doone
more with thy good woordes then all they
could with their weapons: giue me thy hand;
keepe thy promise now for the kings pardon,
or, by the Lord, Ile call thee a plaine conie-
catcher. 206

Lin. Farewell, Shreeue Moore; and as we
yeeld by thee,

So make our peace; then thou dealst honestly.

Clo. Ay, and saue vs from the gallows,
eles a deules debble honnestlye! 210

[They are led away.
L. Maior. Maister Shreeue Moore, you haue
preseru'de the cittie

From a moste dangerous fierce commotion;
For, if this limbe of riot heere in St. Martins

Had ioind with other braunches of the cittie
That did begin to kindle, twould haue bred

Great rage; that rage much murder wold
haue fed. 216

Not steele, but eloquence hath wrought this
good:

You haue redeemde vs from much threatned
blood.

Moore. My lord and bretheren, what I heere
haue spoke, 219

My countries loue, and next the citties care,
Enioynde me to; which since it thus preuailes,

Thinke, God hath made weake Moore his
instrument

To thwart seditions violent intent.
I thinke twere best, my lord, some two houres

hence
We meete at the Guildehall, and there deter-
mine 225

That thorow euery warde the watche be clad

209-10 Add. in different hand on margin of MS.

144 Deletion after hound in MS. *151 Deletion after
where in MS. 159 all alike conj. Spreading Dele-
tion after to in MS. 162 momtanish mountainish
Dyce 173 With this line the handwriting of MS.
changes

In armour, but especially provide
That at the cittie gates selected men,
Substantiall cittizens, doo warde to night,
For feare of further mischeife. 230

L. Maior. It shall be so:
But yond me thinks my lord of Shrewesburie.

Ent. Shrew.

Shrew. My lord, his maiestie sends lououng
thankes
To you, your bretheren, and his faithfull
subiects,

Your carefull cittizens.—But, M(aiste)r Moore,
to you 235

A rougher, yet as kinde, a salutation:
Your name is yet too short; nay, you must
kneele;

A knights creation is thys knightly steele.

Rise vp, Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. I thanke his highnesse for thus
honoring me. 240

Shrew. This is but first taste of his princely
fauour;

For it hath pleased his high maiestie

(Noating your wisdom and deseruing merit)

To put this staffe of honor in your hand, 244

For he hath chose you of his Priuie Councell.

Moore. My lord, for to denye my soue-
raignes bountie

Were to drop precious stones into the heapes
Whence first they came;

To vridge my imperfections in excuse, 249

Were all as stale as custome: no, my lord,

My seruice is my kings; good reason why,—
Since life or death hangs on our soueraignes
eye.

L. Maior. His maiestie hath honord much
the cittie

In this his princely choise.

Moore. My lord and bretheren, 255
Though I departe for (court) my loue shall
rest

(With you, as heretofore, a faithful guest.)

I now must sleepe in courte, sounde sleepes
forbeare;

The chamberlain to state is publique care:

Yet, in this rising of my priuate blood, 260

My studious thoughts shall tend the citties
good.

Ent. Croftes.

Shrew. How now, Croftes! what newes?

Croftes. My lord, his highnesse sends
expresse commaunde

That a record be entred of this riott, 264

And that the cheefe and capitall offenders

256-7 Bracketed words add. H: MS. illegible

Be theron straitte arraignde, foro himselfe
intends

To sit in person on the rest to morrowe
At Westminster.

Shrew. Lord Maior, you heare your charge.—
Come, good Sir Thomas Moore, to court let's
hye; 270

You are th' appeaser of this mutinie.

Moore. My lord, farewell: new dayes begets
new tides;

Life whirles bout fate, then to a graue it
slydes. [Exennt: seuerally]

(ACT III.

SCENE I.—Cheapside.)

Enter M(aiste)r Sheriffe, and meete a Messenger.

Sheriff. Messenger, what newes?

Mess. Is execution yet performde?

Sheriff. Not yet; the cartes stand readie at
the stayres,

And they shall presently away to Tibourne.

Messe. Stay, M(aiste)r Shreewe; it is the
councelles pleasure, 5

For more example in so bad a case,

A jibbit be erected in Cheapside,

Hard by the Standerd; whether you must
bring

Lincolne and those that were the cheefe with
him, [Ent. Officers.

To suffer death, and that immediatly. 10

Sheriff. It shalbe doone, sir [Ex. Mess.].

—Officers, be speedie;

Call for a jibbit, see it be erected;

Others make haste to Newgate, bid them bring
The prisoners hether, for they here must dye:

Away, I say, and see no time be slackt. 15

Off. We goe, sir.

[Ex. some seuerally; others set vp the
jibbit.

Sheriff. That's well said, fellowes; now
you doo your dutie.—

God for his pittie help these troublous times!

The streetes stopte vp with gazing multitudes:

Commaund our armed officers with halberds

Make way for entraunce of the prisoners; 21

Let proclamation once againe be made,

That euery housholder, on paine of deathe,

Keep ia his prentises, and euery man

Stand with a weapon readie at his doore, 25

As he will answere to the contrary.

Off. Ile see it doone, sir. [Exit.

Enter another Officer.

Sheriffe. Bring them away to execution:

The writt is come aboue two houres since;

The cittie will be fynde for this neglect. 30

Act III. etc. add. H

Off. There such a presse and multitude at Newgate,

They cannot bring the cartes onto the stayres,
To take the prisoners in.

Sheriff. Then let them come on foote;
We may not dally time with great commaund.

Off. Some of the benche, sir, thinke it very fit 36

That stay be made, and giue it out abroad
The execution is deferd till morning,
And, when the streetes shall be a little cleerd,
To chaine them vp, and suddenly dispatch it.

Sheriff. Stay; in meane time me thinkes
they come along: 41

* See, they are comming. So, tis very well:

The prisoners are brought in, well guarded.

Bring Lincolne there the first vnto the tree.

Clo. I, for I cry lug, sir.

Lin. I knewe the first, sir, did belong to me:
This the olde prouerbe now compleate dooth
make, 46

That Lincolne should be hangd for Londons
sake. [*He goes vp.*]

A Gods name, let vs to woorkes. Fellowe, dis-
patche:

I was the formoste man in this rebellion,
And I the formoste that must dye for it. 50

Doll. Brauely, Iohn Lincolne, let thy death
expresse,

That, as thou liu'dst a man, thou dyedst no
lesse.

Lin. Doll Williamson, thine eyes shall
witness it.—

Then to all you that come to viewe mine end
I must confesse, I had no ill intent, 55

But against such as wrongd vs ouer much:

And now I can perceiue it was not fit

That priuate men should carue out their
redresse,

Which way they list; no, learne it now by me,—
Obedience is the best in eche degree: 60

And asking mercie meekely of my king,

I paciently submit me to the lawe;

But God forgieue them that were cause of it!

And, as a Christian, truly from my hart

I likewise craue they would forgieue me too 65
(As freely as I do forgieue their wrong)

That others by example of the same

Hencefoorth be warned to attempt the like

Gainst any alien that repaireth hether. 69

Fare ye well, all: the next time that we meete,

I trust in heauen we shall eche other greete.

[*He leapes off.*]

44 Add, in different hand on margin of MS. 68
Add, H: MS, illegible 68 warned to) warned not
to H

Doll. Farewell, Iohn Lincolne: say all what
they can,

Thou liu'dst a good fellowe, and dyedst an
honest man.

Clo. Wold I weare so farre on my iourney!
the first stretche is the warste, me thinks. 75

Sheriff. Bring Williamson there forwarde.

Doll. Good M(aiste)r Shreue, I haue an
earnest suite,

And, as you are a man, deny't me not.

Sheriff. Woman, what is it? be it in my
power,

Thou shalt obtayne it. 80

Doll. Let me dye next, sir; that is all I craue:
You knowe not what a comforte you shall bring
To my poore hart, to dye before my husband.

Sheriff. Bring her to death; she shall haue
her desire. 85

Clo. Sir, and I haue a suite to you too.

Sher. What is ytt?

Clo. That, as you haue hangd Lincolne
first, and will hange hir nexte, so you will nott
hange me at all. 90

Sher. Naye, you set ope the Counter gates,
and you must hange (for) the foly.

Clo. Well, then, so much for it!

Doll. Sir, your free bountie much contents
my minde.

Commend me to that good shreue M(aiste)r
Moore, 95

And tell him, had't not bin for his perswasion,
Iohn Lincolne had not hung heere as he does:

We would first haue lookt (vs) vp in Leaden-
hall,

And there bin burnt to ashes with the rooffe.

Sheriff. Woman, what Master Moore did
was a subjects dutie, 100

And hath so please our gracious lord the king,
That he is hence remou'de to higher place,

And made of counsell to his maiestie.

Doll. Well is he woorthie of it, by my troth,
An honest, wise, well spoken gentleman; 105

Yet would I praise his honestie much more,
If he had kept his woord, and sau'de our liues:

But let that passe; men are but men, and so
Woordes are but wordes, and pales not what

men owe.— 109

You, husband, since perhaps the world may say
That through my meanes thou comste thus to

thy end,
Heere I beginne this cuppe of death to thee,

Because thou shalt be sure to taste no wurme
Then I haue taken that must goe before thee.

What though I be a woman? thats no matter;

I doo owe God a death, and I must pay him.

92 for add. Dyer 98 haue lockt vs pr. ed.: haue
bin lockt Dyer: haue lockt MS.

Husband, giue me thy hand; be not dismayed;
This charre beeing charde, then all our debt
is payd. 118

Only two little babes we leaue behinde vs,
And all I can bequeathe them at this time
Is but the loue of some good honest freend,
To bring them vp in charitable sorte:
What, maisters! he goes vpriight that neuer
haltes,

And they may liue to mend their parents
fautes.

Will. Why, well sayd, wife; yfaith, thou
cheerst my hart: 125

Giue me thy hand; lets kisse, and so lets part.
[He kisses her on the ladder.

Doll. The next kisse, Williamson, shalbe
in heauen.—

Now cheerely, lads! Georqe Bets, a hand with
thee;

And thine too, Rafe; and thine, good honest
Sherwin.

Now let me tell the women of this towne, 130
No straunger yet brought Doll to lying downe:
So long as I an Englishman can see,
Nor Frenche nor Dutche shall get a kisse of
me;

And when that I am dead, for me yet say,
I dyed in scorne to be a straungers preye. 135

[A great shout and noise.

⟨Cry⟩ within. Pardon, pardon, pardon,
pardon!

Room for the Erle of Surrey, room there,
room!

Enter Surrey.

Sur. Saue the mans life, if it be possible.

Sheriff. It is too late, my lord; hees dead
alreadie.

Sur. I tell ye, M(aiste)r Sheriffe, you are
too forward, 140

To make such haste with men vnto their death;
I thinke your paines will merit little thanks,
Since that his highnesse is so mercifull
As not to spill the blood of any subiect.

Sheriff. My noble lord, would we so much
had knowen! 145

The Councelles warrant hastened our dis-
patche;

It had not else bin doone so suddenly.

Sur. Sir Thomas Moore humbly vpon his
knee

Did begge the liues of all, since on his woord
They did so gently yeeld: the king hath
graunted it, 150

And made him Lord High Chauncellour of
England,

137 S. D. follows 135 in MS.

According as he woorthily deserues.

Since Lincolnes life cannot be had againe,
Then for the rest, from my dread soueraignes
lippes, 154

I heere pronounce free pardon for them all.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king!
My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of
Surrey! [Flinging vp cappes.

Doll. And Doll desires it from her very hart,
Moores name may liue for this right noble
part;

And whensoere we talke of ill May liaie, 160
Praise Moore

Sur. In hope his highnesse clemencie and
mercie,

Which in the armes of milde and meeke com-
passion

Would rather clip you, as the loueing nurse
Oft dooth the waywarde infant, then to leaue
you 165

To the sharp rodd of justice, so to drawe you
To shun such lewde asserblyes as beget
Vnlawfull riots and such trayterous acts,
That, striking with the hand of priuate hate,
Maine your deare countrie with a publike
wounde:— 170

Oh God, that Mercie, whose maiestick browe
Should be vnwrinkled, and that awefull
Justice,

Which looketh through a vaile of sufferance
Vpon the frailtie of the multitude,
Should with the clamours of outrageous
wrongs 175

Be stird and wakened thus to punishment!—
But your deserued death he dooth forgieue:
Who giues you life, pray all he long may liue.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king!
My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of
Surrey! [Exeunt.

⟨SCENE II.—Chelsea. A Room in More's
House.⟩

A table beeing couered with a greene carpet,
a state cushion on it, and the Purse and
Mace lying thereon, enter Sir Thomas
Moore.

Moore. It is in Heauen that I am thus and
thus;

And that which we prophanlie terme our
fortuns

Is the provision of the power aboue,
Fitted and shapte just so that strength of
nature

Which we are borne (withal). *Good God, good
God, 5

161 End of line illegible Scene II. etc. add. H
5 withal add. Dyce *

That I from such an humble bench of birth
Should stepp as twere vp to my countries head,
And give the law out ther! I, in my fathers
life,

To take prerogative and tyth of knees
From elder kinsmen, and him bynd by my
place 10

To give the smooth and dexter way to me
That owe it him by nature! Sure, thes things,
Not phisickt by respects, might turne our bloud
To much corruption: but, Moore, the more
• thoughast,

Ether of honor, office, wealth, and calling, 15
Which might accite thee to embrace and hugg
them,

The more doe thou in serpents natures thinke
them;

Fearre ther gay skinns with thought of ther
sharpe state;

And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
Is when the thifed of hayday is once spoun, 20
A bottom great woond vpp greatly vndom.—
Com on, sir: are you ready?

(Enter Randall, attyred like Sir Thomas
Moore.)

Randall. Yes, my lord, I stand but one a few
points; I shall have donn presentlie. Before
God, I have practised your lordships shift so
well, that I thinke I shall grow prowde, my lord.

Moore. Tis fitt thou shouldst wax prowde,
or ells thoult nere 27

Be neere allied to greatnes. Observe me, sirra.
The learned clarke Erasmus is arived

Within our English court: last night I heere
He feasted with our honord English poet, 31

The Earle of Surrey; and I leard to day
The famous clarke of Rotherdam will visett

Sir Thomas Moore. Therefore, sir, take my
seate;

You are Lord Chauncelor: dress your behaviour
According to my carriage; but beware 36

You talke not over much, for twill betray thee:
Who prates not much seemes wise; his witt
few scan;

While the tongue blabs tales of the imperfitt
man.

Ile see if greate Erasmus can distinguishe 40
Meritt and outward cerimony.

Rand. If I doe not deserve a share for play-
ing of your lordship well, lett me be yeoman
vnder to your sumpter, and be banisht from
wearing of a gold chaine for ever.

Moore. Well, sir, Ile hide our motion: act
my part

16 Short word deleted after might in MS. 23 ff.
For first draft of this passage see Appendix p. 418

With a firme boldnes, and thou winst my
hart.

Enter the Shreive, with Fawknor a ruffin,
and Officers.

How now! whats the matter? 48

Faulk. Tugg me not, I me noe beare.
Sbloud, if all the doggs in Paris Garden hung
at my tale, Ide shake em of with this, that Ile
appeere before noe king cristened but my good
Lord Chauncelor.

Shre. Weele cristen you, sirra.—Bring him
forward. 55

Moore. How now! what tumults make you?

Falk. The azurde heavens protect my noble
Lord Chauncelor!

Moore. What fellowes this?

Shre. A ruffian, my lord, that hath sett
half the cittie in an vpprore. 61

Falk. My lord—

Shre. Ther was a fray in Paternoster-row,
and because they would not be parted, the street
was choakt vpp with carts. 65

Falk. My noble lord, Panier Allies throat
was open.

Moore. Sirra, hold your peace.

Falk. Ile prove the street was not choakt,
but is as well as ever it was since it was a
streete. 71

Shre. This fellow was a principall broacher
of the broile.

Falk. Sbloud, I brocht none; it was
broacht and half ronn out, before I had a lick
at it. 76

Shre. And would be brought before noe
justice but your honor.

Falk. I am halld, my noble lord.

Moore. No eare to choose for every triviall
noice 80

But mine, and in so full a time? Away!

You wronge me, M(aiste)r Shreve: dispose of
him

At your owne pleasure; send the knave to New-
gate.

Falk. To Newgate! abloud, Sir Thomas
Moore, I appeale, I appeale from Newgate to
any of the two worshippingfull Counters. 86

Moore. Fellow, whose man are you, that
are thus lustie?

Falk. My names Jack Fawknor; I serve,
next vnder God and my prince, M(aister)
Morris, secretary to my Lord of Winchester.

Moore. A fellow of your haire is very fitt
To be a secretaries follower! 92

Falk. I hope so, my lord. The fray was

84 Sbloud deleted in MS. before To 91 ff. For first
draft of this passage see Appendix pp. 418-9

betweene the Bishoppes men of Eelie and Winchester; and I could not in honor but parte them. I thought it stood not with my reputation and degree to com to my questions and answers before a citty justice: I knew I should to the pott.

Moore. Thou hast byn ther, it seemes, to late allredie. 101

Fauk. I know your honor is wise and so forth; and I desire to be only cattachizd or examind by you, my noble Lord Chauncelor.

Moore. Sirra, sirra, you are a busie dangerous ruffian. 105

Fauk. Ruffian!

Moore. How long have you worne this haire?

Fauk. I have worne this haire ever since I was borne.

Moore. You know thats not my question, but how long 110

Hath this shagg fleece hung dangling on thy head?

Fauke. How long, my lord! why, sometimes thus long, sometimes lowere, as the Fates and humors please.

Moore. So quick, sir, with me, ha? I see, good fellow, 115

Thou lovest plaine dealing. Sirra, tell me now,

When were you last at barbars? how longe time

Have you vpon your head woorne this shagg haire? 118

Fauke. My lord, Jack Faukner tells noe Esops fables: troth, I was not at barbars this three yeres; I have not byn cutt nor will not be cutt, vpon a foolish vow, which, as the Destanies shall direct, I am sworne to keepe.

Moore. When comes that vow out? 124

Fauk. Why, when the humors are purgd, not theis three years.

Moore. Vowes are recorded in the court of Heaven,

For they are holly acts. Yong man, I charge thee

And doe advize thee, start not from that vow:

And, for I will be sure thou shalt not shreve, Besides, because it is an odious sight 131

To see a man thus hairie, thou shalt lie in Newgate till thy vow and thy three years Be full expired.—Away with him!

Fauke. My lord—— 135

Moore. Out of this fleece, and lie ther but a moneth.

110-11 Written as prose in MS. 115-18 Prose in MS. 130 shreve] swerve conj. Dyce : shrive H

Fauk. Ile not loose a haire to be Lord Chauncelor of Europe.

Moore. To Newgate, then. Sirra, great sinns are brede

In all that body wher thers a foulde head. 140
Away with him. [Exeunt (all except Randall.)]

Enter Surry, Erasmus, and Attendants.

Surry. Now, great Erasmus, you appoach the presence

Of a most worthy learned gentleman:

This little ile holds not a trewer friend Vnto the arts; nor doth his greatnes add 145

A fained florish to his worthie parts;

Hees great in studie; thats the statists grace,

That gaines more reverence then the outward place.

Erasmus. Report, my lord, hath crost the narrow seas,

And to the severall parts of Christendom 150

Hath borne the fame of your LordChauncelor:

I long to see him, whom with loving thoughts I in my studie oft have visited.

Is that Sir Thomas Moore?

Surry. It is, Erasmus: 155

Now shall you view the honorable scholler,

The most religious pollititian,

The worthiest counsailor that tends our state.

That study is the generall watch of England;

In it the princes sattie, and the peace 160

That shines vppon our comonwealth, are forgd

By loiall industrie.

Erasmus. I dowl him not

To be as neere the life of excellence

As you proclaime him, when his meanest servants 165

Are of some waight: you saw, my lord, his porter

Give entertainment to vs at the gate

In Latten good phrase; whats the m(aiste)r, then,

When such good parts shine in his meanest men?

Surry. His Lo(rdship) hath som waightie busines; 170

For, see, as yett he takes noe notice of vs.

Erasmus. I thinke twere best I did my dutie to him

In a short Latin speech.—

Qui in celiberima patria natus est et gloriosa, plus habet negotii ut in lucem veniat quam qui— 176

Rand. I prythee, good Erasmus, be covered.

I have forsworne speaking of Lattin, (else), as I am true counsailor, Ide tickle you with

175 ut Dyce : et MS. 178 else add. Dyce

a speech. Nay, sitt, Erasmus;—sitt, good my Lord of Surry. He make my lady com to you anon, if she will, and give you entertainment.

Erasmus. Is this Sir Thomas Moore? 183

Surry. Oh good Erasmus, you must conceive his vaine:

Hees ever furnisht with thes conceits.

Rand. Yes, faith, my learned poet doth not lie for that matter: I am nether mere nor less the mery Sir Thomas allwaies. Wilt suppe with me? by God, I love a parlous wise fellow that smells of a pollititian better then a long progress. 191

Enter Sir Thomas Moore.

Surry. We are deluded; this is not his lordshipp. •

Rand. I pray you, Erasmus, how longe will the Holland cheese in your countrie keepe without maggetts? 195

Moore. Foble, painted barbarisme, retire thyself

Into thy first creation! (*Exit Randal*).—Thus you see,

My loving learned frends, how far respects Waites often on the cerimonious traine 199
Of base illitterat welth, whilst men of schooles, Shrowded in povertie, are counted fooles.

Pardon, thou reverent Germaine, I have mixt So slight a jest to the faire entertainment 203
Of thy most worthy self; for know, Erasmus, Mirth wrinckles vpp my face, and I still crave, When that forsakes me I may hugg my grave.

Erasmus. Your honers mery humor is best phisick

Vnto your able boddy; for we learne
Wher mellancholly choaks the passages 209
Of bloud and breth, the erectet spirit still Lengthens our dayes with sportfull exercise:
Studie should be the saddest time of life,
The rest a sport exempt from thought of strife.

Moore. Erasmus preacheth gospell against phisicke,

My noble poet. • 215

Surry. Oh, my Lord, you tax me

In that word poet of much idleness:

It is a studie that makes poore our fate;
Poets were ever thought vnfit for state.

Moore. O, give not vp faire poisie, sweet lord, 220

To such contempt! That I may speake my hart,

It is the sweetest heraldrie of art,

207-8 Beside these lines on the margin of MS. is written et tu Erasmus an Diabolus 210 noble deleted in MS. before Lord

That settis a difference tweene the tough sharpe holly

And tender bay tree.

Surry. Yet, my lord, 225

It is become the very logie number
To all mechanick sciences.

Moore. Why, He show the reason:

This is noe age for poets; they should sing
To the lowd canon heroica fada: 230

Qui faciunt reges heroica carmina laudant:

And, as great subiects of ther pen decay,
Even so vnphisickt they doe melt away.

Enter M(aister) Morris.

Com, will your lordshipp in?—My deere Erasmus— 234

He heere you, M(aister) Moris, presentlie.—
My lord, I make you m(aister) of my howse:
Weele banquet heefe with fresh and staid delights,

The Muses musick heer shall cheere our sprites;

The cates must be but meane wher scollers sitt,
For thar made all with courses of neate witt.

(*Exeunt Surry, Erasmus, and Attendants.*)
How now, M(aister) Morris? 241

Morris. I am a suter to your lordshipp in behalf of a servaunt of mine.

Moore. The fellow with long haire? good M(aister) Moris,

Com to me three years hence, and then He heere you. 245

Moris. I vnderstand your honor: but the foolish knave has submitted himself to the mercy of a barber, and is without, redy to make a new vow before your lordshipp, heer- after to leve cavell. 250

Moore. Nay, then, letts talke with him: pray, call him in.

Enter Faulkner and Officers.

Faulk. Bless your honor! a new man, my lord.

Moore. Why, sure, this (is) not he. 254

Faulk. And your lordshipp will, the barber shall give you a sample of my head: I am he in faith, my lord; I am *ipse*.

Moore. Why, now thy face is like an honest mans:

Thou hast plaid well at this new cutt, and wonn. 259

Faulk. No, my lord; lost all that ever God sent me.

Moore. God sent thee into the world as thou art now,

254 is add. Dyce 255 Word deleted in MS. after will 260 god deleted before ever in MS.

With a short haire. How quickly are three years

Ronn out in Newgate! 264

Faulk. I think so, my lord; for ther was but a hairens length betweene my going thether and so long time.

Moor. Because I see som grace in thee, goe free.—

Discharge him, fellowes.—Farewell, Master Moris.— 269

Thy head is for thy shoulders now more fitt; Thou hast less haire vppon it, but more witt. [Exit.

Moris. Did not I tell thee allwaies of thes locks? 273

Faulk. And the locks were on againe, all the goldsmiths in Cheapside should not pick them open. Shart, if my haire stand not an end when I looke for my face in a glass, I am a polecatt. Heers a lowsie jest! but, if I notch not that rogue Tom barbar, that makes me looke thus like a Brownist, hange me! Ile be worss to the nittical knave then ten tooth drawings. Heers a head, with a pox! 282

Morr. What ails thou? art thou mad now?

Faulk. Mad now! nayles, yf losse of hayre cannot mad a man, what can? I am depode, my crowne is taken from me. Moore had bin better a scowred Moreditch than a notcht mee thus: does hee begin sheepesharing with Jack Faulkner? 289

Morr. Nay, and you feede this veyne, sir, fare you well.

Falk. Why, farewell, frost. Ile goe hang myselfe out for the Poll Head. Make a Sarcen of Jack?

Morr. Thou desperate knavel for that I see the divell 295

Wholy gets hold of thee——

Falk. The divells a dambd rascall.

Morr. I charge thee, wayte on mee no more; no more

Call mee thy m(aiste)r. 299

Falk. Why, then, a word, M(aiste)r Morris.

Morr. Ile heare no wordes, sir; fare you well.

Falk. Shloud, farewell.

Morr. Why doest thou follow mee? 304

Falk. Because Ime an asse. Doe you sett your shavers vpon me, and then cast mee off? must I condole? haue the Fates playd the foolles? am I theire cutt? now the poore sconce is taken, must Jack march with bag and baggage? [Weapes.

283 With this line a new handwriting begins in MS. 293 for the MS.: of the Dyce 304 Deletion in MS. after follow

Morr. You coxecomb! 311

Falk. Nay, you ha poacht mee; you ha given mee a hayre; its here, heare.

Morr. Away, you kynd asse! come, sir, dry your eyes: 314

Keepe your old place, and mend thes fooleries.

Falk. I care not to bee tournd off, and twere a ladder, so it bee in my humor, or the Fates becon to mee. Nay, pray, sir, yf the Destynies spin mee a fyne thred, Falkner fyres another pitch; and to avoyd the headach hereafter, before Ile bee a hayremonger, Ile bee a whoremonger. [Exeunt.

(SCENE III.—Chelsea. Ante-chamber in More's House.)

Enter a Messenger to Moore.

Mess. (T. Goedal). My honorable lord, the Maior of London,

Accompanied with his lady and her traine, Are coming hether, and are hard at hand, To feast with you: a seriaunt come before, To tell your lordshipp of ther neer aproche. 5

Moore. Why, this is cheerfull newes: frends goe and come:

Reverend Erasmus, whose delitious words Express the very soule and life of witt, Newlie toke sad leave of me, (and) with teares Trubled the silver channell of the Thames, 10 Which, glad of such a burden, prowldie sweld And one her bosom bore him toward the sea: Hees gon to Roterdam; peace goe with him! He left me heavy when he went from hence; But this recomforts me; the kind Lo(rd) Maior, His bretheren aldermen, with ther faire wives, Will feast this night with vs: why, so it shuld be; 17

Moores mery hart lives by good companie.— Good gentlemen, be carefull; give great charge Our diet be made daynty for the tast; For, of all people that the earth affords, The Londoners fare richest at ther boursds. 22 [Exeunt.]

(ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Chelsea. A Room in More's House.)

Enter Sir Thomas Moore, Master Roper, and Seruingmen setting stooles.

Moore. Come, my good fellowes, stirre, be dilligent;

Sloth is an ydle fellowe, leaue him now; The time requires your expeditious service. Place me heere stooles, to set the ladies on.—

314 foole deleted before asse in MS. Scene III. etc. add. H 9 and add. Dyce 17 so it] soet MS. Act IV. etc. add. H 1 dilligent MS.: vigilant H

Sonne Roper, you haue giuen order for the banquet?
 Ro. I haue, my lord, and euery thing is readie.

Enter his Lady.

Moore. Oh, welcome, wife! giue you direction
 How women should be plac'de; you knowe it best.
 For my Lord Maior, his bretheren, and the rest,
 Let me alone; you best can order men.
 La. I warrant ye, my lord, all shalbe well.
 Ther's one without that stayes to speake with ye,
 And bad me tell ye that he is a player.

Moore. A player, wife!—One of ye bid him come in.
 Nay, stirre there, fellowes; fye, ye are to slow!
 See that your lights be in a readines:
 The banquet shalbe here.—Gods me, madame,
 Leau me my Lady Maiorresse! bothe of vs from the boord!

And my sonne Roper too! what may our guests thinke?

La. My lord, they are risen, and sitting by the fire.

Moore. Why, yet goe you and keepe them companie;

It is not meete we should be absent bothe.
[ex. La.]

ent. Player.

Welcome, good freend; what is your will with me?

Player. My lord, my fellowes and my selfe
 Are come to tender ye our willing seruice,
 So please you to commaund vs.

Moore. What, for a play, you meane?
 Whom doo ye serue?

Player. My Lord Cardinales grace.

Moore. My Lord Cardinals players! now, trust me, welcome:

You happen hether in a luckie time,
 To pleasure me, and benefit yourselues.
 The Maior of London and some aldermen,
 His lady and their wiues, are my kinde guests
 This night at supper: now, to haue a play
 Before the banquet, will be excellent.—
 How thinke you, sonne Roper?

Ro. Twill doo well, my lord,

And be right pleasing pastime to your guests.
 Moore. I prethee, tell me, what playes haue ye?

Player. Diuers, my lord: *The Cradle of Securitie,*

Hit nayle o'th head, Impacient Pourtie,
The play of Foure Pees, Dines and Lazarus,
Lustie Iuuenus, and The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome.

Moore. *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome!*
 that, my lads;

Is none but that; the theame is very good,
 And may maintaine a liberrall argument:
 To marie wit to wisdome, asks some cunning;
 Many haue witt, that may come short of wis-
 dome.

Weele see how M(aiste)r poet playes his part,
 And whether witt or wisdome grace his arte.—
 Goe, make him drinke, and all his fellowes too.—

How manie are ye?

Player. Foure men and a boy, sir.

Moore. But one boy? then I see,
 Ther's but fewe women in the play.

Player. Three, my lord; Dame Science,
 Lady Vanitie,
 And Wisdome she herselfe.

Moore. And one boy play them all? bir lady, hees loden.

Well, my good fellowe, get ye strait together,
 And make ye readie with what haste ye may.—
 Prouide their supper gainste the play be doone,
 Elseshall we stay our guests heere ouer long.—
 Make haste, I pray ye.

Player. We will, my lord.
[ex. Ser. & player.]

Moore. Where are the waytes? goe, bid them play,
 To spend the time a while.

En. Lady.

How now, madame?

La. My lord, th'are coming hether.

Moore. Th'are welcome. Wife, Ile tell ye one thing;

Our sporte is somewhat mended; we shall haue
 A play to night, *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome,*

And acted by my good Lord Cardinales players:
 How like ye that, wife?

La. My lord, I like it well.

See, they are comming.

The waytes playes; enters Lord Maior, so many Aldermen as may, the Lady Maiorresse in scarlet, with other Ladies and Sir Thomas Moores Daughters; Seruantes carying lighted torches by them.

Moore. Once againe welcome, welcome, my good Lord Maior,
 And bretheren all, for once I was your brother,

67 S.D. follows madame in MS.

And so am still in hart: it is not state
That can our loue from London separte. 79
(True, vpstart fools, by sudden fortune tried,
Regard their former mates with) naught but
pride.

But they that cast an eye still whence they
came,
Knowe how they rose, and how to vse the
same.

L. Maior. My lord, you set a glosse on
Londons fame,

And make it happie euer by your name. 85
Needs must we say, when we remember Moore,
Twas he that droue rebellion from our doore
With grauediscretions milde and gentle breath,
Sheelding a many subiects liues from death.
Oh, how our cittle is by you renownde, 90
And with your vertues our endeauours crownde!

Moore. No more, my good Lord Maior: but
thanks to all,

That on so short a summons you would come
To visite him that holdes your kindnesse
deere.—

Madame, you are not merie with my Lady
Maiorresse 95

And these fayre ladies; pray ye, seate them
all:—

And heere, my lord, let me appoint your
place;—

The rest to seate themselues:—nay, Ile
wearie ye;

You will not long in haste to visite me.

La. Good madame, sit; in sooth, you
shall sit heere. 100

La. Mai. Good madame, pardon me; it
may not be.

La. In troth, Ile haue it so: Ile sit heere by
yee.—

Good ladies, sit.—More stooles heere, hoel!

La. Mai. It is your fauour, madame, makes
me thus

Presume aboue my merit. 105

La. When we come to you,

Then shall you rule vs as we rule you heere.
Now must I tell ye, madame, we haue a
play,

To welcome ye withall; how good so ere,
That knowe not I; my lord will haue it so. 110

Moore. Wife, hope the best; I am sure theyle
doo their best:

They that would better, comes not at their
feaste.

My good Lord Cardinales players, I thanke
them for it,

Play vs a play, to lengthen out your welcome:
They say it is *The Mariage of Witt and Wise-
dome*, 115

A thesame of some importe, how ere it prooue;
But, if arte faile, wee le inche 't out with
loue.—

(*Enter a Servant.*)

What, are they readie?

Ser. My lord, one of the players craues to
speake with you. 120

Moore. With me! where is he?

Enter Inclination the Vise, readie.

Incl. Heere, my lord.

Moore. How now! what's the matter?

Incl. We wold desire your honor but to
stay a little; one of my fellowes is but run to
Oagles for a long beard for young Witt, and
heele be heere presently. 127

Moore. A long beard for young Witt! why,
man, he may be without a leard till he come
to mariage, for witt goes not all by the hayre.
When comes Witt in? 131

Incl. In the second scene, next to the
Prologue, my lord.

Moore. Why, play on till that sceane come,
and by that time Witts beard will be growne,
or else the fellowe returned with it. And what
part plaist thou? 137

Incl. Inclination the Vice, my lord.

Moore. Gramercies, now I may take the
vice if I list: and wherfore hast thou that bridle
in thy hand? 141

Incl. I must be bridled anon, my lord.

Moore. And thou beest not sadled too, it
makes no matter, for then Witts inclination
may gallop so fast, that he will outstrip Wise-
dome, and fall to follie. 146

Incl. Indeed, so he does to Lady Vanitie;
but we haue no follie in our play.

Moore. Then ther's no witt in't, Ile be
sworne: follie waites on witt, as the shaddowe
on the bodie, and where witt is ripest there
follie still is readiest. But beginne, I prethe:
weele rather allowe a beardless Witt then
Witt all bearded to haue no braine. 154

Incl. Nay, he has his apparell on too, my
lord, and therefore he is the readier to enter.

Moore. Then, good Inclination, beginne at
a venter.— [Exit Incl.]

My Lord Maior,

Witt lacks a beard, or else they would beginne:

80-1 True... mates with *pr. rd.*: Within this city
I did long abide, And I regard it still with conj. *H.*
but this does not give the meaning: *MS.* illegible

114 Followed in *MS.* by the deleted line: My good
Lord Maior, and all my other friends 117 *S. D.*
add. H 130 all lightly crossed out in *MS.* and
perhaps to be omitted.

de lend him mine, but that it is too thinne.
silence, they come. 101

The trompè soundes; enter the Prologue.

Pro. Now, for as much as in these latter dayes,

Throughout the whole world in euery land,

Vice doth encrease, and vertue decays,

Iniquitie hauing the vpper hand; 165

We therefore intend, good gentle audience,

A prettie short enterlude to play at this present,

Desiring your leaue and quiet silence,

To shewe the same, as is meete and expedient.

It is called The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome,

A matter right pithie and pleasing to heare,

Wherof in breefe we will shewe the whole summe;

But I must be gon, for Witt dooth appeare.

[Exit.

Enter Witt rustling, and Inclination the Vice.

Witt. In an arbour greene, asleepe whereas
I lay, 174

The birdes sang sweetely in the midst of the day,

I dreamed fast of mirth and play,—

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,

And from her companie I could not goe;

But when I waked, it was not so,— 180

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely plight,

Of her alone to haue a sight,

Which is my toy and harts delight,—

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure. 185

Moore. Marke ye, my lord, this is Witt
without a bearde: what will he be by that time
he comes to the commoditie of a bearde?

Incli. Oh, sir, the ground is the better on
which she dooth goe;

For she will make better cheere with a little she
can get, 190

Then many a one can with a great banquet of
meat.

Witt. And is her name Wisedome?

Incli. I, sir, a wife moste fitt

For you, my good maister, my daintie sweet
Witt.

Witt. To be in her companie my hart it is set:
Therefore I prethee to let vs begon; 196

For vnto Wisedome Witt hath inclination.

Incli. Oh, sir, she will come her selfe euen
anon;

For I tolde her before where we would stand,
And then she sayd she would becke vs with her
hand. 200

174 ff. This interlude to line 243 is merely an adaptation of part of *Lusty Iuuentus* 182 [plight] plight
Ht plight is the reading in *Lusty Iuuentus*

Back with these boyes and saucie great knaues!
[Flourishing his dagger.]

What, stand ye heere so digge in your braues?

My dagger about your coxcombes shall walke,

If I may but so much as heare ye chat or talks.

Witt. But will she take paines to come for
vs hether? 205

Incli. I warrant ye; therefore you must be
familiar with her:

When she commeth in place,

You must her embrace

Somewhat hansomely,

Least she thinke it daunger, 210

Because you are a straunger,

To come in your companie.

Witt. I warrant thee, Inclination, I will be
busie:

Oh, how Witt longs to be in Wisedomes com-
panie!

Enter Lady Vanitie singing, and beckning
with her hand.

Van. Come hether, come hether, come hether,
come: 215

Such chere as I haue, thou shalt haue some.

Moore. This is Lady Vanitie, Ile holde my
life:—

Beware, good Witt, you take not her to
wife.

Incli. What, vnknowne honestie? a woord in
your eare. [She offers to depart.]

You shall not be gon as yet, I sweare: 220

Heer's none but your freends, you need not to
fray;

This young gentleman looues ye, therefore you
must stay.

Witt. I trust in me she will thinke no
daunger,

For I looue well the companie of fayre women;

And though to you I am a straunger, 225

Yet Witt may pleasure you now and then.

Van. Who, you? nay, you are such a holy
man,

That to touche one you dare not be bolde;

I thinke you would not kisse a young woman,

If one would giue ye twentie pound in golde.

Witt. Yes, in good sadnesse, lady, that I
would; 231

I could finde in my hart to kisse you in your
smock.

Van. My back is broad enough to beare that
mock;

For if hath bin tolde me many a time

That you would be seene in no such companie
as mine. 235

208-9 One line in MS.

211-12 One line in MS.

Witt. *Not Witt in the companie of Lady Wisedome!*

Oh Jove, for what doo I hether come?

Incli. *Sir, she did this nothing else but to prooue*

Whether a little thing would you mooue

To be angrie and frett: 240

What, and if one sayd so?

Let such trifling matters g

And with a kinde kisse come out of her debt.—

Is Luggins come yet with the beard?

Enter an other Player.

Player. *No, faith, he is not come: alas, what shall we doo?* 246

Incli. *Forsooth, we can goe no further till our fellowe Luggins come; for he plays Good Councill, and now he should enter, to admonishe Witt that this is Lady Vanitie, and not Lady Wisedome.* 251

Moore. *Nay, and it be no more but so, ye shall not tarie at a stand for that; wee le not haue our play marde for lacke of a little good counsell: till your fellowe come, Ile giue him the best counsell that I can.—Pardon me, my Lord Maior; I loue to be merie.—* 257

Oh . . . Witt, thou art nowe on the bowe hand, And blindly in thine owne oppinion doost stand.

I tell thee, this naughtie lewde Inclination Does lead thee amisse in a very strange fashion: This is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie; 262
Therefore list to Good Councill, and be ruled by me.

Incli. *In troth, my lord, it is as right to Lugginses part as can be.—Speake, Witt.*

Moore. *Nay, we will not haue our audience disappointed, if I can help it.*

Witt. *Art thou Good Councill, and wilt tell me so?*

Wouldst thou haue Witt from Lady Wisedome to goe?

Thou art some decetuer, I tell thee verily, 270
In saying that this is Lady Vanitie.

Moore. *Witt, iudge not things by the outward shewe;*

The eye oft mistakes, right well you doo knowe:

Good Councill assures thee vpon his honestie, That this is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie.

Enter Luggins with the beard.

Incli. *Oh, my lord, he is come; now we shall goe forward.* 277

Moore. *Art thou come? well, fellowe, I haue hope to saue thine honestie a little. Now, if thou canst giue Witt any better coun-*

cell then I haue doone, spare not: there I leaue him to thy mercie. 282

But by this time, I am sure, our banquet's readie:

My lord and ladyes, we will taste that first, And then they shall begin the play againe, Which through the fellowes absence, and by me, 286

Insted of helping, hath bin hindered.—

Prepare against we come.—Lights there, I say!—

Thus foolcs oft times doo help to marre the play. [exeunt.—*ma. players.*

Witt. *Fye, fellowe Luggins, you seruē vs hansomely; doo ye not, thinke ye?* 291

Lug. *Why, Oagle was not within, and his wife would not let me haue the beard; and, by my troth, I ran so fast that I sweat againe.*

Incli. *Doo ye heare, fellowes? would not my lord make a rare player? oh, he would vpholde a companie beyond all hoe, better then Mason among the kings players! Did ye marke how extemplically he fell to the matter, and spake Lugginses parte almoste as it is in the very booke set downe?* 301

Witt. *Peace; doo ye knowe what ye say? my lord a player! let vs not meddle with any such matters: yet I may be a little proude that my lord hath answerd me in my parte. But come, let vs goe, and be readie to begin the play againe.* 307

Lug. *I, thats the best, for now we lack nothing.*

Enter a Servingman.

Man. *Where be theis players?* 310

All. *Heere, sir.*

Man. *My lord is sent for to the courte, And all the guests doo after supper parte; And, for he will not trouble you againe, By me for your reward a sends 8 angills, With many thanks. But supp before you goe:* 315

Yt is his will you should be fairely entreatid: Follow, I praye ye.

Witt. *This, Luggins, is your neclegens; Wanting Witts heard brought things into dislike;* 320

For otherwies the playe had bin all seene, Wher now some curius cittisin disgraiste itt, And discommendinge ytt, all is dismiste.

Vice. *Fore God, a sayes true. But heare ye, sirs: 8 angells, ha! my lord wold neuer giues*

312 Two words deleted in MS. after My lord 319
After Luggins, the word all has been deleted in MS.
322 cittisin] criticism conj. H: several words deleted in MS.

8 angells more or les for 12^d; other yt shold be 3^l, 5^l, or tenn li.; ther(e) 20^s wantinge, sure.

Witt. Twenty to one, tis soe. I haue a trick: my lord comes; stand aside. 329

Enter Moore, with Attendants with Purse and Mace.

Lord (Chan.) In haist to counsell! whate the busines now, That all so late his highnes sends for me?—What sekst thou, fellow?

Witt. Nay, nothinge: your lordship sent 8 angills by your man, and I haue lost too of them in the rishes. 335

Lord (Chan.) Wytt, looke to that:—8 angills! I did send them tenn.—Witt gaue yt them?

Man. I, my lord; I had no more aboute me;

But buy and buy they shall risseae the rest. 340

Lord (Chan.) Well, Witt, twas wiselye donne; thou plaist Witt well endede, Not to be thus disseaued of thy righte.—

Am I a man, by offis trulye ordaind Equally to deuide true righte his owne,

And shall I haue disseauers in my house? 345 Then what auails my bowntie, when such seruants

Disseae the pore of what the M(aiste)r giues? Goe one, and pull his cote ouer his eares:

Ther ar too manye such.—Giue them ther righte.—

Witt, let this fellowes thanke the: twas well dunn; 350

Thou now disserueste to match with Ladye Wisdome. [Exit Moore with Attend.

Vice. God a meraye, Wytt!—Sir, you had a maister Sir Thomas More more; but now we shall haue more. 354

Lugg. God blesse him! I wold ther weare more of his minde! a loues our qualletie; and yt hees a larnid man, and knows what the world is.

Clo. Well, a kinde man, and more loving then many other: but I thinke we ha mett with the first . . . 361

Luggins. First serud his man that had our angills; and he maye chaunce dine with Duke Homphrye to morrow, beinge turnde awaye to daye. Come, lets goe. 365

Clo. And many such rewards wold make vs all ride, and horse vs with the best nags in Smithfelde. (Exeunt.)

(SCENE II.—Whitehall. The Council Chamber.)

Enter the Earles of Shrewesburie, Surrey, Bishop of Rochester, and other Lordes, seuerally, dooing curtesie to eche other; Clark of the Councell waiting bareheaded.

Sur. Good morrowe to my Lord of Shrewesburie.

Shrew. The like vnto the honourd Earle of Surrey.

Yond comes my Lord of Rochester.

Rochest. Good morrowe, my good lordes.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, what time ist of day? 5

Clarke. Past eight of clock, my lord.

Shrew. I wunder that my good Lord Chauncellour

Dooth stay so long, considering ther's matters Of high importaunce to be scand vpon.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, certefie his lordship 10

The lordes expect him heere.

Rochest. It shall not need;

Yond comes his lordship.

Enter Sir Thomas Moore, with Purse and Mace borne before him.

Moore. Good morrowe to this faire assemblie. 14

Come, my good lords, let's sit. Oh serious square! [They sit.

Vpon this little borde is dayly scande

The health and preservation of the land;

We the phisitions that effect this good,

Now by choise diett, annon by letting blood;

Our toyle and carefull watching brings the king 20

In league with slumbers, to which peace dooth sing.—

Auoyde the roome there!—

What busines, lords, to day?

Shrew. This, my good lord;

About the entertainment of the emperour 25

Gainst the perfidious Frenche into our pay.

Sur. My lords, as tis the custome in this place

The youngest should speake first, so, if I chaunce

In this case to speake youngly, pardon me.

I will agree, Fraunce now hath her full strength, 30

As hauing newe recovered the pale blood

Which warre sluic'de forth; and I consent to this,

That the coniunction of our Englishe forces With armes of Germanie may sooner bring

Scene II. etc. add. H 26 Deletion after our

330 ff. For original draft of this passage see Appendix, p. 419 337 gaue] gaue MS. 347 Word deleted in MS. after pore 360 Deletion after then

This prize of conquest in. But, then, my lordes,
As in the morrall hunting twixt the lyon 36
And other beastes, force ioynd (with greed)
Frighted the weaker sharers from their partes;
So, if the empires soueraigne chaunce to put
His plea of partnership into warres courte, 40
Swoordes should discide the difference, and
our blood

In priuate teares lament his entertainment.

Shrew. To doubt the wurst is still the wise
mans sheeld,

That armes him safely: but the worlde knowes
this,

The emperour is a man of royall faith; 45
His loue vnto our soueraigne brings 'aim
downe

From his emperiall seate, to marche in pay
Vnder our English flagge, and weare the
crosse,

Like some high order, on his manly breast;
Thus seruing, hees not maister of himselfe, 50
But, like a collonell commanding other,
Is by the generall ouer-awed himselfe.

Rochest. Yet, my good lord——

Shrew. Let me conclude my speeche.

As subiects share no portion in the conquest 55
Of their true soueraigne, other then the meritt
That from the soueraigne guerdons the true
subiect;

So the good emperour, in a freendly league
Of amitie with England, will not soyle
His honor with the theft of Englishe spoyle. 60

Moore. There is no question but this enter-
tainment

Will be moste honorable, moste commodious.
I haue oft heard good captaines wish to haue
Riche soldiours to attend them, such as would
fight

Bothe for their liues and liuings; such a one 65
Is the good emperour: I would to God,
We had ten thousand of such able men!

Hah, then there would appeare no courte, no
cittie,

But, where the warres were, they would pay
themselues.

Then, to preuent in Frenche warres Englands
losse, 70

Let Germaine flagges waue with our Englishe
crosse.

Enter Sir Thomas Palmer.

Pal. My lordes, his maiestie hath sent by
me

These articles enclos'de, first to be viewde,
And then to be subscribed to: I tender them 74

36 As MS.: Its Dyce 37 with greed pr. ed.:
together H: MS. illegible

In that due reuerence which befits this place.
[With great reuerence.]

Moore. Subscribe these articles! stay, let vs
pause;

Our conscience first shall parley with our
lawes.—

My Lord of Rochester, viewe you the paper.

Rochest. Subscribe to these! now, good Sir
Thomas Palmer,

Beseeeche the king that he will pardon me: so
My hart will check my hand while I doo write;
Subscribing so, I were an hypocrite. 7

Pal. Doo you refuse it, then, my lord?

Rochest. I doo, Sir Thomas.

Pal. Then heere I summon you forthwith
t'appeare 85

Before his maiestie, to answer there
This capitall contempt.

Rochest. I rise and parte,

In lieu of this to tender him my hart.

[He riseth.]

Pal. Wilt please your honor to subscribe,
my lord? 90

Moore. Sir, tell his highnesse, I entreate
Some time for to bethinke me of this taske:
In the meane while I doo resigne mine office
Into my soueraignes hands.

Pal. Then, my lord, 95

Heare the prepared order from the king:
On your refusall, you shall strait departe
Vnto your house at Chelsey, till you knowe
Our soueraignes further pleasure.

Moore. Moste willingly I goe.— 100

My lordes, if you will visite me at Chelsey,
Weele goe a fishing, and with a cunning nett,
Not like weake filme, weele catche none but
the great:

Farewell, my noble lordes. Why, this is right;
Good morrowe to the sunne, to state good
night! [ex. Moore.]

Pal. Will you subscribe, my lordes? 106

Sur. Instantly, good Sir Thomas,
Weele bring the writing vnto our soueraigne.

[They write.]

Pal. My Lord of Rochester,
You must with me, to answer this contempt.

Roches. This is the wurst, 111
Who's freed from life is from all care exempt.

[ex. Ro. and Pal.]

Sur. Now let vs (hasten) to our soueraigne.
Tis straunge that my Lord Chauncellour
should refuse

The dutie that the lawe of God bequeathes 115
Vnto the king.

Shrew. Come, let vs in. No doubt

85 ff. Cancelled by Tynney, who writes in margin all
altr'. 113 hasten H: MS. illegible

His minde will alter, and the bishops too:
Error in learned heads hath much to doo.

(*Exeunt.*)

• (SCENE III.—Chelsea.)

*Enter the Lady Moore, her two Daughters, and
M(aiste)r Roper, as walking.*

Ro. Madame, what ayles yee for to looke
so sad?

Lady. Troth, sonne, I knowe not what;
I am not sick,

And yet I am not well. I would be merie;
But somewhat lyes so heauie on my hart,
I cannot chuse but sigh. You are a scholler;
I pray ye, tell me, may one credit dreames? 6

Ro. Why ask you that, deare madame?

Lady. Because to night I had the straungest
dreame

That ere my sleep was troubled with. Me
thought twas night,

And that the king and queene went on the
Thames 10

In barges to heare musique: my lord and I
Were in a little boate me thought,—Lord,
Lord,

What straunge things liue in slumbers!—and,
beeing neere,

We grappled to the barge that bare the king.
But after many pleasing voyces spent 15
In that still moouing musique house, me
thought

The violence of the streame did seuer vs
Quite from the golden fleet, and hurried vs
Vnto the bridge, which with vnused horror
We entred at full tide: thence some slight
shoote 20

Beeing caried by the waues, our boate stood
still

Iust opposite the Tower, and there it turnde
And turnde about, as when a whirle-poolle
sucks

The circled waters: me thought that we bothe
cried,

Till that we sunck; where arme in arme we
died. 25

Ro. Giue no respect, deare madame, to
fond dreames;

They are but slight illusions of the bloold.

Lady. Tell me not all are so; for often
dreames

Arg true diuiners, either of good or ill:
I cannot be in quiet till I heare 30

How my lord fares.

Ro. (*aside.*) Nor I.—Come hether, wife:

I will not fright thy mother, to interprete
The nature of a dreame; but trust me, sweete,

Scene III. etc. add. H

This night I haue bin troubled with thy father
Beyond all thought. 36

Ro. Wife. Truly, and so haue I:
Methought I sawe him heere in Chelsey
Church,

Standing vpon the roodloft, now defac'de;
And whilste he kneeld and prayd before the
ymage, 40

It fell with him into the vpper-quier,
Where my poore father lay all staine in
blood.

Ro. Our dreames all meet in one conclusion,
Fatal, I feare.

Lady. What's that you talke? I pray ye,
let me knowe it. 45

Ro. Wife. Nothing, good mother.

Lady. This is your fashion still; I must
knowe nothing. •

Call Maister Catesbie; he shall strait to courte,
And see how my lord does: I shall not rest,
Vntill my hart leaue panting on his breast. 50

*Enter Sir Thomas Moore merrily, Seruaunts
attending.*

Daugh. See where my father comes, ioyfull
and merie.

Moore. As seamen, hauing past a troubled
storme,

Daunce on the pleasant shoare; so I—Oh,
I could speake

Now like a poet! now, afore God, I am passing
light!—

Wife, giue me kinde welcome: thou wast wont
to blame 55

My kissing when my beard was in the stubble;
But I haue bin trimde of late; I haue had

A smoothe courte shauing, in good faith,
I haue.— [*Daughters kneele.*]

God blesse ye!—Sonne Roper, giue me your
hand.

Ro. Your honor's welcome home. 60

Moore. Honor! ha ha!—And how doost,
wife?

Ro. He beares himselfe moste straungely.
Lady. Will your lordship in?

Moore. Lordship! no, wife, that's gon; 64
The ground was alight that we did leane vpon.

Eady. Lord, that your honor nere will leaue
these jests!

In faith, it ill becomes yee.

Moore. Oh, good wife,
Honor and jests are bothe together fled;

The meriest counsellour of England's dead. 70
Lady. Whose that, my lord?

Moore. Still lord! the Lord Chauncellour,
wife.

Lady. Thats you.

Moore Certaine; but I haue chaungde my life.

Am I not leaner then I was before? 75

The fatt is gon; my title's only *Moore*.

Contented with one stille, Ile liue at rest:

They that haue many names are not still best.
haue resignde mine office: count'st me not wise?

Lady. Oh God! 80

Moore. Come, breed not female children in your eyes:

The king will haue it so.

Lady. What's the offence?

Moore. Tush, let that passe; wee le talke of that anon.

The king seemes a phisitian to my fate; 85
His princely minde would traine me back to state.

Ro. Then be his patient, my moste honord father.

Moore. Oh, sonne Roper,
Vbi turpis est medicina, sanari piget!—

No, wife, be merie;—and be merie, all: 90

You smilde at rising, weepe not at my fall.

Let's in, and heere ioy like to priuate freends.

Since dayes of pleasure haue repentant ends:

The light of greatnesse is with triumph borne;

It sets at midday oft with publike scorne. 95
[*Exeunt*.]

(SCENE IV.—The Tower.)

Enter the Bishop of Rochester, Surrey, Shrewsbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Warders with weapons.

Rochest. Your kinde perswasions, honorable lords,

I can but thanke ye for; but in this brest
There liues a soule that aimes at higher things
Then temporarie pleasing earthly kings.

God blesse his highnesse euen with all my hart!— 5

We shall meete one day, though that now we part.

Sur. We not misdoubt, your wisdoms can discern

What best befits it; yet in looue and zeale
We could entreate, it might be otherwise.

Shrew. No doubt, your fatherhood will by yourselfe 10

Consider better of the present case,
And growe as great in fauour as before.

Rochest. For that, as pleaseth God. In my restrainte

From worldly causes, I shall better see
Into my selfe then at proude libertie: 15

The Tower and I will priuately conferre

Scene IV. add. H

Of things, wherin at freedome I may erre.

But I am troublesome vnto your honors,

And holde ye longer then becomes my dutie.—

M(aiste)r Lieutenant, I am now your charge;

And though you keep my bodie, yet my looue

Waites on my king and you, while *Fisher* liues. 22

Sur. Farewell, my Lord of Rochester; wee le pray

For your release, and labour't as we may

Shrew. Therof assure yourselfe; so doo

we leaue yee, 25

And to your happie priuate thoughts bequeath yee. [*ex. Lords.*]

Rochest. Now, *M(aiste)r* Lieutenant, on; a Gods name, goe!

And with as glad a minde goe I with you

As euer trewant had the schoole adiewe.

[*Exeunt*.]

(SCENE V.—Chelsea. A Room in More's House.)

Enter Sir Thomas Moore, his Lady, Daughters, M(aiste)r Roper, Gentlemen, and Seruants, as in his house at Chelsey.

Moore. God morrowe, good sonne Roper.— Sitt, good madame, [*Lowe stooles*.]

Vppon an humble seate; the time so craues;
Rest your good hart on earth, the rooffe of graues:

You see the floore of greatnesse is uneuen;
The cricket and high throane alike neere heauen.— 5

Now, daughters, you that like to braunches spread,

And giue best shaddowe to a priuate house,
Be comforted, my girles; your hopes stand faire:

Vertue breeds gentrie, she makes the best heire.

Both Daugh. God morrow to your honor.

Moore. Nay, good night rather; 11

Your honor's creast-falne with your happie father.

Ro. Oh, what formalitie, what square obseruance,

Liues in a little roome! heere publike care
Gagges not the eyes of slumber; heere fierce rickt 15

Ruffles not proudly in a coate of trust,
Whilste, like a pawne at chesse, he keepes in ranck

With kings and mightie fellows; yet indeede
Those men that stand on tiptoe smile to see
Him pawne his fortunes. 20

Moore. True, sonne, . . .

Scene V. add. H 21 *Several words have been lost. H supplies you say well.*

Nor does the wanton tongue heere skrewe
itselfe

Into the eare, that like a vise drinks vp
The yron instrument.

Lady. We are heere at peace. 25

Moore. Then peace, good wife.

Lady. For, keeping still in compasse, (a
straunge poynte

In times newe nauigation) we haue sailde
Beyond our course.

Moore. Haile doone. 30

Lady. We are exilee the courtes.

Moore. Still thou harpste on that:

*Tis sinne for to deserue that banishment;

But he that nere knewe courtes, courtes sweete
content.

Lady. Oh, but, deare husband— 35

Moore. I will not heare thee, wife;

The winding laborinth of thy straunge dis-
course

Will nere haue end. Sit still; and, my good
wife,

Entreate thy tongue be still; or, credit me, 39
Thou shalt not vnderstand a woord we speake;
Weele talke in Latine.

Humida vallis raros patitur fulminis ictus,

More rest enioyes the subiect meanely bred

Then he that beares the kingdome in his head.

Great men are still musitians, else the world
lyes; 45

They learne lowe straines after the noates that
rise.

Ro. Good sir, be still yourselfe, and but
remember

How in this generall courtes of short-liu'd
pleasure,

The worlde, creation is the ample foode

That is digested in the mawe of tyme: 50

If man himselfe be subiect to such ruine,

How shall his garment, then, or the loose
pointes

That tye respect vnto his awefull place,

Audyde distruction? Moste honord father in
lawe,

The blood you haue bequeath'de these seuerall
hartes 55

To nourishe your posteritie, stands firme;

And, as with ioy you led vs first to risē,

So with like harts weele lock preferments eyes.

Moore. Close them not, then, with teares;
for that ostent

Giues a wett signall of your discontent. 60

If you will share my fortunes, comfort then;

An hundred smiles for one sigh: what! we
are men:

Resigne wett passion to these weaker eyes,

57 And Dyce: An NS.

Which prooues their sexe, but grauntes (it)
nere more wise.

Lets now suruaye our state. Heere sits my
wife, 65

And deare esteemed issue; yonder stand

My loouing seruants: now the difference

Twixt those and these. Now you shall heere
me speake

Like Moore in melanchollie. I conceiue that
nature

Hath sundrie mettalles, out of which she
frames 70

Vs mortalles, eche in valuation

Outprizing other: of the finest stuffe

The finest features come: the rest of earth,

Receiue base fortune euen before their birthe;

Hence slaues haue their creation; and I thinke

Nature prouides content for the base minde;

Vnder the whip, the burden, and the toyle, 77

Their lowe-wrought bodies drudge in patience;

As for the prince in all his sweet-gorgde mawe,

And his ranck fleshe, that kinfully renews

The noones excesse in the nights daungerous
surfeits. 81

What meanes or miserie from our birth dooth
flowe

Nature entitles to vs; that we owe:

But we, beeing subiect to the rack of hate,

Falling from happie life to bondage state, 85

Hauing seeme better dayes, now know the lack

Of glorie that once rearde eche high-fed back.

But (you), that in your age did nere viewe
better,

Challenge not fortune for your thriftlesse
debter.

Catesbie. Sir, we haue seene farre better
dayes then these. 90

Moore. I was the patrone of those dayes,
and knowe

Those were but painted dayes, only for showe.

Then greeue not you to fall with him that gaue
them:

Generosus seruit gloriosum morti. 94

Deare Gough, thou art my learned secretarie;

You, Master Catesbie, steward of my house;

The rest (like you) haue had fayre time to
growe

In sun-shine of my fortunes. But I must tell
ye,

Corruption is fled hence with eche mans office;

Bribes, that make open traffick twixt the soule

And netherland of hell, deliuer vp 101

Their guiltie homage to their second lordes.

64 It add. Dyce 68-89 This speech and all but the
first three lines of Moore's next speech deleted in MS. For
the revised version of this passage, cf. Appendix, pp. 419-
20 94 Deletion in MS. before Generosus

Then, living thus vntainted, you are well:
Truth is no pilot for the land of hell.

Enter a Seruant.

(Ser.) My lord, there are new lighted at the
gate 105

The Earles of Surrie (and) of Shrewesburie,
And they expect you in the inner courte.

Moore. Entreate their lordships come into
the hall. (Exit Ser.)

Lady. Oh, God, what newes with them?

Moore. Why, how now, wife! 110
They are but come to visite their olde freend.

Lady. Oh, God, I feare, I feare!

Moore. What shouldst thou feare, fond
woman?

*Justum, si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum
ferient ruinæ.*

Heere let me liue estraunge from great mens
lookes; 115

They are like golden flies on leaden hookes.

*Enter the Earles, Downes with his mace, and
Attendants*

Shrew. Good morrowe, good Sir Thomas.

[*Kinde salutations.*]

Sur. Good day, good madame.

Moore. Welcome, my good lordes.

What ayles your lordships looke so melan-
chollie? 120

Oh, I knowe; you liue in courte, and the
courte diett

Is only freend to phisick.

Sur. Oh, Sir Thomas,
Our wordes are now the kings, and our sad
lookes

The interest of your looue! We are sent to you
From our milde soueraigne, once more to
demaund 126

If youle subscribe vnto those articles
He sent ye th' other day: be well aduise;
For, on mine honor, lord, graue Doctor Fisher
Bishop of Rochester, at the selfe same instant
Attache with you, is sent vnto the Tower 131
For the like obstinacie: his maiestie
Hath only sent you prisoner to your house;
But, if you now refuse for to subscribe,
A stricter course will followe. 135

Lady. Oh, deare husband!

[*Kneeling and weeping.*]

Both Daugh. Deare father!

Moore. See, my lordes,

This partner and these subiects to my fleshe
Prooue rebelles to my conscience! But, my
good lordes, 140

If I refuse, must I vnto the Tower?

106 and add. Dyce

Shrew. You must, my lord; here is an
officer

Readie for to arrest you of high treason.

Lady and Daugh. Oh, God, oh, God!

Ro. Be patient, good madame. 145

Moore. I, Downes, ist thou? I once did
saue thy life,

When else by cruell riottous assaulte

Thou hadst bin torne in pieces: thou art
reseru'de

To be my sumner to yond spiritaall courte.

Giue me thy hand; good fellowe, smooth thy
face: 150

The diet that thou drinkst is spic'de with mace,
And I could nere abide it; twill not disgeest,
Twill lye too heauie, man, on my weake
brest.

Shrew. Be breefe, my lord, for we are
limited

Vnto an houre. 155

Moore. Vnto an houre! tis well:

The bell (earths thunder) soone shall toale my
knell.

Lady. Deare loouing husband, if you
respect not me,

Yet thinke vpon your daughters. [*Kneeling.*]

Moore. Wife, stand vp; I haue bethought
me, 160

And Ile now satisfye the kings good pleasure.

[*Pondering to himselfe.*]

Both Daugh. Oh, happie alteration!

Shrew. Come, then, subscribe, my lord.

Sur. I am right glad of this your fayre
conuersation.

Moore. Oh, pardon me! 165

I will subscribe to goe vnto the Tower

With all submissiue willingnes, and therto add
My bones to strengthen the foundation

Of Julius Cæsars pallace. Now, my lord,
Ile satisfye the king, euen with my blood; 170
Nor will I wrong your pacience.—Freend, doo
thine office.

Dow. Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chauncel-
lour of England, I arrest you in the kings name
of high treason.

Moore. Gramercies, freend. 175

To a great prison, to discharge the strife
Commenc'de twixte conscience and my frailer
life,

Moore now must marche. Chelsey, adiewe,
adiewe!

(Straunge farewell!) thou shalt nere more see
Moore true,

For I shall nere see thee more.—Seruautes,
farewell! 180

157 Drawn through with a pen in MS. 163 sub-
scribe Dyce: subscrible MS.

Wife, manne not thine indifferent face; be wise:

Moore's widd(ow's) husband, he must make thee rise.—

Daughters, . . . :—what's heere, what's heere?

Mine eye had almost parted with a teare.—

Deare sonne, possesse my vertue, that I nere gaue.— 185

Graue Moore thus lightly walkes to a quick graue. . .

Ro. Cuius leues loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Moore. You that way in; minde you my course in prayer:

By water I to prison, to heauen through ayre. *[Exeunt.]*

(ACT V.)

SCENE I.—The Tower Gate.)

Enter the Warders of the Tower, with halberds.

1. Ward. Hoe, make a garde therel . .

2. M(aiste)r Lieutenant giues a strait com-maund,

The people be auoyded from the bridge.

3. From whence is he committed, who can tell?

1. From Durham House, I heare. 5

2. The garde were waiting there an houre agoe.

3. If he stay long, heele not get neere the wharffe,

Ther's such a croude of boates vppon the Thames.

2. Well, be it spoken without offence to any,

A wiser or more vertuous gentleman 10
Was neuer bred in England.

3. I thinke, the poore will burie him in teares:

I neuer heard a man, since I was borne,
So generally bewaile of euery one.

Enter a Poore Woman.

What meanes this woman?—Whether doost thou presse? 15

1. This woman will be trod to death anon.

2. What makest thou heere?

Wo. To speake with that good man, Sir Thomas Moore.

2. To speake with him! hees not Lord Chauncellour.

Wo. The more 's the pittie, sir, if it please God. 20

182 widd(ow's) H 183 H suppl's be virtuous
Act V, etc. add. H 5 1. Dyce: 2. MS. 16 1. Dyce:
2. MS.

2. Therefore, if thou hast a petition to deliuer,

Thou mayst keepe it now, for any thing I knowe.

Wo. I am a poore woman, and haue had (God knowes)

A suite this two yeare in the Chauncerie;
And he hath all the euidence I haue, 25

Which should I loose, I am vitterly vndoone.

2. Faith, and I feare thoult hardly come by am now:

I am sorie for thee, euen with all my hart.

Enter the Lords with Sir Thomas Moore, and Attendants, and enter Lieutenant and Gentleman Porter.

Woman, stand back, you must auoyde this place; 29

The lords must passe this way into the Tower.

Moore. I thanke your lordships for your paines thus farre

To my strong house.

Wo. Now, good Sir Thomas Moore, for Christes deare sake,

Deliuier me my writings back againe

That doo concerne my title. 35

Moore. What, my olde client, are thou got hether too?

Poore sillie wretche, I must confesse indeed,

I had such writings as concerne thee neere;

But the king has tane the matter into his owne hand;

He has all I had: then, woman, sue to him; 40
I cannot help thee; thou must beare with me.

Wo. Ah, gentle hart, my soule for thee is sad!

Farewell the best freend that the poore ere had. *[exit woman.]*

Gent. Por. Before you enter through the Torgate,

Your vpper garment, sir, belongs to me. 45

Moore. Sir, you shall haue it; there it is.

[He giues him his cap.]

Gent. Por. The vpmoste on your back, sir; you mistake me.

Moore. Sir, now I understand ye very well:

But that you name my back,

Sure else my cap had bin the vppermoste. 50

Shrew. Farewell, kinde lord; God send vs merie meeting!

Moore. Amen, my lord.

Sur. Farewell, deare freend; I hope your safe returne.

Moore. My lord, and my deare fellowe in the Muses,

Farewell; farewell, moste noble poet. 55

54 moste. deleted in MS. before deare

Lieu. Adewe, mooste honord lords.

[*ex. Lords.*]

Moore. Fayre prison, welcome; yet, methinkes,

For thy fayre building tis too foule a name.
Many a guiltie soule, and many an innocent,
Haue breathde their farewell to thy hollowe
roomes. 60

I oft haue entred into thee this way;
Yet, I thanke God, nere with a clearer con-
science

Then at this houre:

This is my comforte yet, how hard soere 64
My lodging prooue, the crye of the poore suter,
Fatherlesse orphan, or distressed widdowe,
Shall not disturbe me in my quiet sleepe.
On, then, a Gods name, to our cloase aboad!
God is as strong heere as he is abroad. 69

[*Exeunt.*]

(SCENE II.—More's House.)

*Enter Butler, Brewer, Porter, and Horsekeeper
seuerall wayes.*

But. Robin brewer, how now, man! what
cheere, what cheere?

Brew. Faith, Ned butler, sick of thy disease;
and these our other fellowes heere, Rafe
horsekeeper and Gyles porter, sad, sad; they
say my lord goes to his triall to day. 6

Hors. To it, man! why, he is now at it,
God send him well to speed!

Por. Amen; euen as I wishe to mine owne
soule; so speed it with my honorable lord and
maister, Sir Thomas Moore. 11

But. I cannot tell, I haue nothing to doo
with matters aboue my capacitie; but, as
God iudge me, if I might speake my minde,
I thinke there liues not a more harmelesse
gentleman in the vniuersall worlde. 16

Brew. Nor a wiser, nor a merier, nor an
honester; goe too, Ile put that in vpon mine
owne knowledge.

Por. Nay, and ye hate him his due of his
housekeeping, hang ye all! ye haue many
Lord Chauncellours comes in debt at the
yeres end, and for very housekeeping. 23

Hors. Well, he was too good a lord for vs,
and therefore, I feare, God himselfe will take
him: but Ile be hangd, if euer I haue such an
other seruice.

Brew. Soft, man, we are not dischargde
yet; my lord may come home againe, and all
will be well. 30

But. I much mistrust it; when they goe to
rayning once, ther's euer foule weather for
a great while after. But soft; heere comes

Scene II, *add.* H 8 it deleted after send in MS.

M(aiste)r Gough and Maister Catesbie: now we
shall heare more. 35

Ent. Gough and Catesbie with a paper.

Hors. Before God, they are very sad; I
doubt my lord is condemnde.

Por. God blesse his soule! and a figge then
for all worldly condemnation. 39

Gough. Well said, Giles porter, I commend
thee for it;

Twas spoken like a well affected seruauento
Of him that was a kinde lord to vs all.

Cate. Which now no more he shall be; for,
deare fellowes,

Now we are maisterlesse, though he may
liue

So long as please the king: but lawe hath made
him 45

A dead man to the world, and giuen the axe
his head,

But his sweete soule to liue among the saintes.

Gough. Let vs entreat ye to goe call
together

The rest of your sad fellowes (by the roule
Y'are iust seauen score), and tell them what
ye heare 50

A vertuous honorable lord hath doone
Euen for the meanest follower that he had.

This writing found my ladie in his studie,
This instant morning, wherin is set downe

Eche seruauents name, according to his place
And office in the house: on euery man 56

He frankly hath bestowne twentie nobles,
The best and wurst together, all alike,

Which M(aiste)r Catesbie heere forth will
pay ye.

Cate. Take it as it is meante, a kinde remem-
braunce 60

Of a farre kinder lord, with whose sad fall
He giues vp house and farewell to vs all:

Thus the fayre spreading oake falles not alone,
But all the neighbour plants and vnder-trees

Are crusht downe with his weight. No more
of this: 65

Come, and receiue your due, and after goe
Fellow-like hence, copartners of one woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

" (SCENE III.—The Tower.)

*Enter Sir Thomas Moore, the Lieutenant, and
a Seruant attending, as in his chamber in
the Tower.*

Moore. M(aiste)r Lieutenant, is the warrant
come?

If it be so, a Gods name, let vs knowe it.

Lieu. My lord, it is.

Scene III, *add.* H 2 see deleted in MS, before knowe

- Moore.* Tis welcome, sir, to me with all my hart;
His blessed will be doone! 5
Lieu. Your wisdoms, sir, hath bin so well approu'de,
And your fayre pacience in imprisonment
Hath euer shewne such constancie of minde
And Christian resolution in all troubles,
As warrante vs you are not vnpreparde. 10
Moore. No, M(aiste)r Lieutenant;
I thanke my God, I haue peace of conscience,
Though the world and I are at a little oddes:
But weele be suen now, I hope, ere long.
When is the execution of your warrant? 15
Lieu. To morrow morning.
Moore. So, sir, I thanke ye;
I haue not liu'de so ill, I feare to dye.
M(aiste)r Lieutenant, I haue had a sore fitt of
the stone to night; but the king hath sent me
such a rare receipte, I thank him, as I shall
not need to feare it much. 22
Lieu. In life and death still merie? Sir
Thomas Moore?
Moore. Sirra fellowe, reache me the vrinnall:
[*Hee giues it him.*]
Hal! let me see (there's) grauell in the water;
(And yet I see no grave danger in that) 26
The man were likely to liue long enoughe,
So please the king.—Heere, fellowe, take it.
Ser. Shall I goe with it to the doctor, sir?
Moore. No, saue thy labour; weele cossen
him of a fee: 30
Thou shalt see me take a dramme to morrowe
morning,
Shall cure the stone, I warrant; doubt it not.—
M(aiste)r Lieutenant, what newes of my Lord
of Rochester?
Lieu. Yesterday morning was he put to
death.
Moore. The peace of soule sleepe with him!
He was a learned and a reuerend prelate, 36
And a riche man, beleue me.
Lieu. If he were riche, what is Sir Thomas
Moore,
That all this while hath bin Lord Chauncellour?
Moore. Say ye so, M(aiste)r Lieutenant?
what doo you thinke 40
A man, that with my time had held my place,
Might purchase?
Lieu. Perhaps, my lord, two thousand
pound a yeare.
Moore. M(aiste)r Lieutenant, I protest to
you,
I neuer had the meanes in all my life 45
To purchase one poore hundred pound a yeare:
25, 26 Bracketed words add. H: MS. illegible 39
Word deleted in MS. before Lord
- I thinke I am the poorest Chauncellour
That euer was in England, though I could
wishes,
For credit of the place, that my estate were
better.
Lieu. Its very straunge. 50
Moore. It will be found as true.
I thinke, sir, that with moste parte of my
coyne
I haue purchased as straunge commodities
As euer you heard tell of in your life.
Lieu. Commodities, my lord! 55
Might I (without offence) enquire of them?
Moore. Croutches, M(aiste)r Lieutenant,
and bare cloakes;
For halting soldiours and poore needie schollers
Haue had my gettings in the Chauncerie:
To thinke but what a cheate the crowne shall
haue 60
By my attaindour! I prethee, if thou beest
a gentleman,
Get but a copie of my inuentorie.
That parte of poett that was giuen me
Made me a very vnthriff;
For this is the disease attends vs all, 65
Poets were neuer thrifitie, neuer shall.
- Enter Lady Moore mourning, Daughters,
M(aiste)r Roper.*
Lieu. Oh, noble Moore!—
My lord, your wife, your sonne in lawe, and
daughters.
Moore. Sonne Roper, welcome;—welcome,
wife, and girles. 69
Why doo you weepe? because I liue at ease?
Did you not see, when I was Chauncellour,
I was so clogde with suters euery houre,
I could not sleepe, nor dine, nor suppe in
quiet?
Heer's none of this; heere I can sit and talke
With my honest keeper halfe a day together,
Laugh and be merle: why, then, should you
weepe? 76
Ro. These teares, my lord, for this your long
restraint
Hope had dried vp, with comfort that we yet,
Although imprisond, might haue had your life.
Moore. To liue in prison, what a life were
that! 80
The king (I thanke him) looses me more then
so.
To morrowe I shall be at libertie
To goe euen whether I can,
After I haue dispatche my busines.
Lady. Ah, husband, husband, yet submit
yourselfe! 85
Haue care of your poore wife and children.

Moore. Wife, so I haue; and I doo leaue you all
To his protection hath the power to keepe you
Safer then I can.—
The father of the widdowe and the orphan.

Ro. The world, my lord, hath euer held you wise;
And't shall be no distaste vnto your wisdomes,
To yeeld to the oppinion of the state.

Moore. I haue deceiue mysselfe, I must acknowledge;

And, as you say, sonne Roper, to confesse the same,

It will be no disparagement at all.

Lady. His highnesse shall be certified therof
[Offering to departe.
Immediately.

Moore. Nay, heare me, wife; first let me tell ye how:

I thought to haue had a barber for my beard;
Now, I remember, that were labour lost, 101
The headsman now shall cut off head and all.

Ro. Wife. Father, his maiestie, vppon your meeke submission,

Will yet (they say) receiue you to his grace
In as great credit as you were before. 105

Moore. Has appoynted me to doo a little busines.
If that were past, my girle, thou then shouldst see

What I would say to him about that matter;
But I shall be so busie vntill then, 110
I shall not tend it.

Daugh. Ah, my deare father!
Lady. Deare lord and husband!

Moore. Be comforted, good wife, to liue and loue my children;

For with thee leaue I all my care of them.—
Sonne Roper, for my sake that haue loue'de thee well, 116

And for her vertues sake, cherishe my childe.—
Girle, be not proude, but of thy husbands loue;

Euer retaine thy vertuous modestie;
That modestie is such a comely garment 120
As it is neuer out of fashion, sits as faire

Vppon the meaner woman as the empress;
No stuffe that golde can buye is halfe so riche,

Nor ornament that so becomes a woman.
Liue all and loue together, and therby 125
You giue your father a riche obsequye.

Both Daugh. Your blessing, deare father.

100 had *deleted before* thought in *MS.* 106 Nay,
He, whom I've tried faithfully to serve, *add. H: MS.*

illegible 121 fashion] fashis *MS.* sits *MS.*: sits
Dyce

Moore. I must be gon—God blesse you!—
To talke with God, who now dooth call.

Lady. A, my deare husband! 130
Moore. Sweet wife, good night, good night:
God send vs all his euerlasting light!

Ro. I thinke, before this houre,
More heauie harts nere parted in the Tower.
[Exeunt.

(SCENE IV.—Tower Hill.)
Enter the Sherffes of London and their Officers at one doore, the Warders with their halberds at another.

2 *Sher.* Officers, what time of day ist?
Of. Almoste eight a clock.

2 *Sher.* We must make (haste) then, least we stay to long.
2 *Ward.* Good morrowe, M(aiste)r Shreues of London; M(aiste)r Lieutenant Willes ye repaire to the limits of the Tower, 5
There to receiue your prisoner!

1 *Sher.* Goe back, and tell his woorship we are readie.
2 *Sher.* Goe bid the officers make cleare the way,
There may be passage for the prisoner.

Enter Lieutenant and his Guard, with Moore.

Moore. Yet, God be thanked, heer's a faire day toward, 11
To take our iourney in. M(aiste)r Lieutenant, It were faire walking on the Tower leades.

Lieu. And so it might haue likte my soueraigne lord,
I would to God you might haue walkte there still! [He weepes.

Moore. Sir, we are walking to a better place.
Oh, sir, your kinde and louing teares 16
Are like sweete odours to embalme your freend!

Thanke your good lady; since I was your guest,
She has made me a very wanton, in good sooth.

Lieu. Oh, I had hopte we should not yet haue parted! 20
Moore. But I must leaue ye for a little while:
Within an houre or two you may looke for me;

But there will be so many come to see me,
That I shall be so proude, I will not speake;
And, sure, my memorie is growne so ill, 25
I feare I shall forget my head behinde me.

Lieu. God and his blessed angelles be about ye!—

Scene IV. *etc.* *add. H* 3 *haste add. Dyce* 7 1 *Sher.*
add. Dyce; 2 *Sher. MS.* 10 *heer's Dyce*: *hee's MS.*

Heere, M(aiste)r Shreeues, receiue your prisoner.

Moore. Good morrowe, M(aiste)r Shreeues of London, to ye bothe:

I thanke ye, that ye will vouchsafe to meete me; 30

I see by this you haue not quite forgot That I was in times past, as you are now, A sheriffe of London.

2 Sher. Sir, then you knowe our dutie dooth require it.

Moore. I knowe it well, sir, else I would haue bin glad 35

Yp might haue sau'de a labour at this time.

Ah, M(aiste)r Sheriffe, you and I haue bin of olde acquaintaunce! you were a pacient auditor of mine, when I read the dimittie lecture at St. Laurences. 40

2 Sher. Sir Thomas Moore, I haue heard you oft,

As many other did, to our great comforte. *

Moore. Pray Gd, you may so now, with all my hart!

And, as I call to minde, 44

When I studyed the lawe in Lincolnes Inne, I was of counsell with ye in a cause.

2 Sher. I was about to say so, good Sir Thomas.

Moore. Oh, is this the place?

I promise ye, it is a goodly scaffold: 50

In sooth, I am come about a headlesse arrand, For I haue not much to say, now I am heere.

Well, let's ascend, a Gods name: In troth, me thinkes, your stayre is somewhat weake;

I prethee, honest freend, lend me thy hand 55 To help me vp; as for my comming downe, Let me alone, Ile looke to that myselfe.

[As he is going vp the stayres, enters the Earles of Surrye and Shrewsburie.

My Lords of Surrey and of Shrewesburie, giue me your hands. Yet before we . . . ye see, though it pleaseth the king to raise me thus high, yet I am not p(roud), for the higher I mounte, the better I can see my freends about me. I am now (on a) farre voyage, and this straunge wooden horse must beare me thether; yet (I) perceiue by your lookes you like my bargaine so ill, that ther's not one of ye all dare venter with me. Truly, heere a moste sweet gallerie; [Walking] I like the ayre of it better then my garden at Chelsey. By your patience, good people, that haue

preest thus into my bedchamber, if youle not trouble me, Ile take a sound sleepe heere. 72
Shrew. My lord, twere good you'd publishe to the worlde

Your great offence vnto his maiestie.

Moore. My lord, Ile bequeathe this legacie to the hangman, [Giues him his gowne] and doo it instantly. I confesse, his maiestie hath bin euer good to me; and my offence to his highnesse makes me of a state pleader a stage player (though I am olde, and haue a bad voyce), to act this last scene of my tragedie. Ile send him (for my trespasse) a reuerend head, somewhat balde; for it is not requisite any ahead should stand couerd to so high maiestie: if that content him not, because I thinke my bodie will then do me small pleasure, let him but burie it, and take it. 87

Sur. My lord, my lord, holde conference with your soule;

You see, my lord, the time of life is short.

Moore. I see it, my good lord; I dispatche that busines the last night. I come hether only to be let blood; my doctor heere telles me it is good for the headache. 93

Hang. I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me!

* Moore. Forgiue thee, honest fellow! why?

Hang. For your death, my lord.

Moore. O, my death? I had rather it were in thy power to forgiue me, for thou hast the sharpest action against me; the lawe, my honest freend, lyes in thy hands now: hers thy fee [His purse]; and, my good fellowe, let my suite be dispatche presently; for tis all one payne, to dye a lingering death, and to lue in the continuall mill of a lawe suite. But I can tell thee, my neck is so short, that, if thou shouldst behead an hundred noblemen like myselfe, thou wouldst nere get credit by it; therefore (looke ye, sir), doo it hansomely, or, of my woord, thou shalt neuer deale with me heerafter. 110

Hang. Ile take an order for that, my lord.

Moore. One thing more; take heed thou cutst not off my beard: oh, I forgot; execution past vpon that last night, and the bodie of it lies buried in the Tower.—Stay; ist not possible to make a scape from all this strong guard? it is. 117

There is a thing within me, that will raise And eleuate my better parte boue sight Of these same weaker eyes: and, M(aiste)r

Shreeues, 120
For all this troupe of steale that tends my death,

48 MS. illegible
61 p(roud) Dyce
ceiue Dyce

59 mount add. H: MS. illegible
63 on a add. Dyce

65 (I per-
ceiue Dyce

79 highnesse substituted for a deleted word, probably
maiestie 115 ff. For earlier version of this passage
cf. Appendix

I shall breake from you, and flye vp to heauen.
Lets seeke the meanes for this.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye, put off your
doublet.

Moore. Speake not so coldely to me; I am
hoarse alreadie; 125

I would be lothe, good fellowe, to take more.
Point me the block; I nere was heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte

We goe to sigh; that ore, to sleepe in rest. 130
Heere Moore forsakes all mirth; good reason
why;

The foole of fleshe must with her fraile life
dye.

No eye salute my trunck with a sad teare:
Our birthe to heauen should be thus, voide of
feare. [*Exit (with Hangman, &c.)*]

Sur. A very learned woorthie gentleman
Seales errour with his blood. Come, wee to
courte. 136

Lets sadly hence to perfect vnkowne fates,
Whilste he tends prograce to the state of
states.

FINIS.

APPENDIX TO SIR THOMAS MORE

FIRST DRAFT OF III. ii. 23 ff.

*A table beeing couered with a
greene carpet, a state cushion on
it, and the Purse and Mace lying
thereon, enter Sir Thomas Moore,
and his man Randall with him,
attired like him.*

Moore. Come on, sir: are you readie?

Ran. Yes, my lord, I stand but vpon a
fewe pointes; I shall haue doone presently. Is
it your honors pleasure that I should growe
proude now? 5

Moore. I, I must haue thee proude, or else
thou'lt nere

Be neere allyed to greatnesse. Obserue me, sir.
The learned clarke Erasmus is arriu'd
Within our Englishe courte: this day, I
heare, 9

He feasteth with an Englishe honoured poett,
The Earle of Surrey; and I knowe this night
The famous clarke of Roterdame will visite
Sir Thomas Moore. Therefore, sir, acting
parte,

There take my place, furnisht with purse and
mace:

He see if great Erasmus can distinguishe 15
Merit and outward ceremonie. Obserue me,
sirra:

He be thy glasse, dresse thy behauiour
According to my cariage; but beware
Thou talke not ouermuch, for twill betray
thee:

Who prates not oft seemes wise; his witt fewe
scan, 20

Whilste the tounge blabs tales of th' imperfect
man.

¹ This . . written *add. Tylney.*

Ran. I conceiue your lordship, and haue
learnde your shift
So well that I must needes be apprehensiu.

[*The waites playes within.*]

Moore. This musique telles vs that the earle
is come

With learnde Erasmus. Now, my Lord Chaun-
cellour— 25

The rest is pasted over.

FIRST DRAFT OF III. ii. 91 ff.

Mo thinks this straunge and ruffinlike dis-
guise

Fits not the follower of a secretarie.

Faulk. My lord, I weare my haire vpon
a vow.

Shrew. But for no penaunce of your sinnes,
I feare. 5

Sur. No, hees no haire-clothman, though
he weare haire.

Moore. Faulkener, how long ist since you
cutt your locks?

Faulk. Three yeares, my lord.

Moore. How long wilt be before your'vow
expire?

Faulk. As many yeares as since my haire
was cut. 11

Moore. Sure, vowes are holy things, if they
be made

To good intent; and, sir, you shall not
say,

You were compelde by me to breake your
vowe;

But till the expiration of the same, 15

Because I will not haue ye walke the streetes
For euery laan to stand and wunder at,
I will committ ye prisoner vnto Newgate,

Except meape time your conscience giue you
leau

To dispense with the long vow that you haue
made.— 20

Away with him!

Sur. A cell moste meete for such a votarie.

Faulk. Well, sir, and I may perhaps be
hailde er't be long, and yet weare my haire.

[They lead him out.]

Moore. And, M(aiste)r Sheriff of London,
Heere in his highnesse name we giue you
charge 26

Continuall watche be kept throughout the
cittie,

For the suppressing of these mutinies;

And, if hereafter any that belong

Either to my Bord of Winchester or Elie 30

Doo come into your cittie with a weapon,

Or aboue two of either faction

Shall be seene walking in the streetes together,

Or meete in Gaerne or in ordinarie,

They be committed presently to prison. 35

• *Sur.* And cause to be proclaind about the
cittie,

That no man whatsoever, that belongs

Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,

Doo walke without the liuerie of his lord,

Either in cloke or any other garment, 40

That notice may be taken of the offenders.

*Enter M(aiste)r Morris, and ex. Sheriff
and the rest.*

Moris. God saue your honor, my Lord
Chauncellour!

Moor. Welcome, M(aiste)r Morris: what
newes, sir?

Moris. I come moste humbly to entreate
your honor

In the behalfe of a poore man of mine. 45

Moore. What! the votarie that will not cut
his haire,

Vntill the expiration of his vow?

Moris. My lord, beeing sorie for his rude
• behaiour,

He hath cut his haire, and dooth cohfirme
himselfe

• • • • • in his attire. 50

The rest is pasted over.

FIRST DRAFT OF IV. i. 330 ff.

[More.] Lord Maier and ladies, and the
rest, be patiente;

The state hath sent, and I must nedes be
gone:

But froliouque on.—Lead on theare.—What
seekst thou, fellow?

[Wil.] Your lordship sent vs 8 angills by

your man, and I haue loste one heare amongst
the rishes. 6

[More.] 8 angills! whoo dilliuerd yt? I sent
them ten.

[S. Man.] I, my lord, dilliuerd yt: anon they
shall haue too more.

[Wil.] Thats more then we hard before, my
lord.

[More.] Am I a man of righte and equetie,
Equallie to deuide true righte his owne, 11

And shall I haue diseauers in my house?—

Goe pull the cote ouer the varlets eares:

Ther ar too many such; ile make them fuer
by one.

Giue them ther dewe. Lead one, awaye.—

Come, fellows, goe with me. 16

LATER DRAFT OF IV. v. 68 ff.

Moore. Now will I speake like man in
melancholy;

For, if greefes power could with her sharpest
darts

Pierce my firme bosome, heres sufficient cause
To take my farewell of mirths hurtles lawes.

Poore humbled lady, thou that wert of late 5

Placde with the noblest women of the land,

Invited to their angell companies,

Seeming a bright starre in the courtly sphere,

Why shouldst thou, like a widow, sit thus low,

And all thy faire consorts mooue from the
clouds 10

That ouerdreep thy beautie and thy worth?

Ile tell thee the true cause: the court, like
Heauen,

Examines not the anger of the prince,

And being more fraile, composes of guilded
earth,

Shines vpon them on whom the king doth
shine, 15

Smiles if he smile, declines if he decline;

Yet, seeing both are mortall, court and king,

Shed not one teare for any earthly thing;

For, so God pardon me, in my saddest hower

Thou hast no more occasion to lament, 20

Nor these, nor those, my exile from the court,

No, nor this bodyes tortur, wert impose,

(As commonly disgraces of great men

Are the forewarnings of a hastie death.)

Than to behold me after many a toyle 25

Honord with endlesse rest. Perchance the
king,

Seeing the court is full of vanitie,

8 heauen of deleted before courtly 10 shun de-
leted before mooue 13 kinge deleted before prince

15 king substituted for original prince 19 in in-
serted above the line. The metre would be better without

it. 21 my mortall d deleted after these, nor 26

Beleeue me deleted before Than

APPENDIX TO SIR THOMAS MORE

Has pittie least our soules shuld be misled,
And sends vs to a life contemplatiue.

O happy banishment from worldly pride, 30
When soules by priuate life are sanctified!

Wife. O, but I feare some plot against your
life!

Moore. Why, then, tis thus; the king, of his
high grace,

Seeing my faithfull seruice to his state,
Intends to send me to the King of Heauen 35
For a rich present; where my soule shall proue
A true remembrer of his majestie.

Come, prethee, mourne not: the worst chance
is death,

And that brings endlesse joy for fickle breath.

Wife. Ah, but your children! 40

Moore. Tush, let them alone:

Say they be stript from this poore painted
cloth,

This outside of the earth, left houselesse, bare,
They haue mindes instructed how to gather
more; 44

Theres no man thats ingenuous can be poore:
And therefore doo not weep, my little ones,
Though you loose all the earth; keep your
soules euen,

And you shall finde inheritance in heauen. 48
But for my seruants, theres my cheefest care.
Come hether, faithfull steward: be not greuede
That in thy person I discharge both thee
And all thy other fellow officers,
For my great master hath discharged mee.

If thou by seruing me hast suffred losse,
Then benefit thyselfe by leauing mee. 55

36 if soules deleted after where 38, since deleted
after mourne 39 An illegible word originally written
for brings 43 what have they deleted before
left 47 all deleted before you 50 In you I deleted
before Come 53 After this line the following line
has been deleted: So for the rest my Gentlemen and y.

I hope thou hast not; for such times as
these

Bring gaine to officers, whoeuer leese:
Great lords haue onely name; but, in the fall,

Lord Spend-all's stuart's master, gathers all.
But I suspect not thee: admit thou hast, 60

Its good the seruants saue when masters wast.
But you, poore gentlemen, that had no place

T'inrich yourselfes but by loathd briberie,
Which I abhord, and neuer found you loud;

Thinke, when an oake falls, vnderwood shrinkes
downe, 65

And yet may liue, though brusd: I pray ye,
strue "

To shun my ruin; for the ax is set
Euen & my root, to fell me to the ground:

The best I can doe to prefer you all
With my meane store, expect; for Heauen can
tell 70

That Moore loues all his followers more-than
well.

FIRST DRAFT OF V: iv. 115 ff.

Come, let's to the block.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye, put off your
doublet.

Moore. No, my good freend, I haue a great
colde already, and I would be lothe to take
more. Point me meete the block, for I was
nere heere before.

Hang. To the east side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the east:

We goe to sighe; that ore, to sleep in rest.
No eye salute my trunck with a sad teare:

Our birth to heauen should be thus, voyde of
feare. [Exit.

58 the] their originally: last two letters deleted
59 Sir [?] deleted before Lord 69 is [?] deleted after
all

NOTES

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

ACT I

50. *as securely*: WP explain, 'as if thou wert quite secure,' which may be the meaning; but cf. *as unsuspected*, II. ii. 212, and Abbott, *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 115.

60. *Oujdlite*: cf. Amor. Bk. I. 13. The Elegies of Ovid had been translated by Marlowe.

* 121. *thou wert* is here to be read as one syllable. Such slurring is very common in this play. Cf. in the first Act: *you are* 146; *here is* 148; *Ales* 206, 508, 577, 591; *leave it* 247.

158. The pause in this line takes the place of one syllable. Cf. line 474, &c.

174. *Bolton*: this, according to Donne, is, 'Boughton, looking down on Canterbury.' Jacob's conjecture *Bocton* may well be correct. This Boughton, or Bocton, is the *Boughton, vnder Blee* mentioned by Chaucer at the beginning of the *Canon's Yeoman's Prologue*.

178. After this line Tyrrell inserts: *Scene II. Before Arden's House. Enter Alice from the House, meeting Mosbie.*

182. *daies*: adverbial genitive of time. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. v. 12, 'Tis but early days. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Day* 1. b, and Kellner, *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, § 185.

226. *for* = 'to prevent'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *For* 23. d.

244. A so-called nine-syllable line; the first foot consists of *Feare* alone. Cf. III. ii. 7, &c.

279. *makes*: this M.E. northern present plural in -s occurs repeatedly in Elizabethan literature. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* §§ 332, 333.

313. *statute*: '37 Edward III. c. 9,' Bullen.

314. *that I doo*: for the very common omission of the relative in such cases cf. Kellner, l. c. § 109; Abbott, § 244.

361. After this line Tyrrell inserts: *Scene III. Room in Arden's House, as before. Enter Arden, Franklin, Mosbie, Michael, and Alice.*

384. *Methridate*: a general antidote against poison, &c. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Mithridate*.

427. *populos*: in the introduction *to his edition of *The Birth of Merlin* (Vorrede xvii. note) Delius retracts his conjecture of *palpable* for *populos*, quoting Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, ed. Dyce, vol. II, p. 261:

he I plead for
Has power to make your beauty populos.

524. *wager* seems to have here the meaning 'pay wages to'. *Wage* is frequently used in this sense.

539. Tyrrell begins Act II with this line.

545. *faire* is here to be pronounced in two syllables. Such lengthenings are very frequent with words containing liquids or nasals. Some-

times the difference in the number of syllables is indicated by the spelling, as in *coystered*, III. ii. 59, beside *coistrell*, III. ii. 41.

ACT II

i. 58. *all to torne*: 'torn to pieces'. The O.E. prefix *to-* corresponds in such cases to *zer-* in N.H.G. *zerissen*. Cf. Sweet, *New Eng. Grammar*, § 1579; Abbott, § 436.

66. *Tapsters head of the Lyon* = 'head of the tapster of the Lion'; cf. *Mucedorus the kings sonne of Valentia*. For the idiom see Kellner, § 469.

ii. 53. *ould*: great; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Old* a. 6. 127. *what*: something; the O.E. indefinite *hwæt*.

200. Read: *choll'r makes me's drye's a dog.*

ACT III

i. 5. *couch* = cause to germinate; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Couch* v. 1. 5. This line, which has never been properly explained, appears to mean that scandal mongers nourish the unripe buds of dishonour, as fast as they appear, till they sprout and grow.

73. *bolstred*: 'propped up', hence 'erect'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Bolstered*.

ii. 19. *buges*: 'bugbears'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Bug* sb. 1.

47. *cockshut light*: 'twilight'; cf. N.E.D.

iii. 9. *whistly*: 'silently'; cf. Nares, *Glossary*.

13. *ill thewed*: 'evil-natured'. *Thews* referred originally to mental and moral qualities. Cf. Skeat, *Etymological Dict.* Nares quotes Spenser's 'rude, and thewed ill', *F. Q. Bk. II. vi. 26*.

46. *companye* is to be pronounced in two syllables.

iv. 21. *nor* = 'than'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Nor* conj. 1.

v. 17. *stary*: no satisfactory meaning or etymology for this word has been discovered, but the proposed emendation *stirry* is a very doubtful improvement.

24. *erre*: 'plough'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Ear* v. 1.

51. *pathaires*: "Pathaire" I take to be some special form of "petarre", i.e. "petard", probably used in the metaphorical sense of 'passionate outburst.' Gollancz, *Lamb's Specimens*, i. i. 297. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Pathaire*. The proposed emendations of Delius have nothing to support them.

vi. 9. *dagge*: 'pistol'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Dag* sb. 1.

70. *brooke with*: 'agree with'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Brook* v. 3. b.

ACT IV

i. 3. *pace*: 'course', 'path'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Pace* sb. 1. 4. b.

61. *lordaine*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Lurdan*.

NOTES

108. *can asunder*: some such word as *drive* is, of course, omitted. WP strangely regard *asunder* as a verb.

ACT V

i. 24. *natches of his tales*: 'notches off his tallies'. Without the tallies the clerk would be unable to reckon his accounts or recover his debts.

78. *arming*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Arming* 1. b.

86. *Patient*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Patient* vb.

243. *for*: cf. note to i. 226.

LOCRINE

ACT I

i. 29. *strangle*: there seems no need of emendation, though I have been unable to find unexceptionable authority for *strangle* in the sense of *struggle*.

80. *Izions overdaring sonne* is, of course, Peirithous, the story of whose imprisonment in Hades is well known. There seems no reason, metrical or logical, for the word *his* in this line, and we should perhaps, like Malone, omit it altogether.

170. *America*: it is hardly necessary to remark on the anachronisms in which this play particularly abounds.

ii. 21. *Asse Tom*: Steevens suggests that *Acteon* is meant.

79. *pigsney*: 'darling'; cf. N.E.D. and *Roister Doister* (ed. Manly), i. iv. 42, iii. iv. 32.

106. *capcase*: 'hand-bag'; cf. N.E.D.

ACT II

ii. 71. *gogs blew hood*: a euphemism, according to Malone, for *God's blood*.

iv. 1. *coronet*: 'company of cavalry'. The proper spelling is *cornet*. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Cornet* sb.² 4.

21. *wreake* = 'reck'.

v. The numbering of scenes in Q in the last part of this act is extraordinarily careless.

46-62. A striking illustration of the hold which the ideas of travel and exploration had on the Elizabethan imagination:

ACT III

i. 43-57. These three speeches are an instance of the tendency of the early dramatists to linger over one idea, giving it expression in several aspects from the mouths of different characters. It is a lyrical trait which finds its superlative illustration in the Lorenzo-Jessica speeches of *The Merchant of Venice* (v. i. 1-24).

54. Malone points out that Niobe was queen of Thebes, not Athens, and suggests *Amphion's*, but in this case the adjective *laire* would have

mythology is surely not too great for the author of *Lochrine*.

iii. 5. *by my dorth* = 'by my troth'.

iv. 52. *detract*: 'avoid'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Detract* 7.

ACT IV

i. 28-43. An ebullition of national feeling inspired doubtless by the Armada. Cf. *Richard II*, ii. i. 40 ff.

46-75. Five six-line stanzas, rhyming a, b, a, b, c, c. Tieck (*Alt-Eng. Theater*, vol. ii, Introduction) asserts that they are distinctly reminiscent of *Venus and Adonis*, and that they alone would prove the genuineness of the drama!

51. *platforme*: 'model'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Platform* sb. 3.

91-102. The lines form two almost regular stanzas such as those in ll. 46-75.

iv. 6. *pillowbeares*: 'pillow-cases'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Pillow-bere*.

ACT V

ii. 40. *reclames*: 'answer back'.

iv. 49. *feer*: 'mate'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Feres* sb.¹ 1.

236. *mastie*: 'mastiff'; cf. N.E.D.

269. *eight and thirtie yeares*: Elizabeth entered upon the thirty-eighth year of her reign in November 1595, the year in which *Lochrine* was published. As the tragedy was registered, however, on July 20, 1594, we must assume either that the poet exaggerated the length of the reign by a couple of years or, as is more probable, that these concluding lines were added for some court performance in 1595. Cf. Introduction.

EDWARD III

ACT I

i. 98. *case*: 'skin'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Case* sb.² 4.

ii. 25. *Rods*: 'inroads'; cf. Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.* s. v. *Road*, 4.

29. *Iacks of Gynould mayle*: 'shirts of ringed mail'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Jack* sb.² 1. b and *Gim-mal* 6.

123. *niggard*: 'supply sparingly'; cf. Schmidt s. v. *Niggard* v. 2.

125. *neare*: the old comparative. Cf. Sweet, *New Eng. Gram.*, § 1048.

131-4. For a parallel conceit cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. i. 77 ff.

160. *host*: 'lodge'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Host* v.² 2.

ACT II

i. 4. *racke*: 'drive before the wind'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Rack* v.¹ 1.

57. *beauties Queene* is, of course, Venus, the idea being that the countless out-queens the goddess in her own dominion. WP's emendation

68. The editor of the Temple edition would substitute *Tokening for Talking*; certainly a very bad and needless alteration.

83. The relative *Which* is to be supplied before *Contains*. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* § 244. Capell's bad emendation in 82, in which he has been followed by modern editors, is due to his failure to note the omission of the relative.

134. *Hers* = Her bewtie: *myne* = my affection. Cf. preceding line.

236-9. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 43-50.

303. *peise*: 'weigh down'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Peise* v. 4.

414. *inuerd*: 'enviored', 'besieged'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Envire*.

* 426. *shame for shame*: the editor of the Temple edition proposes to read *shame for sin*, which, though plausible, is unnecessary.

439. *carpon* . . . *kisse*: cf. *Good kissing carrion*, *Hamlet*, II. ii. 181.

451. It has often been pointed out that this is the last line of Shakespeare's 94th Sonnet. The only safe inference from the coincidence seems to be that the author of our play had seen the sonnets in MS. Cf. Meres' allusion to Shakespeare's 'sugred Sonnets among his private friends', *Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

ii. 50. *shipskin*: for the spelling *ship* = 'sheep', cf. *Mucedorus*, II. iv. 67, *shipstickes*.

68. *sweetest*: Swinburne conjectures *swift'st*.

82. *cloke it selfe on*: 'excuse itself with the pretence of'. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Cloak* v. 2.

92. The emendations of Capell seem inevitable.

99, 100. Capell's omission of *not* in 99 is hardly to be justified. There are really two questions loosely connected: 1. Shall not I, who go to conquer kings, subdue myself? 2. Shall I by failing to subdue myself be my enemies' friend?

102. *sweete*: 'sweeten'.

116. *varieties*: rarities; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Rariety*.

136. *I will* = that I will.

142. *louing*: 'beloved'; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 372.

147. A nine-syllable line, *So* forming the first foot; cf. III. iii. 137.

167. *packing*: 'deceptive', 'underhand'; cf. N.E.D. *Pack* v. 2.

185-7. The allusion seems to be particularly to Shakespeare's poem. Heywood's play, *The Rape of Lucrece*, was first printed 1606.

ACT III

i. 52. *gaine*: the reading of Q1 *game* can perhaps be justified; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Game* sb. 7.

58. *Bayardlike*: *bayard* was originally a bay horse, then a slang term for any horse; cf. N.E.D.

77. *titely*: 'ably, adroitly, soundly'; cf. Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.* s. v. *Tightly*.

148, 149. *Admirall*: 'flagship'.

iii. 1. *guide*: 'guidance'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Guide* sb. 11.

38, 39. There is no need for Capell's sweeping change, which all succeeding editors have adopted. Some such verb as *were* or *stood* is to be supplied in 39. The punctuation is that of the present editor, as that of the Qq makes nonsense.

161. *resty*: 'stiff with too much rest'; cf. *Cymbeline*, III. vi. 34, and Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.*

224. *manage*: 'conduct', 'management'; cf. Schmidt.

v. 37. Capell's conjecture, *breathe for breaketh*, is clever but unnecessary. The meaning of the passage as it stands is that, if the prince escape after this seasoning of his courage, even a life as long as Nestor's will not cause him to outlive his fame. *That* is a conjunction, depending on *thos* (= such) in 36.

58. The editor of the Temple edition would like to read *clang* or *clangour for charge*, and *sound for loud*, but the change is too sweeping, and the original is far from unintelligible, though a little obscure.

75. *Whose thousands*: Capell's emendation makes sense of the nonsense of the Qq, but is not thoroughly convincing.

82. *recorde*: 'call to mind'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Record* v. 4. This is somewhat nearer the 'ductus litterarum' of the Quarto reading than Capell's *remember*.

ACT IV

i. 14. *at*: the editor of the Temple edition quotes, in support of the Quarto reading *to*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. i. 35; but this is not a parallel case, for *to* follows *purposeth*, a verb implying motion.

16. *That?* the Quarto reading *Yet* may arise from *Yt* (= That) in the author's MS.

iv. 2. *to die*: the indefinite infinitive; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 356. The sense of the passage is: 'We have no comfort except that in dying we pay bitter earnest for a sweeter life to come.'

44, 45. *and . . . power*: 'and call it only a single whole'; this clause is parenthetical. Before *Easily* we must supply *is*.

75. *Bryttish*: 'relating to Brittany'.

99. *carping*: 'prating'; cf. N.E.D.

134. *inch-wise*: 'inch by inch'.

ix. 40. *Should*: 'Should she'. The subject, being easily understood, has been omitted. The Temple editor suggests that a line has been lost after 45.

ACT V

34. There is a break in the thought before this line. The idea is: What we assert is true, or may, &c.

97. *Brittaine*: 'Brittany'.

MUCEDORUS

Dramatis Personae. Eight persons may easily play it. From these words we may infer that

the comedy was destined by the publishers particularly for companies of humble pretensions, such as that which performed it at Witney in 1653. Cf. Introduction.

Induction, 15. *Bellonas*: we should expect rather the name of Thalia, muse of comedy, but the error is doubtless that of the author.

54 ff. According to tradition, the accident at Witney occurred while these ominous words were being spoken. Cf. Introduction.

68. *I force it not*: 'I reckon not of it'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Force* v. 14.

79. *proue to*: 'turn to'. *their* refers to the actors; cf. l. 71.

ACT I

iv. 2. *as then*: 'then'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *As* 34.

67, 68. *you know no bodie, and you knowe not mee*: a proverbial saying; cf. Heywood's play, *If you Know not Me, you Know Nobody*, 1605.

ACT II

i. 16. *alowe of*: 'approve of'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Allow* v. 2. b.

iv. 68. *shipstickes*: 'sheepsticks', 'hurdles'.

ACT III

i. 93. *No longer loue*: 'When I no longer love'.

iii. 49. *say*: 'essay', 'try'; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 400.

iv. 4. *a world*: 'a wonder'. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. v. 38; *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. j. 305; and Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.*

ACT IV

i. 6. *are* agrees with the predicate *embers*.

8. *sight*: 'quality of being seen'.

25. *what*: 'that of which'.

iii. 3. The probable meaning of this difficult line is: 'I consider the gloomy character of the woods to be in keeping with Bremono's cruelty.' *like* is an adjective. The entire speech is an aside.

18, 19. *loue should limit life*, &c.: the meaning seems to be, 'Love should put an end to life rather than be made a murderer of the loved object.' *him selfe* refers to *loue*, personified in the beloved person.

87. *Waying*: 'considering', 'contrasting'. Tyrrell's explanation, *abandoning*, is obviously a guess.

99. *or fight or els*: 'either fight or else'. c

ACT V

i. 170. The change of *it to her* is not necessary. The antecedent of *it* is *kingdome* in 169. Segasto is thinking rather of the kingdom he might have inherited through Amadine than of the lady herself.

173. *barnes doore* appears to have been used as an epithet for a lubberly, spiritless rustic;

it is applied here, of course, to Segasto. Mouse's local pride is hurt that one born within his father's constabulary dominion should bear himself so meanly.

ii. 51. *farre*: 'far-fetched', 'remote'.

69. *his onely*: 'of him alone', *his* being here the true genitive singular of the personal pronoun.

98. *Prepared welcomes*: 'welcomes already prepared', alluding to the wish just expressed in 92, 93.

Epilogue. The two versions of the Epilogue with their fulsome praise of Elizabeth and James respectively furnish a somewhat melancholy illustration of the dependence of the players on court patronage. The later version is of particular interest as it shows that *Mucedorus* was presented as a peace offering after some other of the company's performances had incurred royal displeasure.

59, 60: an allusion to the fashion of afternoon representations.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE

Prologue, 6, 7. An allusion to Shakespeare's Falstaff, originally called Oldcastle. Malone thinks this play written after the representation of the first part of Henry IV and before that of the second part. That the slight sketch of Oldcastle-Falstaff in the *Famous Victories* is not meant is shown by direct references to Falstaff in iii. iv.

ACT I

i. 9. *O yes*: 'Oyez', the customary cry to demand attention.

10. *Cossone*: 'gosssoon'; N.E.D. records no instance of this word before 1684.

14. *pye Cosse plut*: 'by God's blood'.

127. *There be*: 'that there be'; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 311.

ii. 50. *remember*: 'remind'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Remember* v. 1 7.

103. *brabbling*: 'quarrelsome'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Brabbling*.

117. *the Arches*: the court of Arches, the seat of ecclesiastical justice, was so called from being held originally in the church Sancta Maria de Arcubus.

158. *rudduks*: literally 'robin redbreasts'; hence a cant term for golden coins. Cf. Nares s. v. *Ruddocks*.

161. *olde huddle and trang*: *huddle* is defined (N.E.D.) to be a 'miserly old person'; *trang* perhaps means a snivelling hypocrite. It appears not to be in the dictionaries.

iii. 12. *ceased*. 'annulled'; cf. Abbott, § 400, for the general principle of verbal abbreviation in Elizabethan English.

35. *Your backes*: the adornment of your backs; *the diuell and prite* is perhaps parenthetical.

ACT II

- i. 31. *In good time*: à la bonne heure!
179. *by the macke*: an unmeaning exclamation suggested by *Mary* or by the *Mass*. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Mack* sb.²
185. *ingle*: 'cajole'; cf. N.E.D.
188. *feak*: 'beat'. It is unnecessary to adopt the commoner *ferke* from Q2; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Feak* v.¹
229. *lion of Cotswold*: 'ram', according to Steevens, the Cotswolds being famous for sheep raising. Malone conjectured improbably that the epithet refers to the Cotswold athletic games. Cf. Roister Doister, iv. vi. 39.
- *ii. 4. *God dild ye*: 'God ild (yield, reward) you'; cf. Gammer Gurton's Needle, v. ii. 62; *As You Like It*, iii. iii. 81.
46. *Come to me there*: 'answer me that'.
118. *aretree*: *azletree* of Q2, &c. is an unnecessary change, *aretree* being the native O.E. form. Cf. N.E.D.
- iii. 40. *fact*: criminal act, as very often in Elizabethan English. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Fact* i. c.

ACT III

- i. 30. *Harry the first*: Malone, influenced perhaps by the obvious error of *first* for *fifth* in line 24, substitutes *Harry the fourth*, but this is hardly justifiable, for Cambridge is thinking rather of Henry Bolingbroke's relation to his son than of his place in the succession of English kings.
67. *absolute*: here used in its common sense of perfect.
- 68-71. The construction is very loose and elliptical, the subject changing in the course of the sentence from *life* to the general idea of Oldcastle's disgrace at court. There is doubtless no need to adopt Malone's emendation of *life for life's*, a change which after all does little to smoothe the syntax.
89. *Cowling*: Cobham's residence.
173. *Sean Who hath* as one syllable.
- ii. 6. *Dunne is the mouse*: a very common saying not satisfactorily explained. Cf. *London Prodigal*, iv. i. 16, 17; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. iv. 40; and N.E.D. s. v. *Dun*. The meaning may be that the mouse's dun colour is not to be changed; that is, that present conditions cannot be helped.
15. *brave*: 'bravely attired'.
108. *boikin*: an affectionate diminutive of boy.
- iii. 22, 23. *merrily*: 'merrily'.
- iv. 139. *bower*: I have adopted Malone's conjecture for the *beuer* of Qq, Ft, because of the phrase *reud in our bower*, v. ii. 59. Sir John is much given to repetition. *Beere*, which, as Steevens points out, means a luncheon before dinner, is quite possible. Cf. *Doctor Faustus*, sc. vi, speech of Gluttony; Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, i. ii; and N.E.D. s. v. *Beere* sp. 3.

ACT IV

- i. 43. *Passage*: Nares and N.E.D. quote as follows from Cotton, *Compl. Gamester*, 1680: 'Passage is a Game at dice to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three Dice. The Caster throws continually till he hath thrown Dubblets under ten, and then he is out and loseth; or Dubblets above ten, and then he passeth and wins.'
- iii. Simms's insertion of scene v. i between iv. ii and iv. iii has at first sight much to recommend it, as it would save us a provoking and inartistic interruption of the catastrophe after it has already begun, and would make it possible to assume, as Malone and all modern editors do, that Cobham is present in the scene. The notes of time, however, make it quite impossible to place v. i before iv. iii, for in the former scene we are told of the king that 'this day . . . he will aboard . . . and set away for France' (ll. 14, 15), whereas in iv. iii we are told that he 'at Southampton doth repose this night' (l. 72).
30. *laid*: 'waylaid'; 'watched'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Lay* v.¹ 18. c.
- iii. 159. *the sickemans salve*: a devotional work by Thomas Becon, published 1561. Cf. *Eastward Hoe* (*Belles Lettres* ed.), v. ii. 72.
168. *Owteglass*: the adventures of the wandering clown known in Germany as *Till Eulenspiegel*.
169. *the Frier and the Boy*: an old ballad, from which Malone quotes extracts.
169. *Ellenor Rummung*: Skelton's poem 'The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng'.
172. *S. Margets ale*: 'water'. St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland 1060-83, was noted for her piety; she reformed the Lenten observances.
- iv. 55. *for*: 'for fear of'.

ACT V

- i. 8. D. *A room in lord Cobham's house in Kent*: this indication of the place of the action is almost certainly wrong. There is nothing in the text to substantiate it, and the fact that the King is the same day to set sail for France combines with well-known historical fact to point to Southampton as the place of arrest of the conspirators. By no possibility could the journey from Cowling to Southampton be made before the close of the day.
15. *winds*: the reading of Q1, *wind*, may be kept if we regard *The . . . faire* as an absolute construction: 'The wind being so fair'.
- 56, 57. We must understand these lines as an apostrophe to the absent Cobham.
- ii. There can be no doubt of the correctness of Rowe's transposition of scenes ii-vii.
4. *nip the Bough*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Bung* sb.²
35. *is*: I's—I have.
41. *lefter*: perhaps a corruption of *lifter*, 'thief'; cf. N.E.D. and *James IV*, iii. ii. 40.
- iii. 31. *the three horse-loues*: the name of an

inn. Horses were formerly fed on loaves of coarse meal.

iv. 8. *passee*: 'care'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Pass* v. 23.

v. 12. *the sheeres*: the name of an inn.

vii. 37. *capons*: Percy's conjecture of *capuls* = 'horses' is unnecessary. The First Carrier in 1 *Henry IV*, II. i was carrying turkeys.

x. 83. *thicke*: 'thicket'.

125. *strouces*: the same word probably as *strossers* in *Henry V*, III. vii. 60. Loose Irish trousers. Cf. Nares s. v. *Strossers*.

LORD CROMWELL

ACT I

i. 7. *quile*: 'noise'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Coil* sb.³ For the pronunciation cf. the seventeenth and eighteenth-century pronunciation of *boil*, *join*.

13. *strong Ale*: we have here a blending of two meanings of *Ale*; (a) the drink so called, and (b) the place where it is supplied. In III. i. 39 the word occurs in the latter sense alone. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. v. 62, and N.E.D. s. v. *Ale* 2.

ii. 29. *walking*, according to Steevens, means no more than *moving*. There seems no need of emendation.

59. *He shall not here me*: Malone substituted *They for He*, and the alteration has been retained by subsequent editors. The reading of the Qq, however, seems clearly right. Old Cromwell is of two minds with regard to his hopeful son; his common sense bids him rebuke the latter's fantastic and impractical ambitions, even while the brilliance of the possibilities they suggest wrings from him against his better judgement the secret jubilations, which he is afraid to let Thomas perceive, lest his reckless imagination be further inflamed.

iii. 21. *day*: 'period'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Day* 11.

56. *be knowne thereof*: 'take cognizance of them' (i. e. his debts). Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Known* 2, for the meaning *informed, aware of*. Malone quotes *Othello* (III. iii. 320), *Be not known on't*.

73-6. Lines 73-5 are omitted by the Ff, Rowe, and Pope. They were restored by Malone. Line 76 is omitted by all editions since the Qq, though it is indispensable to the sense, as Friskiball replies to it in 77. The state of the text shows clearly the carelessness with which all the editions of this play have been prepared. The cause of the omissions is easily seen. In F1 the word *sell* (72) ends a page. In the bottom right-hand corner, as catch-word for the next page, *As* is indeed printed; so we should expect *As part to pay*, &c. to follow. The compositor's eye, however, has overlooked lines 73-6, beginning the next page with 77, which after 72 is obviously inappropriate. F2 followed F1 without referring to the Qq, and so the error was con-

tinued till Malone's casual collation of Q2 (of the existence of Q1 he knew only from hearsay) restored three of the four missing lines. That it should be left for the present edition to restore line 76, which common sense so obviously requires, is sufficient condemnation of Malone and his blind followers: Messrs. Simms, Tyrrell, Hazlitt, and Moltke.

97. *Portague*: a Portuguese coin worth from three to five pounds. As this sum seems rather great for Bagot's contempt in the light of his reference to a *score of crownes* (l. 107), Malone suggests that we substitute in 97 and 108 *cardecue* [quart d'ecu]. For *cardecue* cf. *Birth of Merlin*, IV. i. 15. There is no sufficient reason for the change; the poet, attracted by the sound of the word, may well have been ignorant or regardless of the precise value of a *Portague*. Cf. Nares, s. v. *Portague*.

ACT II

Chorus. 2. *Ledger*: 'commissioner' or 'agent'. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Ledger* 4.

ii. 40. *poysse*: 'weight'; cf. *peise* in *Edward III*, II. i. 303. The difference of diphthong depends on difference in the position of the accent in Old French; cf. *convoy* beside *convey*.

122. *race*: 'root'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Race* sb.⁶

iii. 105. *Stands*: 'If it stands'.

ACT III

i. 31. *it will be your owne another day*: 'you will have use for it hereafter'. Cf. *Athenaeum*, No. 2920, Oct. 13, 1883, p. 465, where parallels are quoted from *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. i. 110), *The Tale of a Tub*, *The Witch*, and *Tu Quoque*.

77. *Florence*: the use of proper noun for adjective is very common. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 22, *end*; and compare *Mantua port*, III. ii. 65.

iii. 12. *his*: 'its', referring to *travell*. The observance of travel proves its value by producing a learned yet unaffected spirit.

52. *Ciuvill*: 'Seville'.

84. *for*: 'because'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *For* B. 1.

85. *that*, like French *que*, merely repeats the idea of the preceding conjunction *for*.

100. *leave*: 'cease'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Leave* v.¹ 10. b.

ACT IV

ii. 16. *I wis*: O.E., German *gewiss*, 'certainly'. Malone's *I wis* is due to misunderstanding.

34. *gibber*: N.E.D. quotes this single instance of the word, but does not hazard a definition. Cf. the common phrase *jeopard a joint*, 'risk a finger', which is probably what Seelie means.

78. *sort*: 'set'; cf. Nares.

iv. S. D. *Shew*: cf. Nares, s. v. *Sewer*.

16. *I hope*: 'which I hope'.

29. *And to repay*: 'in case I should repay'; the so-called indefinite infinitive. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 357.

ACT V

v. 33. *Learning* stands by personification for Gardiner; it is the subject of *doth drinke. learning*=Cromwell.

104. *sound*: 'swoon'; the *d* is parasitic, as in Mod. Eng. sound [Lat. *sonum*].

131, 132. As they stand these lines are hardly intelligible, nor has any convincing emendation been suggested. Perhaps we should insert a comma after *soule*, thus making it vocative, and regard *land* as subject of *is shrinde*.

148. *whom* as to be regarded as the subject of *Will grinde*. Two constructions have been confused. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 410.

THE LONDON PRODIGAL

ACT I

i. 10. *exhibition*: 'allowance'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Exhibition* sb. 2.

17. *that*: 'that which'.

45-6. The expression is clumsy but the meaning is fairly plain, and there seems no cause for emendation. 'I grant that it is bad to swear, but not that it is better to keep the oaths when sworn than to break them.'

63. *attendants*: 'attendant vices'.

132. *Katern-hue*: 'Katherine-Hugh'; cf. 185-6. *Katern* exactly represents the usual Elizabethan pronunciation of *Katherine*; cf. Sweet, *New Eng. Gram.* § 833.

164-6. The dates are absolute nonsense in Q, and I have not hesitated to adopt Malone's emendations. Percy suggests that the gibberish may have been meant to pass for Spanish.

168. *Kester*: an abbreviation of *Christopher*.

170. *winde*: enclose in his winding-sheet.

218-20. Cf. Malone's note with his quotation from *The English Rogue*, ed. 1680, p. 322. High fullons were dice so loaded as generally to show the number four, five, or six, while low fullons, or low men, showed one, two, or three. *Stop cater trays* (quatre-trois) Malone supposes to be dice stopping usually at three and four. Cf. *Merry Wives*, I. iii. 92-3, and N.E.D. s. v. *Fulham*.

233. *fop of*: 'fob off'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Fop*, v. 2.

ii. 7. *Set up by the halues*: apparently a proverbial saying.

37. *and*: 'as if'. *your* is ethical.

38. *trenchmore*: a dance; cf. Nares.

30. *shuter*: 'suitor'. The identity of pronunciation between this word and *shooter* is constant matter of joke; cf. *Puritan*, II. i. 97; *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. i. 111-13.

77. *They may be Ladies*: i. e. by marrying knights; cf. *Eastward Hoe*, I. ii. 66.

105. *the three Punnies*: one of the rooms in the inn.

132. *rerages*: the exact meaning is uncertain. The word may refer to old, unsaleable stock.

ACT II

i. 6-8. *zutch . . . vreens*: illustrations of the characteristic substitution of (voiced) *z*, *v* for (voiceless) *s*, *f* in the Southern dialects.

20. *chid*: I should; *ch* represents the Southern *ich*=I. So *cham*, *chill*; cf. Sweet, *New Eng. Gram.* § 1065.

38. *ruddocks*: cf. note to *Oldcastle*, I. ii. 158.

41-2. Sarcastic reference to the characteristic manufactures and dishes of Devonshire. Cf. Malone's note.

49. *cocknell*: 'cockney'; cf. N.E.D.

96. *Woodcocke*: 'dunce'; cf. Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.*, and Nares.

113. *guine*: 'in fine'.

ii. 18. *I, I*: the first *I* is of course *Ay*.

23. *cutting*: 'swaggering'; cf. N.E.D.

iii. 5. *Knoves*: 'Who knows'.

iv. 41. *call me cut*: cf. Malone's note and N.E.D. s. v. *Cut* sb. 2. a. The same expression occurs in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 203.

51. *testerne*: the apparent meaning is 'needy'; cf. *testern*=sixpence.

ACT III

i. 52. *set downe my rest*: 'firmly resolved', 'staked my last penny'. A gaming metaphor; cf. Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.* s. v. *Rest* 2.

ii. 36. *thats . . . O*: 'that's an absolute lie'. The words are an aside. Malone explains, 'That is a complete and absolute truth,' but Stevens's interpretation as given above seems undoubtedly the correct one.

90. *fine*? 'end'.

103. The reference, according to Stevens, is to the slandering of Una by Abessa in the third canto of the first book of the *Faerie Queene*, but this seems very doubtful.

155. *his second*: 'his match', 'one like him'.

165. *humours*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Humour*, v. 3.

iii. 32. *volouten*: 'flouting', according to Malone.

163. *in hucksters handling*: 'in great straits'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Huckster* sb. 3, and Greene's *Alphonsus*, I. i. 143.

221. *or . . . or*: 'either . . . or', as regularly in Milton.

ACT IV

i. 15. *pricke*: the mark at archery, and hence the prize.

16-17. *done is the mouse*: cf. *Oldcastle*, III. ii. 6.

ii. 48. *triumphant*: this word has not been satisfactorily explained. Stevens explains *triumphant life*—very improbably—as a life spent in looking for triumphs or trumps, while Malone would substitute for *triumphant* *trompant*, 'deceptive', a word which he coins from French *tromper*.

iii. 91. This line has been regarded as a sneer at Greene's *Never too Late*.

ACT V

- i. 40. *stands . . . in*: 'costs'.
 174. *armine*: 'a miserable creature'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Arming* sb.
 249-50. *very that . . . angell* is parenthotic, explaining *habit*: just such a habit as would become him when he was about to turn to angel (die).
 269. *snick up*: cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 103, and Nares, s. v. *Sneck-up*.

THE PURITAN

It will be noted that the title of this play is given on the title-page as *The Puritaine or the Widdow of Walling-streete*, whereas the heading of the first page of text gives the abbreviated title *The Puritaine Widdow*. The inconsistency is of no importance except as explaining references to the play both as *The Puritan* and as *The Puritan Widdow*.

ACT I

- i. 89. *snobbing*: 'weeping'; the primary meaning of the verb seems to be *hiccup*. Cf. Stratmann, *M. E. Dict.* s. v. *Snobben*, and Wright, *Dial. Dict.*
 107. *to hot, nor to deere*: a proverbial expression = 'too difficult of attainment'. Cf. notes of Malone and Steevens. Simms proposes the unnecessary emendation *good for hot*.
 132. *speake false Lattin*: 'lie'.
 136-8. Malone conjectures plausibly that the thrice repeated *their* of Q for *this*, which is almost certainly correct, is due to the use of an abbreviation in the MS. How common such abbreviations of familiar words were in Elizabethan chirography is well known.
 147. *Widdowers*: it would be convenient to take this word, as Malone suggests, in the sense of *widows*, but I have found no authority for such a use.
 ii. 4, 5. *put to silence like a Sectarie*: a reference apparently to the silencing of the Puritans under the primacy of Archbishop Bancroft, appointed 1603.
 29. *Antient*: 'ensign'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Ancient* sb.².
 41, 42. *Quadrangle, Battled*: Dr. Farmer pointed out that these terms are peculiar to Oxford. Peele, the probable original of *Pye-board*, was educated at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, and the author of this play was most likely a member of the same university.
 46-9. *a Cheese out of Iesus Colledge . . . Welshman*: this is another indication that *Pye-board* is alluding to Oxford, for there is no connexion between *Jeaus College*, Cambridge, and the Welsh.

92. *and Peace*: 'if Peace'; cf. Stratmann, *M. E. Dict.* s. v. *And*.

161. *soothing*: 'flattering', 'hypocritical'.
 iii. 11. *we three*: Steevens refers to *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 16, 17, 'How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "we three"?' The picture represented two men in fools' coats, the spectator making the third.
 25. *drye*: cf. *dry blows*, said of blows not drawing blood. N.E.D. s. v. *Dry* a. 12.
 42. *sowne*: 'swoon'.
 56. *Capadochio*: 'prison'. N.E.D. gives only this instance, but cf. Heywood, 1 *King Edward IV*, ed. 1874, p. 72: 'My son's in Dybell here, in *Caperdochy*, itha gaol.'
 iv. 71. *bloud*: 'hereditary dignity'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Blood* 9.
 158. *Pomewater*: 'apple'; cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 4.
 159. *uncomfortable*: 'unconsoling'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Comfortable* 6.
 299, 300. *Beare at Bridge-Foote*: a well-known inn by London Bridge; cf. Sturley, *Lady of Pleasure*, v. ii (*Mermaid* ed., p. 342); Middleton, *No Wit, no Help*, etc., v. i. 267-8, and Bullen's note. There is no need of altering the words in *heaven*. The Corporal jocularly confuses in his oath the well-known tavern sign and the constellation of Ursa Major, calling the latter the Bear at Bridge-Foot of heaven.
 ACT II
 i. 36. *enow* seems to stand for *c'en now*.
 97. Cf. note to *London Prodigal*, I. ii. 39.
 112. *sure*: 'betrothed'. Cf. *As You Like It*, v. iv. 142.
 201. *I*: 'Ay'.
 234. *sir Reuerence*: 'save-reverence'; cf. Skeat, *Etymol. Dict.*, and IV. ii. 4.
 237. The spelling *guesse* for *guests* is very common and doubtless represents the pronunciation.
 357. Steevens has the following interesting note: 'Here is an odd agreement between a few circumstances in the present scene, and a few others in the last act of *Othello*. I shall only point them out, without any attempt to account for them. *Pyeboard* (Iago) advises *Skirmish* (Roderigo) to wound *Oath* (Cassio). In the confusion occasioned by this attempt, *Pyeboard* (Iago again) rushes among them, and instead of giving *Oath* (Cassio again) assistance, prepares somewhat to make him seem dead. Thus Iago wounds Cassio. The cut too is given on the *leg*; and *Pyeboard* takes on him the cure, as Iago comes out and proffers to bind up Cassio's wound. Query, which of these pieces was the elder?' The *Puritan* was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1607; there is no earlier reference to it, while *Othello* was acted before Lord Ellesmere and the Queen as early as 1602.
 ii. 3. *say on*: assay or try on.

ACT III

- i. 14. *praying*: 'appraising'.
 45. *casting*: 'vomiting'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Cast* v. 25.
 ii. 9. *superiour*: Frailty must mean *surgeon*.
 72. *Lincks*: a play, of course, on *link* = 'torch'.
 81. *Sesarara*: according to Steevens, *Certiorari* is meant.
 88. *seauen and twenty Prouinces*: this, Percy thinks, is a mistake for the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries.
 iii. Steevens calls attention to the similarity of this scene to that in which Fang and Snare arrest Falstaff at the suit of his hostess. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, ii. i.
 110. *Putocks*: 'vultures'; cf. *Cymbeline*, i. i. 140; *2 Henry VI*, iii. ii. 191.
 154. S. D. This stage direction is a good illustration of the simplicity of Elizabethan stage requirements. The author did not intend a change of scene.
 iv. 12. *Post*: symbols of civic authority.
 116. *busie*: 'elaborate', 'intricate'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Busy* a. 8.
 163. *god den*: 'godd e'en'. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. i. 42; *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iv. iii. 5; *Yorkshire Tragedy*, ii. 120; Tournour, *Revenger's Tragedy*, iv. ii (*Mermaid* ed., p. 405).
 190. *Sup, Simon, now*: an allusion, according to Steevens, to 'Simon of Southampton, alias Supbroth' in *Thomas of Reading, or the size worthie Yeomen of the West*, by Dekker.
 197. *hole*: one of the worst rooms in the Woodstreet Counter; cf. *Eastward Hoe* (*Belles Lettres* ed., 1904), v. ii. 56.
 v. 10, 17. *George Stone the Beare*: a famous bear at Paris Garden. Malone refers to *The Silent Woman* (iii. i).
 110. *lin*: cease; cf. N.E.D.
 161, 162. *Act . . . Coniurers and Witches*: passed 1604.
 271. *simply tho I stand here*: cf. iv. ii. 74, 75, and *Merry Wives*, i. i. 226.

ACT IV

- i. 4. *dubb for nothing*: one of the innumerable references to King James's traffic in knighthoods. Cf. *Eastward Hoe* (*Belles Lettres* ed.), iv. i. 214.
 11. *Berecke* was the hangman of the period. Steevens quotes several other contemporary references to him. Cf. *Stat. Reg.* (ed. Arber) ult. Mar. 1606.
 36. *guarded Lackey*: one whose livery was adorned with guards or facings. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Guard* v. 7.
 37. *trashing*: cf. *trace*, *Mucedorus*, iv. iii. 30, and *Cambises* (ed. Maply), 490.
 iii. 41. *run upon the Ropes*: take desperate risks; a metaphor from tight-rope walking.
 90, 91. *ghost . . . Table*: an allusion, as Dr. Farmer pointed out, to Banquo's ghost at the banquet. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. iv.

ACT V

- iii. 7. *squander*: cf. 'squandering glances', *As You Like It*, ii. vii. 57.
 iv. 27. *mistes*: 'deceits'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Mist* sb. 2. b.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY

i. This scene, which, as Steevens remarks, is not necessary to the plot, has given rise to much discussion. The circumstances to which the servants allude at the beginning are made clear by reference to *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, by George Wilkins. Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Athenaeum*, No. 2710, Oct. 4, 1879) first pointed out that the two plays treat of the same incidents, though the *Miseries* stops practically where our play begins. The *young Mistress* of line 1 is the Clare Harcop of Wilkins's drama. There is some difficulty as to the servants; they would appear to belong to the same household, and yet Ralph and Oliver seem to serve the *young Mistress*, while Sam is certainly in Calverley's employ. The truth probably is that the author of this hasty work had not imagined very consistently the details of Calverley's previous life.

32. *capcase*: cf. *Lochrine*, i. ii. 106.
 62, 63. Percy's emendations, quoted by Malone, are utterly unjustified.

74, 75. *pottingsticks*: cf. Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, iv. i. 15. The more usual spelling is *pokingstick*, as in Rowe and succeeding editors.

77, 82-3. A common proverb is alluded to. Steevens quotes from the *Stationers' Register*, 1566: 'a playe intituled Farre fetched and deare bought ys good for ladies.'

78, 80. There is no sufficient reason for the alteration in the division of speeches introduced by Malone.

ii. 14. Some causal conjunction, such as *that* or *because*, is to be understood before *His*. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 311. Hazlitt's indefensible displacement of the line is due to failure to grasp the meaning of the passage. Steevens had already suggested that lines 14 and 13 be transposed.

101. *blood*: 'nature'; cf. iv. 74 and N.E.D.
 120. *God den*: cf. *Puritan*, iii. iv. 163 and note.

149. *country* is, of course, used adjectivally. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 22.

iii. 75. The substitution of *pleasant* for *comely* is probably the result of mere carelessness in the compositor of Q2, who unintentionally substituted for one adjective a more familiar one with the same meaning.

iv. 120. *white boie*: a term of endearment. Cf. Ford, *'Tis Pity*, i. iv (*Mermaid* ed., p. 114).

125, 126. The meaning is: follow a coach, crying 'Good your Honour!' to the occupant.

v. 13, 14. The reference is to Leicester and Amy Robsart. Steevens quotes an apposite passage from *Leicester's Commonwealth* (1584, &c.).

viii. 18. *bated*: the meaning is probably not *abated* or *barred*, as Malone and Steevens respectively explain it, but *tormented*, as in *bear-baiting*. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Bait* v. 4.

x. 22. *one thousand more*: sc. years. The reference, as Percy points out, is to *Revelation* xx. 2.

52. Some emendation is obviously required. Steevens suggests, as an alternative to the reading adopted in the text, *leave* (i. e. cease), to *part*.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON

Induction, 16. For the omission of *is* after *this* cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 403.

45. Mr. P. A. Dufel is in favour of adopting Q's reading of *near* for *meane*. The change would certainly make the sense easier, but it is probably not absolutely necessary. The meaning of the line as it stands appears to be: 'which (knowledge) even when attained yet makes a man so mean in comparison with the higher powers'. Fabell laments that the soul should have to be sacrificed for the achievement of a power which when achieved is found to be relatively contemptible. For a different interpretation cf. WP.

79. *Phaetontique*: Walker reads *Phaetonic*, which he explains as relating to the sun-god, for whom *Phaethon* is an occasional epithet in Homer. Mr. Daniel informs me of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's conjecture *Phlegethonic*, a reading which, though bold, has much to recommend it.

ACT I

i. 13. *Tartarian*: 'thief'; cf. *Nares*.

76, 77. These lines are doubtless the greatest crux in the play, the text of which abounds in obscurities. Fortunately, the general idea, Mounchensey's thriftlessness and extravagance, is clear. None of the suggested emendations improves the sense a whit, and it is at least possible that we have what the author wrote. If some satisfactory meaning for *simple* could be found, referring either to *hawkes* or *dogs*, all would be clear enough. *him* in 77 is, of course, the ethical dative, and the line means merely that the leanest and most worthless curs are fed on such meat as should be given only to valuable dogs.

. 81. *That*: 'so that'.

ii. 3. *your*: Lat. *iste*; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 221.

14. *Giberalters*: N.E.D. (s. v. *Gibraltar*) seems at last to have explained this puzzling word,

which it defines as 'a Gibraltar monkey', quoting in addition to the present passage the following from Harvey, *Pierce's Super.* (1592), 158: 'Cumane Asse and foole, and dolt, and idiot, and *Gibaltar*.'

36. *Coopers Dictionary*: 'Thesaurus linguae Romanae et Britannicae'. Copies of editions of 1565, 1573, 1584 are in the Bodleian.

iii. 4. *by*: there is no cause for Hazlitt's emendation *my*, which rather increases the difficulty of the passage and can be explained only as an expression of 'contemptuous familiarity'. It is quite easy to supply *He should* before *Refuse* in the next line.

38-45. The passage is slightly obscure. The sense is: Offers of assistance from any bit^t, Jerningham would seem cold to Mounchensey, because of the inability of any one else to help him; yet he could believe in the sincerity of such offers from anybody except Jerningham, who is to profit by the injustice done him. *they* in 42 has the same antecedent as *that word* in 39; both refer to the whole of Jerningham's previous speech.

52: *hudman-blind*: 'blindman's-buff'. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 77, and N.E.D. s. v. *Hoodman-blind*.

53. *him*: *her* Qq. Mr. Daniel's emendation, which common sense appears to demand; but the change of gender can perhaps be adequately explained, as WP explain it, by the change of idea from Love personified, or Cupid, to love in the abstract.

59. *in hugger-mugger*: 'recklessly'. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. v. 84; *Revenge's Tragedy*, v. i; 'Tis Pity, III. i.

76. *busy bags*: Walker suspects a corruption.

141. *Cuts*: 'labouring horses'. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, II. i. 6; *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 206; *Merry Wives*, III. iv. 47; *Two Noble Kinsmen*, III. iv. 22; and N.E.D. s. v. *Cut* sb. 28.

142. *Dossers*: 'baskets'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Dosser* 2.

ACT II

i. 9, 10. *tickles* . . . *Catastrophe*: cf. v. ii. 13, 14; 2 *Henry IV*, II. i. 68.

50. *ther's not a narrow bridge*: Mr. Daniel has sent me the following note: 'I would read *there's narrow a bridge*: *never a, ne'er a*, a colloquialism to the present day. It takes the form of *narrow a, narro, narra, nary*, with or without the article. I have collected instances from Smollet, Fielding, Scott, and the *Referee Newspaper* of the present day.' Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Nary*. There seems to be no special need for change, as the quarto reading makes perfect sense.

68. *Hungarions*: a quibble on *hungry ones*; cf. IV. i. 1.

75. *bosonians* & cf. 2 *Henry IV*, v. iii. 115; 2 *Henry VI*, IV. i. 134; and N.E.D. s. v. *Bezonian*.

85. *Citizen*: Walker explains the word as 'fellow-citizen', but Sir John may mean 'paragon'.

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ii. 11. *ghat*: 'chatter'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Chat* sb. 1.1.

54. *skeens*: Irish knives; cf. Nares, s. v. *Skain*.

57. *soares*: WP and Walker take the word as meaning 'soaring flights', but 'sore feelings' seems much more likely. The *frowardness* of Q 4-6 is evidently a mere gloss inspired by *froward* (*forward*) two words before, and inserted because *soares* was not intelligible to the editor or printer.

62. *fadge*: 'proceed'. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. i. 156; *Twelfth Night*, ii. ii. 34; and N.E.D. s. v. *Fadge* v. 4.

87. *handful*: 'palm', measure of four inches; cf. N.E.D.

90-5. Mr. Daniel's excellent emendations make sense of what is nonsense in all other editions. I should be glad to keep the text of the quartos and rearrange the order of lines as follows: 91, 90, 93, 94, 92, 95. In this way perfect sense would be restored, but the transposition is doubtless too arbitrary. Mr. Daniel remarks: 'My great difficulty with the passage is the two last lines (94, 95). I should like to strike them out altogether, they seem to me *de trop*; but as they must remain, I should be almost tempted to transpose them (always as altered) to a place between lines 91 and 92. The passage, I feel, ought to end with *teehee weehee*.'

iii. 3. *composure* is a collective noun = 'those composed', referring, of course, to the elder Clare and Jerminham.

17. The metre would be improved by the adoption of the *Yonder* of Q 3.

21. *lesse worlds*: well defined by Walker as 'the microcosms of the disunited youth and maid'.

23-6. A difficult passage. *the breath Of all advised corruption*—that is, the voice, or command, of the personification of premeditated dishonesty—refers to old Clare and Jerminham. The sentence breaks off here, as the speaker turns to apologize to the sons: 'I must speak as I do of your fathers, and you may know I love you because I do not say that even greater malice (than "advised corruption") is the cause of our separation.' Mr. Daniel, changing *do to doh*, would regard the words *Pardon mee . . . spight* as parenthetical, and make *the breath* (23) subject of *doh seuer* (20).

ACT III

i. 28, 41, 48, 66. Mr. Daniel would transfer these speeches from Milliscent to Bilbo, but Milliscent's speech in 41 and the preceding speech of Bilbo (38-40) cannot belong to the same speaker, being separate comments, from different points of view, on what the prioress has just said (30-7).

100. *thrust . . . cushion*: 'disappoint'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Cushion* 10. c.

ii. 16. *deere*: 'inmost'.

84. This line has no authority, but it seems clear that some line or lines of similar meaning have been omitted by the quartos.

90. a *dream't*: Walker points out that this corresponds to the Chaucerian *a blakberried*, where the final dental indicates not the past participle, but an O.E. verbal substantive in *ed*, the whole being a prepositional phrase. Cf. Skeat's note to *The Pardoner's Prologue*, 406 (Chaucer's *Man of Lawe*, &c., ed. Skeat, pp. 147, 148).

134. *vnbadg*: 'unpregnant'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Bag*.

139. *turne tippit*: 'change', used particularly of the change from unmarried to married state.

ACT IV

i. 54. *stone Priest*: cf. *Oldcastle*, ii. i. 228.

ii. 51. *skinker*: 'tapster'; cf. Nares.

91. *roomer*: A nautical exclamation of doubtful meaning. Cf. Nares.

ACT V

ii. 4. WP's emendation *banke* for *banke* seems absolutely certain.

41. *young Iuuentus*: an allusion to the well-known moral interlude, 'Lusty Iuventus.' Cf. *Sir Thomas More*, iv. i. 174 ff.

158. *Sir Iohn*: the quartos have *Sir George*, where *Sir* (*Sr.*) may well stand for *Saint* (*St.*) as in 175. It is possible, therefore, that the host is jocularly addressing Smug, who, as we learn below (179), had played the part of Saint George during the night.

157. *noyse*: 'band'; cf. 2 *Henry IV*, ii. iv. 13, *Dutch Courtesan*, ii. iii, and Nares.

178, 179. The author of the play appears to have made clumsy use of one of the incidents related in Antony Brewer's prose work, 'The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton. With the pleasant pranks of Smug the Smith,' &c. One of the sections of this narrative (pp. 43-6) tells how Smug, chased by the keepers for deer stealing, escaped by climbing upon the sign of the White Horse Inn, thus converting it into the George and mystifying his pursuers, who thought they saw two George Inns, where there should have been but one. This is obviously what these lines allude to, but the object of the conspirators in the play was that the knights on their return should see only one Saint George—a false one—and so be decoyed into the wrong inn. What appears from lines 114-18 to have actually happened is that Smug removed the Saint George before Blague's inn altogether and then personated the saint by seating himself upon the sign of the horse before the inn opposite. Sir Ralph's allusion to two Saint Georges in 178 must, then, be a slip.

FAIR EM

ACT I

ii. 15. *to high estate*: the emendations of Delius and Simpson are tempting, but the reading of the Qq is quite possible if we take *to* as an adverb: 'thou must humble (thy) too high estate to join it with my present one (that of miller).'

33. *staylesse of the world*: occasionally throughout this insipid play we get, as here and in line 67 gleams of the imaginative brilliance which characterize the best Elizabethan poetry.

41. *vulgars*: 'the vulgar's,' a collective noun.

iii. 35. *mislike* is a noun; the object of *find* is *entertainment*: 'not that I find my entertainment in your grace's court a matter for displeasure.' Tyrrell, Simpson, &c. fail to see the construction.

51. The editorial method of Tyrrell is illustrated by his interpolation of *graceful* before *body* to fill out the line. The eight-syllable verse is here a marked beauty. Such irregularities as to the number of feet are particularly common in *Faire Em*.

ACT II

i. 15. *Phismicary*: Trotter appears to have blended the two words *physician* and *apothecary*.

21, 22. 'That our old relation (servant and mistress) is to end, giving place to a new one (man and wife).'

74. *I, an*: the reading of Qq *I am* may be retained, if we place a semicolon at the end of 75 and supply *I* in 76 as subject of *May*. The emendation, however, is slight and makes the sense much easier.

91. *truer loue*: this, the reading of Q2, is obviously right. The false reading of Q1 is easily explainable: the compositor has by mistake added the *r* to the second instead of the first *ue*.

betwixte is to be read 'twixt.

ii. 77. *od* (Q2 *odde*): Chetwood's reading *old* may possibly be correct, as *l* could easily have been omitted by the compositor of Q1, and Q2—in case it was not printed from Q1—could with equal ease have converted *l* of *olde* into *d*.

ACT III

i. 68. *He* for *Him* is, of course, extremely common in such cases, particularly after the like sounding correlative *Me* (67). The presence of *He* at the beginning of the line explains the omission of *he* in the Qq after *for*, whereas it is difficult to reconcile Simpson's *Him* for *he hopes* with the *He* for *hopes* of Qq.

119. *seege of Troye*: a metaphor from the long duration of the siege.

ii. 8. *loth*: all previous editors read *such* with Qq, but none attempts to explain the passage, which seems absolutely to require some such

word as *loth*. In the Elizabethan hand *loth* and *such* look much alike.

iv. 84. *Chester*: Qq read *Manchester* both here and in iv. i, S. D., but this is an evident mistake. Cf. iv. i. 4, 51, 56, and iv. iii. 61.

vi. 7, 8. The text of Qq, retained without explanation by Tyrrell and Delius, makes nonsense. That which I have adopted is based, with the change of *whether* to *tho*, on Simpson's rendering. There is a not unusual ellipse after line 6, the idea being: 'I might as well give free expression to my sorrows, for though,' &c. There seem to be two other possible interpretations of these lines—the most obscure in the play. Both require a colon after *sigh* (8), line 9 being regarded as a general summing up, ('In either case,) my sorrows,' &c.: (1) We may retain *thee* instead of *tho* in 7, leaving Simpson's *or* for *for* in 8. (2) We may keep the quarto reading throughout, inserting *thee* before *silently* in 8—an insertion which, however, spoils the metre.

49. *assertained* is to be accented on the second syllable.

ACT IV

i. 14. *betake*: commend, hand over. *Betake* in this sense is really a corruption for *beteach*; cf. both words in N.E.D.

iii. 70. It is barely possible to make sense of the passage as it stands in the Qq. Delius retains the *true* inserted by Chetwood after *were*.

ACT V

i. 10. *Saxons*: cf. *King of Danes*, i. i. 53.

11. *seem*: Qq's reading *send* is probably due to the preceding *sent*.

35. This is a characteristic Elizabethan expression which requires no emendation. 'To grace his style (name) with the title of Duke of Saxony.'

93. *base and vilest*: 'basest and vilest.'

104. *importing*: it is not necessary to read *importuning*. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Import* v. 3.

114. The same line with the trifling change of *my* to *the* occurs in *The London Prodigal*, v. i. 419. Such coincidences prove nothing as to authorship.

131. *quaint*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Quaint* v. 2.

221 ff. Elze's rearrangement of the order of lines is rather plausible, but there seems no sufficient reason for so radical a change, and there is no sort of connexion between line 230 and 255 ff.

263. The author appears certainly to have written *Sir Edmund*, not *Sir Thomas*. Cf. i. ii. 14.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Prologue, 13. *Chaucer . . . the Story gives*: in the *Knights Tale*.

21. *Robin Hood*: the small merit of the tales concerning this worthy appears to have been

proverbial. Cf. *Piers Plowman*, B text, Passus, v. 402.

ACT I

i. 9. Skeat's emendation *hair-bells* was anticipated by a query of Simms: *Harebells*. There seems no need for the change.

16. *angle*: *Angel* F. The word is probably to be taken in its literal sense of 'messenger', meaning 'bird'. Theobald proposed *Augel* from Italian *augello*, a bird.

20. *Chough* *hore*: this reading, proposed by Seward, has been adopted by all editors, but is far from convincing. Charles Lamb wished to rhyme *Chough* and *Cuckoo*, deleting *nor* in 19 and ending 20 with *nor* the *Chough*, but this is too violent.

28. A characteristic Fletcherian line, though the scene as a whole is certainly not Fletcher's.

105. *blood-cizd*: 'blood-covered'. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 493, 'o'er-sized with coagulate gore.'

121, 122. The meaning is a little obscure, the flow of the sentence being broken intentionally. The second *there* ought to be accompanied by a gesture toward the eyes; it is contrasted with the first *there*, which refers to *cheeks* in 119. After *teares* (121) there is a break, and the sentence is never finished; the antecedent of *em* in 123 is 'eyes', suggested by *there*, as Monck Mason, I find, pointed out. The Queen's grief is to be read not in her cheek, but in her eyes, which through the flood of tears look wrinkled and hard like pebbles.

161. *visitating*: 'inspecting'. Simms is responsible for the foolish query *vegetating*.

164. *To give*: by giving; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 356.

183. *Widdowes*: this word has caused much trouble to commentators. It seems to be used rather carelessly by the author and to infer the idea of sorrow only, not separation. 'Let us live with our woes in widow-like grief.'

192. *foregone*: 'previously undergone' is Skeat's explanation and appears to be what is meant, though the dictionaries hardly sanction this usage. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Forego*.

195-206. These lines with their purely descriptive, non-dramatic lushness are not in Shakespeare's mature vein. For a speech in precisely the same tone cf. Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, I. iii. 40-52.

239. *More bigger look't*: 'of more apparent consequence'.

ii. 7-10. 'Not to swim in the direction of the current would be almost to sink altogether, at least to make our striving fruitless; while, on the other hand, to follow the stream would bring us to an eddy,' &c.

17. *Martialist*: cf. *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, v. ii. 179; *Edward III*, iii. iiii. 174. The word occurs in *Spanish Tragedy*, Prologue, 46, and twice in Beaumont and Fletcher.

25. *retaine*: 'take into service'; cf. *Henry VIII*, I. i. 192, and Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.*

44. *Iumpe*: 'precisely'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Jump*, adv.

59. *for*: 'because'; cf. *Cromwell*, iii. iii. 84.

77. *on*: 'one'. It is of some importance to note that certain copies of Q have a semicolon after *on*, while others have no punctuation at all. Cf. note to I. iv. 20.

107. *Thirds*: 'equals the third part of'.

127, 128. 'What damage may be done when our hands are advanced to strike before our hearts are in the cause; before is temporal. Little-dale explains *before* as 'further than', which gives the same general meaning.

iii. 30. *which* refers to *Peace* (29).

43, 44. 'In many a corner as dangerous as it was uncomfortable, where peril and want contended with each other.' Little-dale thinks that 44 means 'clearly' 'contending against peril and want'.

46. *I'th least of these*: 'As regarded even the less terrible of the two qualities (tyranny and power).'

57. *you* is indefinite; it refers to the person reasoning.

68. S. D. The prompter's marginal memorandum of the persons and properties to be collected for Scene iv.

71. *Lou'd for we did*: 'Loved merely because we did love without ulterior interest'.

77, 78. Little-dale would like to regard the parenthesis as an unauthorized interpolation, but metre and sense are both satisfied by the easy supposition that *oh* was unintentionally misplaced by the compositor. In Q, &c. it stands in the middle of 77, immediately before the parenthesis, whereas its proper position seems to be in the middle of 78, immediately after the parenthesis.

82. *her affections*: 'what she affected'.

85. *on*: probably 'one', but it is possible to regard the word as an adverb depending on *humd*.

90. *Like old importments bastard*: 'like a feeble imitation of some threadbare homily.'

iv. 20. *smeard*: this is the reading of the Bodleian and British Museum copies of Q, but Mr. Daniel's copy reads *succard*. The latter, apparently, was a printer's error discovered and corrected after part of the edition had been printed. Little-dale (Bibliography v.) notes six such differences, of which only this and that of I. ii. 77 are of practical consequence. Cf. also *Edward III*, I. i. 28; *Birth of Merlin*, iv. i. 15 and iv. iii. 62 of this play, with note.

43 ff. These lines are to be taken in immediate connexion with more in 42. 'For my sake,' says Theseus, 'do even more than is humanly possible, for I have known mighty passions such as fright, fury, &c. to set and attain a mark which nature could not have reached except under abnormal circumstances.'

v. 9. *convent*: 'summon', 'call together'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Convent* v. 5, and *Twelfth Night*, v. i. 391.

ACT II

i. 1. *depart* with: 'give up'; cf. *King John*, II. i. 563; *Bartholomew Fair*, Induction (*Mermaid* ed., p. 10), and N.E.D. s. v. *Depart* 12. b.

6-7. 'I am reported to be in better circumstances than there seems to me any cause for rumour to assert.'

34. *greise*: 'step'; cf. Nares, s. v. *Grice*, and N.E.D. s. v. *Gree*, where the various spellings of the word are given.

ii. 63. *meere*: 'pure'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Mere* a. 1. c.

64. The alteration suggested in the footnote would make the sense easier and would require the interpolation of only a single letter; *hold's* for *hold* is, of course, common enough.

98. *Grave*: 'bury', 'put an end to'. This appears to be the best of the emendations. The original reading *Crave* is not impossible, but it makes the clause rather irrelevant: Arcite is thinking of the ways in which freedom might prove destructive to his friendship with Palamon, not of the danger of being envied by third parties.

110. *sufficient*: 'able'; cf. Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.*

162. *gently* is here trisyllabic. It is, of course, not necessary to adopt Seward's spelling *gentily*.

207. Q, F are right in ending this line with *beauties*, which is here to be pronounced in three syllables.

267. Most modern editors place the stage direction after 271, but it furnishes a good illustration as it stands of ancient theatrical arrangements. Our text is based on the prompter's stage copy, as we know from the S.D.D. to I. iii. 68, I. v. 28, &c. In the present case the Keeper is to start from behind the scenes at line 267; in 269 Palamon sees him advancing, and in 271 he is near enough to speak.

iii. 38. *against*: 'in regard to'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Against* 3.

54. *heigh for the weavers*: apparently an allusion to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers, most of whom were Puritans. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 63; 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 148, 149.

v. 4. *allow*: 'praise'; cf. N.E.D.

67. *by the Sun*: 'by sunrise'.

vi. 39. *keepe your selfe*: 'have nobody to keep but yourself'.

ACT III

i. 46, 47. 'Give me language which accords with your actions towards me.'

108. *Musite*: cf. Nares, s. v. *Muse*, *Muset*, or *Musil*. The emendation seems inevitable unless some authority be found for Ingleby's suggestion that *musick* was an old form of *musit*.

127. 'Even granted that I have a good title to my present advantages.' The accent rests on *If*. Seward's emendation *I've* is without justification though it has been accepted by all previous editors.

ii. 7. The difference between the *wreake* of Q

and the *reck* of Seward is a matter of spelling only.

21. *char'd*: 'done'; cf. *Sir Thomas More*, III. i. 118, and N.E.D. s. v. *Chare* v. 4. Simms conjectures *cleared* for *char'd*, which surely is no improvement.

27. There seems no reason to alter the text of Q. The various clauses are purposely joined to each other without connectives in order to indicate the wandering mind of the speaker. Seward and Dyce interpolate unnecessary words in order to fill out line 26.

iv. 9. *Spoon her*: 'let her spum' or sail'. Cf. Nares, s. v. *Spoon*. The proper reading is very doubtful. The reading of Q *Vpon* seems certainly wrong, the first two letters being taken from the line below. Herford has a note in defence of Skeat's emendation *Run*, but prints *Spoon* in his text.

v. S. D. *Bavian*: the reading of Q, 'F *Baum* is an obvious misprint, as we have *Bavian* in line 37. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Babion*.

9. *Jane*: 'jean'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Jtan* 2. There can be little doubt that Dyce's emendation is right. Seward suggested *days*, Knight and Simms *jape*, the latter adding the even worse conjecture *have*.

21. *trace*: cf. *Mucedorus*, IV. iii. 30; *Cambises*, I. 490 (ed. Manly), &c.

58. *fire ill*: explained by Littledale as meaning a particular disease.

67. *alow*: no very satisfactory interpretation of this word has been given. It is probably safest to regard it as a mere exclamation.

139. *penner*: 'case to hold pens'; cf. Nares. Littledale thinks that some document penned is meant.

vi. 240. *have pity*: 'have pity on'.

290. *Opinion*: 'reputation'. The word stands in apposition with *name*. Littledale wishes to understand *Opinion* as 'notoriety' and quotes a not convincing passage from *Thierry and Theodoret* (II. ii). The exclamation refers, of course, to the words of Theseus, 268-72.

298. *worth*: 'befall'; cf. Skeat, *Etymol. Dict.* s. v. *Worth* (2).

324. *Make*: 'Though you make.' Simms, not understanding the construction, changes *dye* in 323 to *dying*.

331. 'The line makes good sense as it stands and should probably not be altered. Mr. Daniel, in addition to his change of *as your* to *in your*, proposes the further alteration to *in mine*.

ACT IV

i. 103. *Willow, willow, willow*: cf. *Othello*, IV. iii. 28-58, and Littledale's note to this line.

138. *rarely*: 'early'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Rearly*, which is the proper spelling.

ii. 14. *Here* refers to *eye* in 12. 'Eye' is also to be understood after *another* in 15.

74. S. D. *Curtis* was evidently the actor who took the messenger's part. The insertion of his

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name is another proof that Q is printed from the prompter's copy. Cf. v. iii, S. D., and *Sir Thomas More*, iii. iii. 1.

91. *friskins*: 'lively actions'. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Friskin* 1.

iii. 62. *behind*: here is another instance of variation among the different copies of the quarto, which Littledale has failed to observe. The British Museum copy and apparently most of the others (including Mr. Daniel's) read *behind*, which is obviously right, but the copy in the Bodleian has *behold*.

ACT V

i. 11. Littledale and Mr. Daniel are of opinion that the old reading *nearness* may be justified if taken in connexion with the words *German* (i. e. germane, near of kin) *foes* in the preceding line. I am unable to make sense of the passage, however, without some such emendation as that which I have ventured to introduce.

43. *it refers to fears*. Theobald's emendation, though adopted by Dyce and Skeat, seems unnecessary.

50, 51. *she* is apparently a personification of *force and great feats* in l. 49. *The Queen of Flowers* is Emilia. Simms reads *will stick* in 50.

52. *Cestron*: 'cistern'; cf. N.E.D. Simms misses the meaning and proposes *ceston*, 'a studded girdle,' referring to 'the ring or circle of spectators'!

85. *weepe unto a Grlle*: Theobald's explanation of this difficult passage is perhaps the best: 'make him weep till he become girlishly weak.' There is no need of changing *unto* to *into*.

124. *briefe*: 'in brief'.

120. *deifyer*: Simms's conjecture of *desire* betrays a total misunderstanding of the passage. *have done* in 125 means 'have really committed the sins they prate of.'

iii. 19. *prize*: Littledale conjectures *prize*, but in Elizabethan language the two words are interchangeable.

101. *values shortnes*: I prefer to take *values* as a noun, the phrase being in apposition with *disparity*. Most editors regard *values* as a verb, but the explanation of the passage is then difficult.

iv. 10. *unwapper'd*: 'unwearied'; cf. Wright, *Diil. Dict.* s. v. *Wappered*.

58. *dearly* in the sense of 'intensely' is quite possible. Cf. *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, iii. ii. 16.

120. *arowze*: 'bedew'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Arrouse*.

THE BIRTH OF MERLIN

ACT I

i. 2. *her*: *their* is just possible, as Cador may mean courteously to include Donobert's other daughter.

35. *worlds*: two syllables.

43. *speaks yours*: 'declares itself in your favour'.

45. A common saying; cf. *Titus Andronicus*, ii. i. 82, 83.

67-9. An allusion to the practice of declaring holidays in honour of the dead.

130. *may I whence truly know*: 'if I may keep in mind the true end of my creation.'

ii. 8, 7. 'The fact that his safety is unquestioned should make the healing of your grief a mere matter of time.' The *you* interpolated by WP is not needed.

55. *strength*: a verb.

56, 57. WP propose to give this speech to Augilius.

87. *take my stomach*: 'excite my appetite'; not, as WP explain, 'take away my appetite.'

119-21. WP have probably found the correct interpretation of these lines. 120 should be regarded as parenthetical, and 121 taken in immediate connexion with *report of thy humanity* in 119. 'Let me because of my sex take back with me the news of your mercy (already a well-known attribute of yours) reporting that our conqueror is so worthy of praise.'

158. 'Tell him our prospective hospitality regards him as such (i. e. our brother).'

160, 161. The syntax is confused, but the meaning is: 'man's fortune, whether good or bad, resembles waves in this that it never comes singly.' Cf. *Hamlet*, iv. v. 78, 79, for the sense.

197. 'Though my jealousy will not pardon any one else for doing so.'

198. If the *me* of the quarto is to be retained after *love*, it must be understood as an 'ethical dative'. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 220.

207. *will*: 'as will'.

ACT II

i. 40, 41. *Knight a'th Post*: said by WP to be a slang name for professional false witnesses.

53. *Oh yes*: 'Oyez'; cf. *Oldcastle*, i. i. 9, &c.

95-8. *who*, &c.: 'whom, once overtaken, the eyesight killing Gorgon with a single look made to stand still everlastingly: even so my might, abashed like a cloud which had aspired to cloak the sun, dissolved into a mere shower (of rain or tears).' WP try unsuccessfully to explain the allusions.

104. *thou*: the antecedent is *Pigmalion* in 90, *Oh fate* being a mere exclamation.

134. *a Maid*: Tyrrell proposed unnecessarily *scarce a maid*.

137. *you*: Tyrrell's conjecture of *I* may be correct and is adopted by WP, but the text has a satisfactory meaning as it stands.

157. *a* stands here apparently for *a'th*.

ii. 90. *expose*: 'unhedge'.

iii. 34. The text of Q is obviously corrupt, and the most satisfactory emendation seems to be that of WP, which we have adopted. We must

assume that the MS. had some such abbreviated form of *through* as *thro'* or *thr'*.

196. *best*: used substantively, 'best prospect.' This word seems genuine, but the line as a whole is certainly obscure and may be corrupt.

ACT III

i. 174. The line is certainly corrupt as it stands. I have no confidence in any of the emendations so far proposed.

209. *fruit*: D's reading *print* does not appear in his prefatory list of emendations and is probably only an uncorrected typographical error.

ii. 160. *you*, the quarto reading, is certainly correct, being contrasted with *me* at the end of the line.

iv. 117, 118. Cf. *Yorkshire Tragedy*, i. 82, 83.

vi. 3. 'Which wakes as soon as it has satisfied its desire and with open eyes is forgot,' &c.

14. *instance suit*: this emendation is claimed by Delius, but it had been silently introduced into the text by Tyrrell five years before.

83. *Deadly Sin*: a reminiscence of the moral interlude.

ACT IV

i. 14. *Cast*: the clown plays on two meanings of the word: (1) 'a number of birds' (N.E.D. s. v. 14), and (2) 'a trick' (N.E.D. s. v. 24).

15. *Covy*: WP give the quarto reading as *Cony*, but the Malone copy in the Bodleian certainly has *Covy*.

Cardecu: 'Quart d'ecu.'

257. *Of*: the modern English, as WP explain, would be *On*.

iii. 3. *fall*: 'cause of falling', 'slayer'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Fall* sb.¹ 17.

v. 79. *agen*: a mere intensive; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 27.

114. *With Monarch*: 'with the title of monarch'; cf. *Faire Em*, v. i. 35.

ACT V

i. 23. *Sabalists*: Delius quotes the quarto reading incorrectly as *Satalists* and conjectures *satellites*—a most feeble emendation. It is by no means certain that *Sabalists* is wrong, though no editor has been able to explain it. If we must have an emendation, I would suggest *Fabulists*, 'story tellers.' In case the author of the MS. from which Q was printed used a small initial the two words would have been almost identical in appearance.

77. *princeps*: WP retain the quarto reading *precis*, which they explain as a cabalistic epithet of God. Du Cange, however, recognizes no such word.

ii. 12. *persuade you, then*: 'persuade yourselves (be convinced), then.'

30. *Brittain*: used as an adjective; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 22.

94. *presents*: 'represents'.

SIR THOMAS MORE

ACT I

i. 6. *like*: 'please'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Like* v.¹ 1. 33. *jelled on*: 'encroached upon'; cf. *Titus Andronicus*, ii. i. 64; *Richard III*, ii. iv. 51, and N.E.D. s. v. *Jet* v.² 1. b.

ii. 56, 64. *heavie friend*: 'enemy'; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Heavy* a.¹ 22. b.

151. *foppe*: Hopkinson suggests *job*, 'trick,' but *fop* is used in this sense. Cf. *London Prodigal*, i. i. 233.

154. *enough*: Hopkinson conjectures *enow* to rhyme with *goe* in 153.

iii. 13-24. The syntax is hopelessly confused, and the text, if not corrupt, must be the result of very careless work. The meaning, however, is clear.

ACT II

i. 15. A common proverb; cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Batev*,² 6. d.

ii. Two draughts of this scene, varying in the details mentioned in the footnotes, have been preserved.

49. *again*: 'again and again'; cf. *Birth of Merlin*, iv. v. 79, and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 27.

iii. 3. *sort*: 'crowd'; cf. Webster, s. v. *Sort* n. 5.

37. *thou*: this is Dyce's emendation for *then* of the MS., but the latter is not impossible; after *art* in such sentences *thou* is frequently omitted. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 241.

43. *thes*: the MS. reading. Dyce prints, apparently by mistake, *the*. Such inaccuracies in Dyce's edition are most rare.

iv. 1-172. These lines have been attributed with the greatest confidence to Shakespeare.

83. *topi*: Spedding thought that the word was *kept* in the MS., but Dyce's reading is probably correct.

119. *your*: after this word something has been lost in the MS. Spedding's conjecture fits the sense rather better than Dyce's.

159. *all*: Spedding's conjecture *alike* would somewhat improve sense and metre, but the MS. does not warrant the change.

162. *montanish*: 'Mohammetanish'; as Mr. Fleay has pointed out, Dyce's change to *mountainish* is unjustifiable.

172. *reek*: with this word the so-called Shakespearean part of this scene ends. The rest is in a very different style and hand.

210. *debble*: cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Dibble* sb.

* ACT III

i. 68. *warned to attempt*: 'warned about attempting'. *Warned* is disyllabic.

98. *have lockt vs*: the MS. has simply *have lockt*, with nothing to indicate an omission. The

reading of the text seems to suit the meaning better than Dyce's correction.

ii. 52. *christned*: 'christened'. The metathesis is common.

293. *Poll Head*: 'polled (bald) head', an inn sign.

iii. 1. Prefix, *T. Goedal*: these words are written in the MS. just under *Mess.*, showing that T. Goedal was to take the Messenger's part. For what is known of Thomas Goodall cf. Fleay, *History of the Stage*, pp. 84, 372.

ACT IV

i. 1. *dilligent*: there is no authority for Hopkinson's silent alteration *vigilent* (sic).

162-9. Taken from the Prologue to *The Disobedient Child*.

298. *Mason among the kings players*: nothing is known of such a player, nor were there any

'King's Players' in the time of Henry VIII. There may be a covert allusion to some member of the 'Queen's Players'.

363, 364. *dine with Duke Homphrys*: 'go without dinner'. Cf. N.E.D. s. v. *Dine* v. 1. b.

ii. 36. *morall*: 'fabulous', relating to a moral or fable.

37. *with greed*: these words, like other such insertions where the MS. is illegible, have, of course, no authority, but they appear to come nearer to the sense of the passage than Hopkinson's meaningless *together*. Cf. iv. i. 80-1.

v. 68 ff. The revised version of this speech as given on pages 419-20 is considerably finer and should be introduced into the text, except for the difficulty of joining it to what precedes and follows.

ACT V

i. 27. *am*: 'em.

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 - II. Lists of editions of each play.
 - III. Translations.
 - IV. General criticism.
 - V. Early Notices, Sources, Analogues, &c.
 - VI. Index to the bibliography of each play.
- (Nos. I and III are arranged chronologically; Nos. IV, V, VI alphabetically. No. II alphabetically as regards plays and chronologically as regards editions.)

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(b) EARLY CATALOGUES OF PLAYS

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This list assigns to Shakespeare: THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS; THE CHANCES; CROMWELL'S HISTORIE; HOFFMAN; HIERONIMO, both parts; JOHN K. OF ENGLAND, both parts; LONDON PRODIGALL; MERRY DIVELL OF EDMOND.; MUCIDORUS; PURITAN WIDOW; PYROOLES PRINCE OF TYRE; ROMAN ACTOR; TWO NOBLE KINSMEN; TAMING OF A SHREW; TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE; YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE.

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